Harper's magazine.
New York, etc. : Harper & Brothers, 1850-

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35 Cents a Copy. Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter. **$4.00 a Year.**

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Harper's Magazine

for January

Margaret Deland's New Novel

In the January Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will begin a new novel by Mrs. Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," and "Old Chester Tales." It is a story of an intensely strong human appeal. It is told with such power, such depth of feeling, and such finished art that it promises to rank with the novels which endure.

Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark

The Chemistry of Commerce

The wonderful new chemistry. The first of **Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan's** articles written from Germany, where he went for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. He shows how, in the new science, mere inert presence of certain chemicals has revolutionized world-important manufactures, and how far school chemistry is behind the new era.

In Uptown New York

Mr. Charles H. White, the etcher, has written an amusing and picturesque article on Uptown New York and its people in contrast with those of the downtown city. Delightfully illustrated with six of Mr. White's etchings in tint.

The Net-Making Caddis Worm

Dr. H. C. McCook writes of a curiously ingenious little worm which manufactures for itself, under water, houses, cases, and elaborately woven nets for its protection. Illustrated from drawings by Harry Fenn.

8 SHORT STORIES

By W. D. HOWELLS, VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN, THOMAS A. JANVIER, GRACE ELLERY CHANNING, JAMES BRANCH CABELL, ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH, ETC., ETC.

The Treasures of Moundville

An intensely interesting account of the most important archæological discovery made in this country in recent years. Fully illustrated with unique photographs of the remarkable vessels and implements unearthed by the expedition of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences at Moundville, Alabama.

Sea Voyagers of Northern Oceans

Miss Agnes Laut, the historian, writes of the early voyages of the Russian and Cossack fur-traders to our coast, of their battles with the Indians and with the British traders. An important and little-known chapter in the history of our country.

The Music of South American Natives.

C. J. Post, who went to South America for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, tells of the curious music of the Indian natives of the interior of South America. Some of this music Mr. Post has transcribed, and it is printed with his article.

PICTURES IN COLOR

By HOWARD PYLE
C. H. WHITE
STANLEY ARTHURS
W. H. LAWRENCE, ETC., ETC.

The Slave-Trade of To-day

By H. W. NEVINSON

This article in Mr. Nevinson's remarkable series tells what he saw in one of the African slave-ships in which he himself made a voyage—perhaps the most striking of the revelations which he has made, and full of startling news for the civilized world.

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"You won't find her to home," he had said, with the familiarity of a fellow townsman. "She'll be to meetin'. It's communion afternoon. Drive you up?"

"I'll walk," replied the passenger, shortly. He had, in fact, taken his time about it. Once on the way he had stopped under a chestnut-tree and drawn a letter from his pocket. This he read and reread, with the pertinacity of a man who already knew its contents by heart, but was perplexed or profoundly moved by them. He had replaced the letter carefully in his breast pocket and walked on more rapidly. As he walked, he felt of the crackling envelope occasionally to make sure that it was there. Thus the letter ran:



HE READ AND REREAD THE LETTER

"MY DEAR ALFORD,—I have that to say to you which a man does not usually say to another—and it is not easy to do. I have decided that I ought to do it.

"I am only your summer pastor, and you may not view as I do the obligation under which I feel myself to the most transient of my people—the responsibility, I mean, to be of service to them, if I can.

"That sort of thing is not easy to explain to a man who was never in the pulpit. No layman knows how a pastor feels about such matters. But you and I are more than pastor and parishioner; we are friends—so here it is, Alford, and out with it.

"I am writing this letter with the distinct purpose of asking you to return to your wife, and I do not qualify in any way, nor do I apologize for this, as you will justly say, extraordinary request. I make it; I repeat it; I urge it; and there it stands. I do not even explain the process by which I have arrived at the making of it. I will go farther, and say that I urge your return without delay.

"What has separated you two I do not know. We have exchanged but a few words, she and I, upon the subject. When I see you I will tell you, if you wish it, what these were. Mrs. Alford is a reserved woman; she bears her painful position with dignity; she does not babble of her miseries. But she cannot conceal the effect that they are having upon her.

"It is true that I am—I do not need you to remind me of it—a solitary man. The sacred joys, the intricate perplexities of married life I have not experienced, and perhaps I never shall. Is it not possible that for this very reason I am more, rather than less, qualified to recall you to its obligations and its privileges? To me these seem, even in the least successful marriage, so inexorable, so valuable, that I find it hard to understand how a man can disregard them. They seem to me worth the world and all that is therein.

"Alford! come back to her. Don't wait to question why. Come at once, and ask no questions. Why, man! you vowed to guard her—the tenderest, the most love-needy of women—you know what she

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is. How could you set her drifting like this? If she had not been the noblest, as she is the tenderest; if her own soul had not been a flame of white fire scorching every unworthy thing or thought out of her presence—to what accidents of the sensibilities might you have exposed her?

"It is these exquisite natures, these sensitives, who are most in peril. I don't mean—a man would be a savage who could conceive of their moral danger in his lowest thought,—but I mean the peril of accumulated pain, easy to prevent, impossible to cure. A woman of her kind can bear only about so much loneliness. I tell you she has borne all she can.

"Alford, I give you my word, as your friend and hers, that she loves you; perhaps more, but not less, than she did. I tell you we ministers—yes, even we unwedded ones—may be better equipped than you suppose to offer counsel to people in positions like yours.

"The Protestant Church has its own confessional. I am not without my experience in that.

"I do not think that Mrs. Alford is well this spring. I am confident that she is losing strength. She is very unhappy. I don't care what the causes of your separation were; it makes no difference who was right or who was wrong, nothing makes any difference. The wrong is that you two should remain apart. The right is that you should be together. I ask you to take the next steamer; and I am,

Your friend and minister,

DANIEL TRUE.

"P. S.—She does not know that I have written this letter. You will do as you please, of course, but perhaps it may be as well that she should not know."

The reverent house was still. The minister stood with the silver goblet in his hand. His praying voice was distinct and low. It was long remembered among his people that it vibrated that day with strange emotion.

"Lord, make us less unworthy to touch this cup with our lips—our lips, that err so often and are so weak. They tremble as they drink. Make us fit for the sacrifices and the privileges of love—the heavenly love and the earthly. Teach us its sanctity. Qualify us for its preciousness and its purity . . ."

In the rear pew, empty of all but its two communicants, a man's hand with a scar on it slid out timidly and appealed to the woman sitting beside him. She saw that it shook; it stole to her lap and lay suppliant upon her knee. She had now raised her face, tear-discolored, and with the stigmata on her forehead. When he saw how worn she was, how changed, a choked word fought for articulation, and fell defeated in the listening silence. She thought he had tried to say—

"Hermione!"

She did not turn her head; but her hand crept towards him, and his closed upon it.

Above the tall figure of the pastor the white butterfly was circling delicately; it hovered over his head, as if it sought and loved him. A fine imagination might have recalled the dove that circled above the head of another Preacher when he stood mid-stream in Jordan, receiving the chrism of his life's work.

The voice of the minister sank to a supreme solemnity: *"Behold I give you this cup. Drink ye all of it."*

The people stirred and lifted their praying faces. The deacon and the heresy-hunter took the silver goblet meekly from the pastor's hand. The heresy-hunter did not remember to ask if anything or anybody were "sound." The deacon's boots creaked softly down the main aisle. The widow wiped her eyes, and threw her crape veil back. Her daughter did not look towards the pulpit she sat with downcast, patient lashes. The boy and the girl across the aisle exchanged a gentle look, and honored one another; they thought, "Some day this good man shall marry us." Each heart received its own sacrament, and went its own way.

Two communicants stayed yet with heads bowed and faces hidden. But their hands were clasped. When the silver chalice reached them, last of all, it was nearly empty; a few heart-red drops remained. The man and the woman put the shining brim to their lips; they found the holy wine and drank all of it.

But the minister sat with his face covered from the people, and his heart open to his God.

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Eve's Diary

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

BY MARK TWAIN

SATURDAY.—I am almost a whole day old, now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for if there was a day-before-yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful, now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen I will make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like an experiment, I feel exactly like an experiment, it would be impossible for a person to feel more like an experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I *am*—an experiment; just an experiment, and nothing more.

Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it? No, I think not; I think the rest of it is part of it. I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share in the matter. Is my position assured, or do I have to watch it and take care of it? The latter, perhaps. Some instinct tells me that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. [That is a good phrase, I think, for one so young.]

Everything looks better to-day than it did yesterday. In the rush of finishing up yesterday, the mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were so cluttered with rubbish and remnants that the aspects were quite distressing. Noble and beautiful works of art should not be subjected to haste; and this majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work. And certainly marvellously near to being perfect, notwithstanding the shortness of the time. There are too many stars in some places and not enough in others, but that can be remedied presently, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme —a very great loss; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn't another thing among the ornaments and decorations that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have been fastened better. If we can only get it back again—

But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know it because I would do it myself. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but I already begin to realize that the core and centre of my nature is love of the beautiful, a passion for the beautiful, and that it would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person and that person didn't know I had it. I could give up a moon that I found in the daytime, because I should be afraid some one was looking; but if I found it in the dark, I am sure I should find some kind of an excuse for not saying anything about it. For I do love moons, they are so pretty and so romantic. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I should never get tired lying on the moss-bank and looking up at them.

Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find how far off they are, for they do not look it. When they first showed, last night, I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which astonished me; then I tried clods till I was all tired out, but I never got one. It was because I am left-handed and cannot throw good. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn't after I couldn't hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the clod sail right into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just

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barely missing them, and if I could have held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for a place on the extreme rim of the circle, where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them tenderly then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I had to give it up; I was so tired I couldn't drag my feet another step; and besides, they were sore and hurt me very much.

I couldn't get back home; it was too far and turning cold; but I found some tigers and nestled in amongst them and was most adorably comfortable, and their breath was sweet and pleasant, because they live on strawberries. I had never seen a tiger before, but I knew them in a minute by the stripes. If I could have one of those skins, it would make a lovely gown.

To-day I am getting better ideas about distances. I was so eager to get hold of every pretty thing that I giddily grabbed for it, sometimes when it was too far off, and sometimes when it was but six inches away but seemed a foot—alas, with thorns between! I learned a lesson; also I made an axiom, all out of my own head—my very first one: *The scratched Experiment shuns the thorn.* I think it is a very good one for one so young.

I followed the other Experiment around, yesterday afternoon, at a distance, to see what it might be for, if I could. But I was not able to make out. I think it is a man. I had never seen a man, but it looked like one, and I feel sure that that is what it is. I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles. If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowsy hair and blue eyes, and looks like a reptile. It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands, it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture.

I was afraid of it at first, and started to run every time it turned around, for I thought it was going to chase me; but by and by I found it was only trying to get away, so after that I was not timid any more, but tracked it along, several hours, about twenty yards behind, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.

To-day the same thing over. I've got it up the tree again.

Sunday.—It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. But that is a subterfuge: Sunday isn't the day of rest; Saturday is appointed for that. It looks to me like a creature that is more interested in resting than in anything else. It would tire me to rest so much. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what it is for; I never see it do anything.

They returned the moon last night, and I was *so* happy! I think it is very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but I was not distressed; there is no need to worry when one has that kind of neighbors; they will fetch it back. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation. I would like to send them some stars, for we have more than we can use. I mean I, not we, for I can see that the reptile cares nothing for such things.

It has low tastes, and is not kind. When I went there yesterday evening in the gloaming it had crept down and was trying to catch the little speckled fishes that play in the pool, and I had to clod it to make it go up the tree again and let them alone. I wonder if *that* is what it is for? Hasn't it any heart? Hasn't it any compassion for those little creatures? Can it be that it was designed and manufactured for such ungentle work? It has the look of it. One of the clods took it back of the ear, and it used language. It gave me a thrill, for it was the first time I had ever heard speech, except my own. I did not understand the words, but they seemed expressive.

When I found it could talk I felt a new interest in it, for I love to talk; I talk all day, and in my sleep, too, and I am very interesting, but if I had another to talk to I could be twice as interesting, and would never stop, if desired.

If this reptile is a man, it isn't an *it*, is it? That wouldn't be grammatical,

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would it? I think it would be *he*. I think so. In that case one would parse it thus: nominative, *he;* dative, *him;* possessive, *his'n*. Well, I will consider it a man and call it he until it turns out to be something else. This will be handier than having so many uncertainties.

Next week Sunday.—All the week I tagged around after him and tried to get acquainted. I had to do the talking, because he was shy, but I didn't mind it. He seemed pleased to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal, because it seemed to flatter him to be included.

Wednesday.—We are getting along very well indeed, now, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me any more, which is a good sign, and shows that he likes to have me with him. That pleases me, and I study to be useful to him in every way I can, so as to increase his regard. During the last day or two I have taken all the work of naming things off his hands, and this has been a great relief to him, for he has no gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful. He can't think of a rational name to save him, but I do not let him see that I am aware of his defect. Whenever a new creature comes along I name it before he has time to expose himself by an awkward silence. In this way I have saved him many embarrassments. I have no defect like his. The minute I set eyes on an animal I know what it is. I don't have to reflect a moment; the right name comes out instantly, just as if it were an inspiration, as no doubt it is, for I am sure it wasn't in me half a minute before. I seem to know just by the shape of the creature and the way it acts what animal it is.

When the dodo came along he thought it was a wildcat—I saw it in his eye. But I saved him. And I was careful not to do it in a way that could hurt his pride. I just spoke up in a quite natural way of pleased surprise, and not as if I was dreaming of conveying information, and said, "Well, I do declare if there isn't the dodo!" I explained—without seeming to be explaining—how I knew it for a dodo, and although I thought maybe he was a little piqued that I knew the creature when he didn't, it was quite evident that he admired me. That was very agreeable, and I thought of it more than once with gratification before I slept. How little a thing can make us happy when we feel that we have earned it.

Thursday.—My first sorrow. Yesterday he avoided me and seemed to wish I would not talk to him. I could not believe it, and thought there was some mistake, for I loved to be with him, and loved to hear him talk, and so how could it be that he could feel unkind toward me when I had not done anything? But at last it seemed true, so I went away and sat lonely in the place where I first saw him the morning that we were made and I did not know what he was and was indifferent about him; but now it was a mournful place, and every little thing spoke of him, and my heart was very sore. I did not know why very clearly, for it was a new feeling; I had not experienced it before, and it was all a mystery, and I could not make it out.

But when night came I could not bear the lonesomeness, and went to the new shelter which he has built, to ask him what I had done that was wrong and how I could mend it and get back his kindness again; but he put me out in the rain, and it was my first sorrow.

Sunday.—It is pleasant again, now, and I am happy; but those were heavy days; I do not think of them when I can help it.

I tried to get him some of those apples, but I cannot learn to throw straight. I failed, but I think the good intention pleased him. They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm; but so I come to harm through pleasing him why shall I care for that harm?

Monday.—This morning I told him my name, hoping it would interest him. But he did not care for it. It is strange. If he should tell me his name, I would care. I think it would be pleasanter in my ears than any other sound.

He talks very little. Perhaps it is because he is not bright, and is sensitive about it and wishes to conceal it. It is such a pity that he should feel so, for brightness is nothing; it is in the heart that the values lie. I wish I could make him understand that a loving good heart is riches, and riches enough, and that without it intellect is poverty.

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Although he talks so little he has quite a considerable vocabulary. This morning he used a surprisingly good word. He evidently recognized, himself, that it was a good one, for he worked it in twice afterward, casually. It was not good casual art, still it showed that he possesses a certain quality of perception. Without a doubt that seed can be made to grow, if cultivated.

Where did he get that word? I do not think I have ever used it.

No, he took no interest in my name. I tried to hide my disappointment, but I suppose I did not succeed. I went away and sat on the moss-bank with my feet in the water. It is where I go when I hunger for companionship, some one to look at, some one to talk to. It is not enough—that lovely white body painted there in the pool—but it is something, and something is better than utter loneliness. It talks when I talk; it is sad when I am sad; it comforts me with its sympathy; it says, "Do not be downhearted, you poor friendless girl; I will be your friend." It *is* a good friend to me, and my only one; it is my sister.

That first time that she forsook me! ah, I shall never forget that — never, never. My heart was lead in my body! I said, "She was all I had, and now she is gone!" In my despair I said, "Break, my heart; I cannot bear my life any more!" and hid my face in my hands, and there was no solace for me. And when I took them away, after a little, there she was again, white and shining and beautiful, and I sprang into her arms!

That was perfect happiness; I had known happiness before, but it was not like this, which was ecstasy. I never doubted her afterwards. Sometimes she stayed away—maybe an hour, maybe almost the whole day, but I waited and did not doubt; I said, "She is busy, or she is gone a journey, but she will come." And it was so: she always did. At night she would not come if it was dark, for she was a timid little thing; but if there was a moon she would come. I am not afraid of the dark, but she is younger than I am; she was born after I was. Many and many are the visits I have paid her; she is my comfort and my refuge when my life is hard—and it is mainly that.

Tuesday.—All the morning I was at work improving the estate; and I purposely kept away from him in the hope that he would get lonely and come. But he did not.

At noon I stopped for the day and took my recreation by flitting all about with the bees and the butterflies and revelling in the flowers, those beautiful creatures that catch the smile of God out of the sky and preserve it! I gathered them, and made them into wreaths and garlands and clothed myself in them whilst I ate my luncheon—apples, of course; then I sat in the shade and wished and waited. But he did not come.

But no matter. Nothing would have come of it, for he does not care for flowers. He calls them rubbish, and cannot tell one from another, and thinks it is superior to feel like that. He does not care for me, he does not care for flowers, he does not care for the painted sky at eventide—is there anything he does care for, except building shacks to coop himself up in from the good clean rain, and thumping the melons, and sampling the grapes, and fingering the fruit on the trees, to see how those properties are coming along?

I laid a dry stick on the ground and tried to bore a hole in it with another one, in order to carry out a scheme that I had, and soon I got an awful fright. A thin, transparent bluish film rose out of the hole, and I dropped everything and ran! I thought it was a spirit, and I *was* so frightened! But I looked back, and it was not coming; so I leaned against a rock and rested and panted, and let my limbs go on trembling until they got steady again; then I crept warily back, alert, watching, and ready to fly if there was occasion; and when I was come near, I parted the branches of a rose-bush and peeped through—wishing the man was about, I was looking so cunning and pretty—but the sprite was gone. I went there, and there was a pinch of delicate pink dust in the hole. I put my finger in, to feel it, and said *ouch!* and took it out again. It was a cruel pain. I put my finger in my mouth; and by standing first on one foot and then the other, and grunting, I presently eased my misery; then I was full of interest, and began to examine.

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I was curious to know what the pink dust was. Suddenly the name of it occurred to me, though I had never heard of it before. It was *fire!* I was as certain of it as a person could be of anything in the world. So without hesitation I named it that—fire.

I had created something that didn't exist before; I had added a new thing to the world's uncountable properties; I realized this, and was proud of my achievement, and was going to run and find him and tell him about it, thinking to raise myself in his esteem,—but I reflected, and did not do it. No—he would not care for it. He would ask what it was good for, and what could I answer? for if it was not *good* for something, but only beautiful, merely beautiful—

So I sighed, and did not go. For it wasn't good for anything; it could not build a shack, it could not improve melons, it could not hurry a fruit crop; it was useless, it was a foolishness and a vanity; he would despise it and say cutting words. But to me it was not despicable; I said, "Oh, you fire, I love you, you dainty pink creature, for you are *beautiful*—and that is enough!" and was going to gather it to my breast. But refrained. Then I made another maxim out of my own head, though it was so nearly like the first one that I was afraid it was only a plagiarism: *"The burnt Experiment shuns the fire."*

I wrought again; and when I had made a good deal of fire-dust I emptied it into a handful of dry brown grass, intending to carry it home and keep it always and play with it; but the wind struck it and it sprayed up and spat out at me fiercely, and I dropped it and ran. When I looked back the blue spirit was towering up and stretching and rolling away like a cloud, and instantly I thought of the name of it —*smoke!*—though, upon my word, I had never heard of smoke before.

Soon, brilliant yellow and red flares shot up through the smoke, and I named them in an instant—*flames!*—and I was right, too, though these were the very first flames that had ever been in the world. They climbed the trees, they flashed splendidly in and out of the vast and increasing volume of tumbling smoke, and I had to clap my hands and laugh and dance in my rapture, it was so new and strange and so wonderful and so beautiful!

He came running, and stopped and gazed, and said not a word for many minutes. Then he asked what it was. Ah, it was too bad that he should ask such a direct question. I had to answer it, of course, and I did. I said it was fire. If it annoyed him that I should know and he must ask, that was not my fault; I had no desire to annoy him. After a pause he asked,

"How did it come?"

Another direct question, and it also had to have a direct answer.

"I made it."

The fire was travelling farther and farther off. He went to the edge of the burnt place and stood looking down, and said,

"What are these?"

"Fire-coals."

He picked up one to examine it, but changed his mind and put it down again. Then he went away. *Nothing* interests him.

But I was interested. There were ashes, gray and soft and delicate and pretty—I knew what they were at once. And the embers; I knew the embers, too. I found my apples, and raked them out, and was glad; for I am very young and my appetite is active. But I was disappointed; they were all burst open and spoiled. Spoiled apparently; but it was not so; they were better than raw ones. Fire is beautiful; some day it will be useful, I think.

Friday.—I saw him again, for a moment, last Monday at nightfall, but only for a moment. I was hoping he would praise me for trying to improve the estate, for I had meant well and had worked hard. But he was not pleased, and turned away and left me. He was also displeased on another account: I tried once more to persuade him to stop going over the Falls. That was because the fire had revealed to me a new passion—quite new, and distinctly different from love, grief, and those others which I had already discovered—*fear.* And it is horrible!—I wish I had never discovered it; it gives me dark moments, it spoils my happiness, it makes me shiver

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and tremble and shudder. But I could not persuade him, for he has not discovered fear yet, and so he could not understand me.

Tuesday—Wednesday—Thursday—and to-day: all without seeing him. It is a long time to be alone; still, it is better to be alone than unwelcome.

I *had* to have company—I was made for it, I think,—so I made friends with the animals. They are just charming, and they have the kindest disposition and the politest ways; they never look sour, they never let you feel that you are intruding, they smile at you and wag their tail, if they've got one, and they are always ready for a romp or an excursion or anything you want to propose. I think they are perfect gentlemen. All these days we have had such good times, and it hasn't been lonesome for me, ever. Lonesome! No, I should say not. Why, there's always a swarm of them around —sometimes as much as four or five acres—you can't count them; and when you stand on a rock in the midst and look out over the furry expanse it is so mottled and splashed and gay with color and frisking sheen and sun-flash, and so rippled with stripes, that you might think it was a lake, only you know it isn't; and there's storms of sociable birds, and hurricanes of whirring wings; and when the sun strikes all that feathery commotion, you have a blazing up of all the colors you can think of, enough to put your eyes out.

We have made long excursions, and I have seen a great deal of the world; almost all of it, I think; and so I am the first traveller, and the only one. When we are on the march, it is an imposing sight—there's nothing like it anywhere. For comfort I ride a tiger or a leopard, because it is soft and has a round back that fits me, and because they are such pretty animals; but for long distance or for scenery I ride the elephant. He hoists me up with his trunk, but I can get off myself; when we are ready to camp, he sits and I slide down the back way.

The birds and animals are all friendly to each other, and there are no disputes about anything. They all talk, and they all talk to me, but it must be a foreign language, for I cannot make out a word they say; yet they often understand me when I talk back, particularly the dog and the elephant. It makes me ashamed. It shows that they are brighter than I am, and are therefore my superiors. It annoys me, for I want to be the principal Experiment myself—and I intend to be, too.

I have learned a number of things, and am educated, now, but I wasn't at first. I was ignorant at first. At first it used to vex me because, with all my watching, I was never smart enough to be around when the water was running up-hill; but now I do not mind it. I have experimented and experimented until now I know it never does run up-hill, except in the dark. I know it does in the dark, because the pool never goes dry; which it would, of course, if the water didn't come back in the night. It is best to prove things by actual experiment; then you *know;* whereas if you depend on guessing and supposing and conjecturing, you will never get educated.

Some things you *can't* find out; but you will never know you can't by guessing and supposing: no, you have to be patient and go on experimenting until you find out that you can't find out. And it is delightful to have it that way, it makes the world so interesting. If there wasn't anything to find out, it would be dull. Even trying to find out and not finding out is just as interesting as trying to find out and finding out, and I don't know but more so. The secret of the water was a treasure until I *got* it; then the excitement all went away, and I recognized a sense of loss.

By experiment I know that wood swims, and dry leaves, and feathers, and plenty of other things; therefore by all that cumulative evidence you know that a rock will swim; but you have to put up with simply knowing it, for there isn't any way to prove it—up to now. But I shall find a way—then *that* excitement will go. Such things make me sad; because by and by when I have found out everything there won't be any more excitements, and I do love excitements so! The other night I couldn't sleep for thinking about it.

At first I couldn't make out what I was made for, but now I think it was to search out the secrets of this wonderful world and be happy and thank the Giver

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of it all for devising it. I think there are many things to learn yet—I hope so; and by economizing and not hurrying too fast I think they will last weeks and weeks. I hope so. When you cast up a feather it sails away on the air and goes out of sight; then you throw up a clod and it doesn't. It comes down, every time. I have tried it and tried it, and it is always so. I wonder why it is? Of course it *doesn't* come down, but why should it ***seem*** to? I suppose it is an optical illusion. I mean, one of them is. I don't know which one. It may be the feather, it may be the clod; I can't prove which it is, I can only demonstrate that one or the other is a fake, and let a person take his choice.

By watching, I know that the stars are not going to last. I have seen some of the best ones melt and run down the sky. Since one can melt, they can all melt; since they can all melt, they can all melt the same night. That sorrow will come—I know it. I mean to sit up every night and look at them as long as I can keep awake; and I will impress those sparkling fields on my memory, so that by and by when they are taken away I can by my fancy restore those lovely myriads to the black sky and make them sparkle again, and double them by the blur of my tears.

AFTER THE FALL

When I look back, the Garden is a dream to me. It was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, enchantingly beautiful; and now it is lost, and I shall not see it any more.

The Garden is lost, but I have found *him*, and am content. He loves me as well as he can; I love him with all the strength of my passionate nature, and this, I think, is proper to my youth and sex. If I ask myself why I love him, I find I do not know, and do not really much care to know; so I suppose that this kind of love is not a product of reasoning and statistics, like one's love for other reptiles and animals. I think that this must be so. I love certain birds because of their song; but I do not love Adam on account of his singing—no, it is not that; the more he sings the more I do not get reconciled to it. Yet I ask him to sing, because I wish to learn to like everything he is interested in. I am sure I can learn, because at first I could not stand it, but now I can. It sours the milk, but it doesn't matter; I can get used to that kind of milk.

It is not on account of his brightness that I love him—no, it is not that. He is not to blame for his brightness, such as it is, for he did not make it himself; he is as God made him, and that is sufficient. There was a wise purpose in it, *that* I know. In time it will develop, though I think it will not be sudden; and besides, there is no hurry; he is well enough just as he is.

It is not on account of his gracious and considerate ways and his delicacy that I love him. No, he has lacks in these regards, but he is well enough just so, and is improving.

It is not on account of his industry that I love him—no, it is not that. I think he has it in him, and I do not know why he conceals it from me. It is my only pain. Otherwise he is frank and open with me, now. I am sure he keeps nothing from me but this. It grieves me that he should have a secret from me, and sometimes it spoils my sleep, thinking of it, but I will put it out of my mind; it shall not trouble my happiness, which is otherwise full to overflowing.

It is not on account of his education that I love him—no, it is not that. He is self-educated, and does really know a multitude of things, but they are not so.

It is not on account of his chivalry that I love him—no, it is not that. He told on me, but I do not blame him; it is a peculiarity of sex, I think, and he did not make his sex. Of course I would not have told on him, I would have perished first; but that is a peculiarity of sex, too, and I do not take credit for it, for I did not make my sex.

Then why is it that I love him? *Merely because he is masculine,* I think.

At bottom he is good, and I love him for that, but I could love him without it. If he should beat me and abuse me, I should go on loving him. I know it. It is a matter of sex, I think.

He is strong and handsome, and I love him for that, and I admire him and am proud of him, but I could love him without those qualities. If he were plain, I should love him; if he were a wreck,

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I should love him; and I would work for him, and slave over him, and pray for him, and watch by his bedside until I died.

Yes, I think I love him merely because he is *mine,* and is *masculine.* There is no other reason, I suppose. And so I think it is as I first said: that this kind of love is not a product of reasonings and statistics. It just *comes*—none knows whence—and cannot explain itself. And doesn't need to.

It is what I think. But I am only a girl, and the first that has examined this matter, and it may turn out that in my ignorance and inexperience I have not got it right.

FORTY YEARS LATER

It is my prayer, it is my longing, that we may pass from this life together—a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name.

But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I; for he is strong, I am weak, I am not so necessary to him as he is to me—life without him would not be life; how could I endure it? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife; and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

AT EVE'S GRAVE

ADAM: Wheresoever she was, *there* was Eden.

THE END.

At Morning

BY EDITH L. LEWIS

NOW in the fields the dew is wet
Upon the green stalks of the rye;
Far from the land of aching thoughts,
By streams I know, the aspens sigh;
And light beneath the trembling clasp
Of hedges hung with sweets of May,
Between the kisses of delight
Young lovers give their hearts away.

But here the late and languid dawn
Mounts slowly through the bitter air,
And in the streets of breathless stone
A thousand weary travellers fare;
All save some lad whose captive heart,
On dream-worn pathways fled afar,
Beneath the gold of wind-swept skies,
Goes carolling the morning star.

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FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Seventeenth-Century Epigrams

BY EDMUND GOSSE

WHEN we look over early seventeenth-century books of verse, we often come upon small seed-pearls of poetry, from two to six lines long, which are apt to seem to us not merely unattractive, but positively incomprehensible. To mention a greatly and deservedly admired volume, the *Hesperides* of Herrick, it is certain that when we read,

> Sweet are my Julia's lips, and clean,
> As if o'erwashed in hippocrene,

we turn the page to read the rest of it. But there is no rest of it, and we do not feel that this is enough to form a complete piece. Nor does the following highly sensible remark seem to deserve to be treated as a poem in itself:

> He who wears blacks and mourns not for the dead,
> Does but deride the party burièd.

Our modern taste demands more—or less. But this kind of literature was extremely popular in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and was held to be a very important and serious branch of poetry. It is worth while to try to understand what the significance of these blunt epigrams was.

As is well known, an epigram, in its primary signification, was nothing more nor less than an inscription. It was "something written" to mark a spot or an event; it was the form of words attached to an altar, or a monument, or an image, to show whose image or monument or altar it was. If you consecrated a secular elm to Pan, you pinned an epigram on the bark to announce that fact; if you presented to a friend an amethyst cup engraved with a figure of Bacchus, you embodied in an epigram your sentiments. It is a mistake to suppose that these pieces were in their first inception satirical, but the Romans made them so, and, as time went on, the trick of writing them, in Latin as well as in Greek, involved an attention to concentrated

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effect. The epigrammatist tried to fill his little glass as full as possible, and there were bubbles of malice round the brim. Gradually the idea grew that an epigram ought to finish with a snap; that the very end of the last line ought to contain the essence of the lampoon. This type of the form was amusingly defined by Dr. Edward Walsh, a poet of the later half of the eighteenth century:

An Epigram should be—if right—
Short, simple, pointed, keen and bright,
A lively little thing,
A wasp, with taper body, bound
By lines, not many, neat and round,—
All ending in a sting.

But the class of epigrams of which we are now speaking had lost the Roman conception of this form of verse as necessarily sharp and finely finished. It was not the idea of the seventeenth century that an epigram should close in a point. Curiously enough, it was not even considered needful that it should be neat and precise in metre or language. It was, often, a mere accidental reflection or observation put into rhyme. The poetical shape was always preserved, since without it an epigram would scarcely have been anything at all. A French wit, La Monnoye, said that an epigram in prose is a cavalryman dismounted. But a large proportion of the Elizabethan and Jacobean epigrams were beggars on horseback, who, if they had been turned off their rhyme, would have been beggars—and nothing else. The idea was that a joke, or a play upon words, or a compliment, or a statement of fact, whether grave or gay, had but to be rhymed to become a piece of literature, worthy to be printed and preserved in the archives of a poet's writings.

The typical Elizabethan epigrammatist, the one who expended the greatest amount of energy on his work and carried it out on the largest scale, was John Owen, a Welshman of Monmouth, whose collections of little poems were enormously successful. It would not be paradoxical to say that there were plenty of educated people in the early years of James I. who thought a great deal more of Owen as a poet than of his contemporary, Shakespeare. Unfortunately, John Owen, or Audoenus, as he called himself, wrote entirely in Latin, so that "foreigners," as Anthony à Wood tells us, might enjoy "the ingenious liberty of joking by him used," as well as English people. Owen amused all the world, except his uncle, who, being a Papist, thought that his nephew went too far in a merry epigram against the Church of Rome. In consequence, while everybody else was laughing, the old gentleman "dashed" the poet's "name out from his last will and testament."

Owen completed the collections of his epigrams in 1613, when there were nearly a thousand of them. They consisted of little poems, of which the briefest were in distich—that is to say, two lines, one hexameter and the other pentameter,—and the longest consisted of six lines. Owen treats of every possible subject—of the Weeping of the Magdalen, of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," of the virtues of warm water, of Oxford, his "alma mater." He compliments his friends by name; he celebrates that "most noble and most learned Heroine," the Lady Arabella Stuart; he praises the young poets of his day—Samuel Daniel, John Harington, John Suckling. He has little sententious pieces about heretics, and the Anglo-Scottish Union, and the merits of an ass, and the history of St. Paul's Cross in Cheape; about sacred adverbs, and the marriage of the clergy, and the patience of lovers, and the mirror given by a gentleman to his wife as a birthday present. Nothing comes amiss to the active, garrulous Muse of Owen; and his contemporaries, who could all, of course, read his transparently easy Latin, took the keenest delight in his productions. His great fame was by no means confined to England. All over Europe the facetious Welshman was accepted as the true modern Martial, as the first of living epigrammatists. When he died, in 1622, he received the honor of public burial in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Several of Owen's Latin epigrams are addressed to that amusing character Sir John Harington, who seems to have had a smarter sense than any of his contemporaries of what epigram should be. One of Harington's couplets was famous:

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.

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This puts a political observation not only very shrewdly, but extremely neatly. Harington was Queen Elizabeth's godson, but his acts of eccentricity and his waywardness were forever depriving him of her favor. He knew all about treason and its legitimate varieties, for he was in the confidence of Essex, and was deputed by that mad ruffler to make his peace with the Queen, who drove Harington from her presence in a storm of anger. But, in calmer moments, Harington greatly diverted her Majesty with his conversation and his poetry. It would even seem that Elizabeth, who prided herself on her delivery, had the singular complaisance of reading some of Harington's epigrams aloud in the court, for the poet writes:

Forever - dear, forever-dreaded Prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word and every letter,
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better.
Since, then, your Highness doth, by gift exceeding,
Make what you read the better for your reading,
Let my poor muse your pains thus far importune,
To leave to read my verse,—and read my fortune!

This may be styled the hint direct; but although Harington offered to undertake any service—he positively proposed, if the Queen would make him archbishop in Ireland, to take holy orders on the spot,—Elizabeth preferred reading his epigrams to giving him responsible office in the state. The poet engraved his bitter disappointment in a couplet, which might have been smoother, but was doubtless quite sincere:

Who lives in courts, must mark what they say;
Who lives for ease had better live away.

The disadvantages of epigram-writing

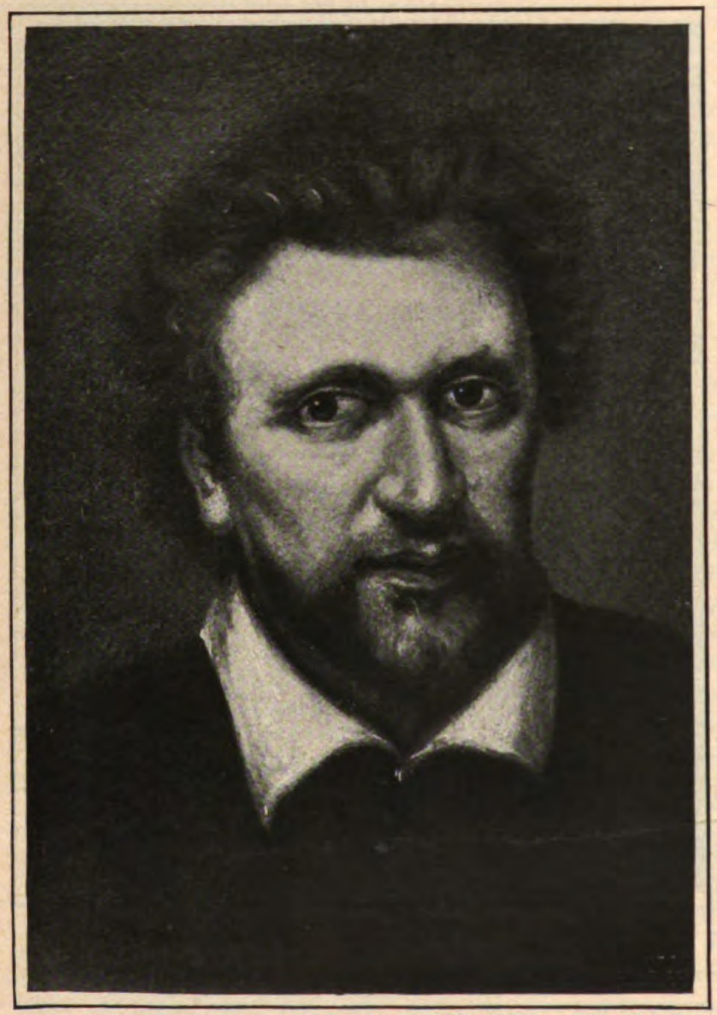


THE FIRST EARL OF SALISBURY
Engraved by Etienne Picart (1631-1721), after a painting by Zuccaro

were so obvious that one wonders what induced the poets to persevere. There must have been something irresistibly fascinating in the possession of this power to amuse yourself and other people by writing and circulating rude little pieces of poetry. Thomas Bastard was among the most irrepressible of these wags. He was a scholar and then a fellow of New College, and his earliest exploit was a collection of lampoons in which he "reflected upon all persons of note in Oxford that were guilty of amorous exploits." In fact, he assumed the poetical office of volunteer proctor, including "town" with "gown." The fun must have been fast and furious, while it lasted, but Bastard was expelled from the uni-

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versity. He entered holy orders, retired to his livings in Wessex, and went on writing epigrams for the rest of his life. Bastard's epigrams, which were collected



Courtesy of Walker & Cockerell, London, E. C.

BEN JONSON

From a portrait, by the Dutch painter Gerard Hornthorst (1592–1660)

in seven books, called *Chrestoleros,* are highly characteristic of the obscure class of literature of which we are speaking. They are destitute of what is called "point," and they have no more detonation in their going off than a damp squib has. But Bastard merely aimed at putting the bright conversation of his day into metrical form. He follows Martial, who liked to explain what his readers would find in the subsequent section, but his aim is very different from Martial's. Here is the opening to the third book of *Chrestoleros:*

My Book is not for learned men nor wise,
Nor merry, nor conceited, nor the plain,
Nor angry, foolish, critical or nice,
Nor old, nor young, nor sober, nor the vain,
Nor for the thrifty, nor the prodigal,
But if thou needs will know for whom? For all.

That is the Reverend Mr. Bastard's little joke, that is his mild fizzle of humor, and it is highly characteristic of the Elizabethan epigram. Here is Bastard once more upon his own work:

One said my Book was like unto a coat
Of divers colors, black and red and white;
I, but to cross him, said he spake by rote,
For they in making rather are unlike:—
A coat, one garment made of many fleeces;
My Book, one meaning cut in many pieces.

It is not easy to decide what Bastard's "one meaning" is, for his hundreds of epigrams treat of every subject under heaven. Probably he means that they illustrate one consistent scheme of providence. He gives us little scraps of autobiography:

Upon the plain, as I rode all alone,
Assaulted by two sturdy lads I was;
"I am a poor man, Sirs, let me begone!"
"Nay, but you shall be poor before you pass."
And so I was, yet lost nothing thereby.
Would they had robbed me of my poverty.

One sees the penniless parson, riding between Beer Regis and the place he calls "Nullam" (which I can't identify), held up by the two rascally footpads and displaying the emptiness of his pockets. Bastard's little soul went out in his profusion of little poems. He was always bursting with epigram,—

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My pen is like a bow which still is bent,
My head is like a barrel wanting vent;

but although he justified his garrulous work by an appeal to its usefulness and entertainment, he had none of the colossal arrogance of the ambitious poets of his time. "Reader," he says,

my Book flies low, and comes not near
The higher world and the celestial sphere.

Bastard, who is almost unknown even to students to-day, deserves considerable attention, particularly as being almost the originator of this kind of English poetry. Owen had revived the custom of writing epigrams, but his were in Latin, and this was supposed to be the necessary language for these little lampoons and sarcastic observations in verse. But Bastard began a new thing:

Methinks some curious reader I hear say
"What? epigrams in English? 'Tis not fit!"
My Book is plain and would have, if it may,
An English reader, but a Latin wit.

Ben Jonson composed a whole book of English epigrams, and described them as "the ripest of my studies." No doubt, this patronage of the form by the most learned of living poets greatly aided its vogue. In the course of his collection Jonson admits that the classical idea of the epigram is that it shall

be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormwood and sulphur, sharp and tooth'd withal,
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink and wit,
As madmen stones,

but he repudiates that sense, and many of his pieces here are laudatory or else mildly descriptive. A fair example is the epigram on "Spies":

Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
Stink, and are thrown away. End fair enough!

Jonson does not hold himself bound even to brevity, and many of his epigrams run to thirty or forty lines. He closes his "Epigrams" with the long burlesque poem called "The Famous Voyage," which occupies several pages. Some of his satirical portraits, however, are genuine epigrams. If we knew, and doubtless those who read his book were well aware, who "Court-Worm" was intended for, we should relish this satire:

ON COURT-WORM

All men are worms; but this no man. In silk
'Twas brought to court first, wrapt, and white as milk;
Where, afterwards, it grew a butterfly,
Which was a caterpillar; so 'twill die.

More than a hundred years later, Pope, always peeping about for unconsidered treasures that he could steal, found this forgotten quatrain and polished it up to suit Lord Hervey:

Let Sporus tremble. What, that thing of silk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?

A good instance of the epigram which, being passed from hand to hand, or from mouth to mouth, caused a delighted satisfaction which we can only dimly reconstitute for ourselves, is that which was composed in 1600 on the death of the political miser Sir Horatio Palavazene. To understand it, one has only to know that the subject was a financial agent, who collected money in the Catholic countries of the Continent, that he might lend it, at usurious interest, to Queen Elizabeth, and that Babram was a manor-house, near Cambridge, which he bought with his savings:

Here lies Horatio Palavazene,
Who robbed the Pope to lend the Queen;
He was a thief, A thief? Thou liest,
For why? He robbed but Antichrist.
Him death with besom swept from Babram
Into the bosom of old Abram:
But then came Hercules with his club
And struck him down to Belzebub.

This is an admirable epigram in the Elizabethan sense, for although it has no closing point, or play upon words, it is satirical, concise, and of the nature of an inscription. One can imagine, after the pompous funerals of Sir Horatio Palavazene, some one coming by night and scribbling these words on the wall of Babram Church, above his newly carved tomb.

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The ear of the seventeenth century was curiously little affected by neatness of finish and sharpness of sound. When the eighteenth century, by the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson, wrote:

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing,
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King,

there could be no doubt that the stroke went home. Not merely was the rule of three complete — as Augustus was to Virgil, so is George III. to Colley Cibber, a double stroke of satire,—but the form was so sharp and fine that the memory could not help retaining the quatrain. But now let us turn to what is perhaps the most famous political epigram of a hundred years earlier. It is that written, in the form of an epitaph on the first Earl of Salisbury, by Sir Walter Raleigh:

Here lies Hobinall, our pastor whilere,
That once in a quarter our fleeces did shear;
To please us, his cur he kept under clog,
And was ever after both shepherd and dog;
For oblation to Pan, his custom was thus,—
He first gave a trifle, then offered up us;
And through his false worship such power he did gain
As kept him on the mountain, and us on the plain.

Allowing for the allusions to the economical procedures of Salisbury, which would be as luminous to everybody then as they are dark to all but historical students now, it is impossible to see any neatness or point about this lumbering piece of verse. Yet it produced a great sensation when it was first circulated, and King James I. said that he hoped the man who wrote it would die before he did. It performed the work of a bludgeon, smashing in, with a heavy, bold stroke, the reputation of Salisbury, which no one had the courage to impugn; but there was no trace of the rapier, nor any flutter of lace ruffles about a wrist adroitly turned in riposte. The eighteenth-century epigram was to be a sharp, quick lunge, a flash in the air; that of the early seventeenth century was a solid blow, intended to crush the antagonist and flatten him out.

The Coming of Queen Gwenevere

BY ERNEST RHYS

RISE up, sleepy damsels,
And let in the Day!
Her dress of the sunlight,
She sends night away.

She steps on the darkness
With shoes white as milk,
With a shining of samite,
A rustling of silk.

Step by step, walking with her,
While the harp-song is sung,
We are part of her pleasure,
We are glad she is young.

When she knocks on the lintel,
The day shall begin:
Rise up, sleepy damsels,
And let her come in!

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An Old Fiddler

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE old man leaned his head caressingly towards his fiddle, as he sat by the fire in the big kitchen. Outside, the rising wind was threatening storm, and every now and then a vibration of the gusty air breathed through the fiddle and murmured on the strings.

"I do'no' w'at I'd du ef I couldn't hear your leastestest whisper," he said, softly, to the instrument. "I'd ruther die than be deef, I would."

"Dear land! I 'most wisht *I* was deef," muttered the young woman in the lean-to, her arms elbow-deep in soap bubbles, as she bent over her tubs. It was going to storm, but washing must be done on washing-day. "Mornin', noon, an' night, nothin' but fiddlin'! An' the's kindlin's ter split, an' water ter fetch, an' cows ter fodder, an' no one but Seth ter du it all. An' Gran'sir ain't a speck too old ter help. But there!" And she spent the rest of her exasperation in wringing the sheet so dry it hardly knew it had been wet. "It's aggravatin' ter hev jes the other thin' fum the thin' ye want," she went on. "The sound of a pair o' little patterin' feet 'd 'a' ben a sight pleasanter 'n all the music outen that fiddle! An' sometimes your arms fairly achin' fer the heft of w'at they ain't got!" And the next piece she washed was very clean indeed.

The strains of the violin came lightly in "Whistle o'er the lave o't." If there was a delicate irony in the intonation, as the old man smiled to himself, the hearer did not know it, and it did not abash a couple of yellow kittens that scrambled about his shoulders and put up their backs at the voice of this other purring creature. "You're 'most as good as sunbeams," he said, presently, to the cats.

"There it goes," said the young woman to herself again. "Here I be a-renchin' of the clo'es ter music, and I guess the fire 'll keep time a-b'ilin' of 'em. It's w'at he's ben doin' his life thru. Ef 'twarn't fer that fiddle all this land 'd ben cleared an' down ter wheat afore ever Seth was born. Seth can't du everythin'. It's enough ter pervoke a saint, let alone me. And I ain't no sort of a saint!"

She was right. She wasn't any sort of a saint; although Seth had often said she was the best of wives.

"They don't make 'em any better 'n you be, Kitty," he said once.

"My! You mustn't talk so," she had replied, winding into place the big fallen braid of satin-sleek black hair. "Suthin' might happen!"

"I s'pose ye think the Lord's watchin' out ter trip me," he had said.

"Seth McGregor, you make me scairt! It soun's jes like Gran'sir!"

She could say nothing stronger, he knew. But he had laughed and finished his hot doughnut, and wiped his mouth and kissed her, and had gone off to his ploughing, and she had gone back to her rolling-pin. "I'll make 'em all han's," she said. "Seth likes 'em crisp. But then Gran'sir, he likes the hole. Land sakes, I didn't engage ter tend out on two on 'em! Though I do'no's I'd mind ef 'twarn't fer that fiddle. P'r'aps I ain't no ear for music. Dear knows w'at I'll du in heaven, 'ith all the harp-playin' there.—I'd better git there fust, though. I sha'n't, s' long's I let this everlastin' fiddlin' stan' in my way."

But, indeed, how could you say it was pleasant, when you were quite down and out of sorts, to have the tune of "Smile again, my bonnie lassie" strike up and insist on being heard? Or when you were gazing over your knitting, wondering how a man could be so thriftless, to have the "Jolly Beggar" come laughing out as if he read your thoughts so that it made you creepy? And what could be more calculated to stir one up than, when on a lovely spring morning you had to be over the hot fire, to hear that bow of

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his going on about the cool green "Birks of Aberfeldie"? No one could say it didn't set the nerves on edge, when you had been scrubbing the floor, and knew you would have that floor to scrub the rest of your mortal life, and your cotton gown was all soaked and dripping, to have the fiddle begin "An' ye sall walk in silk attire"—when you had never had a thread of silk on your back!

When Gran'sir came into his father's forest-land up here, he had a chance to farm it like Taylor's folks, for the hills just dropped fatness on that land. But no; he scratched the ground for enough for to-day, and let to-morrow take care of itself,—to-morrow now having come to mean Seth and Kitty. And now Seth had to delve so he could hardly take a day off and go to the beach and get her scouring-sand. Her poor man,—her dear man! And what came of it all—his delving, her scrubbing? They kept body and soul together, and no more. If Gran'sir had done different, instead of running in every hour or so, all his young days, for a tune on his fiddle or to turn the slip of wood he was drying in the sun for another fiddle, Seth might be driving his own team now; he might be select-man; there'd be another story on the house, and green blinds, and glass in the front door, maybe; and her best dress wouldn't be that alpaca she had when she was married; she might go round cracking in her silks like Taylor's folks. And the old man would play on, apparently unaware of these sinister reflections, or of the steady disapproving gaze across the knitting-needles. Sometimes, indeed, he played wild, sweet dance-tunes, and called out the figures as he used to when he played for the boys and girls in the barn dances of his youth, and it seemed then to his listener as if the very witches and warlocks of Tam o' Shanter were capering in her outraged kitchen. Sometimes, instead, he had said: "Now you shall hear what the wind sez on a summer night—a night of August. Hear it now come over the tree-tops, murmurin', murmurin'"; and she had remembered a "going in the tops of the mulberry-trees," and had heard the soft summer wind rush down in the dark and lift the great boughs; and now it swept the fields of the bowing grain; and now she knew it passed over the drooping heads of flowers and brushed away their dews, and went on heavy with fragrance; and now she heard a whippoorwill cry like a flute, and now the strain rose and seemed to shake the stars.

"Wal, 'tain't no use," she said to-day, wiping the suds off her arms. "Dear knows I don't want ter send any of Seth's folks ter the poor'us, leastways the on'y one he's got—if he do deserve it. An' Gran'sir's mortal proud there ain't never ben a McGregor in the poor'us. He doos jes despise the poor'us. It's comfort'ble down there, though, an' lots of other old men ter talk an' fiddle to. But there! he couldn't go 's long's he's got his pension. And I don't begretch him his vittles. I don't begretch him nothin'. I like him roun'—leastways, 'most allus. But Gran'sir ain't done a stroke of w'at ye might call work sence Seth could du it for him. Lord o' love! I'd orter be 'shamed ter be put about so by nothin'! I wouldn't mind so much ef Gran'sir was an ol' woman—though I cal'h'late she'd allus be a-meddlin'. An' he don't meddle—much. But then she wouldn't be a-fiddlin'. But 'tain't jes nothin'"—the flood of her thoughts eddying back like a river among rocks—"ter find out, the way we did yist'day, that long and long ago Gran'sir sold that land round the hill, thet Seth allus thought was his'n, where there's talk o' the railroad goin' thru, for a fiddle! And all he's sorry for 's thet a tramp stole the fiddle. Lor'! w'at a fool I be!" And she tied a shawl over her head and shoulders and went to hang out her clothes.

She was holding with both outstretched hands a sheet flapping stiffly in the wind, a clothes-pin between her teeth, when with a jingle of bells the old yellow stage came slipping along on its runners, as if chuckling to itself over the disappearance of its noisy wheels. "I declare I'm gittin' silly! I thought 'twas that fiddle," she said.

The stage stopped. "Guess the's suthin' fer your folks," the driver shouted. "The's a passel fer the ol' gentleman." Climbing down, he thrashed his arms a minute before overhauling his load.

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Kitty. "W'at's ter du now?"

Kitty hastened up the slope, letting

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a great breeze into the kitchen, and leaving the door open. The old man rose and closed the door. Then he untied the box with deliberation, winding the various strings into little rolls, after he had amused the jumping kittens with them for a few minutes.

"Gran'sir! Du make haste!" she exclaimed.

Then he took off and folded paper after paper. "Handy, sometime," he said. At last he lifted out a shabby green violin-case.

"Gran'sir!" she almost shrieked, twisting her hands as she watched him. "You hain't ben spendin' yer pension-money fer another fiddle!"

"I give my pension-money to your man the day I sign for it," he answered, with some dignity, yet too preoccupied to be offended. "This means thet my ol' cap'n's gone. We was to the Mexican war together. You've heern me tell—"

"O Lor'! yes, Gran'sir!"

"He promised, w'en he was done 'ith it, thet I should hev his fiddle. An' here it is. He's done 'ith it. And I'd ruther 'a' played on the old one I made myself out'n a piece o' pine and a piece o' maple, till kingdom come, than hed this an' knowed he won't play on it no more. By mighty! he made it sing! Oncet I reckoned I'd like ter hev it,—but now—wal, I sha'n't never play on it onless there's an occasion thet's more out o' the common than's likely now. Wal, wal! They're all goin' thet ain't gone. I ain't done nothin' but walk acrost graves this forty year." And he sat down, trembling, and trailing the bow, a far-away look in his big pale eyes that made Kitty tremble, too. She hurried and beat up an egg in cider for him, surprised at herself.

The old man woke from his reverie as she brought it, startling the kittens, who were examining the bow with doubting paws. "By king! I'd ruther have give a dollar than hed the Cap'n die," he said. "I warn't in the way of seein' of him, but I knowed he was on this breathin' yarth. I'd orter went fust, I hed. He'd orter gin the word and I step forrud.—You'd orter took me!" he exclaimed, suddenly, as if to the universe. "Don't seem 's ef thet gre't fire in him could 'a' ben blowed out," he added, more quietly. "He was alive clean thru, the Cap'n."

Kitty went out and banged the door behind her. He might take his flip or leave it. "But there! he felt reel bad, didn't he? Oh my! thin's won't let me be good, no matter how I try! 'Tain't no time sence I see a mouse a-settin' in the crack listenin' to him a-pickin' on the strins. 'Let him alone,' he sez. 'I've sujergated him. I'll hev him singin' yit,' sez he. And I scairt out'n my five wits by a mouse! Sometimes I think so I'd like ter hev my home ter myself! But then again I do'no'. My goodness! this ain't no sperrit fer Chris'mus-time!"

The clothes on the line swayed solemnly. "They've froze harder 'n Pharaoh's heart a'ready," said Kitty. "I'll hev ter let 'em freeze dry. An' then they'll tear ter slits a-gittin' of 'em off'n the lines. Land alive!"—as the sound of sleigh-bells came again—"ef there ain't Elder Perry! An' me all sozzled an' drozzled! That's jes the way thin's happens. Dear sakes! w'y couldn't he 'a' come some other day than wash-day! I don't care—it's good ter see Elder any day," her interior consciousness added.

The Elder came bustling up, with his arms full. "I don't believe you're real glad to see me, Mis' McGregor," he said, when within. "And I didn't like to come to-day, for I know you'd wash Monday if the world was to end Tuesday. But the fact is— The way the women wrap up a baby in cold weather—I wouldn't like to have a child suffocated—under all these cloaks and veils. I'll give it a breather, and maybe you'll warm a drop of milk or some cream and water for it. Here's the bottle." And he was stripping off and scattering layer after layer of old shawls and blankets, and there came a little gurgling sound, and a gleam of something pink as a blush-rose, and there was a baby—a beautiful bouncing baby.

"Oh!" said Kitty, pushing in front of Gran'sir, "ain't it a little dear? Whose is it? Where you goin' 'ith it? W'y, Elder, you're awful handy 'ith a baby!"

"Served my apprenticeship. There! Ain't that a fine child?"

"It's a beauty! A reel darlin'! How old is it? Six months? Eight? It's most oncommon big fer that. Sha'n't I take it? 'Tain't much heftier 'n a cat. My! Ain't there more'n this ter babies? Do you s'pose it's all right?"

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

HE SAT DOWN, TREMBLING, AND TRAILING THE BOW

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"Right as a trivet," said the Elder. "She's poor old Mis' Deacon Hills's granddaughter, and she hasn't anybody kin to her this side of heaven. Good stock, you see."

"But most misfortunate," said Gran'sir.

"Yes. I'm afraid Mis' Hills would have gone on the town if she'd lived. But she wouldn't hear of it—"

"Too blamed independent," said Gran'sir. "I like her sperrit."

"Well, she won't go now," continued the Elder. "But it would be hard on Mis' Perry to keep this baby, with six of her own; now wouldn't it? The almshouse isn't far from here. But I'll toast up a spell before I go. And perhaps Mr. McGregor 'll let me hear what his violin has to say about it. By the way, I often wonder what the weather really was that night in Bethlehem."

"Heavenly weather," said Gran'sir,—"thet is, ef thin's was as you say they was."

"With part of heaven coming down," said the Elder. "You warming the baby's feet, Mis' McGregor? There's nothing prettier than a baby's feet."

"The poor little soul! What color do ye call her eyes? She's lookin' at me solemn 's a graven image. You can't say yit? Ef that ain't jes like a man! They change in the fust months? What a lot you know, Elder!"

"Well, six of them are educating," said the Elder.

"I du hope it's goin' ter hev blue eyes," said Kitty, as she warmed the milk. "I allus thought a blue-eyed baby was a picter. Seth's eyes are blue. I s'pose I don't desarve it, or I'd 'a' hed one o' my own."

"We don't always deserve our blessings," said the Elder.

"My! But she's hungry, the sweet lamb!" she said, taking her rocking-chair.

"She's sort o' pooty," said Gran'sir, looking over the arm of the chair.

"Sort o'!"

"Too pooty fer the poor'us, anyway."

"It's a shame!" cried Kitty, her eyes flashing.

"So it is," said the Elder. "But what else can we do? I'd like to find her a home with some good people who haven't any children, and who have nothing but a silent house and a lonely old age to look forward to—"

"Yes. The Bible sez a babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

"Well—ahem!—not the Bible exactly. But a very good man, I've no doubt. And I'm sure the—the Bible authorities would—would agree to it. For a child does make cheer. And it costs little or nothing before it's old enough to help. This little girl 'll be a sight of help in a few years."

"She'll be a sight o' care fust."

"Mis' Perry never seems to find them much care."

"Elder Perry!" she exclaimed, turning her head over her shoulder like a frightened bird, perhaps at the thought that Seth might come in, "I b'lieve you've fetched this baby a-purpose ter temp' me ter take it!"

"Well, Mis' McGregor— That is— I mean—"

"Oh, I don't b'lieve but w'at I'd like ter!" she cried. "On'y, I guess the Lord knowed my temper was too onsartin ter be trusted. But I'd try. My gracious! wouldn't I try! Oh, it's no use. Seth 'd never let me in all this world o' worlds. He'd say I warn't made fer it, he couldn't afford it, he couldn't hev me pestered, I warn't fit. And I'd try reel hard ter be fit—"

"Tryin's better 'n bein', any day, Kitty," said Gran'sir. "Them innercent creeturs w'at's born all right can't hold a candle to them that's grown all shiny strugglin'."

A melancholy wind sighed round the eaves.

"Jes hear it!" said Kitty. "It allus makes me feel reel down w'en it comes up that way."

"'And there came a great wind from the wilderness,'" said the Elder. "Yes, it is getting rough outside. Perhaps you could make out to keep this little lady till the storm's over?"

"I wonder what Seth 'd say. I could make her up a little bed in the clo'es-basket. I'd put the pink spread in—I made it 'fore I was merried—it's lined with lamb's wool; an' then a couple o' pillers, an' set the bedroom door open—"

"You might try it," said the Elder.

"I guess she'd be reel comfortable."

Gran'sir picked up the yellow kittens

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and put them on her lap beside the baby, who instantly left her bottle and reached for them with an inarticulate cry of joy.

"Oh, cats!" said Kitty. "W'at's cats w'en you've got a baby? I s'pose them kitties 'd be gittin' inter her bed, too. Do you think cats sucks a baby's breath, really?"

"No, indeed. They wouldn't let so much as a bird come near a baby. They just like the warm nest."

"If she should cry in the night an' wake Seth up—"

"'Twould take more than her little pipe to wake a man as tired as Seth."

"He needs his sleep, you know," she said, anxiously.

"He needs a little daughter to brighten his declining years."

"A little daughter! Oh my!" Her eager eyes were searching space. "A little daughter—"

"You could name her, you know. You could call her after Seth's mother—"

"I do'no' about that. I didn't set so much by Seth's mother as p'r'aps I'd orter done. Leastways, that's the way it looks, now she's dead. But when she was alive she said I was a lot! There! She's took 'most every drop. She's sleepy, too. Hushaby, hushaby, baby. Scat, you two! She's goin' ter sleep! Oh, ain't it sweet! You mean ter say this dear little thin' ain't got any name yet? W'y, I've seventeen names all picked out fer a little daughter!"

"She'd be quite a royal personage if you gave them all to her.—Striking twelve!" said the Elder, looking round for his greatcoat, getting into it quickly, and tying up his throat in the long yards of a woollen muffler. "I think I'll leave her here overnight, anyway, if you don't mind the trouble—"

"Trouble!"

"It's really too cold to take a tender baby farther to-day. My wife gave me a bundle of clothes for her; they're in the pung. I'll fetch them."

"Don't let in any more of a draught than you can help, Elder," said Kitty, holding up her apron. "My! How that door slammed! I sh'd 'a' thought 'twould 'a' waked her up. But, Lor'! I s'pose Gran'sir's fiddle 'll du that, anyway!"

The Elder was taking off his boots that evening by the fire of the room that served for his study and his wife's sitting-room. "I think, my dear," he said to Mrs. Perry, who was turning his old coat, "that, considering I'm a man, I arranged the affair of that baby pretty well."

"I've heard say those laugh best who laugh last," said Mrs. Perry, her mouth full of pins. "But I suppose you'll have to go up there again when it clears off—"

"And deal with Seth. And Seth's another proposition. Yes."

Seth had been all day in the woods at his logging. As he straightened his back and wriggled into his sweater, and sat on the icy stump eating his apple pie at noon, the pie so cold that it made his teeth ache, he scratched the tired muscles of his arms and looked at the depth of forest yet to go down under his axe; he asked himself what he was doing it for.

"It's all one long endurin' grind. Same old story year in an' year out. Green pease, Fourth o' July, string-beans, an' bank yer house. The's nobody ter come after me. Gran'sir 'll be dead, an' Kitty 'll be dead, an' I'll be dead. Ef 'twarn't fer that fiddle o' Gran'sir's I do'no's I'd heave another stroke. Gosh! that feelin's jes the fiddle in my blood, an' work's the on'y cure for it!" And he used the cure vigorously till the early nightfall, when he tramped home through the falling snow and the gale that struck him like a blow as he left the shelter of the wood.

Kitty had laid the baby down, and had heaped the frozen clothes in the lean-to, lest their dampness should hurt the child. And then she had picked the dead leaves off her scarlet geraniums in the window, feeling they must not suffer because of the baby. When she came back, Gran'sir was standing over the child with his fiddle, playing softly, softly, as he leaned down, "My love is but a lassie yet"; and the baby, warm and fed and in a state of well-being, was crowing and kicking in reply. It was almost the first time that Kitty had liked the sound of those strings. She ran and bent down too.

"She's reel fond o' music, ain't she, Gran'sir?" she said, looking up at him with moist eyes.

"She's sweet as a peach," said Gran'sir. And his fiddle twanged out a reel, and they persuaded themselves that the child's

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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"WHOSE BABY IS THAT?" HE SAID

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feet were keeping time to it. Then there was a great stamping off of snow in the shed, the door opened, and Seth came in. With a sudden sentiment both of protection and of defiance she caught the baby up and faced him.

"Whose baby is that?" he said.

"Mine!" she answered, triumphantly. And she held it high, dancing it up and down to the tune that still went on.

"Are you all out o' your heads?" cried Seth.

"Oh, Seth," she said, as the tune stopped, going to him with the child, "it's a little baby that's got no home an' no father nor mother. Can't we keep it, Seth?"

"We! We can't keep ourselves!" said Seth.

"As ef a baby 'd make any diff'runce!"

"'Twouldn't allus be a baby. Well, it's blust'rin' up consider'ble. W'at you got fer supper?"

"But, Seth—"

"George! The table ain't sot out yit. And I'm ready fer a square meal. Who's visitin' 'ith that baby?"

"Nobody," she said, smiling at him over the child as he had not seen her smile in a year. "Elder Perry's fetched the baby fer us ter take."

"Fer us ter take?—Where's the sand? I got ter git this pitch off'n my hands. Come, Kitty, quit your foolin' an' let's have some supper. I done a good day's work to-day."

"You'd du a better one ef you hed this little thin' ter work fer," she said, in a tone that was new to him.

"You ain't in 'arnest, be ye, Kitty?" he exclaimed, wheeling round from the sink.

"I be, too! I wanter keep this baby!"

"Keep a child ye don't know nothin' about? W'y, you're crazy, wife! A little come-by-chance ter break our hearts bime-by, maybe, 'ith the tricks of its own folks—"

"Its own folks was the Deacon Hills's. And I guess there ain't any better in the plantation!"

"Sho, sho! An' there ain't any on 'em left. W'at's goin' ter be done 'ith it?"

"It's goin' ter stay here an' be our'n."

"Not ef I know it," said Seth. "Here, I'll hold it while you git supper. How come the Elder ter fetch it here?"

"He was takin' it ter the poor'us," said Kitty, sullenly.

"He'd better have gone on. It's got ter go."

"In this snow? Not onlest I go tew!"

"Kitty! I wouldn't know 'twas you!"

"Don't you Kitty me!" she cried, now in a storm of anger. "My name's Keturah. And I won't be called out'n it!"

"But, Kitty—I mean, Keturah—I—"

"Oh, you, you, you!" And Kitty burst into tears and buried her face in the baby's skirts, the baby regarding it as play and clutching at her hair rejoicingly.

Seth loosened the tiny hands and took the child. "Kitty," he said, "you know I'd du anythin' in reason. Ef the Lord had 'a' sent this, we'd 'a' roughed it. But ter go and ask fer trouble by takin' it w'en we ain't a dollar ahead in the world, w'y, I can't! Ye might as well cry fer a pianner. I'd like ter keep the little thin',—I would, sure. But it's a luxury. An' we're too poor for luxuries. I'm sorry."

Gran'sir went to put his fiddle on the shelf, and touched Kitty's elbow as he went. The touch thrilled her with the knowledge that she had an ally. "'Tain't settled yet," he whispered. "You git supper!"

"Kitty," said Seth, when they had finished and cleared away the repast, the baby fallen asleep, and had spread the red cloth on the table, and brought out the *Weekly Ploughman*, and turned up the lamp, "I don't want you ter think I don't reco'nize that you made dip-toast fer me to-night becos it's a favoright 'ith me, an' give me your best preserves. I'd keep the child 'thouten yer doin' that ef I felt anywise ekil to it. An' you needn't s'pose it ain't pleasant ter me ter see ye a-spreadin' of the little thin's ter warm, an' goin' roun' 'ith a baby on yer arm. Fer it is. But that's all there is about it." He rose and stretched his arms over his head. "Wal, I'm tired as a dog thet's run fer his life," he said, "and I guess I'll go ter bed."

Gran'sir had already gone. Perhaps he thought it wise to leave the two. But he said he would take his fiddle and hear it answer the storm, after a way he had of laying it on the other pillow, against his ear, while its half-guessed murmurings filled him with a sort of rapture,

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as if he listened to a voice long silent, or Nature were whispering to him under her breath what others never heard.

The wind had risen at dusk, and the storm pressed against the house like a giant shoulder, every now and then sending a shudder against its last timber. Kitty had always an unexplained terror of storm by night. The invisible force moving mightily through the dark seemed some supernatural enemy. She wanted then the shelter of Seth's courage, and to lie close, close, her face hid in his sleeve. It added to her sense of injury that to-night they could not be friendly. She leaned her forehead against the cold window-pane and saw the snowflakes drift by the lane of light like sparks of fire, with a feeling of being out in all the bitterness of the blast.

"I'm glad I ain't fond of her yit—not so very much," she murmured. "I s'pose I got ter give in." The snow-laden gusts made her tremble with a redoubled sense of her impotence. "To send the little thin' out alone!" she sobbed. "Wal, I got ter give in." She warmed the baby's milk again, and laid her back in the clothes-basket, and shut the kittens down-cellar, and sealed the mouse-crack with a piece of soap, and put out the light. A moon was rising behind the storm, and with her last look a great white ghost outside seemed to be moving on and on, forever on. "O Lord in heaven," she whispered, "if I can't have her, give her good care somewheres else! But, oh, I du want her, I du want her so!" Only a long rush of the wind replied. And then she cried herself to sleep, partly with temper, and partly with her hurt. "I got ter give in," was her last thought over and over. "The woman allus has ter go to the wall."

When Seth came out in the morning, the baby lying there with wide-open eyes, sucking her little fist, held out her arms joyously as he struck a light. He stealthily covered her up, for the little fists were blue. All day long those eyes haunted him with their appeal. The storm still roared on, whirling and white. The Elder would not come up for the baby, nor could Seth himself go to the woods. He tunnelled a way to the barn, fed and milked the cows, and busied himself splitting kindlings and with the odd jobs waiting for such a day. And every time he came into the kitchen he saw his wife going about her work with that baby on her arm, or rocking it to sleep in the low chair, with an expression on her face that would have been seraphic if it had not been one of such injury; or standing over the clothes-basket which she and Gran'sir had lifted to the table, and talking all sorts of sweet nonsense to the cooing little creature in it. "It's the onluckiest storm 't ever was," he muttered. "Ef it don't hold up, she'll be gittin' ter keer fer that child so I'll have to give in." Once he looked into the basket himself, a little gingerly, on tiptoe. "I *wisht* we could keep it," he said. And his wife flung herself down in the next chair and flung her apron over her head.

Two or three times Gran'sir took the baby and rocked her, his fiddle strangely silent all day. Or he carried her to the window, looking out at the wild white tempest. "Don't you be afeard on it," he said. "It's the best friend you got."

The tension in the house reached Seth's nerves. It would be easier to do in anger what was to be done. But he had never been very angry in his life. The corned beef and cabbage were boiled to perfection at noon-time, and there was a blueberry duff, made with the fruit Kitty had picked and canned last summer; and there were toasted herring, and potatoes bursting their skins in the oven, and brewis and cider-apple sauce for supper. These things must not move him. It was not possible to feed another mouth, to clothe another back. And this was the time to find who was master in the house. He couldn't have been more silent if his lips were padlocked.

For three days the storm raged, wet, wild, and dreary; and then a white world and crisp cold, and sunshine and blue sky, as if there had never been anything else. The townsfolk were out breaking the road with the big, slow teams; and the Elder came bustling up in his pung, and being met by Gran'sir at the end door, after a few moments of expostulatory talk on his part, drove off as he had come. Seth returned from shovelling a way to the well through the sparkling drifts, glowing from his work, and glad the affair was finished.

"So the Elder come for the baby," he said.

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"He didn't git her," Gran'sir replied. And he lifted the child from the blankets.

"Didn't—git—her—"

"Didn't git her. She's goin' ter stay here. She's goin' ter take my place here. *I'm* goin' ter the poor'us. I kin play my fiddle jes 's well in one place as another, and I'm goin' ter the poor'us an' let her stay where—where she'll do the mos' good."

Seth ran his hands through his wet curls in bewilderment. The world was coming to an end. A McGregor—the poorhouse—

"Oh, come now, Gran'sir, talk sense!" he said, waking.

"I'm talkin' horse-sense. I'm talkin' jes w'at I mean," said the old man, erect and severe. "I'm goin' ter make over ter the town w'at the United States pays me fer my services ter the war. I've thinked it all out—and I guess I'll be treated with consideration there, and I'll hev my fiddle—"

"Gran'sir! I sh'd think you was meanin' it!"

"I be, sir."

"You can't be! It's agin' reason! It's agin' natur'!"

"I be. Dead sure. I could 'a' ast the Elder ter set me over, but my Sunday shirt was to the wash, an' Kitty ain't got it ironed yit, and I ain't put my thin's tergether. My days is nigh a'most over, an' this 'ere young un's is jes begun. The poor'us don't hurt me,—but ef it don't kill her it 'll be the ruination of her. I'm sorry to leave ye—durned sorry—"

"Gran'sir! Gran'sir! Oh, you never would!" cried Kitty, the color fled from her cheeks, steadying herself by the back of the chair as she stood.

"We can't hear to this, Gran'sir! We can't hear to this blamed folly!" said Seth. "Go away an' leave us? Go there? After all these years? W'y, ye couldn't du it, Gran'sir!" And his voice was shaking. "An', fer the matter o' that," he said, as soon as he could speak again, "we shouldn't keep this 'ere young un ef you did go. You're wuth—wuth—forty young uns! This baby's goin' where she belongs, anyways."

"Then there's all the more cause fer me ter go tew. I'll go ter take keer on her. I ain't so old or dodderin' yit that I hev ter hev a gardeen or can't du w'at I'm a mind ter. And ef the little creetur's goin' ter the poor'us, w'y, I'm goin' tew, fer ter take keer on her. I'm takin' this 'ere little orphlin fer my darter. An' her name's McGregor. An' my child can't go ter the poor'us and I stay to hum," said Gran'sir. "An' there it is."

Seth stared at the old man a moment, and then at his wife, his face scarlet, his voice gone. "That settles it, I s'pose," at last he said. "Naterally you don't go. I give in. Kitty!" he cried, "was you knowin' ter this?"

"Oh, I couldn't 'a' dreamed it," she answered, white and trembling. "Oh no, no, no! But ef the baby's boun' ter stay, I—I can't help it—I'm—I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad!"

"I bet you be!"

"I meant it, tew; I vum I did!" said Gran'sir, as he turned away. Presently he came back. "Ef you want the child," he said, with a magnanimous air, "she's yours, o' course."

"Oh, I du, I du!" cried Kitty.

Seth looked at them a minute longer. "Wal, I'll take a bite o' pie an' some cold meat, an' be off ter the woods," he said.

"W'at time 'll you be back?" she asked, wondering a little at his manner.

"I do'no's I'll ever come back," he said.

She ran and snatched the baby from Gran'sir, and held her up in the broad sunbeam that made a glory about her in the brown shadows of the old room. "Oh, Seth!" she cried. "It's our'n! It's our'n! You ain't sorry, be you?"

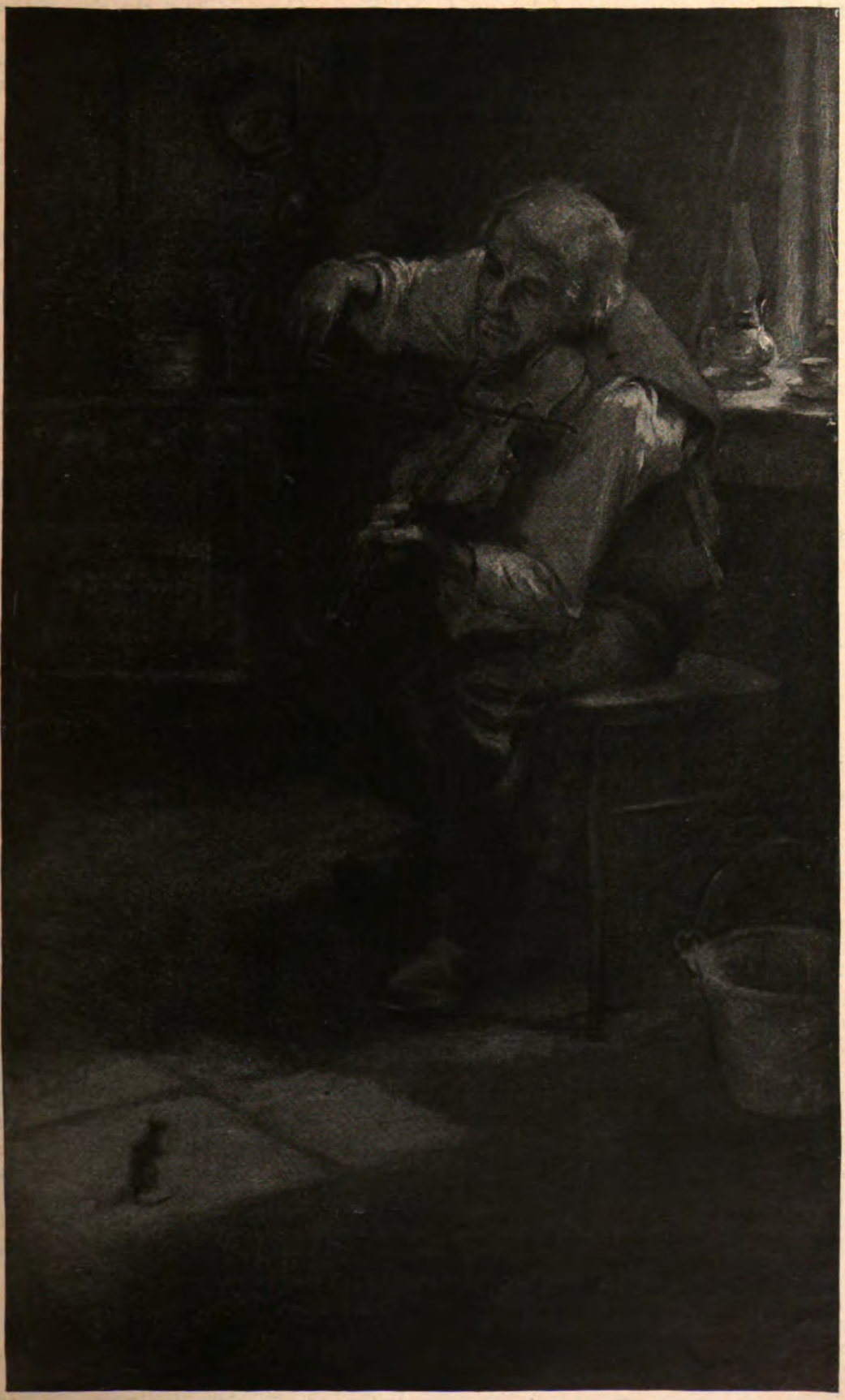
The radiant little creature springing in her arms, all unconscious of the turning of fate, held out both hands to him and screamed as if with pleasure at his ruddy face, his blazing blue eyes, his red curls.

"Take it, Seth. Oh, Seth, du take her! It's our little gal!" And she held it so close to him that he had to put his arm out. The baby reached forward and grasped his hair, and wiped a little wet mouth over his face, and something unawares made him tighten his arm and hold her close to his heart.

"Kitty," he said, "there's allus trouble in a house w'en a baby comes. I guess it's over now. She's got here all right. W'at you wanter call her?"

"Amanda Seraphina!" exclaimed Kitty, rapturously. "I mind Elder's sayin'

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THE OLD MAN PLAYED SOFTLY THE OLD, OLD AIR

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wunst thet 'Mandy meant 'she must be loved.' An' Seraphina's jest a little angel!"

"Sho! I sha'n't hev her called no sech outlandish names. She's Keturah. That's the best name there is. I sha'n't hev her called out of it!" he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Seth," his wife said, timidly, "you ain't bearin' Gran'sir no hard feelin's?"

"'Twas ruther rough, warn't it?—the way he tuk. But I guess the' warn't no other. Fact is, I wanted her all the time, Kitty."

"You're twicet as good's I be!" And as she couldn't get at her apron, she wiped her eyes with his hand. "Come to mother, darlin'!" she said, shyly, with a quick look at him. But the baby turned and hid her little head in Seth's neck, and his conquest was complete.

An ecstatic afternoon was Kitty's, lining the big basket, Seth helping, all other work forgotten, and even this suspended once in a while for five minutes' play with the new treasure, or with running to take from her remorseless grasp one of the kittens, while Gran'sir gave her the other. But by nightfall things were more quiet. Kitty sat then by the fire, holding the baby across her knee and rubbing the pretty bare back and active legs.

"I never thought I'd come ter sayin' a good word fer a fiddle," she was thinking. "But ef Gran'sir'd 'a' ben the other sort he wouldn't 'a' put himself about so ter keep this baby. He wouldn't 'a' felt fer the little thin' sent out in the cold, alone in the world—oh, precious one, you allus got me, you allus got father an' me! He wouldn't 'a' knowed w'at I felt. I do'no' but w'at maybe there's a power o' sympathy in a fiddle. P'r'aps it takes you inter folks' hearts. P'r'aps there's jest 's many fiddles in heaven as there be harps. An' Gran'sir 'll be all ready." She put on the baby's nightclothes, and fed it, and sat gently rocking, ineffably contented. "Gran'sir," she said, "I was thinkin' you could be a lot of help ef you took to it. I wouldn't wonder but you could play this child to sleep nights."

"I wouldn't wonder," said Gran'sir.

"You said you'd keep the new fiddle, the Cap'n's fiddle, fer a fit occasion. Don't ye think this is an occasion—the little gal's gittin' a home, less'n our gittin' the blessin' of her?"

Gran'sir had tuned the violin, and the baby was gurgling with delight as she listened to the stirring tones of "Rob Roy McGregor, oh," when a sound of bell-ringing came far and faint up the valley.

"I guess there's a fire," said Seth, stepping out to see.

"Or else it's ringin' fer evenin' meetin'," said Kitty. "But 'tain't Wednesday."

"It's Chris'mus eve," said Gran'sir.

"And I'd forgot!"

There was a moment's silence.

"Oh, Gran'sir," said Kitty then, "what a present you've give me! My own little daughter! The dear! Where do you s'pose her soul was afore it come here? A little child does bring ye close to the givin' o' God, don't it, now? This is the night that Christ was born, baby, and it's the night that you was born fer me."

"Christ is born into every house," said Gran'sir, "w'en a little child is born there."

The violin began again a silver strain; the child sighed itself off to sleep with a cooing sound like song. Seth came in and bent over the basket with Kitty. It was full of wonder and a sweet awe, this new life that had come to them.

They lifted the basket between them, the husband and wife, and went to their bedroom, whose door had hours ago been set open, and Gran'sir put out the light. And long between waking and sleeping the mother heard, as if it breathed out of Paradise, the murmur of the violin, while the old man, watched by the bright eyes of the little mouse, who had burrowed a way through his crack again, sat in the kitchen, where the moon, shining on the white world outside, threw a mysterious glow, and bending his head lovingly over his strings, he played softly the old, old air:

> Sing, holy night and happy morn,
> For unto us a child is born;
> The Prince of Peace, O blessed birth,
> Has come to make a heaven of earth!

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The Amigo

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

HIS name was really Perez Armando Aldeano, but in the end everybody called him the *amigo,* because that was the endearing term by which he saluted all the world. There was a time when the children called him "Span-yard," in their games, for he spoke no tongue but Spanish, and though he came from Ecuador, and was no more a Spaniard than they were English, he answered to the call of "Span-yard!" whenever he heard it. He came eagerly in the hope of fun, and all the more eagerly if there was a hope of mischief in the fun. Still, to discerning spirits, he was always the *amigo,* for when he hailed you so, you could not help hailing him so again, and whatever mock he put upon you afterwards, you were his secret and inalienable friend.

The moment of my own acceptance in this quality came in the first hours of expansion following our getting to sea after long detention in the dock by fog. A small figure came flying down the deck with outspread arms, and a joyful cry of "Ah, *amigo!*" as if we were now meeting unexpectedly after a former intimacy in Bogotá; and the *amigo* clasped me round the middle to his bosom, or more strictly speaking, his brow, which he plunged into my waistcoat. He was clad in a long black overcoat, and a boy's knee-pants, and under the peak of his cap twinkled the merriest black eyes that ever lighted up a smiling face of olive hue. Thereafter, he was more and more, with the thinness of his small black legs, and his habit of hopping up and down, and dancing threateningly about, with mischief latent in every motion, like a crow which in being tamed has acquired one of the worst traits of civilization. He began babbling and gurgling in Spanish, and took my hand for a stroll about the ship, and from that time we were, with certain crises of disaffection, firm allies.

There were others whom he hailed and adopted his friends, whose legs he clung about and impeded in their walks, or whom he required to toss him into the air as they passed, but I flattered myself that he had a peculiar, because a primary, esteem for myself. I have thought it might be that, Bogotá being said to be a very literary capital, as those things go in South America, he was mystically aware of a common ground between us, wider and deeper than that of his other friendships. But it may have been somewhat owing to my inviting him to my cabin to choose such portion as he would of a lady-cake sent us on shipboard at the last hour. He prattled and chuckled over it in the soft gutturals of his parrot-like Spanish, and rushed up on deck to eat the frosting off in the presence of his small companions, and to exult before them in the exploitation of a novel pleasure. Yet it could not have been the lady-cake which lastingly endeared me to him, for by the next day he had learned prudence and refused it without withdrawing his amity.

This, indeed, was always tempered by what seemed a constitutional irony, and he did not impart it to any one without some time making his friend feel the edge of his practical humor. It was not long before the children whom he gathered to his heart had each and all suffered some fall or bump or bruise which, if not of his intention was of his infliction, and which was regretted with such winning archness that the very mothers of them could not resist him, and his victims dried their tears to follow him with glad cries of "Span-yard, Span-yard!" Injury at his hands was a favor; neglect was the only real grievance. He went about rolling his small black head, and darting roguish lightnings from under his thick-fringed eyes, and making more trouble with a more enticing gayety than all the other people on the ship put together.

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The truth must be owned that the time came, long before the end of the voyage, when it was felt that in the interest of the common welfare, something must be done about the *amigo*. At the conversational end of the doctor's table where he was discussed whenever the racks were not on, and the talk might have languished without their inspiration, his badness was debated at every meal. Some declared him the worst boy in the world, and held against his half-hearted defenders that something ought to be done about him; and one was left to imagine all the darker fate for him because there was nothing specific in these convictions. He could not be thrown overboard, and if he had been put in irons probably his worst enemies at the conversational end of the table would have been the first to intercede for him. It is not certain, however, that their prayers would have been effective with the captain, if that officer, framed for comfort as well as command, could have known how accurately the *amigo* had dramatized his personal presence by throwing himself back, and clasping his hands a foot in front of his small stomach, and making a few tilting paces forward.

The *amigo* had a mimic gift which he liked to exercise when he could find no intelligible language for the expression of his ironic spirit. Being forbidden visits in and out of season to certain staterooms whose inmates feigned a wish to sleep, he represented in what grotesque attitudes of sonorous slumber they passed their day, and he spared neither age nor sex in these graphic shows. When age refused one day to go up on deck with him and pleaded in such Spanish as it could pluck up from its past studies that it was too old, he laughed it to scorn. "You are not old," he said. "Why?" the flattered dotard inquired. "Because you smile," and that seemed reason enough for one's continued youth. It was then that the *amigo* gave his own age, carefully telling the Spanish numerals over, and explaining further by holding up both hands with one finger shut in. But he had the subtlety of centuries in his nine years, and he penetrated the ship everywhere with his arch spirit of mischief. It was mischief always in the interest of the good-fellowship which he offered impartially to old and young; and if it were mere frolic, with no ulterior object, he did not care at all how old or young his playmate was. This endeared him naturally to every age; and the little blond German-American boy dried his tears from the last accident inflicted on him by the *amigo* to recall him by tender entreaties of "Span-yard, Span-yard!" while the eldest of his friends could not hold out against him more than two days in the strained relations following upon the *amigo's* sweeping him down the back with a toy broom employed by the German-American boy to scrub the scuppers. This was not so much an injury as an indignity, but it was resented as an indignity, in spite of many demure glances of propitiation from the *amigo's* ironical eyes, and murmurs of inarticulate apology as he passed.

He was, up to a certain point, the kindest and truest of *amigos;* then his weird seizure came, and the baby was spilled out of the carriage he had been so benevolently pushing up and down; or the second officer's legs, as he walked past with the prettiest girl on board, were hit with the stick that the *amigo* had been innocently playing shuffle-board with; or some passenger was taken unawares in his vanity or infirmity, and made to contribute to the *amigo's* passion for active amusement.

At this point I ought to explain that the *amigo* was not travelling alone from Ecuador to Paris, where it was said he was to rejoin his father. At meal-times, and at other rare intervals, he was seen to be in the charge of a very dark and very silent little man, with intensely black eyes and mustache, clad in raven hues from his head to the delicate feet on which he wore patent-leather shoes. With him the *amigo* walked gravely up and down the deck, and behaved decorously at table; and we could not reconcile the apparent affection between the two with a theory we had that the *amigo* had been found impossible in his own country, and had been sent out of Ecuador by a decree of the government, or perhaps a vote of the whole people. The little, dark, silent man, in his patent-leather boots, had not the air of conveying a state prisoner into exile, and we wondered in vain what the tie between him and the

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amigo was. He might have been his tutor, or his uncle. He exercised a quite mystical control over the *amigo,* who was exactly obedient to him in everything, and would not look aside at you when in his keeping. We reflected with awe and pathos that, as they roomed together, it was his privilege to see the *amigo* asleep, when that little, very kissable black head rested innocently on the pillow, and the busy brain within it was at peace with the world which formed its pleasure and its prey in waking.

It would be idle to represent that the *amigo* played his pranks upon that ship-load of long-suffering people with final impunity. The time came when they not only said something must be done, but actually did something. It was by the hand of one of the *amigo's* sweetest and kindest friends, namely, that elderly captain, off duty, who was going out to be assigned his ship in Hamburg. From the first he had shown the affectionate tenderness for the *amigo* which was felt by all except some obdurate hearts at the conversational end of the table; and it must have been with a loving interest in the *amigo's* ultimate well-being that, taking him in an ecstasy of mischief, he drew the *amigo* face downwards across his knee, and bestowed the chastisement which was morally a caress. He dismissed him with a smile in which the *amigo* read the good understanding that existed unimpaired between them, and accepted his correction with the same affection as that which had given it. He shook himself and ran off with an enjoyment of the joke as great as that of any of the spectators, and far more generous.

In fact there was nothing mean in the *amigo*. Impish he was, or might be, but only in the sort of the crow or the parrot; there was no malevolence in his fine malice. One fancied him in his adolescence taking part in one of the frequent revolutions of his continent, but humorously, not homicidally. He would like to alarm the other faction, and perhaps drive it from power, or overset it from its official place, but if he had the say there would be no bringing the vanquished out into the plaza to be shot. He may now have been on his way to France ultimately to study medicine, which seems to be preliminary to a high political career in South America; but in the mean time we feared for him in that republic of severely regulated subordinations.

We thought with pathos of our early parting with him, as we approached Plymouth and tried to be kodaked with him, considering it an honor and pleasure. He so far shared our feeling as to consent, but he insisted on wearing a pair of glasses which had large eyes painted on them, and on being taken in the act of inflating a toy balloon. Probably, therefore, the likeness would not be recognized in Bogotá, but it will always be endeared to us by the memory of the many mockeries suffered from him. There were other friends whom we left on the ship, notably those of the conversational end of the table, who thought him simply a bad boy; but there were none of such peculiar appeal as he, when he stood by the guard, opening and shutting his hand in ironical adieu, and looking smaller and smaller as our tender drifted away, and the vast liner loomed immense before us. He may have contributed to its effect of immensity by the smallness of his presence, or it may have dwarfed him. No matter; he filled no slight space in our lives while he lasted. Now that he is no longer there, was he really a bad little boy, merely and simply? Heaven knows, which alone knows good boys from bad.

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On Guard

BY HENRY A. BEERS

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after. —*Romeo and Juliet.*

HE has chosen the death that is easy
And left me the life that is hard.
He has emptied the cup to the lees, he
Has left me alone to keep guard.

Remains not a drop in the beaker
Of the bitter-sweet cordial he quaffed:
The strong has forsaken his weaker
And stolen his anodyne draught.

The cause that he taught me to cherish,
The weapons he trained me to wield,
He has given it over to perish
And thrown down the sword and the shield.

O how shall the coward perséver
When the hero slinks out of the fight;
Or weakness keep up the endeavor
Abandoned by desperate might?

The hour of stern trial has found me:
The sentinel fires are burnt low,
And I hear in the shadows around me
The stealthy approach of the foe.

Be it so then, my master, my leader:
These helpless ones, dear to you, these
Will I fend while I may, though I bleed, or
Am beaten with blows to my knees.

Lo here, where your body lies fallen,
I draw from its scabbard the sword
And raise it—how feebly!—and call on
Your spirit, my captain, my lord.

The watch-fire is sunken to embers,
With signals the darkness is starred.
Let them come! There is one who remembers—
There is one who will stand upon guard.

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The Diamond Brooches

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

THE room was filled with signs of breeding and cultivation; it was bare of the things which mean money. Books were everywhere; family portraits, gone brown with time, hung on the walls; a tall silver candlestick gleamed from a corner; there was the tarnished gold of carved Florentine frames, such as people bring still from Italy. But the furniture-covering was faded, the carpet had been turned, the place itself was the small parlor of a cheap apartment, and the wall-paper was atrocious. The least thoughtful, listening for a moment to that language which a room speaks of those who live in it, would have known this at once as the home of well-bred people who were very poor.

So quiet it was that it seemed empty. If an observer had stood in the doorway, it might have been a minute before he saw that a man sat in front of the fireless hearth with his arms stretched before him on the table and his head fallen into them. For many minutes there was no sound, no stir of the man's nerveless pose; it might have been that he was asleep. Suddenly the characterless silence of the place was flooded with tragedy, for the man groaned, and a child would have known that the sound came from a torn soul. He lifted his face—a handsome, high-bred face, clever, a bit weak,—and tears were wet on his cheeks. He glanced about as if fearing to be seen as he wiped them away, and at the moment there was a light bustle and low voices down the hall. The young man sprang to his feet and stood alert as a step came toward him. He caught a sharp breath as another man, iron-gray, professional, stood in the doorway.

"Doctor! You have made the examination—you think—" he flung at the newcomer, and the other answered with the cool incisive manner of one whose words weigh.

"Mr. Newbold," he said, "when you came to my office this morning I told you my conjectures and my fear. I need not, therefore, go into details again. I am very sorry to have to say to you—" he stopped, and looked at the younger man kindly. "I wish I might make it easier, but it is better that I should tell you that your mother's condition is as I expected."

Newbold gave way a step as if under a blow, and his color went gray. The doctor had seen souls laid bare before, yet he turned his eyes to the floor as the muscles pulled and strained in this young face. It seemed minutes that the two faced each other in the loaded silence, the doctor gazing gravely at the worn carpet, the other struggling for self-control. At last Newbold spoke, in the harsh tone which often comes first after great emotion.

"You mean that there is—no hope?"

And the doctor, relieved at the loosening of the tension, answered readily, glad to merge his humanity in his professional capacity: "No, Mr. Newbold; I do not mean just that. It is this bleak climate, the raw winds from the lake, which make it impossible for your mother to take the first step which might lead to recovery. There is, in fact—" he hesitated. "I may say that there is no hope for her cure while here. But if she is taken to a warm climate at once—at once—within two weeks—and kept there until summer, then, although I have not the gift of prophecy, yet I believe she would be in time a well woman. No medicine can do it, but out-of-doors and warmth would do it—probably." He put out his hand with a smile. "I am indeed glad that I may temper judgment with mercy," he said. "Try the south, Mr. Newbold,—try Bermuda, for instance. The sea air and the warmth there might set your mother up marvellously." And as the young man stared at him unresponsively

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he gave a grasp to the hand he held, and turning, found his way out alone. He stumbled down the dark steps of the third-rate apartment-house and into his brougham, and as the rubber tires bowled him over the asphalt he communed with himself:

"Queer about those Newbolds. Badly off, of course, to live in that place, yet they know what it means to call me in. There must be some money. I wonder if they have enough for a trip, poor souls. Bah! they must have — everybody has when it comes to life and death. They'll get it somehow—rich relations and all that. Burr Claflin is their cousin, I know. David Newbold himself was rich enough five years ago, when he made that unlucky gamble in stocks—which killed him, they say. Well—life is certainly hard." And the doctor turned his mind to a new pair of horses he had been looking at in the afternoon, with a comfortable sense of a wind-guard or so, at the least, between himself and the gales of adversity.

In the little drawing-room, with its cheap paper and its old portraits, Randolph Newbold faced his sister with the news. He knew her courage, yet, even in the stress of his feeling, he wondered at it now; he felt almost a pang of jealousy when he saw her take the blow as he had not been able to take it.

"It is a death-sentence," he said, brokenly. "We have not the money to send her south, and we cannot get it."

Katherine Newbold's hands clenched. "We will get it," she said. "I don't know how just now, but we'll get it, Randolph. Mother's life shall not go for lack of a few hundred dollars. Oh, think—just think—six years ago it would have meant nothing. We went south every winter, and we were all well. It is too cruel! But we'll get the money—you'll see."

"How?" the young man asked, bitterly. "The last jewel went so that we could have Dr. Renfrew. There's nothing here to sell — nobody would buy our ancestors," and he looked up mournfully at the painted figures on the wall. The very thought seemed an indignity to those stately personalities—the English judge in his wig, the colonial general in his buff-faced uniform, harbored for a century proudly among their own, now coldly speculated upon as possible revenue. The girl put up a hand towards them as if deprecating her brother's words, and his voice went on: "You know the doctor practically told me this morning. I have had no hope all day, and all day I have lived in hell. I don't know how I did my work. To-night, coming home, I walked past Litterny's. The windows were lighted and filled with a gorgeous lot of stones—there were a dozen big diamond brooches. I stopped and looked at them, and thought how she used to wear such things, and how now her life was going for the value of one of them, and—you may be horrified, Katherine, but this is true: If I could have broken into that window and snatched some of that stuff, I'd have done it. Honesty and all I've been brought up to would have meant nothing—nothing. I'd do it now, in a second, if I could, to get the money to save my mother. God! The town is swimming in money, and I can't get a little to keep her alive!"

The young man's eyes were wild with a passion of helplessness, but his sister gazed at him calmly, as if considering a question. From a room beyond came a weak, painful cough, and the girl was on her feet.

"She is awake; I must go to her. But I shall think—don't be hopeless, boy—I shall think of a way." And she was gone.

Worn out with emotion, Randolph Newbold was sleeping a deep sleep that night. With a start he awoke, staring at a white figure with long, fair braids.

"Randolph, it's I—Katherine. Don't be startled."

"What's the matter? Is she worse?" He lifted himself anxiously, blinking sleep from his eyes.

"No—oh no! She's sleeping well. It's just that I have to talk to you, Randolph. Now. I can't wait till morning—you'll understand when I tell you. I haven't been asleep at all; I've been thinking. I know now how we can get the money."

"Katherine, are you raving?" the brother demanded; but the girl was not to be turned aside.

"Listen to me," she said, and in her

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"I'LL FIND A WAY"

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tone was the authority of the stronger personality, and the young man listened. She sat on the edge of his bed and held his hand as she talked, and through their lives neither might ever forget that midnight council.

The room had an air of having come in perfect and luxurious condition, fur-lined and jewel-clasped, as it were, from the hands of a good decorator, and of having stopped at that. The great triple lamp glowed green as if set with gigantic emeralds, and its soft light shone on a scheme of color full of charm for the eye. The stuffs, the woodwork, were of a delightful harmony, but it seemed that the books and the pictures were chosen to match them. The man talking, in the great carved armchair by the fire, fitted the place. His vigorous, pleasant face looked prosperous, and so kindly was his air that one might not cavil at a lack of subtler qualities. He drew a long breath as he brought out the last words of the story he was telling.

"And that, Mr. North," he concluded, "is the way the firm of Litterny Brothers, the leading jewellers of this city, were done yesterday by a person or persons unknown, to the tune of five thousand dollars." His eyes turned from the blazing logs to his guest.

The young man in his clerical dress stood as he listened, with eyes wide like a child's, fixed on the speaker. He stooped and picked up a poker and pushed the logs together as he answered. The deliberateness of the action would not have prepared one for the intensity of his words. "I never wanted to be a detective before," he said, "but I'd give a good deal to catch the man who did that. It was such planned rascality, such keen-witted scoundrelism, that it gives me a fierce desire to show him up. I'd like to teach the beggar that honesty can be as intelligent as knavery; that in spite of his strength of cunning, law and right are stronger. I wish I could catch him," and the brass poker gleamed in a savage flourish. "I'd have no mercy. The hungry wretch who steals meat, the ignorant sinner taught to sin from babyhood—I have infinite patience for such. But this thief spoke like a gentleman, and the maid said he was 'a pretty young man'—there's no excuse for him. He simply wanted money that wasn't his,—there's no excuse. It makes my blood boil to think of a clever rascal like that succeeding in his rascality." With that the intense manner had dropped from him as a garment, and he was smiling the gentlest, most whimsical smile at the older man. "You'll think, Mr. Litterny, that it's the loss of my new parish-house that's making me so ferocious, but, honestly, I'd forgotten all about it." And no one who heard him could doubt his sincerity. "I was thinking of the case from your point of view. As to the parish-house, it's a disappointment, but of course I know that a large loss like this must make a difference in a man's expenditures. You have been very good to St. John's already,—a great many times you have been good to us."

"It's a disappointment to me as well," Litterny said. "Old St. John's of Newburyport has been dear to me many years. I was confirmed and married there. Everything I could do for it has been a satisfaction. And I looked forward to giving this parish-house as a pleasure. In ordinary years a theft of five thousand dollars would not have prevented me, but there have been complications in the business and large expenses of late, to which this loss is the last straw. I shall have to postpone the parish-house,—but it shall be only postponed, Mr. North, only postponed."

The young rector answered quietly: "As I said before, Mr. Litterny, you have been most generous to us already. We are grateful to you more than I know how to say." His manner was very winning, and the older man's kind face brightened.

"There is no cause for gratitude. The greatest luxury which money brings is to give it away. St. John's owes its thanks not to me, but to you, Mr. North. I have meant for some time to put into words my appreciation of your work there. In two years you have infused more life and earnestness into that sleepy parish than I thought possible. You've waked them up, put energy into them, and got it out of them. You've done wonders. It's right you should know that people think this of you, and that your work is valued."

"I am glad," Norman North said, and

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the restraint of the words carried more than a speech.

Mr. Litterny went on: "But there's such a thing as overdoing, young man, and you're shaving the edge of it. You're looking ill—poor color—thin as a rail. You need a rest."

"I think I'll go to Bermuda. My senior warden was there last year, and he says it's a wonderful little place—full of flowers and tennis and sailing, and blue sea and nice people." He stood up suddenly and broadened his broad shoulders. "I love the south," he said. "And I love out-of-doors and using my muscles. It's good to think of whole days with no responsibility, and with exercise till my arms and legs ache. I get little exercise, and I miss it. I was on the track team at Yale, you see, and rather strong at tennis."

Mr. Litterny smiled, and his smile was full of sympathy. "We try to make a stained-glass saint out of you," he said, "and all the time you're a human youngster with a human desire for a good time. A mere lad," he added, reflectively, and went on: "Go down to Bermuda with a light heart, my boy, and enjoy yourself,—it will do your church as much good as you. Play tennis and sail—fall in love if you find the right girl,—nothing makes a man over like that." North was putting out his hand. "And remember," Litterny added, "to keep an eye out for my thief. You're retained as assistant detective in the case."

On a bright, windy morning a steamship wound its careful way through the twisted water-road of Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda. Up from cabins and corners poured figures unknown to the decks during the passage, and haggard faces brightened under the balmy breeze, and tired eyes smiled at the dark hills and snowy sands of the sliding shore. In a sheltered corner of the deck a woman lay back in a chair and drew in breaths of soft air, and a tall girl watched her.

"You feel better already, don't you?" she demanded, and Mrs. Newbold put her hand into her daughter's.

"It is Paradise," she said. "I am going to get well."

In an hour the landing had been made, the custom-house passed; the gay, exhilarating little drive had been taken to the hotel, through white streets, past white-roofed houses buried in trees and flowers and vines; the sick woman lay quiet and happy on her bed, drawn to the open window, where the healing of the breeze touched her gently, and where her eyes dreamed over a fairy stretch of sea and islands. Katherine, moving about the room, unpacking, came to sit in a chair by her mother and talk to her for a moment.

"To-morrow, if you're a good child, you shall go for a drive. Think—a drive in an enchanted island. It's Shakespeare's *Tempest* island,—did I tell you I heard that on the boat? We might run across Caliban any minute, and I think at least we'll find 'M' and 'F,' for Miranda and Ferdinand, cut into the bark of a tree somewhere. We'll go for a drive every day, every single day, till we find it. You'll see."

Mrs. Newbold's eyes moved from the sea and rested, perplexed, on her daughter. "Katherine, how can we afford to drive every day? How can we be here at all? I don't understand it. I'm sure there was nothing left to sell except the land out west, and Mr. Seaton told us last spring that it was worthless. How did you and Randolph conjure up the money for this beautiful journey that is going to save my life?"

The girl bent impulsively and kissed her with tender roughness. "It is going to do that—it is!" she cried, and her voice broke. Then: "Never mind how the money came, dear,—invalids mustn't be curious. It strains their nerves. Wait till you're well and perhaps you'll hear a tale about that piece of land out west."

Day after day slipped past in the lotos-eating land whose unreality makes it almost a change of planets from every-day America. Each day brought health with great rapidity, and soon each day brought new friends. Mrs. Newbold was full of charm, and the devotion between the ill mother and the blooming daughter was an attractive sight. Yet the girl was not light-hearted. Often the mother, waking in the night, heard a shivering sigh through the open door between their rooms; often she surprised a harassed look in the young eyes which, with all

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that the family had gone through, was new to them. But Katherine laughed at questions, and threw herself so gayly into the pleasures which came to her that Mrs. Newbold, too happy to be analytical, let the straws pass and the wind blow where it would.

There came a balmy morning when the two were to take, with half a dozen others, the long drive to St. George's. The three carriage-loads set off in a pleasant hubbub from the white-paved courtyard of the hotel, and as Katherine settled her mother with much care and many rugs, her camera dropped under the wheels. Everybody was busy, nobody was looking, and she stooped and reached for it in vain. Then out of a blue sky a voice said,

"I'll get it for you." She was pushed firmly aside and a figure in a blue coat was grovelling adventurously beneath the trap. It came out, straightened; she had her camera; she was staring up into a face which contemplated her, which startled her, so radiant, so everything desirable it seemed to her to be. The man's eyes considered her a moment as she thanked him, and then he had lifted his hat and was gone, running, like a boy in a hurry for a holiday, towards the white stone landing. An empty sail flopped big at the landing, and the girl stood and looked as he sprang in under it and took the rudder. Joe, the head porter, the familiar friend of every one, was stowing in a rug.

"That gen'l'man's the Reverend Norman North,—he come by the *Trinidad* last Wednesday; he's sailin' to St. George's," Joe volunteered. "Don't look much like a reverend, do he?" And with that the carriage had started.

Seeing the sights at St. George's, they came to the small old church, on its western side a huge flight of steps, capped with a meek doorway; on its eastern end a stone tower guarding statelily a flowery graveyard. The moment the girl stepped inside, the spell of the bright peace which filled the place caught her. The Sunday decorations were still there, and hundreds of lilies bloomed from the pillars; sunshine slanted through the simple stained glass and lay in colored patches on the floor; there were square pews of a bygone day; there was a pulpit with a winding stair; there were tablets on the walls to shipwrecked sailors, to governors and officers dead here in harness. The clumsy woodwork, the cheap carpets, the modest brasses, were in perfect order; there were marks everywhere of reverent care.

"Let me stay," the girl begged. "I don't want to drive about. I want to stay in this place. I'll meet you at the hotel for lunch, if you'll leave me." And they left her.

The verger had gone, and she was quite alone. Deep in the shadow of a gallery she slid to her knees and hid her face. "O God!" she whispered,—"O God, forgive me!" And again the words seemed torn from her—"O God, forgive me!"

There were voices in the vestibule, but the girl in the stress of her prayer did not hear.

"Deal not with us according to our sins, neither reward us according to our iniquities," she prayed, the accustomed words rushing to her want, and she was suddenly aware that two people stood in the church. One of them spoke.

"Don't bother to stay with me," he said, and in the voice, it seemed, were the qualities that a man's speech should have—strength, certainty, the unteachable tone of gentle blood, and beyond these the note of personality, always indescribable, in this case carrying an appeal and an authority oddly combined. "Don't stay with me. I like to be alone here. I'm a clergyman, and I enjoy an old church like this. I'd like to be alone in it," and a bit of silver flashed.

If the tip did it or the compelling voice, the verger, murmuring a word about luncheon, was gone, and the girl in her dim corner saw, as the other turned, that he was the rescuer of her camera, whose name was, Joe had said and she remembered, Norman North. She was about to move, to let herself be seen, when the young man knelt suddenly in the old-fashioned front pew, as a good child might kneel who had been taught the ways of his mother church, and bent his dark head. She waited quietly while this servant spoke to his Master. There was no sound in the silent, sun-lanced church, but outside one heard as from far away the noises of the village.

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Katherine's eyes rested on the bowed head, and she wondered uncertainly if she should let him know of her presence, or if it might not be better to slip out unnoticed, when in a moment he had risen and was swinging with a vigorous alert step up the little corkscrew stairway of the pulpit. There he stood, facing the silence, facing the flower-starred shadows, the empty spaces; facing her, but not seeing her. And the girl forgot herself and the question of her going as she saw the look in his face, the light which comes at times to those who give their lives to holiness, since the day when the people, gazing at Stephen, the martyr, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." When his voice floated out on the dim, sunny atmosphere it rested as lightly on the silence as if the notes of an organ rolled through its own place. He spoke a prayer of a service which, to those whose babyhood has been consecrated by it, whose childhood and youth have listened to its simple and stately words, whose manhood and womanhood have been carried over many a hard place by the lift of its familiar sentences,—he spoke a prayer of that service which is less dear only, to those bred in it, than the voices of their dearest. As a priest begins to speak to his congregation he began, and the hearer in the shadow of the gallery listened, awed:

"The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him."

And in the little church was silence as if all the earth obeyed. The collect for the day came next, and a bit of jubilant Easter service, and then his mind seemed to drift back to the sentences with which the prayer-book opens.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made," the ringing voice announced. "Let us rejoice and be glad in it." And then, stabbing into the girl's fevered conscience, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." It was as if an inflexible judge spoke the words for her. "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," the pure, stern tones went on.

She was not turning away from wickedness; she did not mean to turn away; she would not do that which was lawful. The girl shivered. She could not bear this dreadful accusal from the very pulpit. She must leave this place. And with that the man, as if in a sudden passion of feeling, had tossed his right hand high above him; his head was thrown back; his eyes shone up into the shadows of the roof as if they would pierce material things and see Him who reigned; he was pleading as if for his life, pleading for his brothers, for human beings who sin and suffer.

"O Lord," he prayed, "spare all those who confess their sins unto Thee, that they whose consciences by sin are accused, by Thy merciful pardon may be absolved; through Christ our Lord." And suddenly he was using the very words which had come to her of themselves a few minutes before. "Deal not with us according to our sins—deal not with us," he repeated, as if wresting forgiveness for his fellows from the Almighty. "Deal not with us according to our sins, neither reward us according to our iniquities." And while the echo of the words yet held the girl motionless he was gone.

Down by the road which runs past the hotel, sunken ten feet below its level, are the tennis-courts, and soldiers in scarlet and khaki, and blue-jackets with floating ribbons, and negro bell-boys returning from errands, and white-gowned American women with flowery hats, and men in summer flannels stop as they pass, and sit on the low wall and watch the games. There is always a gallery for the tennis-players. But on a Tuesday morning about eleven o'clock the audience began to melt away in disgust. Without doubt they were having plenty of amusement among themselves, these tennis-players grouped at one side of the court and filling the air with explosions of laughter. But the amusement of the public was being neglected. Why in the world, being rubber-shod as to the foot and racqueted as to the hand, did they not play tennis? A girl in a short white dress, wearing white tennis-shoes and carrying a racquet, came tripping down the flight of stone steps, and stopped as

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she stood on the last landing and seemed to ask the same question. She came slowly across the empty court, looking with curiosity at the bunch of absorbed people, and presently she caught her breath. The man who was the centre of the group, who was making, apparently, the amusement, was the young clergyman, Norman North.

There was an outburst, a chorus of: "You can't have that one, Mr. North!" "That's been used!" "That's Mr. Denison's!"

A tall English officer—a fine, manly mixture of big muscles and fresh color and khaki—looked up, saw the girl, and swung towards her. "Good morning, Miss Newbold. Come and join the fun. Devil of a fellow, that North,—they say he's a parson."

"What is it? What are they laughing at?" Katherine demanded.

"They're doing a Limerick tournament, which is what North calls the game. Mr. Gale is timekeeper. They're to see which recites most rhymes inside five minutes. The winner picks his court and plays with Miss Lee."

Captain Comerford imparted this in jerky whispers, listening with one ear all the time to a sound which stirred Katherine, the voice which she had heard yesterday in the church at St. George's. The Englishman's spasmodic growl stopped, and she drifted a step nearer, listening. As she caught the words, her brows drew together with displeasure, with shocked surprise. The inspired saint of yesterday was reciting with earnestness, with every delicate inflection of his beautiful voice, these words:

"There was a young curate of Kidderminster,
Who kindly, but firmly, chid a spinster,
Because on the ice
She said something not nice
When he quite inadvertently slid ag'inst her."

As the roar which followed this subsided, Katherine's face cleared. What right had she to make a pattern of solemn righteousness for this stranger and be insulted if he did not fit? Certainly he was saintly—she had seen his soul bared to her vision; but certainly he was human also, as this moment was demonstrating. It flashed over her vaguely to wonder which was the dominant quality—which would rule in a stress of temptation—the saintly side or the human? But at least he was human with a very winning humanity. His mirth and his enjoyment of it were as spontaneous as a mischievous, bright child's, and it was easy to see that the charm of his remarkable voice attracted others as it had attracted her.

"There was a young fellow from Clyde,
Who was often at funerals espied—"

he had begun, and with that, between her first shock and her swift recovery, with the contrast between the man of yesterday and the man of to-day, Katherine suddenly laughed aloud. North stopped short, and turned and looked at her, and for a second their eyes met, and each read recognition and friendliness. The Limerick went on:

"When asked who was dead,
He nodded and said,
'*I* don't know—*I* just came for the ride.'"

"Eleven for Mr. North—one-half minute more," called Mr. Gale, and instantly North was in the breach:

"A sore-hipped hippopotamus quite flustered
Objected to a poultice made of custard;
'Can't you doctor up my hip
With anything but flip?'
So they put upon the hip a pot o' mustard."

And the half-minute was done and North had won, and there was clapping of hands for the victor, and at once, before the little uproar was over, Katherine saw him speak a word to Mr. Gale, and saw the latter, turning, stare about as if searching for some one, and, meeting her glance, smile.

"I want to present Mr. North, Miss Newbold," Gale said.

"Why did you laugh in the middle of my Limerick? Had you heard it?" North demanded, as if they had known each other a year instead of a minute.

"No, I had not heard it." Katherine shook her head.

"Then why did you laugh?"

She looked at him reflectively. "I don't know you well enough to tell you that."

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"How soon will you know me well enough—if I do my best?"

She considered. "About three weeks from yesterday."

Many things grow fast in southern climates—fruits, flowers, even friendship and love. Three weeks later, on a hot, bright morning of April, North and Katherine Newbold were walking down a road of Bermuda to the sea, and between them was what had ripened in the twenty-one days from a germ to a full-grown bud, ready to open at the lightest touch into flower. As they walked down such a road of a dream, the man talked to the girl as he had never talked to any one before. He spoke of his work and its hopes and disappointments, of the pathos, the tragedy, the comedy often of a way of life which leads by a deeper cut through men's hearts than any other, and he told her also, modestly indeed, and because he loved to tell her what meant much to him, of the joy of knowing himself successful in his parish. He went into details, absorbingly interesting to him, and this new luxury of speaking freely carried him away.

"I hope I'm not boring you." His frank gaze turned on her anxiously. "I don't know what right I have to assume that the increase in the Sunday-school, or even the new brass pulpit, is a fascinating subject to you. I never did this before," he said, and there was something in his voice which hindered the girl from answering his glance. But there was no air of being bored about her, and he went on. "However, life isn't all good luck. I had a serious blow just before I came down here—a queer thing happened. I told you just now that all the large gifts to St. John's had come from one man — a former parishioner. The man was James Litterny, of the great firm of— Why, what's the matter—what is it?" For Katherine had stopped short, in her fast, swinging walk, and without a sound had swayed and caught at the wall as if to keep herself from falling. Before he could reach her she had straightened herself and was smiling.

"I felt ill for a second—it's nothing, —let's go along."

North made eager suggestions for her comfort, but the girl was firm in her assertion that she was now quite well, so that, having no sisters and being ignorant that a healthy young woman does not, any more than a healthy young man, go white and stagger without reason, he yielded, and they walked briskly on.

"You were telling me something that happened to you—something connected with Mr.—with the rich parishioner." Her tone was steady and casual, but, looking at her, he saw that she was still pale.

"Do you really want to hear my yarns? You're sure it isn't that which made you feel faint—because I talked so much?"

"It's always an effort not to talk myself," she laughed up at him, yet with a strange look in her eyes. "All the same, talk a little more. Tell me what you began to tell about Mr. Litterny." The name came out full and strong.

"Oh, that! Well, it's a story extraordinary enough for a book. I think it will interest you."

"I think it will," Katherine agreed.

"You see," he went on, "Mr. Litterny promised us a new parish-house, the best and largest practicable. It was to cost, with the lot, ten thousand dollars. It was to be begun this spring. Not long before I came to Bermuda, I had a note one morning from him, asking me to come to his house the next evening. I went, of course, and he told me that the parish-house would have to be given up for the present, because the firm of Litterny Brothers had just met with a loss, through a most skilful and original robbery, of five thousand dollars."

"A robbery?" the girl repeated. "Burglars, you mean?"

"Something much more artistic than burglars. I told you this story was good enough for a book. It's been kept quiet because the detectives thought the chance better that way of hunting the thief to earth." (Why should she catch her breath?) "But I'm under no promise—I'm sure I may tell you. You're not likely to have any connection with the rascal."

Katherine's step hung a little as if

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

KATHERINE HAD SWAYED AND CAUGHT AT THE WALL

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she shrank from the words, but she caught at a part of the sentence and repeated it. "'Hunting the thief to earth'—you say that as if you'd like to see it done."

"I would like to see it done," said North, with slow emphasis. "Nothing has ever more roused my resentment. I suppose it's partly the loss of the parish-house, but, aside from that, it makes me rage to think of splendid old James Litterny, the biggest-hearted man I know, being done in that way. Why, he'd have helped the scoundrel in a minute if he'd gone to him instead of stealing from him. Usually my sympathies are with the sinner, but I believe if I caught this one I'd be merciless."

"Would you mind sitting down here?" Katherine asked, in a voice which sounded hard. "I'm not ill, but I feel—tired. I want to sit here and listen to the story of that unprincipled thief and his wicked robbery."

North was all solicitude in a moment, but the girl put him aside impatiently.

"I'm quite right. Don't bother. I just want to be still while you talk. See what a good seat this is."

Over the russet sand of the dunes the sea flashed a burning blue; storm-twisted cedars led a rutted road down to it; in the salt air the piny odor was sharp with sunlight. Katherine had dropped beneath one of the dwarfed trees, and leaning back, smiled dimly up at him with a stricken face which North did not understand.

"You are ill," he said, anxiously. "You look ill. Please let me take care of you. There is a house back there—let me—" but she interrupted:

"I'm not ill, and I won't be fussed over. I'm not exactly right, but I will be in a few minutes. The best thing for me is just to rest here and have you talk to me. Tell me that story you are so slow about."

He took her at her word. Lying at full length at her feet—his head propped on a hillock so that he might look into her face, one of his hands against the hem of her white dress,—the shadows of the cedars swept back and forth across him, the south sea glittered beyond the sand-dunes, and he told the story.

"Mr. Litterny was in his office in the early afternoon of February 18," he began, "when a man called him up on the telephone. Mr. Litterny did not recognize the voice, but the man stated at once that he was Burr Claflin, whose name you may know. He is a rich broker, and a personal friend of both the Litternys. Voice is so uncertain a quantity over a telephone that it did not occur to Mr. Litterny to be suspicious on that point, and the conversation was absolutely in character otherwise. The talker used expressions and a manner of saying things which the jeweller knew to be characteristic of Claflin.

"He told Mr. Litterny that he had just made a lucky hit in stocks, and 'turned over a bunch of money,' as he put it, and that he wanted to make his wife a present. 'Now—this afternoon—this minute,' he said, which was just like Burr Claflin, who is an impetuous old chap. 'I want to give her a diamond brooch, and I want her to wear it out to dinner to-night,' he said. 'Can't you send two or three corkers up to the house for me?' That surprised Mr. Litterny and he hesitated, but finally said that he would do it. It was against the rules of the house, but as it was for Mr. Claflin he would do it. They had a little talk about the details, and Claflin arranged to call up his wife and tell her that the jewels would be there at four-thirty, so that she could look out for them personally. All that was the Litterny end of the affair. Simple enough, wasn't it?"

Katherine's eyes were so intent, so brilliant, that Norman North went on with a pleased sense that he told the tale well:

"Now begins the Claflin experience. At half past four a clerk from Litterny's left a package at the Claflin house in Cleveland Avenue, which was at once taken, as the man desired, to Mrs. Claflin. She opened it and found three very handsome diamond brooches, which astonished her extremely, as she knew nothing about them. However, it was not unusual for Claflin to give her jewelry, and he is, as I said, an impulsive man, so that unexpected presents had come once or twice before; and altogether, being much taken with the

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stones, she concluded simply that she would understand when her husband came home to dinner.

"However, her hopes were dashed, for twenty minutes later, barely long enough for the clerk to have got back to the shop, she was called to the telephone by a message, said to be from Litterny's, and a most polite and apologetic person explained over the line that a mistake had been made; that the diamonds had been addressed and sent to her by an error of the shipping-clerk; that they were not intended for Mrs. Burr Claflin, but for Mrs. Bird Catlin, and that the change in name had been discovered on the messenger's return. Would Mrs. Claflin pardon the trouble caused, and would she be good enough to see that the package was given to their man, who would call for it in fifteen minutes? Now the Bird Catlins, as you must know, are richer people even than the Claflins, so that the thing was absolutely plausible. Mrs. Claflin tied up the jewels herself, and entrusted them to her own maid, who has been with her for years, and this woman answered the door and gave the parcel into the hands of a man who said that he was sent from Litterny's for it. All that the maid could say of him was that he was 'a pretty young man, with a speech like a gentleman.' And that was the last that has been seen of the diamond brooches. Wasn't it simple? Didn't I tell you that this affair was an artistic one?" North demanded.

Katherine Newbold drew a deep breath, and the story-teller, watching her face, saw that she was stirred with an emotion which he put down, with a slight surprise, to interest in his narrative.

"Is there no clue to the—thief? Have they no idea at all? Haven't those wonderful detectives yet got on—his track?"

North shook his head. "I had a letter by yesterday's boat from Mr. Litterny about another matter, and he spoke of this. He said the police were baffled—that he believed now that it could never be traced."

"Thank God!" Katherine said, slowly and distinctly, and North stared in astonishment.

"What?" His tone was incredulous.

"Oh, don't take me so seriously," said the girl, impatiently. "It's only that I can't sympathize with your multimillionaire, who loses a little of his heaps of money, against some poor soul to whom that little may mean life or death—life or death, maybe, for his nearest and dearest. Mr. Litterny has had a small loss, which he won't feel in a year from now. The thief, the rascal, the scoundrel, as you call him so fluently, has escaped for now, perhaps, with his ill-gotten gains, but he is a hunted thing, living with a black terror of being found out—a terror which clutches him when he prays and when he dances. It's the thief I'm sorry for—I'm sorry for him—I'm sorry for him." Her voice was agitated and uneven beyond what seemed reasonable.

"'The way of the transgressor is hard,'" Norman North said, slowly, and looked across the shifting sand-stretch to the inevitable sea, and spoke the words pitilessly, as if an inevitable law spoke through him.

They cut into the girl's soul. A quick gasp of pain broke from her, and the man turned and saw her face and sprang to his feet.

"Come," he said,—"come home," and held out his hands.

She let him take hers, and he lifted her lightly, and did not let her hands go. For a second they stood, and into the silence a deep boom of the water against the beach thundered and died away. He drew the hands slowly towards him till he held them against him. There seemed not to be any need for words.

Half an hour later, as they walked back through the sweet loneliness of Springfield Avenue, North said: "You've forgotten something. You've forgotten that this is the day you were to tell me why you had the bad manners to laugh at me before you knew me. Now that we are engaged it's your duty to tell me if I'm ridiculous."

There was none of the responsive, soft laughter he expected. "We're not engaged—we can't be engaged," she threw back, impetuously, and as he looked at her there was suffering in her face.

"What do you mean? You told me you loved me." His voice was full of its curious mixture of gentleness and

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sternness, and she shrank visibly from the sternness.

"Don't be hard on me," she begged, like a frightened child, and he caught her hand with a quick exclamation. "I'll tell you—everything. Not only that little thing about my laughing, but —but more—everything. Why I cannot be engaged to you. I must tell you—I know it—but, oh! not to-day—not for a little while! Let me have this little time to be happy. You sail a week from to-day. I'll write it all for you, and you can read it on the way to New York. That will do—won't that do?" she pleaded.

North took both her hands in a hard grasp and searched her face and her eyes —eyes clear and sweet, though filled with misery. "Yes, that will do," he said. "It's all nonsense that you can't be engaged to me. You are engaged to me, and you are going to marry me. If you love me—and you say you do,—there's nothing I'll let interfere. Nothing—absolutely nothing." There was little of the saint in his look now; it was filled with human love and masterful determination, and in his eyes smouldered a recklessness, a will to have his way, that was no angel, but all man.

A week later Norman North sailed to New York, and in his pocket was a letter which was not to be read till Bermuda was out of sight. When the coral reef was passed, when the fairy blue of the island waters had changed to the dark swell of the Atlantic, he slipped the bolt in the door of his cabin and took out the letter.

"I laughed because you were so wonderfully two men in one," it began. "I was in the church at St. George's the day when you sent the verger away and went into the pulpit and said parts of the service. I could not tell you this before because it came so close to the other thing which I must tell you now; because I sat trembling before you that day, hidden in the shadow of a gallery, knowing myself a criminal, while you stood above me like a pitiless judge and rolled out sentences that were bolts of fire emptied on my soul. The next morning I heard you reciting Limericks. Are you surprised that I laughed when the contrast struck me? Even then I wondered which was the real of you, the saint or the man,—which would win if it came to a desperate fight. The fight is coming, Norman.

"That's all a preamble. Here is what you must know: I am the thief who stole Mr. Litterny's diamonds."

The letter fell, and the man caught at it as it fell. His hand shook, but he laughed aloud.

"It is a joke," he said, in a queer, dry voice. "A wretched joke. How can she?" And he read on:

"You won't believe this at first; you will think I am making a poor joke; but you will have to believe it in the end. I will try to put the case before you as an outside person would put it, without softening or condoning. My mother was very ill; the specialist, to pay whom we had sold her last jewel, said that she would die if she were not taken south; we had no money to take her south. That night my brother lost his self-control and raved about breaking into a shop and stealing diamonds, to get money to save her life. That put the thought into my mind, and I made a plan. Randolph, my brother, is a clever amateur actor, and the rich Burr Claflin is our distant cousin. We both know him fairly well, and it was easy enough for Randolph to copy his mannerisms. We knew also, of course, more or less, his way of living, and that it would not be out of drawing that he should send up diamonds to his wife unexpectedly. I planned it all, and I made Randolph do it. I have always been able to influence him to what I pleased. The sin is all mine, not his. We had been selling my mother's jewels little by little for several years, so we had no difficulty in getting rid of the stones, which Randolph took from their settings and sold to different dealers. My mother knows nothing of where the money came from. We are living in Bermuda now, in comfort and luxury, I as well as she, on the profits of my thievery. I am not sorry. It has wrecked life, perhaps eternity, for me, but I would do it again to save my mother.

"I put this confession into your hands to do with, as far as I am concerned, what you like. If the saint in you believes that I ought to be sent to jail, take this to Mr. Litterny and have him

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send me to jail. But you sha'n't touch Randolph—you are not free there. It was I who did it—he was my tool,—any one will tell you I have the stronger will. You shall not hurt Randolph—that is barred.

"You see now why I couldn't be engaged to you—you wouldn't want to marry a thief, would you, Norman? I can never make restitution, you know, for the money will be mostly gone before we get home, and there is no more to come. You could not, either, for you said that you had little beyond your salary. We could never make it good to Mr. Litterny, even if you wanted to marry me after this. Mr. Litterny is your best friend; you are bound to him by a thousand ties of gratitude and affection. You can't marry a thief who has robbed him of five thousand dollars, and never tell him, and go on taking his gifts. That is the way the saint will look at it—the saint who thundered awful warnings at me in the little church at St. George's. But even that day there was something gentler than the dreadful holiness of you. Do you remember how you pleaded, begged as if of your father, for your brothers and sisters? 'Deal not with us according to our sins, neither reward us according to our iniquities,' you said. Do you remember? As you said that to God, I say it to you. I love you. I leave my fate at your mercy. But don't forget that you yourself begged that, with your hands stretched out to heaven, as I stretch my hands to you, Norman, Norman—'Deal not with me according to my sins, neither reward me according to my iniquities.'"

The noises of a ship moving across a quiet ocean went on steadily. Many feet tramped back and forth on the deck, and cheerful voices and laughter floated through the skylight, and down below a man knelt in a narrow cabin with his head buried in his arms, motionless.

A Petition

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

I PRAY, your Majesty, grant me this thing;—
My song.
All else is yours, O Love, my king;
Have I not burned for incense youth's white flame,
Spent for your favor minstrelsy's fair fame?

The green ways call in vain; the teeming mould
Spreads for my coming all her cloth-of-gold,—
O, red of leaf, and splendor on the hills!
Along day's rim the light of parting thrills.—

Once these things made me ready, Love, my king,
Here at your feet, to strike my lute's light string;
Yet now, I pray, though all else you shall take,
Leave me my song, lest all my heart shall break!

But though, your bondman freed, I bear it hence,
What is the song if not of thee? And whence
My singing?—Turn your face!—My lips are mute. . . .
O Love, my king, behold the broken lute!

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The Integrity of American Character

BY GROVER CLEVELAND

NO member of the family of mankind is free from the besetment of alluring temptation, nor exempt from the danger of thraldom to pernicious habits and inclinations. The forces of evil are constantly on the watch for the unwary who venture beyond the lines of high principle and moral safety; and those who wander are fortunate if in good time they see their peril and are able to break away from the fascinations and false lights which malevolence displays for their undoing. The path of return to security, though it may be toilsome, is plainly marked out; and those who sincerely desire to retrace their steps, and who have not lost the strength and endurance of right-mindedness, need not despair of restoration to virtue and happiness. There is, however, absolutely no hope for those who in their wanderings have so undermined their conscience and sense of duty that they have become victims of incurable weakness and moral collapse.

Let us fully realize the immeasurable distance between specific wrongful acts which result from surrender to temptation or unpremeditated aberration, and a chronically perverted mental and moral condition, no longer responsive to the voice of conscience or mindful of God and duty. In one case wrong-doing has not saturated the moral and mental system with depravity, nor wrecked character, nor submerged hope of redemption; in the other case there has supervened such insensibility to high ideals and such paralysis of the power of right thinking that there is nothing left to build repair upon.

The characterization thus made of the quality and consequences of human acts and conditions, as they relate to individuals, is equally applicable to the conduct and disposition of an aggregation of individuals constituting a state or nation. A nation, no less than an individual, is prone to wander from the vantage-ground of safe principle and tradition; and the effect of such wandering upon national character and achievement is not less marked nor more difficult of estimation.

It will doubtless be generally confessed that the departures of the American people from the way originally ordained for them were never so common and never so disquieting as now. In official circles offences of malfeasance and corrupt breaches of public trust are alarmingly frequent. The old landmarks of integrity and faithfulness to duty which once indicated our nation's course of safety are rashly neglected; and public extravagance, no longer universally condemned as a disgrace to official stewardship, is flaunted before our people as evidence of the splendor of our nationality. In business and social circles the pursuit of money has become heartless and rapacious; the deference to those who have won great fortunes has grown in many quarters to be so unquestioning and so obsequious as to amount to scandalous servility, while the envy of the rich among the struggling poor is more than ever bitter and menacing. In politics there is far too often concealed behind a pretence of devotion to the public weal the sly promotion of disreputably selfish and personal advantages; and in the industrial field there is no longer found the generous and contented cooperation between employer and employee which should insure the prosperity and happiness of both. In addition to all this, there is sadly apparent among those who undertake trusteeship a tendency to complacently venture upon bold and rank violations of duty, only explained by the prevalence of lax and flippant conceptions of the sacredness of fiduciary obligations.

This is an arraignment which every proud American citizen would be glad to avoid; but if we are to be frank we

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must confess that the dreadful list could be more easily enlarged than curtailed. The tremendous question confronting us is whether these things can be regarded as mere items of bad behavior, which will yield to correction, or whether we must submit to the belief that they are symptoms and manifestations of a fundamental and radical change in American character. If, like offences committed by individuals, they can be cured, or at least restrained from progress or repetition, by exposure and punishment, we have abundant reason for hope and reassurance. Despair can arise only from a conviction that the evil conditions which afflict us are proof of the decadence or destruction of those saving traits of our people's normal disposition, upon which our free institutions must depend for their beneficence and perpetuity.

In discussing the significance of the untoward appearances forced upon our view we should resist the influence of gloomy forebodings, and at the same time guard against the instinctive and complacent notion that American institutions have endured long enough to demonstrate that neither assault from without nor malignant disease within can defeat the experiment of popular rule. Though a coloring may be given to our discussion by our moods or temperamental inclinations, it is certain that useful results will not be reached if either light-headed optimism or melancholy pessimism is in full command. Surely there is a cloud bigger than a man's hand in our country's sky; but this does not necessarily presage our destruction by flood or storm. Least of all should one be suspected of tolerating the noxious weeds which choke the growth of better things, or of underrating their balefulness, if he claims that American character is as yet untouched by decay, and is still a safe guide for those who are willing to be safely led.

No people can lose hope while their courts and juries remain unblemished and administer justice fearlessly and unrelentingly. It is doubtful if ordinary crimes were ever more certainly detected and punished than at the present time. And, what is more to the purpose, we have daily before our eyes instances of the discovery and punishment not only of public and official offences, but of other misfeasances which, though not in a strict sense of a public or official nature, affect interests hardly less important and far-reaching. United States Senators and Representatives in Congress who, relying on the loose ideas of honesty pervading their environment, have betrayed the trust of the people, find that no perverted sentiment and no disguise or dazzle of high position avails to save them from the fate of common malefactors. Those also who, while intrusted with important duties in the executive branches of government, national and State, have taken advantage of easy opportunity to filch public funds or have lent themselves to the pilfering schemes of others, wofully realize, behind prison bars and in the depths of irredeemable disgrace, that American justice and decent American sentiment are no more ready to condone stealing from the public than from an individual.

Offences against the political rights of the people, involving the corruption of their suffrage and the sale in places high and low of official patronage and favor, are overtaken by exposure and punishment in every part of our land. Many who have indulged in these crimes, impudently assuming that the universality of our people's indifference to political affairs and public administration gives promise of immunity, have of late had a rude awakening to the fact that an easy-going disuse of political privileges by honest citizens falls far short of a willingness on their part to overlook or tolerate a vile traffic in votes or an abominable bartering away of the people's interests in places of trust.

A startling exposure lately made of the reckless management of some of our leading life-insurance companies has not only laid bare overt acts of wrong-doing, but has made public in ugly relief an astonishing heedlessness and disregard of the duties of trusteeship. Searching investigation and hints of legal persuasion have already resulted in the restitution of large sums rightfully belonging to one of these companies, and nearly all who were directors at the time the misfeasances occurred have been summoned into court to give an account of their stewardship.

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The recital thus made, showing activity and certainty of punishment, correction, and restitution, where specific wrongful acts have affected the public, or other widely extended interests, furnishes pregnant evidence that no adverse conditions thus far developed have weakened the strength or resilience of American character. We shall better appreciate the reach and value of the evidence adduced in support of this proposition if we take into account not only the direct effect of punitive and corrective action on the wrong-doers themselves, but also its indirect and deterrent effect upon those inclined to similar transgressions.

There are, of course, certain modes of conduct and habits of thought which, though in every point of view harmful, are not amenable to the treatment awarded to definite overt sinful acts; but the fact that these are continuously antagonized by moral forces, which represent a powerful reserve of right sentiment among our people, furnishes additional and independent evidence of the wholesome condition of American character.

An army of teachers in our schools and colleges are, by their lives of self-sacrificing and conscientious devotion to the cause of education, making unremitting protest against prevailing selfishness and avarice, and are, by example as well as precept, teaching the young men of our generation the worth of patriotism and intellectual living, as against the sordidness and soul-blight of conscienceless accumulation. From many thousand pulpits throughout the land is ceaselessly enforced the inspired assurance, "better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right," accompanied by solemn warnings against the covetousness and sinful intent which disregard the moral law and violate the golden rule. The extent of the acceptance of these truths and warnings gives encouraging assurance that the worship of the golden calf is by no means dangerously universal. It was only very lately that those interested in the spread of the gospel in heathen lands engaged in a spirited discussion, touching the propriety and consistency of accepting in aid of their work a contribution from funds acquired by questionable business methods. It is possible that the expression "tainted money," which had its birth in this discussion, originated in a somewhat fanciful idea, but in American terminology it will always suggest the moral sensitiveness and redemptive qualities of American character. This moral sensitiveness is also indicated by the fact that the dark and devious ways of political scheming have quite generally, though very unfortunately, led honest people to attach to the words "politics" and "politician" a discreditable meaning. It may be that directors of organizations who have invited the confidence of the people and who have negligently or viciously betrayed their trust will not thereby lose caste among their fellows in the guild of riches; but there are millions of their countrymen who will persist in measuring their conduct by the plain, simple standard of moral rectitude.

While there can be no doubt that the elements of safety in our character as a people still remain adequate to our country's salvation, it would, nevertheless, be inexcusable folly to assume that there are no debilitating and destructive germs in our national atmosphere. As a vitiated environment may undermine the strongest constitution, so unwholesome moral conditions in our social, political, and business surroundings cannot be neglected without inviting perilous enfeeblement of our nation's strength and vigor. The dangers we have most to fear are not those which arise from the direct attack of palpable and discoverable wrongs, nor yet those arising from the deleterious influence of false standards of conduct which are open to patriotic watchfulness. They are, instead, those which are the progeny of a stealthy and insidious growth which little by little poisons the atmosphere and distorts the moral vision.

We need have no quarrel with wealth. In a country offering such boundless opportunities as ours, its accumulation cannot be forbidden nor its apportionment decreed. We should not, however, be unmindful of the fact that the getting of riches is apt to lead to the adoption of a code of morals which though suited to its purposes, does not furnish the best guarantee of national security and the general welfare and happiness of our people. Such a code should be ameliorated and softened by an admixture of

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higher, better sentiment. The rich, instead of disparaging education and religious teaching as irksome restraints upon their especial activities, should be willing to recognize them as countervailing or balancing forces fitly mitigating the harsh creed of money-getting. It would mean much in the way of our country's reassurance if our wealthy men would more generally contribute — not niggardly, but on a decent, liberal scale —to the maintenance and the highest usefulness of the educational and religious agencies that have been potential in producing the conditions of peace and steadiness which have made the possession and enjoyment of their wealth possible.

Another insidious cause of disquietude, which may well be more directly than heretofore mentioned and illustrated, is the increasing heedlessness, in business transactions, of the nature and scope of the obligations of trust relationships. Our business men seem lamentably willing, if not anxious, to accept trusteeships and directorships more to add to their prominence and importance among their fellows than to do actual, conscientious duty in protecting the interests confided to their care. Such manifestations of business obliquity more concern American character than may at first appear. Individual intercourse without truthfulness and honor is but a sham and delusion; and national character not built upon frank honesty and the most scrupulous observance of fiduciary obligations is perilously weak and infirm. The passing of the term "dummy director" with the conditions which gave it life is certainly "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Without attempting to enumerate all the insidious influences and tendencies which, if disregarded and unchecked, may seriously menace American character or stand in the way of its saving power, the list should not be closed without mentioning, as the most dangerous, deep-seated, and inexcusable of all, the indifference of a vast number of our decent and otherwise patriotic people to political movements, and their consequent neglect of duty as voting citizens. This evil has already spread to every part of our land, and infects all classes of our population. Thousands in the mad pursuit of riches see no profitable relationship between good government and their intents or designs. And, what is infinitely worse, thousands of our citizens of the ultra-respectable sort superciliously regard politics as an unclean thing, while too many of our educated men shun political duty as foreign to their intellectual superiority. Of course a majority of reputable Americans interest themselves in public affairs; but there ought to be no exceptions. To the extent that intelligent, thoughtful citizens fail to vote and to give impress to the politics of their country and their neighborhood, they give opportunity which the base and unprincipled will not be slow to improve. American character may be as robust and sound as can be desired, and yet it may entirely fail to save us from disaster if the practical duties of citizenship—the avenues through which it must reach its beneficent end—are disregarded. No one can make good his claim to patriotism who begrudges the time necessary to the discharge of these duties, or harbors the thought that the touch of things that further the prosperity and welfare of the American people can defile or degrade him.

The American character has received no disabling wounds or hurts. It can be relied upon to save our institutions, if its moral fibre is not further weakened by the creeping corrosion of greed or wicked neglect. And these cannot occur if the masses of the American people are watchful, faithful to their great trust, and in all things patriotic.

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A Chosen City

BY JENNETTE LEE

THEY drove slowly along the shady road. The girl, who sat poised forward on the seat, swayed a little, almost imperceptibly, to the movement of the carriage. She was like a flower in her white dress. The baby-pink ribbons caught into it, here and there, matched a flitting color in her cheeks. They harmonized oddly with the dark face, bringing out a kind of strength in the curving line of throat and cheek. She was delicate and responsive and incalculable, like a spring day.

To the young man beside her she was surrounded by a kind of light. It radiated from her—close ranks of tiny spears that held him off and drew him. He could not touch so much as one of the brown hands lying in her lap. Yet nothing else in the round earth was worth doing. . . . Presently he should do it. Then the spears would dart at him and strike him dead. . . . But he would have touched her hand. He shifted the reins. The girl stirred slightly. He straightened quickly in his place. The spell was gone. He never would.

The woods about them were full of pine scents and drowsy sound. A still light filtered among the trees like wine—with the heart of summer shining through it. The girl lifted her face with a quick breath.

"Smell the pine-needles!" she said.

The youth nodded, almost coldly.

She turned her eyes to him. "Don't you like it—better than anything in the world?"

"Not better than—"

"Oh, *is* that an orchid—do you think it *is* an orchid?" She was leaning from the carriage, looking with eager eyes into the pine depths beyond.

"Whoa!" The word was sharp—almost rude.

The girl's eyes smiled a little. "Oh—if you don't *want* to—"

"I *do* want to. Here—" He held out the reins to her, stiffly.

"Oh, *please*—I want to get it myself. It's all the fun—picking it yourself." She looked at him reproachfully.

He helped her from the carriage and stood waiting while she disappeared among the pines. The white dress flitted in and out through the trunks—going farther and farther. He had a sudden sense that he was losing her, that she would slip away through the trees to her kind. He called her name, and a laugh came back out of the woods with the breath of little leaves that rustled.

He looked about for some place to tie the horse.

Then in a moment she had sprung out of the ground at his side. Her hands were full of pink flowers that hung delicately from their stems. She held them out.

"See; they *were* orchids. Aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes—beautiful!" he said, not looking at the flowers.

She climbed quickly into the carriage. "Come. Let us drive fast. They will all be there ahead of us. I want to go—like the wind!" She made a pretty gesture and he took his place beside her.

They drove swiftly, in silence, through straight pines on either side that shut them in. The wheels made no sound on the smooth track, and the hoofs came muffled. A soft wind blew against their faces as they went. The girl leaned to it, the color in her cheeks coming and going.

At a fork in the road the young man slackened speed. He turned to the girl with a swift gesture. "Do you know where we are?"

She looked about her—at the straight trees and sun-flecked aisles. "Not in the least," she said, slowly. "Isn't it beautiful!"

He brought the horse to a standstill.

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"Do you care about the picnic—very much?" he asked, slowly.

"Do I care?" She was looking at him with wide eyes.

"I mean—I know something—rather nice— It's on one of these roads. I should like to take you there. But there isn't time for that and the picnic too."

"I see—" The girl mused. "It is something *very* nice?"

"Yes."

"You like it?"

"Yes."

"Would I like it too?" She had turned her eyes on him.

He hesitated. "I don't know. I should like to see."

She was looking at him, the half-teasing light in her eyes. "How will you know?"

"You will tell me." He spoke quietly.

She stirred a little. "I think we'd better not go."

"Very well." He remained motionless.

She glanced at him. "Well, why don't you go on?"

"I am waiting for you to choose."

"The road?"

"Yes."

"Which one is it on?"

"The thing I meant? That's what I'm not going to tell. If you choose it—it is fate."

"Oh!" There was a long silence. "I'm not going to."

"Very well."

They sat in silence. The falling leaves flecked the light, one by one.

"Is it the road to the picnic—the other one?" She was fingering the orchids daintily, lifting a pink petal and letting it fall, watching it swing on its stem.

"To the picnic. Yes."

She did not look at him. "Oh, I can't decide!" she said at last, dropping the flowers. Something underran the words.

"You must."

She shot at him a glance. A merry color filled her face. She lifted a stem of the orchid and threw it far ahead of them—beyond the horse's head. "See which way it points," she said.

"Tip or stem?" he demanded.

"Tip."

He sprang down from the carriage and ran to pick it up. He placed it carefully in his button-hole. She leaned out, watching him.

"Which way?"

"To the right." He had picked up the reins.

"Is that the one?"

He looked at her. "Which one?"

"The one you wanted to take?"

"That's for you to find out."

She stared at him with dancing eyes. "How secretive—and interesting! You've never been so interesting!"

A little flush came into his face. "I'm not interesting. I know it."

She laughed—lightly, with little ripples in it. "No—not interesting."

The road ran through a little valley. Then it turned abruptly and mounted a steep hill. At the top they came upon a village, hidden from sight by the trees till one reached it.

"What a quaint place!" said the girl, looking out with eager eyes.

On the right was the white church with graves beyond it, and beside them the parsonage with green vines and a great stone chimney. In the lattice porch by the door a young man sat reading. He was thin and a little pale. His well-brushed black clothes gave him the air of having been detained in youth. He would never grow any more. He might wither a little in the lattice porch. He would not outgrow it.

They were driving slowly. The place was asleep for any sign it gave—except the arrested young man, who raised a quiet glance and dropped it again on his page. The houses were far apart, with generous yards and leisurely walks, along which the flowers bloomed. Trees shaded the street, and beneath them ran a green-edged path, well trodden and smooth. Through the trees and between the houses to the left one caught glimpses of the mountains across the valley, sleeping in the haze.

"It is like a place in a dream," the girl said, softly.

Suddenly she leaned forward. "What a dear little house! There is the bird-box by the door—and that one in the yard—and the pear-trees— Look!" She half put out her hand. The horse had stopped. The young man sprang out.

"Shall we go in?"

"Can we? Do you know them?" She looked at him with a quick turn.

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"A little. They will let us come in." He held out his hand.

"It makes you think of those queer little German places, so clean and still and loved," said the girl. She walked between the flowers that bordered the path to the door, looking about her with charmed eyes. Strange, old-fashioned flowers were everywhere. She did not know the names of them. But they were wonted and sweet. "I must have dreamed it," she said. "Yes, that is it—I think,—I must have dreamed it." She spoke softly to herself, under her breath.

The young man did not speak. He knocked lightly, and they stood waiting, looking back into the yard.

The door opened with a gentle creak. An old woman stood in it, stately and a little shy. She looked at them, waiting. Then her face filled with swift, tender light. "Why, it is Stanton!"

He bent and kissed the face.

"This is Mary Cable, grandmother," he said. "I have brought her to see you."

The old woman held out a hand, worn and gracious.

The girl took it in her own, wondering a little at her sudden sense of unimportance. She was a little child, standing before a great door. She could not tell what was behind it. Some one would tell her.

"Won't you come in, my dear?" said the woman. She opened a door into a dim room. The windows were open and the scent of flowers came in, delicately, as the wind went by.

"Sit here," said the old woman. "You will like it by the window." She threw open a blind, letting in the green light. Her eyes rested on the girl kindly. She drew the little three-cornered shawl that had slipped from her shoulders more carefully in place. Then she stood with folded hands, looking from one to the other. "I must go and call father," she said. The smile in her eyes was very sweet. It made the girl think of something—far away. She could not have named it—a light on the hills, or a meadow-lark calling. She watched the figure cross the room. It carried itself with a kind of beautiful stiffness because the grace had left it. Quick tears came into the girl's eyes following it. She turned them away and looked into the yard.

"Father! Stanton is here, father!" The worn voice came back with the sound of good news, the pleased little cry of old age at a very little thing.

The eyes of the young man and the girl met for a moment across the light of the dim room.

"It is Stanton, father."

The old man's bulk filled the doorway. He stooped a little. He looked at the young man and glanced from him to the girl and back with shrewd, kind eyes.

"This is Mary Cable, father. Stanton has brought her to see us."

The old man took the girl's hand in his, looking down at her. "We are glad to see you, my dear," he said, patting her hand. His eyes continued to rest on her gently, with an old man's delight in something beautiful—something half remembered.

They sat down a little distance apart, the grandmother's face, in its white hair and gentle lines, looking out on them like some old portrait.

The girl glanced at it shyly now and then. They did not speak much to her. Her eyes were free to take in the room—the shining, stiff furniture and the old man and woman and a certain quiet pleasure in the young man.

They turned to her at last.

"Mary must see the garden," said the grandmother. She opened a cupboard door and took down a brown basket. Little lines of green ran along the brown, forming a quaint pattern.

The girl uttered an exclamation of pleasure, holding out her hand.

"You like it," said the grandmother, smiling. "It *is* pretty." She held it out for the girl to see. "Father gave it to me—before we were married. I'm going to pick some pears in it for you to take home."

They went out into the garden—among the flowers that had bloomed late in the sunshine. Back and forth along the straight paths, loitering under a pear-tree or by the beehives, where the droning, like a sound of memory, rose about them. It was not the honey of to-day they sang—nor to-morrow. Years hung in their swift wings, faint-scented and sweet. The girl's heart held a pain. She could have cried at the touch of it.

The old man was bending with stiff

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back above the pears that had trembled in the grandmother's hands and spilled apart. Together they gathered them up. He held the basket in knotted fingers and she placed the fruit in it, one by one, turning each, with gentle touch, till the flush on its yellow side came uppermost.

She lifted her face to the girl when they were done, with a smile. "The basket is for you, too," she said. The words had a shy sound that lingered, singing a little.

The girl held out her hand for the basket. She could not have spoken just then.

The old man reached up to the bough above him and drew down a pear that had hung swinging high above the others. He took the girl's fingers in his and opened them one by one. He laid the pear on the pink palm and closed it again, folding them one by one. "Here is another," he said. "I want to give you something, too."

The bees murmured around them and they stood silent in the light, their faces lifted a little. Then they moved back across the yard, over the half-dried grass, to the gate. The shawl had slipped a little from the grandmother's shoulders. The old man bent to replace it, awkward and tender. When the girl looked back they were still there—in the light.

They drove down the shaded street, past the white church, over the brow of the hill. By and by they would come again to the fork in the roads. Then the young man would speak. He knew now that he would speak. The girl knew. She knew at last what she would reply. The brown basket, with its green lines, rested in her lap. Now and then her fingers touched it lingeringly.

More than the Hope

BY JOHN ERSKINE

LIKE to a merchant rich beyond his hopes
By sudden chance, who yesterday was poor,
And still his mind through deep amazement gropes,
Nor hardly dares he believe such fortune sure;
And even in sleep he ponders still his bliss,
Such faithful dreams the golden day renew,
But sweeter than the dream's delight is this—
To wake and find more than he dreamt of true:

So when I see thee not, still art thou fair;
I count thy wealth of beauty o'er and o'er,
And still its ancient marvel holds my heart;
But when I lift my eyes, and thou art there—
I see thee then as though unseen before,
And ponder this anew, "How fair thou art!"

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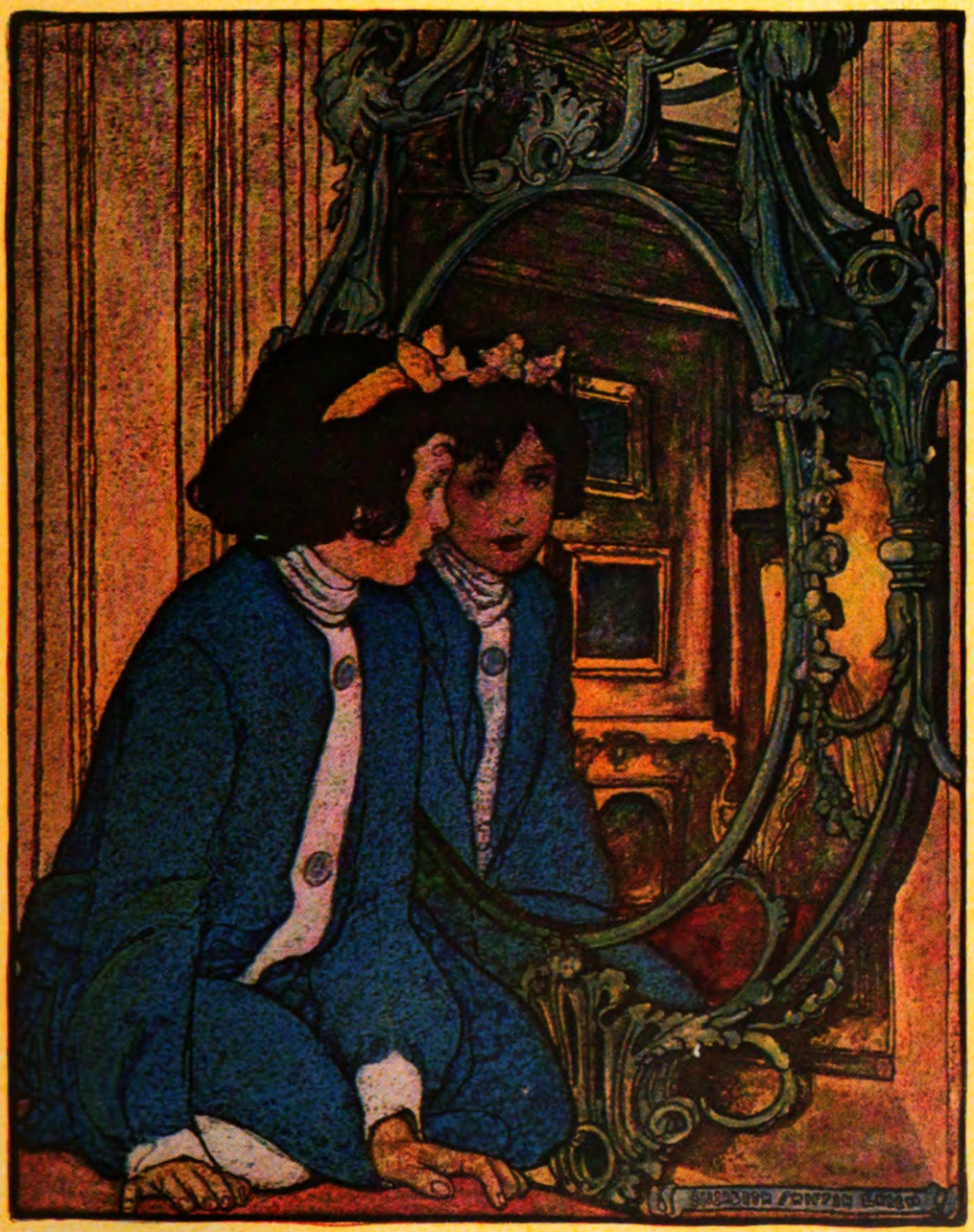
THE DREAMER

by

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Pictures by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN





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THE GREEN SINGING-BOOK

I DON'T know how to read the words,
  Nor how the black things go.
But if you stand it up, and sing,
  You never have to know.

The music sounds alike each time
  When grown-up people play;
But every time I sing myself,
  It sounds a different way.

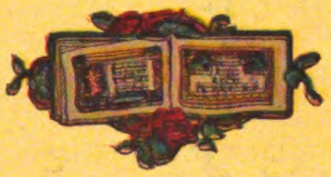
And when I've sung the book all through
  And every page all round,
I stand it upside-down and sing,
  To hear how that will sound.

I sing how all the things outside
  The window look to me;
The shiny wrinkles in the road,—
  And then about my Tree.

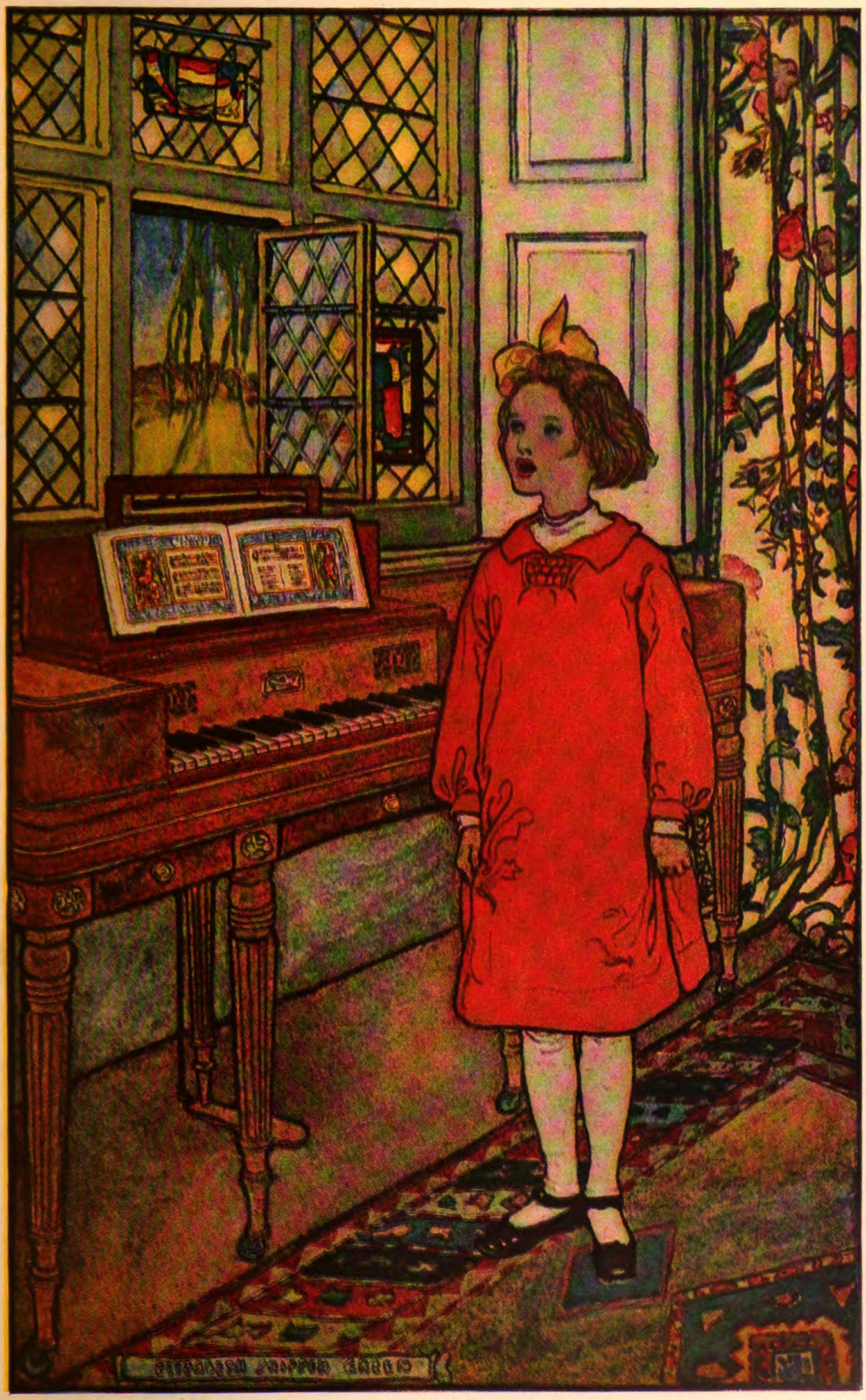
I sing about the city, too;
  The noises, and the wheels,
And windows blinking at the sun:—
  I sing the way it feels.

And if a sparrow flies across,
  I put him in the song.
I sing whatever happens in,
  To make it last for long.

I sing about the things I think
  Of almost everything.
Sometimes I don't know what to think,
  —Till I begin to sing.



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The Green Singing-Book

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CANDLE-LIGHT

When I've wished on my first star,
    While the rest begin,
And the grass is waking up,
    Oh, She calls us in!—
    Then She calls us in.

But I wouldn't go, unless
    I were sure there'd be
Something more like that, indoors,
    Something more to see,
    Beautiful to see.

So She lights the candle then,
    Where the shadows are.
And it stands, and holds its breath;—
    Then it makes a Star,—
    Then it makes a Star!

I curl up for my good-night,
    Dark, where I can see.
And I watch the candle-light
    Till it looks at me,
    Oh, it looks at me!



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Candle-light

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MAKING A HOUSE



First of all I draw the Smoke,
  Trailing up the sky;
Then the Chimney underneath,
  And birds all flying by;
Then the House, and every Window
  Watching, like an Eye.

Everybody else begins
  With the House. But I
Love the Smoke the best of all,
  And you don't know why. . . .
Here it goes, like little feathers
  Blowing through the sky!



PIGEONS OUT WALKING

They never seem to hurry, no,
    Even for the crowd.
They dip and coo, and move as slow,
    All so soft and proud!
You can see the wavy specks
Of bubble color on their necks,
    —Little, little cloud.

Cloud that goes the very way
    All the bubbles do:
Blue and green, and green and gray,
    Gold, and rosy too.
And they talk as bubbles could,
If they only ever would
    Talk and call and coo!

—Till you try to catch one so,
    Just to make it stay
While the colors turn: but oh,
    Then they fly away!
All at once,—two, three, four, five,—
Like a snow-storm all alive,
    Gray and white and gray!

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Making a House

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SECRETS

I have a secret to myself
  That no one else can see.
I hum it over to myself
  And no one hears but me.
Something you don't know!
I knew it long ago.
And the more I never tell you it,
  The more it gets to be.

It makes me feel as purry
  As a kitten on your knee.
It makes me feel as round and warm
  As a sparrow on that tree.
It makes me puff my feathers out
  The way he puffs out his.
And if you think I haven't one,
  I'll tell you what it is,
    —Maybe!

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The Sun-dog Trail

BY JACK LONDON

SITKA CHARLEY smoked his pipe and gazed thoughtfully at the newspaper illustration on the wall. For half an hour he had been steadily regarding it, and for half an hour I had been slyly watching him. Something was going on in that mind of his, and, whatever it was, I knew it was well worth knowing. He had lived life, and seen things, and performed that prodigy of prodigies, namely, the turning of his back upon his own people, and, in so far as it was possible for an Indian, becoming a white man even in his mental processes. As he phrased it himself, he had come into the warm, sat among us, by our fires, and become one of us.

We had struck this deserted cabin after a hard day on trail. The dogs had been fed, the supper dishes washed, the beds made, and we were now enjoying that most delicious hour that comes each day, on the Alaskan trail, when nothing intervenes between the tired body and bed save the smoking of the evening pipe.

"Well?" I finally broke the silence.

He took the pipe from his mouth and said, simply, "I do not understand."

He smoked on again, and again removed the pipe, using it to point at the illustration.

"That picture—what does it mean? I do not understand."

I looked at the picture. A man, with a preposterously wicked face, his right hand pressed dramatically to his heart, was falling backward to the floor. Confronting him, with a face that was a composite of destroying angel and Adonis, was a man holding a smoking revolver.

"One man is killing the other man," I said, aware of a distinct bepuzzlement of my own and of failure to explain.

"Why?" asked Sitka Charley.

"I do not know," I confessed.

"That picture is all end," he said. "It has no beginning."

"It is life," I said.

"Life has beginning," he objected.

"Look at that picture," I commanded, pointing to another decoration. "It means something. Tell me what it means to you."

He studied it for several minutes.

"The little girl is sick," he said, finally. "That is the doctor looking at her. They have been up all night—see, the oil is low in the lamp, the first morning light is coming in at the window. It is a great sickness; maybe she will die; that is why the doctor looks so hard. That is the mother. It is a great sickness, because the mother's head is on the table and she is crying."

"And now you understand the picture," I cried.

He shook his head, and asked, "The little girl—does it die?"

It was my turn for silence.

"Does it die?" he reiterated. "You are a painter-man. Maybe you know."

"No, I do not know," I confessed.

"It is not life," he delivered himself, dogmatically. "In life little girl die or get well. Something happen in life. In picture nothing happen. No, I do not understand pictures."

"Pictures are bits of life," I said. "We paint life as we see it. For instance, Charley, you are coming along the trail. It is night. You see a cabin. The window is lighted. You look through the window for one second, or for two seconds; you see something, and you go on your way. You see maybe a man writing a letter. You saw something without beginning or end. Nothing happened. Yet it was a bit of life you saw. You remember it afterward. It is like a picture in your memory. The window is the frame of the picture."

For a long time he smoked in silence. He nodded his head several times, and grunted once or twice. Then he knocked the ashes from his pipe, carefully refilled

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it, and, after a thoughtful pause, he lighted it again.

"Then have I, too, seen many pictures of life," he began; "pictures not painted but seen with the eyes. I have looked at them like through the window at the man writing the letter. I have seen many pieces of life, without beginning, without end, without understanding."

With a sudden change of position he turned his eyes full upon me and regarded me thoughtfully.

"Look you," he said; "you are a painter-man. How would you paint this which I saw, a picture without beginning, the ending of which I do not understand, a piece of life with the northern lights for a candle and Alaska for a frame?"

"It is a large canvas," I murmured.

"There are many names for this picture," he said. "But in the picture there are many sun-dogs, and it comes into my mind to call it 'The Sun-dog Trail.' It was seven years ago, the fall of '97, when I saw the woman first time. At Lake Linderman I had one canoe. I came over Chilcoot Pass with two thousand letters for Dawson. Everybody rush to Klondike at that time. Many people on trail. Many people chop down trees and make boats. Last water, snow in the air, snow on the ground, ice on the lake, on the river. Every day more snow, more ice, any day maybe freeze-up come; then no more water, all ice, everybody walk; Dawson six hundred miles; long time walk. Boat go very quick. Everybody want to go boat. Everybody say, 'Charley, two hundred dollars you take me in canoe,' 'Charley, three hundred dollars,' 'Charley, four hundred dollars.' I say no; all the time I say no. I am letter-carrier.

"In the morning I get to Lake Linderman; I walk all night and am much tired. I cook breakfast, I eat, then I sleep on the beach three hours. I wake up. It is ten o'clock. Snow is falling. There is wind, much wind that blows fair. Also, there is a woman who sits in the snow alongside. She is white woman, she is young, very pretty; maybe she is twenty years old, maybe twenty-five years old. She look at me. I look at her. She is very tired. She is no dance-woman. I see that right away. She is good woman, and she is very tired.

"'You are Sitka Charley,' she says. 'I go to Dawson,' she says. 'I go in your canoe—how much?'

"I do not want anybody in my canoe. I do not like to say no. So I say, 'One thousand dollars.' She look at me very hard, then she says, 'When you start?' I say right away. Then she says all right, she will give me one thousand dollars.

"What can I say? I do not want the woman, yet have I given my word that for one thousand dollars she can come. And that woman, that young woman, all alone on the trail, there in the snow, she take out one thousand dollars in greenbacks, and she put them in my hand. I look at money, I look at her. What can I say? I say: 'No; my canoe very small. There is no room for outfit.' She laugh. She says: 'I am great traveller. This is my outfit.' She kick one small pack in the snow. It is two fur robes, canvas outside, some woman's clothes inside. I pick it up. Maybe thirty-five pounds. I am surprised. She take it away from me. She says, 'Come, let us start.' She carries pack into canoe. What can I say? I put my blankets into canoe. We start.

"And that is the way I saw the woman first time. The wind was fair. I put up small sail. The canoe went very fast. The woman was much afraid. 'What for you come Klondike much afraid?' I ask. She laugh at me, a hard laugh, but she is still much afraid. Also she is very tired. I run canoe through rapids to Lake Bennett. Water very bad, and woman cry out because she is afraid. We go down Lake Bennett. Snow, ice, wind like a gale, but woman is very tired and go to sleep.

"That night we make camp at Windy Arm. Woman sit by fire and eat supper. I look at her. She is pretty. She fix hair. There is much hair, and it is brown; also sometimes it is like gold in the firelight when she turn her head, so, and flashes come from it like golden fire. The eyes are large and brown. When she smile—how can I say?—when she smile I know white man like to kiss her, just like that, when she smile. She never do hard work. Her hands are soft like a baby's hand. She is not thin, but round like a baby; her arm, her leg, her

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Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

"'I GO TO DAWSON IN YOUR CANOE,' SHE SAYS"

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muscles, all soft and round like baby. Her waist is small, and when she stand up, when she walk, or move her head or arm, it is—I do not know the word—but it is nice to look at, like—maybe I say she is built on lines like the lines of a good canoe, just like that,—and when she move she is like the movement of the good canoe sliding through still water or leaping through water when it is white and fast and angry. It is very good to see.

"I ask her what is her name. She laugh, then she says, 'Mary Jones; that is my name.' But I know all the time that Mary Jones is not her name.

"It is very cold in canoe, and because of cold sometimes she not feel good. Sometimes she feel good and she sing. Her voice is like a silver bell, and I feel good all over like when I go into church at Holy Cross Mission, and when she sing I feel strong and paddle like hell. Then she laugh and says, 'You think we get to Dawson before freeze-up, Charley?' Sometimes she sit in canoe and is thinking far away, her eyes like that, all empty. She does not see Sitka Charley, nor the ice, nor the snow. She is far away. Sometimes, when she is thinking far away, her face is not good to see. It looks like a face that is angry, like the face of one man when he want to kill another man.

"Last day to Dawson very bad. Shore-ice in all the eddies, mush-ice in the stream. I cannot paddle. The canoe freeze to ice. All the time we go down Yukon in the ice. Then ice stop, canoe stop, everything stop. 'Let us go to shore,' the woman says. I say no; better wait. By and by everything start down-stream again. There is much snow; I cannot see. At eleven o'clock at night everything stop. At one o'clock everything start again. At three o'clock everything stop. Canoe is smashed like egg-shell, but it is on top of ice and cannot sink. I hear dogs howling. We wait; we sleep. By and by morning come. There is no more snow. It is the freeze-up, and there is Dawson. Canoe smash and stop right at Dawson. Sitka Charley has come in with two thousand letters on very last water.

"The woman rent a cabin on the hill, and for one week I see her no more. Then, one day, she come to me. 'Charley,' she says, 'how do you like to work for me? You drive dogs, make camp, travel with me.' I say that I make too much money carrying letters. She says, 'Charley, I will pay you more money.' I tell her that pick-and-shovel man get fifteen dollars a day in the mines. She says, 'That is four hundred and fifty dollars a month.' And I say, 'Sitka Charley is no pick-and-shovel man.' Then she says: 'I understand, Charley. I will give you seven hundred and fifty dollars each month.' It is a good price, and I go to work for her. I buy for her dogs and sled. We travel up Klondike, up Bonanza and Eldorado, over to Indian River, to Sulphur Creek, to Dominion, back across divide to Gold Bottom and to Too Much Gold, and back to Dawson. All the time she look for something; I do not know what.

"She has a small revolver, which she carries in her belt. Sometimes, on trail, she makes practice with revolver.

"At Dawson comes the man. Which way he come I do not know. Only do I know he is *che-cha-quo*—what you call tenderfoot. His hands are soft. He never do hard work. At first I think maybe he is her husband. But he is too young. He is maybe twenty years old. His eyes blue, his hair yellow; he has a little mustache which is yellow. His name is John Jones. Maybe he is her brother. I do not know.

"One night I am asleep at Dawson. He wake me up. He says, 'Get the dogs ready; we start.' No more do I ask questions, so I get the dogs ready and we start. We go down the Yukon. It is night-time, it is November, and it is very cold—sixty-five below. She is soft. He is soft. The cold bites. They get tired. They cry under their breaths to themselves. By and by I say better we stop and make camp. But they say that they will go on. After that I say nothing. All the time, day after day, it is that way. They are very soft. They get stiff and sore. They do not understand moccasins, and their feet hurt very much. They limp, they stagger like drunken people, they cry under their breaths; and all the time they say: 'On! on! We will go on!'

"We make Circle City. That for

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which they look is not there. I think now that we will rest, and rest the dogs. But we do not rest; not for one day do we rest. 'Come,' says the woman to the man, 'let us go on.' And we go on. We leave the Yukon. We cross the divide to the west and swing down into the Tanana Country. There are new diggings there. But that for which they look is not there, and we take the back trail to Circle City.

"It is a hard journey. December is 'most gone. The days are short. It is very cold.

"We limp into Circle City. It is Christmas eve. I dance, drink, make a good time, for to-morrow is Christmas day and we will rest. But no. It is five o'clock in the morning—Christmas morning. I am two hours asleep. The man stand by my bed. 'Come, Charley,' he says; 'harness the dogs. We start.' I harness the dogs, and we start down the Yukon.

"They are very weary. They have travelled many hundreds of miles, and they do not understand the way of the trail. Besides, their cough is very bad—the dry cough that makes strong men swear and weak men cry. Every day they go on. Never do they rest the dogs. Always do they buy new dogs. At every camp, at every post, at every Indian village, do they cut out the tired dogs and put in fresh dogs. They have much money, money without end, and like water they spend it. They are crazy? Sometimes I think so, for there is a devil in them that drives them. They cry aloud in their sleep at night. And in the day, as they stagger along the trail, they cry under their breaths.

"We pass Fort Yukon. We pass Fort Hamilton. We pass Minook. January has come and nearly gone. The days are very short. At nine o'clock comes daylight. At three o'clock comes night. And it is cold. And even I, Sitka Charley, am tired. Will we go on forever this way without end? I do not know. But always do I look along the trail for that which they try to find. There are few people on the trail. Sometimes we travel one hundred miles and never see a sign of life. The northern lights flame in the sky, and the sun-dogs dance, and the air is filled with frost-dust.

"I am Sitka Charley, a strong man. I was born on the trail, and all my days have I lived on the trail. And yet have these two baby wolves made me tired. Their eyes are sunk deep in their heads, bright sometimes as with fever, dim and cloudy sometimes like the eyes of the dead. Their cheeks are black and raw from many freezings. Sometimes it is the woman in the morning who says: 'I cannot get up. I cannot move. Let me die.' And it is the man who stands beside her and says, 'Come, let us go on.'

"Sometimes, at the trading-posts, the man and woman get letters. I do not know what is in the letters. But it is the scent that they follow; these letters themselves are the scent. One time an Indian gives them a letter. I talk with him privately. He says it is a man with one eye who gives him the letter—a man who travels fast down the Yukon. That is all. But I know that the baby wolves are after the man with the one eye.

"It is February, and we have travelled fifteen hundred miles. We are getting near Bering Sea, and there are storms and blizzards. The going is hard. We come to Anvig. I do not know, but I think sure they get a letter at Anvig, for they are much excited, and they say, 'Come, hurry; let us go on.' But I say we must buy grub, and they say we must travel light and fast. Also, they say that we can get grub at Charley McKeon's cabin. Then do I know that they take the big cut-off, for it is there that Charley McKeon lives where the Black Rock stands by the trail.

"Before we start I talk maybe two minutes with the priest at Anvig. Yes, there is a man with one eye who has gone by and who travels fast. And I know that for which they look is the man with the one eye. We leave Anvig with little grub, and travel light and fast. We take the big cut-off, and the trail is fresh. The baby wolves have their noses down to the trail, and they say, 'Hurry!' All the time do they say: 'Hurry! Faster! Faster!' It is hard on the dogs. We have not much food and we cannot give them enough to eat, and they grow weak. Also, they must work hard. The woman has true sorrow for them, and often, because of them, the tears are in her eyes. But the devil in

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her that drives her on will not let her stop and rest the dogs.

"And then we come upon the man with the one eye. He is in the snow by the trail and his leg is broken. Because of the leg he has made a poor camp, and has been lying on his blankets for three days and keeping a fire going. When we find him he is swearing. Never have I heard a man swear like that man. I am glad. Now that they have found that for which they look, we will have a rest. But the woman says: 'Let us start. Hurry!'

"I am surprised. But the man with the one eye says: 'Never mind me. Give me your grub. You will get more grub at McKeon's cabin to-morrow. Send McKeon back for me. But do you go on.' So we give him our grub, which is not much, and we chop wood for his fire, and we take his strongest dogs and go on. We left the man with one eye there in the snow, and he died there in the snow, for McKeon never went back for him.

"That day and that night we had nothing to eat, and all next day we travelled fast, and we were weak with hunger. Then we came to the Black Rock, which rose five hundred feet above the trail. It was at the end of the day. Darkness was coming, and we could not find the cabin of McKeon. We slept hungry, and in the morning looked for the cabin. It was not there, which was a strange thing, for everybody knew that McKeon lived in a cabin at Black Rock. We were near to the coast, where the wind blows hard and there is much snow. Everywhere were there small hills of snow where the wind had piled it up. I have a thought, and I dig in one and another of the hills of snow. Soon I find the walls of the cabin, and I dig down to the door. I go inside. McKeon is dead. Maybe two or three weeks he is dead. A sickness had come upon him so that he could not leave the cabin. He had eaten his grub and died. I looked for his cache, but there was no grub in it.

"'Let us go on,' said the woman. Her eyes were hungry, and her hand was upon her heart, as with the hurt of something inside. She swayed back and forth like a tree in the wind as she stood there.

"'Yes, let us go on,' said the man. His voice was hollow, like the *klonk* of an old raven, and he was hunger-mad. His eyes were like live coals of fire, and as his body rocked to and fro, so rocked his soul inside. And I, too, said, 'Let us go on.' For that one thought, laid upon me like a lash for every mile of fifteen hundred miles, had burned itself into my soul, and I think that I, too, was mad. Besides, we could only go on, for there was no grub. And we went on, giving no thought to the man with the one eye in the snow.

"The snow had covered the trail, and there was no sign that men had ever come or gone that way. All day the wind blew and the snow fell, and all day we travelled. Then the woman began to fall. Then the man. I did not fall, but my feet were heavy, and I caught my toes and stumbled many times.

"That night is the end of February. I kill three ptarmigan with the woman's revolver, and we are made somewhat strong again. But the dogs have nothing to eat. They try to eat their harness, which is of leather and walrus-hide, and I must fight them off with a club and hang all the harness in a tree. And all night they howl and fight around that tree. But we do not mind. We sleep like dead people, and in the morning get up like dead people out of our graves and go on along the trail.

"That morning is the 1st of March, and on that morning I see the first sign of that after which the baby wolves are in search. It is clear weather, and cold. The sun stay longer in the sky, and there are sun-dogs flashing on either side, and the air is bright with frost-dust. The snow falls no more upon the trail, and I see the fresh sign of dogs and sled. There is one man with that outfit, and I see in the snow that he is not strong. He, too, has not enough to eat. The young wolves see the fresh sign, too, and they are much excited. 'Hurry!' they say. All the time they say: 'Hurry! Faster, Charley, faster!'

"We make hurry very slow. All the time the man and the woman fall down. When they try to ride on sled, the dogs are too weak, and the dogs fall down. Besides, it is so cold that if they ride on the sled they will freeze. It is very easy for a hungry man to freeze. When the

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woman fall down, the man help her up. Sometimes the woman help the man up. By and by both fall down and cannot get up, and I must help them up all the time, else they will not get up and will die there in the snow. This is very hard work, for I am greatly weary, and as well I must drive the dogs, and the man and woman are very heavy, with no strength in their bodies. So, by and by, I, too, fall down in the snow, and there is no one to help me up. I must get up by myself. And always do I get up by myself, and help them up, and make the dogs go on.

"That night I get one ptarmigan, and we are very hungry. And that night the man says to me, 'What time start to-morrow, Charley?' It is like the voice of a ghost. I say, 'All the time you make start at five o'clock.' 'To-morrow,' he says, 'we will start at three o'clock.'

"And we start at three o'clock. It is clear and cold, and there is no wind. When daylight comes we can see a long way off. And it is very quiet. We can hear no sound but the beat of our hearts, and in the silence that is a very loud sound. We are like sleep-walkers, and we walk in dreams until we fall down; and then we know we must get up, and we see the trail once more and hear the beating of our hearts.

"In the morning we come upon the last-night camp of the man who is before us. It is a poor camp, the kind a man makes who is hungry and without strength. On the snow there are pieces of blanket and of canvas, and I know what has happened. His dogs have eaten their harness, and he has made new harness out of his blankets. The man and woman stare hard at what is to be seen. Their eyes are toil-mad and hunger-mad, and burn like fire deep in their heads. Their faces are like the faces of people who have died of hunger, and their cheeks are black with the dead flesh of many freezings. We come to where we can see a long way over the snow, and that for which they look is before them. A mile away there are black spots upon the snow. The black spots move. My eyes are dim, and I must stiffen my soul to see. And I see one man with dogs and a sled. The baby wolves see, too. They can no longer talk, but they whisper: 'On, on! Let us hurry!'

"And they fall down, but they go on. The man who is before us, his blanket harness breaks often and he must stop and mend it. Our harness is good, for I have hung it in trees each night. At eleven o'clock the man is half a mile away. At one o'clock he is a quarter of a mile away. He is very weak. We see him fall down many times in the snow.

"Now we are three hundred yards away. We go very slow. Maybe in two, three hours we go one mile. We do not walk. All the time we fall down. We stand up and stagger two steps, maybe three steps, then we fall down again. And all the time I must help up the man and woman. Sometimes they rise to their knees and fall forward, maybe four or five times before they can get to their feet again, and stagger two or three steps and fall. But always do they fall forward. Standing or kneeling, always do they fall forward, gaining on the trail each time by the length of their bodies.

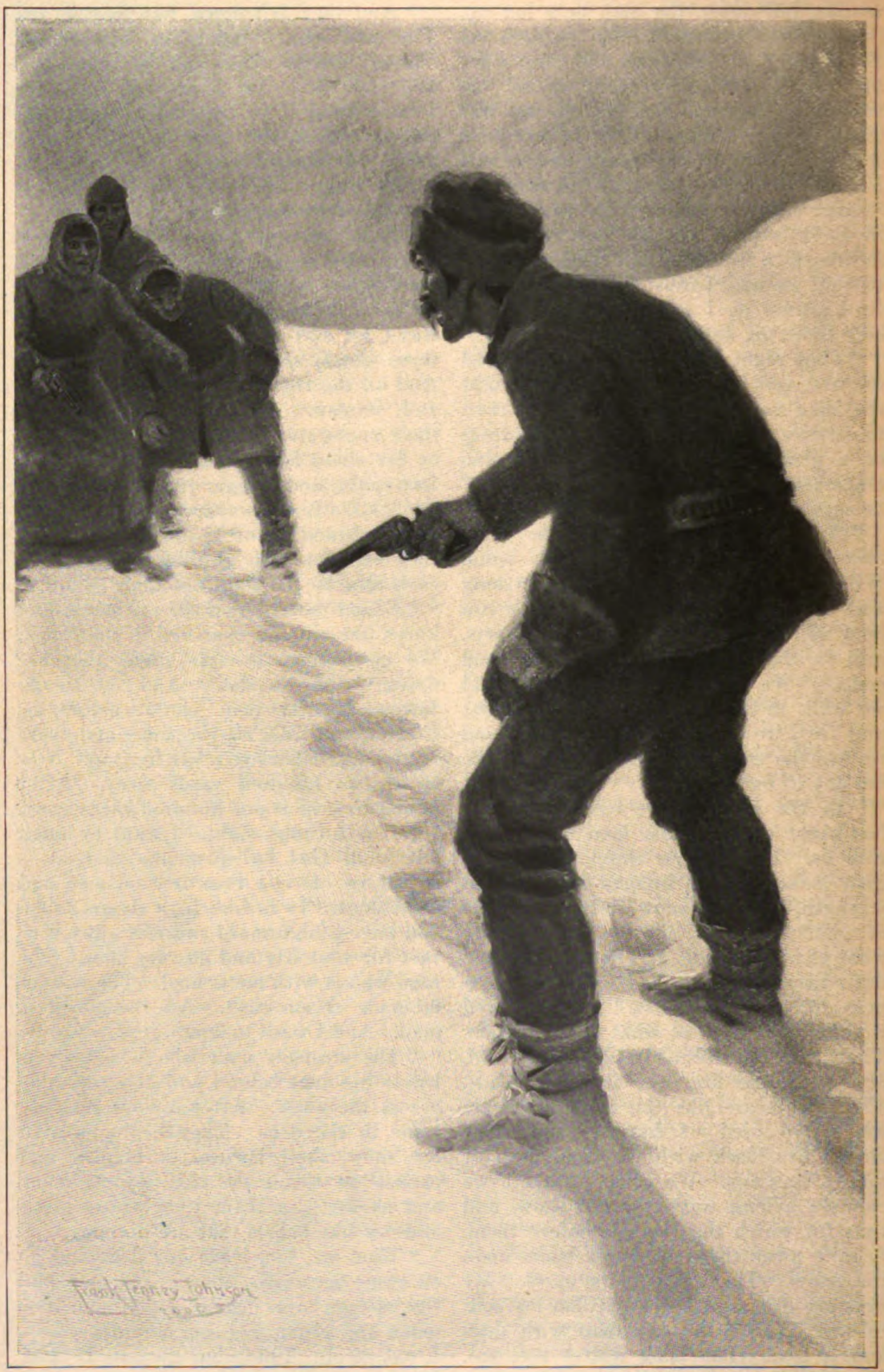
"Sometimes they crawl on hands and knees like animals that live in the forest. We go like snails—like snails that are dying we go so slow. And yet we go faster than the man who is before us. For he, too, falls all the time, and there is no Sitka Charley to lift him up. Now he is two hundred yards away. After a long time he is one hundred yards away.

"It is a funny sight. I want to laugh out loud, Ha! ha! just like that, it is so funny. It is a race of dead men and dead dogs. It is like in a dream when you have a nightmare and run away very fast for your life and go very slow. The man who is with me is mad. The woman is mad. I am mad. All the world is mad. And I want to laugh, it is so funny.

"The stranger man who is before us leaves his dogs behind and goes on alone across the snow. After a long time we come to the dogs. They lie helpless in the snow, their harness of blanket and canvas on them, the sled behind them, and as we pass them they whine to us and cry like babies that are hungry.

"Then we, too, leave our dogs and go on alone across the snow. The man and the woman are nearly gone, and they moan and groan and sob, but they go on. I, too, go on. I have but the one thought. It is to come up to the stranger man. Then it is that I shall rest, and not until

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Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman

"AND THUS I, SITKA CHARLEY, SAW THE BABY WOLVES MAKE THEIR KILL"

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then shall I rest, and it seems that I must lie down and sleep for a thousand years, I am so tired.

"The stranger man is fifty yards away, all alone in the white snow. He falls and crawls, staggers, and falls and crawls again. By and by he crawls on hands and knees. He no longer stands up. And the man and woman no longer stand up. They, too, crawl after him on hands and knees. But I stand up. Sometimes I fall, but always do I stand up again.

"On either side the sun are sun-dogs, so that there are three suns in the sky.

"After a long time the stranger man crawls no more. He stands slowly upon his feet and rocks back and forth. Also does he take off one mitten and wait with revolver in his hand, rocking back and forth as he waits. His face is skin and bones, and frozen black. It is a hungry face. The eyes are deep-sunk in his head, and the lips are snarling. The man and woman, too, get upon their feet, and they go toward him very slowly. And all about is the snow and the silence. And in the sky are three suns, and all the air is flashing with the dust of diamonds.

"And thus it was that I, Sitka Charley, saw the baby wolves make their kill. No word is spoken. Only does the stranger man snarl with his hungry face. Also does he rock to and fro, his shoulders drooping, his knees bent, and his legs wide apart so that he does not fall down. The man and the woman stop maybe fifty feet away. Their legs, too, are wide apart so that they do not fall down, and their bodies rock to and fro. The stranger man is very weak. His arm shakes, so that when he shoots at the man his bullet strikes in the snow. The man cannot take off his mitten. The stranger man shoots at him again, and this time the bullet goes by in the air. Then the man takes the mitten in his teeth and pulls it off. But his hand is frozen and he cannot hold the revolver, and it falls in the snow. I look at the woman. Her mitten is off, and the revolver is in her hand. Three times she shoot, quick, just like that. The hungry face of the stranger man is still snarling as he falls forward in the snow.

"They did not look at the dead man. 'Let us go on,' they said. And we went on. But now that they have found that for which they look, they are like dead. The last strength has gone out of them. They can stand no more upon their feet. They will not crawl, but desire only to close their eyes and sleep. I see not far away a place for camp. I kick them. I have my dog-whip, and I give them the lash of it. They cry aloud, but they must crawl. And they do crawl to the place for camp. I build fire so that they will not freeze. Then I go back for sled. Also, I kill the dogs of the stranger man so that we may have food and not die. I put the man and woman in blankets and they sleep. Sometimes I wake them up and give them little bit of food. They are not awake, but they take the food. The woman sleep one day and a half. Then she wake up and go to sleep again. The man sleep two days and wake up and go to sleep again. After that we go down to the coast at St. Michaels. And when the ice goes out of Bering Sea the man and woman go away on a steamship. But first they pay me my seven hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"But why did they kill the man?" I asked.

Sitka Charley delayed reply until he had lighted his pipe. He glanced at the illustration on the wall and nodded his head at it familiarly. Then he said, speaking slowly and ponderingly:

"I have thought much. I do not know. It is something that happened. It is a picture I remember. It is like looking in at the window and seeing the man writing a letter. They came into my life and they went out of my life, and the picture is, as I have said, without beginning, the end without understanding."

"You have painted many pictures in the telling," I said.

"Ay,"—he nodded his head. "But they were without beginning and without end."

"The last picture of all had an end," I said.

"Ay," he answered. "But what end?"

"It was a piece of life," I said.

"Ay," he answered. "It was a piece of life."

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The Conquest of Canaan

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XXIII

JOE WALKS ACROSS THE COURT-HOUSE YARD

FROM within the glossy old walnut bar that ran from wall to wall, the eyes of the lawyers and reporters wandered often to Ariel as she sat in the packed court-room watching Louden's fight for the life and liberty of Happy Fear. She had always three escorts, and though she did not miss a session and the same three never failed to attend her, no whisper of scandal arose. But not upon them did the glances of the members of the bar and the journalists with tender frequency linger; nor were the younger members of these two professions all who gazed that way. Joe had fought out the selection of the jury with the prosecutor at great length and with infinite pains; it was not a young jury, and *it* stared at her. The "Court" wore a gray beard with which a flock of sparrows might have villaged a grove, and yet, in spite of the vital necessity for watchfulness over this fighting case, *It* once needed to be stirred from a trancelike gaze in Miss Tabor's direction and aroused to the realization that It was there to Sit and not to dream.

The August air was warm outside the windows, inviting to the open country, to swimmin'-hole, to orchard reveries, or shaded pool wherein to drop a meditative line; you would have thought no one could willingly coop himself in this hot room for three hours, twice a day, while lawyers wrangled, often unintelligibly, over the life of a dingy little creature like Happy Fear, yet the struggle to swelter there was almost like a riot, and the bailiffs were busy men.

It was a fighting case throughout, fought to a finish on each tiny point as it came up, dragging, in the mere matter of time, interminably, yet the people of Canaan (not only those who succeeded in penetrating to the court-room, but the others who hung about the corridors, or outside the building, and the great mass of stay-at-homes who read the story in the *Tocsin*) found each moment of it enthralling enough. The State's attorney, fearful of losing so notorious a case, and not underestimating his opponent, had modestly summoned others to his aid; and the attorney for the defence, single-handed, faced "an array of legal talent such as seldom indeed had hollered at this bar"; faced it good-naturedly, an eyebrow crooked up and his head on one side, most of the time, yet faced it indomitably. He had a certain careless and disarming smile when he lost a point, which carried off the defeat as of only humorous account and not at all part of the serious business in hand; and in his treatment of witnesses, he was plausible, kindly, knowing that in this case he had no intending perjurer to entrap; brought into play the rare and delicate art of which he was a master, employing in his questions subtle suggestions and shadings of tone and manner, and avoiding words of debatable and dangerous meanings;—a fine craft, often attempted by blunderers to their own undoing, but which, practised by Joseph Louden, made inarticulate witnesses articulate to the precise effects which he desired. This he accomplished as much by the help of the continuous fire of objections from the other side as in spite of them. He was infinitely careful, asking never an ill-advised question for the other side to use to his hurt, and, though exhibiting only a pleasant easiness of manner, was electrically alert.

A hundred things had shown Ariel that the feeling of the place, influenced by "public sentiment" without, was subtly and profoundly hostile to Joe and his

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client; she read this in the spectators, in the jury, even in the Judge; but it seemed to her that day by day the inimical spirit gradually failed, inside the railing, and also in those spectators who, like herself, were enabled by special favor to be present throughout the trial, and that now and then a kindlier sentiment began to be manifested. She was unaware how strongly she contributed to effect this herself, not only through the glow of visible sympathy which radiated from her, but by a particular action. Claudine was called by the State, and told as much of her story as the law permitted her to tell, interlarding her replies with fervent protestations (too quick to be prevented) that she "never meant to bring no trouble to Mr. Fear" and that she "did hate to have gen'lemen starting things on her account." When the defence took this perturbed witness, her interpolations became less frequent, and she described straightforwardly how she had found the pistol on the floor near the prostrate figure of Cory, and hidden it in her own dress. The attorneys for the State listened with a somewhat cynical amusement to this portion of her testimony, believing it of no account, uncorroborated, and that if necessary the State could impeach the witness on the ground that it had been indispensable to produce her. She came down weeping from the stand; and, the next witness not being immediately called, the eyes of the jurymen naturally followed her as she passed to her seat, and they saw Ariel Tabor bow gravely to her across the railing. Now, a thousand things not set forth by legislatures, law-men and judges affect a jury, and the slight salutation caused the members of this one to glance at one another; for it seemed to imply that the exquisite lady in white not only knew Claudine, but knew that she had spoken the truth. It was after this, that a feeling favorable to the defence now and then noticeably manifested itself in the court-room. Still, when the evidence for the State was all in, the life of Happy Fear seemed to rest in a balance precarious indeed, and the little man, swallowing pitifully, looked at his attorney with the eyes of a sick dog.

Then Joe gave the prosecutors an illuminating and stunning surprise, and, having offered in evidence the revolver found upon Claudine, produced as his first witness a pawnbroker of Denver, who identified the weapon as one he had sold to Cory, whom he had known very well. The second witness, also a stranger, had been even more intimately acquainted with the dead man, and there began to be an uneasy comprehension of what Joe had accomplished during that prolonged absence of his which had so nearly cost the life of the little mongrel who was at present (most blissful Respectability!) a lively convalescent in Ariel's back yard. The second witness also identified the revolver, testifying that he had borrowed it from Cory in St. Louis to settle a question of marksmanship, and that on his returning it to the owner, the latter, then working his way eastward, had confided to him his intention of stopping in Canaan for the purpose of exercising its melancholy functions upon a man who had once "done him good" in that city.

By the time the witness had reached this point, the Prosecutor and his assistants were on their feet, excitedly shouting objections, which were promptly overruled. Taken unawares, they fought for time; thunder was loosed, forensic bellowings; everybody lost his temper—except Joe; and the examination of the witness proceeded. Cory, with that singular inspiration to confide in some one, which is the characteristic and the undoing of his kind, had outlined his plan of operations to the witness with perfect clarity. He would first attempt, so he had declared, to incite an attack upon himself by playing upon the jealousy of his victim, having already made a tentative effort in that direction. Failing in this, he would fall back upon one of a dozen schemes (for he was ready in such matters, he bragged), the most likely of which would be to play the peacemaker; he would talk of his good intentions toward his enemy, speaking publicly of him in friendly and gentle ways; then, getting at him secretly, destroy him in such a fashion as to leave open for himself the kind gate of self-defence. In brief, here was the whole tally of what had actually occurred, with the exception of the last account in the

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sequence which had proved that demise for which Cory had not arranged; and it fell from the lips of a witness whom the prosecution had no means of impeaching. When he left the stand, unshaken and undiscredited, after a frantic cross-examination, Joe, turning to resume his seat, let his hand fall lightly for a second upon his client's shoulder.

That was the occasion of a demonstration which indicated a sentiment favorable to the defence (on the part of at least three of the spectators); and it was in the nature of such a hammering of canes upon the bare wooden floor as effectually stopped all other proceedings instantly. The indignant Judge fixed the Colonel, Peter Bradbury, and Squire Buckalew with his glittering eye, yet the hammering continued unabated; and the offenders surely would have been conducted forth in ignominy, had not gallantry prevailed, even in that formal place. The Judge, reluctantly realizing that some latitude must be allowed to these aged enthusiasts, since they somehow seemed to belong to Miss Tabor, made his remarks general, with the time-worn threat to clear the room, whereupon the loyal survivors of Eskew relapsed into unabashed silence.

It was now, as Joe had said, a clear-enough case. Only the case itself, however, was clear, for, as he and his friends feared, the verdict might possibly be neither in accordance with the law, the facts, nor the convictions of the jury. Eugene's defection had not altered the tone of the *Tocsin*.

All day long a crowd of men and boys hung about the corridors of the Court-house, about the Square and the neighboring streets, and from these rose sombre murmurs, more and more ominous. The public sentiment of a community like Canaan can make itself felt inside a court-room; and it was strongly exerted against Happy Fear. The *Tocsin* had always been a powerful agent; Judge Pike had increased its strength with a staff which was thoroughly efficient, alert, and always able to strike centre with the paper's readers; and in town and country it had absorbed the circulation of the other local journals, which resisted feebly at times, but in the matter of the Cory murder had not dared to do anything except follow the *Tocsin's* lead. The *Tocsin*, having lit the fire, fed it—fed it saltpetre and sulphur—for now Martin Pike was fighting hard.

The farmers and people of the less urban parts of the country were accustomed to found their opinions upon the *Tocsin*. They regarded it as the single immutable rock of journalistic righteousness and wisdom in the world. Consequently, stirred by the outbursts of the paper, they came into Canaan in great numbers, and though the pressure from the town itself was so strong that only a few of them managed to crowd into the court-room, the others joined their voices to those sombre murmurs outdoors, which increased in loudness as the trial went on.

The *Tocsin*, however, was not having everything its own way: the volume of outcry against Happy Fear and his lawyer had diminished, it was noticed, in "very respectable quarters." The information imparted by Mike Sheehan to the politicians at Mr. Farbach's had been slowly seeping through the various social strata of the town, and though at first incredulously rejected, it began to find acceptance; Upper Main Street cooling appreciably in its acceptance of the *Tocsin* as the law and the prophets. There were even a few who dared to wonder in their hearts if there had not been a mistake about Joe Louden; and although Mrs. Flitcroft weakened not, the relatives of Squire Buckalew and of Peter Bradbury began to hold up their heads a little, after having made home horrible for those gentlemen and reproached them with their conversion as the last word of senile shame. In addition, the Colonel's grandson and Mr. Bradbury's grandson had both mystifyingly lent countenance to Joe, consorting with him openly; the former for his own purposes—the latter because he had cunningly discovered that it was a way to Miss Tabor's regard, which, since her gentle rejection of him, he had grown to believe (good youth!) might be the pleasantest thing that could ever come to him. In short, the question had begun to thrive: Was it possible that Eskew Arp had not been insane, after all?

The best of those who gathered ominously about the Court-house and its purlieus were the young farmers and

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field-hands, artisans and clerks; one of the latter being a pimply-faced young man (lately from the doctor's hands), who limped, and would limp for the rest of his life, he who, of all men, held the memory of Eskew Arp in least respect, and was burningly desirous to revenge himself upon the living.

The worst were of that mystifying, embryonic, semi-rowdy type, the American *voyou*, in the production of which Canaan and her sister towns everywhere over the country are prolific: the young man, youth, boy perhaps, creature of nameless age, whose clothes are like those of a brakeman out of work, but who is not a brakeman in or out of work; wearing the black soft hat tilted forward to shelter—as a counter does the contempt of a clerk—that expression which the face does not dare wear quite in the open, asserting the possession of supreme capacity in wit, strength, dexterity, and amours; the dirty handkerchief under the collar; the short black coat always double-breasted; the eyelids sooty; one cheek always bulged; the forehead speckled; the lips cracked; horrible teeth; and the affectation of possessing secret information upon all matters of the universe; above all, the instinct of finding the shortest way to any scene of official interest to the policeman, fireman, or ambulance surgeon;—a singular being, not professionally criminal; tough histrionically rather than really; full of its own argot of brag; hysterical when crossed, timid through great ignorance, and therefore dangerous. It furnishes not the leaders but the mass of mobs; and it springs up at times of crisis from Heaven knows where. You might have driven through all the streets of Canaan, a week before the trial, and have seen four or five such fellows; but from the day of its beginning the Square was full of them, dingy shuttlecocks batted up into view by the *Tocsin*.

They kept the air whirring with their noise. The news of that sitting which had caused the Squire, Flitcroft, and Peter Bradbury to risk the Court's displeasure, was greeted outside with loud and vehement disfavor; and when, at noon, the jurymen were marshalled out to cross the yard to the National House for dinner, a large crowd followed and surrounded them, until they reached the doors of the hotel. "Don't let Lawyer Louden bamboozle you!" "Hang him!" "Tar and feathers fer ye ef ye don't hang him!" These were the mildest threats, and Joe Louden, watching from an upper window of the Courthouse, observed with a troubled eye how certain of the jury shrank from the pressure of the throng, how the cheeks of others showed sudden pallor. Sometimes "public sentiment" has done evil things to those who have not shared it; and Joe knew how rare a thing is a jury which dares to stand square against a town like Canaan aroused.

The end of that afternoon's session saw another point marked for the defence; Joe had put the defendant on the stand, and the little man had proved an excellent witness. During his life he had been many things — many things disreputable; high standards were not brightly illumined for him in the beginning of the night-march which his life had been. He had been a tramp, afterwards a petty gambler; but his great motive had finally come to be the intention to do what Joe told him to do: that, and to keep Claudine as straight as he could. In a measure, these were the two things that had brought him to the pass in which he now stood, his loyalty to Joe and his resentment of whatever tampered with Claudine's straightness. He was submissive to the consequences: he was still loyal. And now Joe asked him to tell "just what happened," and Happy obeyed with crystal clearness. Throughout the long, tricky cross-examination he continued to tell "just what happened" with a plaintive truthfulness not to be imitated, and throughout it, Joe guarded him from pitfalls (for lawyers in their search after truth are compelled by the exigencies of their profession to make pitfalls even for the honest), and gave him, by various devices, time to remember, though not to think, and made the words "come right" in his mouth. So that before the sitting was over, a disquieting rumor ran through the waiting crowd in the corridors, across the Square, and over the town, that the case was surely going "Louden's way." This was also the opinion of a looker-on in Canaan—a ferret-faced counsellor of

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corporations who, called to consultation with the eminent Buckalew (nephew of the Squire), had afterward spent an hour in his company at the trial. "It's going that young fellow Louden's way," said the stranger. "You say he's a shyster, but—"

"Well," admitted Buckalew, with some reluctance, "I don't mean that exactly. I've got an old uncle who seems lately to think he's a great man."

"I'll take your uncle's word for it," returned the other, smiling. "I think he'll go pretty far."

They had come to the flight of steps which descended to the yard, and the visitor, looking down upon the angry crowd, added, "If they don't kill him!"

Joe himself was anxious concerning no such matter. He shook hands with Happy at the end of the sitting, bidding him be of good cheer, and, when the little man had marched away, under a strong guard, began to gather and sort his papers at a desk inside the bar. This took him perhaps five minutes, and when he had finished there were only three people left in the room: a clerk, a negro janitor with a broom and the darky friend who always hopefully accompanies a colored man holding high public office. These two approvingly greeted the young lawyer, the janitor handing him a note from Norbert Flitcroft, and the friend mechanically "borrowing" a quarter from him as he opened the envelope.

"I'll be roun' yo' way to git a box o' *se*-gahs," laughed the friend, "soon ez de campaign open up good. Dey all goin' vote yo' way, down on the levee bank, but dey sho' expecks to git to smoke a little 'fo' leckshun-day! We knows who's *ow* frien'!"

Norbert's missive was lengthy and absorbing; Joe went on his way, perusing it with profound attention; but as he descended the stairway to the floor below, a loud burst of angry shouting, outside the building, caused him to hasten toward the big front doors which faced Main Street. The doors opened upon an imposing vestibule, from which a handsome flight of stone steps, protected by a marble balustrade, led to the ground.

Standing at the top of these steps and leaning over the balustrade, he had a clear view of half the yard. No one was near him; everybody was running in the opposite direction, toward that corner of the yard occupied by the jail, the crowd centring upon an agitated whirlpool of men which moved slowly toward a door in the high wall that enclosed the building; and Joe saw that Happy Fear's guards, conducting the prisoner back to his cell, were being jostled and rushed. The distance they had made was short, but as they reached the door, the pressure upon them increased dangerously. Clubs rose in the air, hats flew, the whirlpool heaved tumultuously, and the steel door clanged.

Happy Fear was safe inside, but the jostlers were outside; baffled, ugly, and stirred with the passion that changes a crowd into a mob.

Then some of them caught sight of Joe as he stood alone at the top of the steps, and a great shout of rage and exultation arose.

For a moment or two he did not see his danger. At the clang of the door, his eyes, caught by the gleam of a wide white hat, had turned toward the street, and he was somewhat fixedly watching Mr. Ladew extricate Ariel (and her aged and indignant escorts) from an overflow of the crowd in which they had been caught. But a voice warned him: the wild piping of a newsboy who had climbed into a tree near by.

"*Joe Louden!*" he screamed. "*Look out!*"

With a muffled roar the crowd surged back from the jail and turned toward the steps. "Tar and feather him!" "Take him over to the river and throw him in!" "Drown him!" "Hang him!"

Then a thing happened which was dramatic enough in its inception, but almost ludicrous in its effect. Joe walked quietly down the steps and toward the advancing mob, with his head cocked to one side, one eyebrow lifted, and one corner of his mouth drawn down in a faintly distorted smile.

He went straight toward the yelling forerunners, with only a small bundle of papers in his hands, and then—while the non-partisan spectators held their breath, expecting the shock of contact—straight on through them.

A number of the bulge-cheeked formed

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the scattering van of these forerunners, charging with hoarse and cruel shrieks of triumph. The first, apparently about to tear Joseph Louden to pieces, changed countenance at arm's length, swerved violently, and with the loud cry, *"Head him off!"* dashed on up the stone steps. The man next behind him followed his lead, with the same shout, strategy and haste; then the others of this advance attack, finding themselves confronting the quiet man, who kept his even pace and showed no intention of turning aside for them, turned suddenly aside for *him,* and, taking the cue from the first, pursued their way, bellowing, *"Head him off! Head him off!"* until there were a dozen and more rowdyish men and youths upon the steps, their eyes blazing with fury, menacing Louden's back with frightful gestures across the marble balustrade, as they hysterically bleated the chorus, *"Head him off!"*

Whether or not Joe could have walked through the entire mob as he had walked through these is a matter for speculation: it was believed in Canaan that he could. Already a gust of mirth began to sweep over the sterner spirits as they paused to marvel no less at the disconcerting advance of the lawyer than at the spectacle presented by the intrepid daredevils upon the steps; a kind of lane actually opening before the young man as he walked steadily on. And when Mr. Sheehan, leading half a dozen huge men from the Farbach brewery, unceremoniously shouldered a way through the mob to Joe's side, reaching him where the press was thickest, it is a question if the services of his detachment were needed.

The laughter increased. It became voluminous. Homeric salvos shook the air. And never one of the fire-eaters upon the steps lived long enough to live down the hateful cry of that day, *"Head him off!"* which was to become a catchword on the streets, a taunt more stinging than any devised by deliberate invention, an insult bitterer than the ancestral doubt, a fighting-word, and the great historical joke of Canaan, never omitted in after-days when the tale was told how Joe Louden took that short walk across the Court-house yard which made him Mayor of Canaan.

CHAPTER XXIV

MARTIN PIKE KEEPS AN ENGAGEMENT

AN hour later, Martin Pike, looking forth from the Mansion, saw a man open the gate, and, passing between the unemotional deer, rapidly approach the house. He was a thin young fellow, very well dressed in dark gray, his hair prematurely somewhat silvered, his face prematurely somewhat lined, and his hat covered a scar such as might have been caused by a blow from a blunt instrument in the nature of a poker.

He did not reach the door, nor was there necessity for him to ring, for, before he had set foot on the lowest step, the Judge had hastened to meet him. Not, however, with any fulsomely hospitable intent; his hand and arm were raised to execute one of his Olympian gestures, of the kind which had obliterated the young man upon a certain bygone morning.

Louden looked up calmly at the big figure towering above him.

"It won't do, Judge," he said; that was all, but there was a significance in his manner and a certainty in his voice which caused the uplifted hand to drop limply; while the look of apprehension which of late had grown more and more to be Martin Pike's habitual expression deepened into something close upon mortal anxiety.

"Have you any business to set foot upon my property?" he demanded.

"Yes," answered Joe. "That's why I came."

"What business have you got with me?"

"Enough to satisfy you, I think. But there's one thing I don't want to do"—Joe glanced at the open door—"and that is to talk about it here—for your own sake and because I think Miss Tabor should be present. I called to ask you to come to her house at eight o'clock to-night."

"You did!" Martin Pike spoke angrily, but not in the bull bass of yore; and he kept his voice down, glancing about him nervously as though he feared that his wife or Mamie might hear. "My accounts with her estate are closed," he said, harshly. "If she wants anything, let her come here."

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Joe shook his head. "No. You must be there at eight o'clock."

The Judge's choler got the better of his uneasiness. "You're a pretty one to come ordering me around!" he broke out. "You slanderer, do you suppose I haven't heard how you're going about traducing me, undermining my character in this community, spreading scandals that I am the real owner of Beaver Beach—"

"It can easily be proved, Judge," Joe interrupted, quietly, "though you're wrong: I haven't been telling people. I haven't needed to—even if I'd wished. Once a thing like that gets out you can't stop it—ever! That isn't all: to my knowledge you own other property worse than the Beach; I know that you own half of the worst dens in the town: profitable investments, too. You bought them very gradually and craftily, only showing the deeds to those in charge—as you did to Mike Sheehan—and not recording them. Sheehan's betrayal of you gave me the key; I know most of the poor creatures who are your tenants, too, you see, and that gave me an advantage because they have some confidence in me. My investigations have been almost as quiet and careful as your purchases."

"You damned blackmailer!" The Judge bent upon him a fierce, inquiring scrutiny in which, oddly enough, there was a kind of haggard hopefulness. "And out of such stories," he sneered, "you are going to try to make political capital against the *Tocsin*, are you?"

"No," said Joe. "It was necessary in the interests of my client for me to know pretty thoroughly just what property you own, and I think I do. These pieces I've mentioned are about all you have not mortgaged. You couldn't do that without exposure, and you've kept a controlling interest in the *Tocsin* clear, too—for the sake of its influence, I suppose. Now, do you want to hear any more, or will you agree to meet me at Miss Tabor's this evening?"

Whatever the look of hopefulness had signified, it fled from Pike's face during this speech, but he asked with some show of contempt, "Do you think it likely?"

"Very well," said Joe, "if you want me to speak here." And he came a little closer to him. "You bought a big block of Granger Gas for Roger Tabor," he began, in a low voice. "Before his death you sold everything he had, except the old house, put it all into cash for him, and bought that stock: you signed the check as his attorney-in-fact, and it came back to you through the Washington National, where Norbert Flitcroft handled it. He has a good memory, and when he told me what he knew, I had him do some tracing; did a little myself, also. Judge Pike, I must tell you that you stand in danger of the law. You were the custodian of that stock for Roger Tabor; it was transferred in blank; though I think you meant to be 'legal' at that time, and that was merely for convenience in case Roger had wished you to sell it for him. But just after his death you found yourself saddled with distillery stock, which was going bad on your hands. Other speculations of yours were failing at the same time; you had to have money—you filed your report as administrator, crediting Miss Tabor with your own stock which you knew was going to the wall, and transferred hers to yourself. Then you sold it because you needed ready money. You used her fortune to save yourself—but you were horribly afraid! No matter how rotten your transactions had been, you had always kept inside the law; and now that you had gone outside of it, you were frightened. You didn't dare come flat out to Miss Tabor with the statement that her fortune had gone; it had been in your charge all the time and things might look ugly. So you put it off, perhaps from day to day. You didn't dare tell her until you were forced to, and to avoid the confession you sent her the income which was rightfully hers. That was your great weakness."

Joe had spoken with great rapidity, though keeping his voice low, and he lowered it again as he continued: "Judge Pike, what chance have you to be believed in court when you swear that you sent her twenty thousand dollars out of the goodness of your heart? Do you think *she* believed you? It was the very proof to her that you had robbed her. For she knew you! Do you want to hear more now? Do you think this is a good place for it? Do you wish me to go over the details of each step I have taken

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against you, to land you at the bar where this poor fellow your paper is hounding stands to-day?"

The Judge essayed to answer, and could not. He lifted his hand uncertainly and dropped it, while a thick dew gathered on his temples. Inarticulate sounds came from between his teeth.

"You will come?" said Joe.

Martin Pike bent his head dazedly; and at that the other turned quickly from him and went away without looking back.

Ariel was in the studio, half an hour later, when Joe was announced by the smiling Mr. Warden. Ladew was with her, though upon the point of taking his leave, and Joe marked (with a sinking heart) that the young minister's cheeks were flushed and his eyes very bright.

"It was a magnificent thing you did, Mr. Louden," he said, offering his hand heartily; "I saw it, and it was even finer in one way than it was plucky. It somehow straightened things out with such perfect good nature; it made those people feel that what they were doing was ridiculous."

"So it was," said Joe.

"Few, under the circumstances, could have acted as if they thought so! And I hope you'll let me call upon you, Mr. Louden."

"I hope you will," he answered; and then, when the minister had departed, stood looking after him with sad eyes in which there dwelt obscure meditations. Ladew's word of farewell had covered a deep look at Ariel which was not to be mistaken by Joseph Louden for anything other than what it was: the clergyman's secret was an open one, and Joe saw that he was as frank and manly in love as in all other things. "He's a good fellow," he said at last, sighing. "A good man."

Ariel agreed. "And he said more to me than he did to you."

"Yes, I think it probable," Joe smiled, sorrowfully.

"About *you*, I mean." He had time to fear that her look admitted confusion before she proceeded: "He said he had never seen anything so fine as your coming down those steps. Ah, he was right! But it was harder for me to watch you, I think, than for you to do it, Joe. I was so horribly afraid—and the crowd between us—if we could have got near you—but we couldn't—we—"

She faltered, and pressed her hand close upon her eyes.

"We?" asked Joe, slowly. "You mean you and Mr. Ladew?"

"Yes, he was there; but I mean"—her voice ran into a little laugh with a beatific quaver in it—"I mean Colonel Flitcroft and Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Buckalew, too—we were hemmed in together when Mr. Ladew found us—and, oh, Joe, when that cowardly rush started toward you, those three—I've heard wonderful things in Paris and Naples, cabmen quarrelling and disappointed beggars—but never anything like them to-day—"

"You mean they were profane?"

"Oh, magnificently—and with such inventiveness! All three begged my pardon afterwards. I didn't grant it—I blessed them!"

"Did they beg Mr. Ladew's pardon?"

"Ah, Joe!" she reproached him. "He isn't a prig. And he's had to fight some things that you of all men ought to understand. He's only been here a few months, but he told me that Judge Pike has been against him from the start. It seems that Mr. Ladew is too liberal in his views. And he told me that if it were not for Judge Pike's losing influence in the church on account of the Beaver Beach story, the Judge would probably have been able to force him to resign; but now he will stay."

"He wishes to stay, doesn't he?"

"Very much, I think. And, Joe," she continued, thoughtfully, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to go to church with me next Sunday."

"To hear Mr. Ladew?"

"Yes. I wouldn't ask except for that."

"Very well," he consented, with averted eyes. "I'll go."

Her face was radiant with the smile she gave him. "It will make me very happy," she said.

He bent his head and fumbled over some papers he had taken from his pocket. "Will you listen to these memoranda? We have a great deal to go over before eight o'clock."

Judge Pike stood for a long while where Joe had left him, staring out at the street,

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apparently. Really he saw nothing. Undoubtedly an image of blurring foliage, cast-iron, cement, and turf, with sunshine smeared over all, flickered upon the retinas of his eyes; but the brain did not accept the picture from the optic nerve. Martin Pike was busy with other visions. Joe Louden had followed him back to his hidden deeds and had read them aloud to him as Gabriel would read them on Judgment-day. Perhaps *this* was the Judgment-day.

Pike had taken charge of Roger Tabor's affairs because the commissions as agent were not too inconsiderable to be neglected. To make the task simpler he had sold, as time went on, the various properties of the estate, gradually converting all of them into cash. Then, the opportunity offering, he bought a stock which paid excellent dividends, had it transferred in blank, because if it should prove to Roger's advantage to sell it, his agent could do so without any formal delays between Paris and Canaan. At least, that is what the Judge had told himself at the time, though it may be that some lurking whisperer in his soul had hinted that it might be well to preserve the great amount of cash in hand, and Roger's stock was practically that. Then came the evil days. Laboriously, he had built up a name for conservatism which most of the town accepted, but secretly he had always been a gambler: Wall Street was his goal; to adventure there, as one of the great single-eyed Cyclopean man-eaters, his fond ambition; and he had conceived the distillery trust as a means to attain it; but the structure tumbled about his ears; other edifices of his crumbled at the same time; he found himself beset, his solvency endangered, and there was the Tabor stock, quite as good as gold; Roger had just died, and it was enough to save him.—Save? That was a strange way to be remembering it to-day, when Fate grinned at him out of a dreadful mask contorted like the face of Norbert Flitcroft.

Martin Pike knew himself for a fool. What chance had he, though he destroyed the check a thousand times over, to escape the records by which the coil of modern trade duplicates and quadruplicates each slip of scribbled paper? What chance had he against the memories of men? Would the man of whom he had bought, forget that the check was signed by Roger's agent? Had the bank-clerk forgotten? Thrice fool, Martin Pike, to dream that in a town like Canaan, Norbert or any of his kind could touch an order for so great a sum and forget it! But Martin Pike had not dreamed that; had dreamed nothing. When failure confronted him his mind refused to consider anything but his vital need at the time, and he had supplied that need. And now he grew busy with the future: he saw first the civil suit for restitution, pressed with the ferocity and cunning of one who intended to satisfy a grudge of years; then, perhaps, a criminal prosecution. . . . But he would fight it! Did they think that such a man was to be overthrown by a breath of air? By a girl, a bank-clerk and a shyster lawyer? They would find their case difficult to prove in court. He did not believe they *could* prove it. They would be discredited for the attempt upon him and he would win clear.

He started suddenly and realized that his next-door neighbor had passed along the sidewalk with head averted, pretending not to see him. A few weeks ago the man would not have missed the chance of looking in to bow — with proper deference, too! Did he know? He could not know *this!* It must be the Beaver Beach scandal. It must be. It could not be *this*—not yet! But it *might* be. How many knew? Louden, Norbert, Ariel—who else? And again the deer took on the strange zebra look.

The Judge walked slowly down to the gate; spoke to the man he had employed in Sam Warden's place, a Scotchman who had begun to refresh the lawn with a garden hose; bowed affably in response to the salutation of the elder Louden, who was passing, bound homeward from the factory, and returned to the house with thoughtful steps. In the hall he encountered his wife; stopped to speak with her upon various household matters; then entered the library, which was his workroom. He locked the door; tried it, and shook the handle. After satisfying himself of its security, he pulled down the window-shades carefully, and, lighting a gas drop-lamp upon his desk, began to fumble with

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various documents, which he took from a small safe near by. But his hands were not steady; he dropped the papers, scattering them over the floor, and had great difficulty in picking them up. He perspired heavily: whatever he touched became damp, and he continually mopped his forehead with his sleeve. After a time he gave up the attempt to sort the packets of papers; sank into a chair despairingly, leaving most of them in disorder.

A light tap sounded on the door.

"Martin, it's supper-time."

With a great effort he made shift to answer: "Yes, I know. You and Mamie go ahead. I'm too busy to-night. I don't want anything."

A moment before, he had been a pitiful figure, face distraught, hands incoherent, the whole body incoordinate, but if eyes might have rested upon him as he answered his wife they would have seen a strange thing: he sat, apparently steady and collected, his expression cool, his body quiet, poised exactly to the quality of his reply, for the same strange reason that a young girl smiles archly and coquettes to a telephone:

"But, Martin, you oughtn't to work so hard. You'll break down—"

"No fear of that," he replied, cheerfully. "You can leave something on the sideboard for me."

After another fluttering remonstrance, she went away, and the room was silent again. His arms rested upon the desk, and his head slowly sank between his elbows. When he lifted it again, the clock on the mantelpiece had tinkled once. It was half-past seven. He took a sheet of note-paper from a box before him and began to write, but when he had finished the words, *"My dear wife and Mamie,"* his fingers shook so violently that he could go no farther. He placed his left hand over the back of his right to steady it, but found the device unavailing: the pen left mere zigzags on the page, and he dropped it.

He opened a lower drawer of the desk and took out of it a pistol; rose, went to the door, tried it once more, and again was satisfied of his seclusion. Then he took the weapon in both hands, the handle against his fingers, one thumb against the trigger, and, shaking with nausea, lifted it to the level of his eyes. His will betrayed him; he could not contract his thumb upon the trigger, and, with a convulsive shiver, he dropped the revolver upon the desk.

He locked the door of the room behind him, crept down the stairs and out of the front door. He walked shamblingly, when he reached the street, keeping close to the fences as he went on, now and then touching the pickets with his hand, like a feeble old man.

He had always been prompt; it was one of the things of which he had been proud: in all his life he had never failed to keep a business engagement precisely upon the appointed time, and the Courthouse bell clanged eight when Sam Warden opened the door for his old employer to-night.

The two young people looked up gravely from the script-laden table before them as Martin Pike came into the strong lamplight out of the dimness of the hall, where only a taper burned. He shambled a few limp steps into the room and came to a halt. Big as he was, his clothes hung upon him loosely, like coverlets upon a collapsed bed; and he seemed but a distorted image of himself, as if (save for the dull and reddened eyes) he had been made of yellowish wax and had been left too long in the sun. Abject, hopeless, his attitude a confession of ruin and shame, he stood before his judges in such wretchedness that, in comparison, the figure of Happy Fear, facing the court-room through his darkest hour, was one to be envied.

"Well," he said, brokenly, "what are you going to do?"

Joe Louden looked at him with great intentness for several moments. Then he rose and came forward. "Sit down, Judge," he said. "It's all right. Don't worry."

CHAPTER XXV

THE JURY COMES IN

MRS. FLITCROFT, at breakfast on the following morning, continued a disquisition which had ceased, the previous night, only because of a provoking human incapacity to exist without sleep. Her theme was one which had exclusively occupied her since the passing of Eskew, and, her rheumatism having improved so that she could leave her

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chair, she had become a sort of walking serial; Norbert and his grandfather being well assured that, whenever they left the house, the same story was to be continued upon their reappearance. The *Tocsin* had been her great comfort: she was but one helpless woman against two strong men; therefore she sorely needed assistance in her attack upon them, and the invaluable newspaper gave it in generous measure.

"Yes, young man," she said, as she lifted her first spoonful of oatmeal, "you *better* read the *Tocsin!*"

"I *am* reading it," responded Norbert, who was almost concealed by the paper.

"And your grandfather better read it!" she continued, severely.

"I already have," said the Colonel, promptly. "Have you?"

"No, but you can be sure I will!" The good lady gave the effect of tossing her head. "And you better take what it says to heart, you and some others. It's a wonder to me that you and Buckalew and old Peter don't go and hold that Happy Fear's hand durin' the trial! And as for Joe Louden, his stepmother's own sister, Jane, says to me only yesterday afternoon, 'Why, law! Mrs. Flitcroft,' she says, 'it's a wonder to me,' she says, 'that your husband and those two other old fools don't lay down in the gutter and let that Joe Louden walk over 'em.'"

"Did Jane Quinby say 'those two other old fools'?" inquired the Colonel, in a manner which indicated that he might see Mr. Quinby in regard to the slander.

"I can't say as I remember just precisely her exact words," admitted Mrs. Flitcroft, "but that was the sense of 'em! You've made yourselves the laughin'-stock of the whole town!"

"Oh, we have?"

"And I'd like to know"—her voice became shrill and goading—"I'd like to know what Judge Pike thinks of you and Norbert! I should think you'd be ashamed to have him pass you in the street."

"I've quit speaking to him," said Norbert, coldly, "ever since I heard he owned Beaver Beach."

"That story ain't proved yet!" returned his grandmother with much irascibility.

"Well, it will be; but that's not all." Norbert wagged his head. "You may be a little surprised within the next few days."

"I've been surprised for the *past* few!" she replied, with a bitterness which overrode her satisfaction in the effectiveness of the retort. "Surprised! I'd like to know who wouldn't be surprised when half the town acts like it's gone crazy. People *praisin'* that fellow, that nobody in their sober minds and senses never in their lives had a good word for before! Why, there was more talk yesterday about his doin's at the Court-house—you'd of thought he was Phil Sheridan! It's 'Joe Louden' here and 'Joe Louden' there, and 'Joe Louden' this and 'Joe Louden' that, till I'm sick of the name!"

"Then why don't you quit saying it?" asked the Colonel, reasonably.

"Because it'd *ought* to be said!" she exclaimed, with great heat. "Because he'd ought to be held up to the community to be despised. You let me have that paper a minute," she pursued, vehemently; "you just let me have the *Tocsin* and I'll read you out some things about him that'll show him in his true light!"

"All right," said Norbert, suddenly handing her the paper. "Go ahead."

And after the exchange of a single glance the two gentlemen composed themselves to listen.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Flitcroft. "Here it is in head-lines on the first page. 'Defence Scores Again and Again. Ridiculous Behavior of a Would-Be Mob. Louden's—'" She paused, removed her spectacles, examined them dubiously, restored them to place, and continued: "'Louden's Masterly Conduct and Well-Deserved—'" she paused again, incredulous—"'Well-Deserved Triumph—'"

"Go on," said the Colonel, softly.

"Indeed I will!" the old lady replied. "Do you think I don't know sarcasm when I see it? Ha, ha!" She laughed with great heartiness. "I reckon I *will* go on. You listen and try to *learn* something from it!" She resumed the reading:

"'It is generally admitted that after yesterday's sitting of the court, the prosecution in the Fear-Cory murder trial has not a leg to stand on. Louden's fight for his client has been, it must be confessed, of a most splendid and talented

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order, and the bottom has fallen out of the case for the State, while a verdict of Not Guilty, it is now conceded, is the general wish of those who have attended and followed the trial. But the most interesting event of the day took place after the session, when some miscreants undertook to mob the attorney for the defence in the Court-house yard. He met the attack with a coolness and nerve which have won him a popularity that—'" Mrs. Flitcroft again faltered.

"Go on," repeated the Colonel. "There's a great deal more."

"Look at the editorials," suggested Norbert. "There's one on the same subject."

Mrs. Flitcroft, her theory of the *Tocsin's* sarcasm somewhat shaken, turned the page. "We Confess a Mistake" was the rubric above the leader, and she uttered a cry of triumph, for she thought the mistake was what she had just been reading, and that the editorial would apologize for the incomprehensible journalistic error upon the first page. "'The best of us make mistakes, and it is well to have a change of heart sometimes.'" (Thus Eugene's successor had written, and so Mrs. Flitcroft read.) "'An open confession is good for the soul. The *Tocsin* has changed its mind in regard to certain matters, and means to say so freely and frankly. After yesterday's events in connection with the murder trial before our public, the evidence being now all presented, for we understand that neither side has more to offer, it is generally conceded that all good citizens are hopeful of a verdict of acquittal; and the *Tocsin* is a good citizen. No good citizens would willingly see an innocent man punished, and that our city is not to be disgraced by such a miscarriage of justice is due to the efforts of the attorney for the defendant, who has gained credit not only by his masterly management of this case, but by his splendid conduct in the face of danger yesterday afternoon. He has distinguished himself so greatly that we frankly assert that our citizens may point with pride to—'" Mrs. Flitcroft's voice, at the beginning pitched to a high exultation, had gradually lowered in key and dropped down the scale till it disappeared altogether.

"It's a wonder to me," the Colonel began, "that the *Tocsin* doesn't go and hold Joe Louden's hand."

"I'll read the rest of it for you," said Norbert, his heavy face lighting up with cruelty. "Let's see—where were you? Oh yes—'point with pride'? 'Our citizens may point with pride to . . .'"

Let us not linger to observe the unmanly behavior of an aged man and his grandson left alone at the breakfast-table by a defenceless woman.

The *Tocsin's* right-about-face undermined others besides Mrs. Flitcroft that morning, and rejoiced greater (though not better) men than the Colonel. Mr. Farbach and his lieutenants smiled, yet stared amazed, wondering what had happened. That was a thing which only three people ever certainly knew; yet it was very simple.

The *Tocsin* was part of the Judge's restitution.

"The controlling interest in the paper, together with the other property I have listed," Joe had said, studying his memoranda under the lamp in Roger's old studio, while Martin Pike listened with his head in his hands, "make up what Miss Tabor is willing to accept. As I estimate it, their total value is between a third and a half of that of the stock which belonged to her."

"But this boy—this Flitcroft," said Pike, feebly; "he might—"

"He will do nothing," interrupted Joe. "The case is 'settled out of court,' and even if he were disposed to harass you, he could hardly hope to succeed, since Miss Tabor declines either to sue or to prosecute."

The Judge winced at the last word. "Yes—yes, I know; but he might—he might—tell."

"I think Miss Tabor's influence will prevent. If it should not,—well, you're not in a desperate case by any means; you're involved, but far from stripped; in time you may be as sound as ever. And if Norbert tells, there's nothing for you to do but to live it down." A faint smile played upon Joe's lips as he lifted his head and looked at the other. "It can be done, I think."

It was then that Ariel, complaining of the warmth of the evening, thought it possible that Joe might find her fan upon

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the porch, and as he departed, whispered hurriedly: "Judge Pike, I'm not technically in control of the *Tocsin*, but haven't I the right to control its policy?"

"I understand," he muttered. "You mean about Louden—about this trial—"

"That is why I have taken the paper."

"You want all that changed, you mean?"

She nodded decisively. "From this instant. Before morning."

"Oh, well, I'll go down there and give the word." He rubbed his eyes wearily with big thumbs. "I'm through fighting. I'm done. Besides, what's the use? There's nothing more to fight."

"Now, Judge," Joe said, as he came in briskly, "we'll go over the list of that unencumbered property, if you will."

This unencumbered property consisted of Beaver Beach and those other belongings of the Judge which he had not dared to mortgage. Joe had somehow explained their nature to Ariel, and these with the *Tocsin* she had elected to accept in restitution.

"You told me once that I ought to look after my own property, and now I will. Don't you see?" she cried to Joe, eagerly. "It's my work!" She resolutely set aside every other proposition; and this was the quality of mercy which Martin Pike found that night.

There was a great crowd to hear Joe's summing up at the trial, and those who succeeded in getting into the court-room declared that it was worth the struggle. He did not orate, he did not "thunder at the jury," nor did he slyly flatter them; he did not overdo the confidential, nor seem so secure of understanding beforehand what their verdict would be that they felt an instinctive desire to fool him. He talked colloquially but clearly, without appeal to the pathetic and without garnitures, not mentioning sunsets, birds, oceans, homes, the glorious old State, or the happiness of liberty; but he made everybody in the room quite sure that Happy Fear had fired the shot which killed Cory to save his own life. And that, as Mr. Bradbury remarked to the Colonel, was "what Joe was *there* for!"

Ariel's escort was increased to four that day; Mr. Ladew sat beside her, and there were times when Joe kept his mind entirely to the work in hand only by an effort, but he always succeeded. The sight of the pale and worshipping face of Happy Fear from the corner of his eye was enough to insure that. And people who could not get near the doors, asking those who could, "What's he doin' now?" were answered by variations of the one formula, "Oh, jest walkin' away with it!"

Once the court-room was disturbed and set in an uproar which even the Judge's customary threat failed to subdue. Joe had been talking very rapidly, and having turned the point he was making with perfect dexterity, the jury listening eagerly, stopped for a moment to take a swallow of water. A voice rose over the low hum of the crowd in a delirious chuckle: "Why don't somebody *'head him off!'*" The room instantly rocked with laughter, under cover of which the identity of the sacrilegious chuckler was not discovered, but the voice was the voice of Buckalew, who was incredibly surprised to find that he had spoken aloud.

The jury were "out," after the case had been given to them, seventeen minutes and thirty seconds by the watch Claudine held in her hand. The little man, whose fate was now on the knees of the gods, looked pathetically at the foreman and then at the face of his lawyer and began to shake violently, but not with fright. He had gone to the jail on Joe's word, as a good dog goes where his master bids, trustfully; and yet Happy had not been able to keep his mind from considering the horrible chances. "Don't worry," Joe had said. "It's all right. I'll see you through." And he had kept his word.

The little man was cleared.

It took Happy a long time to get through what he had to say to his attorney in the anteroom, and even then, of course, he did not manage to put it in words, for he had "broken down" with sheer gratitude. "Why, damn *me*, Joe," he sobbed, "if ever I—if ever you—well, by God! if you ever—" This was the substance of his lingual accomplishment under the circumstances. But Claudine threw her arms around Joe's neck and kissed him.

Many people were waiting to shake hands with Joe and congratulate him.

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"YOU WANT ALL THAT CHANGED, YOU MEAN?"

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The trio, taking advantage of seats near the rail, had already done that (somewhat uproariously) before he had followed Happy, and so had Ariel and Ladew, both, necessarily, rather hurriedly. But in the corridors, he found, when he came out of the anteroom, clients, acquaintances, friends: old friends, new friends, and friends he had never seen before—everybody beaming upon him and wringing his hand, as if they had been sure of it all from the start.

"*Know* him?" said one to another. "Why, I've knowed him sence he was that high! *Smart* little feller he was, too!" This was a total stranger.

"I said, years ago"—thus Mr. Brown, the National House clerk, proving his prophetic vision—"that he'd turn out to be a big man some day."

They gathered round him if he stopped for an instant, and crowded after him admiringly when he went on again, making his progress slow. When he finally came out of the big doors into the sunshine, there were as many people in the yard as there had been when he stood in the same place and watched the mob rushing his client's guards. But to-day their temper was different, and as he paused a moment, looking down on the upturned, laughing faces, with a hundred jocular and congratulatory salutations shouted up at him, somebody started a cheer, and it was taken up with thunderous good-will.

There followed the interrogation customary in such emergencies, and the anxious inquirer was informed by four or five hundred people simultaneously that Joe Louden was all right.

"*Head him off!*" bellowed Mike Sheehan, suddenly darting up the steps. The shout increased, and with good reason, for Joe stepped quickly back within the doors; and, retreating through the building, made good his escape by a basement door. He struck off into a long détour, but though he managed to evade the crowd, he had to stop and shake hands with every third person he met. As he came out upon Main Street again, he encountered his father.

"Howdy do, Joe?" said this laconic person, and offered his hand. They shook, briefly. "Well," he continued, rubbing his beard, "how are ye?"

"All right, father, I think."

"Satisfied with the verdict?"

"I'd be pretty hard to please if I weren't," Joe laughed.

Mr. Louden rubbed his beard again. "I was there," he said, without emotion.

"At the trial, you mean?"

"Yes." He offered his hand once more, and again they shook. "Well, come around and see us," he said.

"Thank you. I will."

"Well," said Mr. Louden, "good day, Joe."

"Good day, father."

The young man stood looking after him with a curious smile. Then he gave a slight start. Far up the street he saw two figures, one a lady's, in white, with a wide white hat; the other a man's, wearing recognizably clerical black. They seemed to be walking very slowly.

It had been a day of triumph for Joe; but in all his life he never slept worse than he did that night.

CHAPTER XXVI

"ANCIENT OF DAYS"

HE woke to the chiming of bells, and, as his eyes slowly opened, the sorrowful people of a dream, who seemed to be bending over him, weeping, swam back into the darkness of the night whence they had come, and returned to the imperceptible, leaving their shadows in his heart. Slowly he rose, stumbled into the outer room, and released the fluttering shade; but the sunshine, springing like a golden lover through the open window, only dazzled him, and found no answering gladness to greet it, nor joy in the royal day it heralded.

And yet, to the newly cleaned boys on their way to midsummer morning Sunday-school, the breath of that cool August day was as sweet as stolen apples. No doubt the stir of far, green thickets and the twinkle of silver-slippered creeks shimmered in the longing vision of their minds' eyes; even so, they were merry. But Joseph Louden, sighing as he descended his narrow stairs, with the bitterness still upon his lips of the frightful coffee he had made, heard the echo of their laughter with wonder.

It would be an hour at least before

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time to start to church, when Ariel expected him; he stared absently up the street, then down, and, after that, began slowly to walk in the latter direction, with no very active consciousness, or care, of where he went. He had fallen into a profound reverie, so deep that when he had crossed the bridge and turned into a dusty road which ran along the river bank, he stopped mechanically beside the trunk of a fallen sycamore, and, lifting his head, for the first time since he had set out, looked about him with a melancholy perplexity, a little surprised to find himself there.

For this was the spot where he had first seen the new Ariel, and on that fallen sycamore they had sat together. "*Remember, across Main Street bridge at noon!*" And Joe's cheeks burned, as he recalled why he had not understood the clear voice that had haunted him. But that shame had fallen from him; she had changed all that, as she had changed so many things. He sank down in the long grass, with his back against the log, and stared out over the fields of tall corn, shaking in a steady wind all the way to the horizon.

"Changed so many things?" he said, half aloud. "Everything!" Ah yes, she had changed the whole world for Joseph Louden—at his first sight of her! And now it seemed to him that he was to lose her, but not in the way he had thought.

Almost from the very first, he had the feeling that nothing so beautiful as that she should stay in Canaan could happen to him. He was sure that she was but for the little while, that her coming was like the flying petals of which he had told her.

He had lain upon the earth: and she had lifted him up. For a moment he had felt the beatific wings enfolding him with gentle protection, and then saw them lifted to bear the angel beyond his sight. For it was incredible that the gods so loved Joe Louden that they would make greater gifts to him than this little time with her which they had granted him.

"Changed so many things?"

The bars that had been between him and half of his world were down, shattered, nevermore to be replaced; and the ban of Canaan was lifted. Could this have been, save for her? And upon that thought he got to his feet, uttering an exclamation of bitter self-reproach, asking himself angrily what he was doing. He knew how much she gave him, what full measure of her affection: Was not that enough?—Out upon you, Louden! Are you to sulk in your tent, dour in the gloom, or to play a man's part, and if she be happy, turn a cheery face upon her joy?

And thus this pilgrim recrossed the bridge, emerging to the street with his head up, smiling, and his shoulders thrown back so that none might see the burden he carried.

Ariel was waiting on the porch for him. She wore the same dress she had worn that Sunday of their tryst; that exquisite dress, with the faint lavender overtint, like the tender colors of the beautiful day he made his own. She had not worn it since, and he was far distant when he caught the first flickering glimpse of her through the lower branches of the maples, but he remembered. . . . And again, as on that day, he heard a far-away, ineffable music, the Elf-land horns, sounding the mysterious reveille which had wakened his soul to her coming.

She came to the gate to meet him, and gave him her hand in greeting, without a word—or the need of one—from either. Then together they set forth over the sun-flecked pavement, the maples swishing above them, heavier branches crooning in the strong breeze, under a sky like a Della Robbia background. And up against the glorious blue of it, some laughing, invisible god was blowing small, rounded clouds of pure cotton, as children blow thistle-down.

When he opened her parasol, as they came out into the broad sunshine beyond Upper Main Street, there was the faintest mingling of wild roses and cinnamon loosed on the air.

"Joe," she said, "I'm very happy!"

"That's right," he returned, heartily. "I think you always will be."

"But, oh! I wish," she went on, "that Mr. Arp could have lived to see you come down the Court-house steps."

"God bless him!" said Joe. "I can hear the 'argument'!"

"Those dear old men have been so loyal to you, Joe."

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MANY FACES TURNED TOWARD JOE

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"No," he returned; "loyal to Eskew."

"To you both," she said. "I'm afraid the old circle is broken up; they haven't met on the National House corner since he died. The Colonel told me he couldn't bear to go there again."

"I don't believe any of them ever will," he returned. "And yet I never pass the place that I don't see Eskew in his old chair. I went there last night to commune with him. I couldn't sleep, and I got up, and went over there; they'd left the chairs out; the town was asleep, and it was beautiful moonlight—"

"To commune with him? What about?"

"You."

"Why?" she asked, plainly mystified.

"I stood in need of good counsel," he answered, cheerfully, "or a friendly word, perhaps, and—as I sat there—after a while it came."

"What was it?"

"To forget that I was sodden with selfishness: to pretend not to be as full of meanness as I really was! Doesn't that seem to be Eskew's own voice?"

"Weren't you happy last night, Joe?"

"Oh, it was all right," he said, quickly. "Don't you worry."

And at this old speech of his she broke into a little laugh of which he had no comprehension.

"Mamie came to see me early this morning," she said, after they had walked on in silence for a time. "Everything is all right with her again; that is, I think it will be. Eugene is coming home. And," she added, thoughtfully, "it will be best for him to have his old place on the *Tocsin* again. She showed me his letter, and I liked it. I think he's been through the fire—"

Joe's distorted smile appeared. "And has come out gold?" he asked.

"No," she laughed; "but nearer it! And I think he'll try to be more worth her caring for. She has always thought that his leaving the *Tocsin* in the way he did was heroic. That was her word for it. And it *was* the finest thing he ever did."

"I can't figure Eugene out." Joe shook his head. "There's something behind his going away that I don't understand." This was altogether the truth; nor was there ever to come a time when either he or Mamie would understand what things had determined the departure of Eugene Bantry; though Mamie never questioned, as Joe did, the reasons for it, or doubted those Eugene had given her, which were the same he had given her father. For she was content with his return.

Again the bells across the Square rang out their chime. The paths were decorously enlivened with family and neighborhood groups, bound churchwards; and the rumble of the organ, playing the people into their pews, shook on the air. And Joe knew that he must speak quickly, if he was to say what he had planned to say, before he and Ariel went into the church.

"Ariel?" He tried to compel his voice to a casual cheerfulness, but it would do nothing for him, except betray a desperate embarrassment.

She looked at him quickly, and as quickly away. "Yes?"

"I wanted to say something to you, and I'd better do it now, I think—before I go to church for the first time in two years!" He managed to laugh, though with some ruefulness, and continued stammeringly: "I want to tell you how much I like him—how much I admire him—"

"Admire whom?" she asked, a little coldly, for she knew.

"Mr. Ladew."

"So do I," she answered, looking straight ahead. "That is one reason why I wanted you to come with me to-day."

"It isn't only that. I want to tell you—to tell you—" He broke off for a second. "You remember that night in my office before Fear came in?"

"Yes; I remember."

"And that I—that something I said troubled you because it—it sounded as if I cared too much for you—"

"No; not too much." She still looked straight ahead. They were walking very slowly. "You didn't understand. You'd been in my mind, you see, all those years, so much more than I in yours. I hadn't forgotten *you*. But to you I was really a stranger—"

"No, no!" he cried.

"Yes, I was," she said, gently but very quickly. "And I—I didn't want you to

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fall in love with me at first sight. And yet—perhaps I did! But I hadn't thought of things in that way. I had just the same feeling for you that I always had—always! I had never cared so much for any one else, and it seemed to me the most necessary thing in my life to come back to that old companionship.—Don't you remember—it used to trouble you so when I would take your hand? I think I loved your being a little rough with me. And once, when I saw how you had been hurt, that day you ran away—"

"Ariel!" he gasped, helplessly.

"Have you forgotten?"

He gathered himself together with all his will. "I want to prove to you," he said, resolutely, "that the dear kindness of you isn't thrown away on me; I want you to know what I began to say: that it's all right with me; and I think Ladew—" He stopped again. "Ah! I've seen how much he cares for you—"

"Have you?"

"Ariel," he said, "that isn't fair to me, if you trust me. You could not have helped seeing—"

"But I have not seen it," she interrupted, with great calmness. After having said this, she finished truthfully: "If he did, I would never let him tell me. I like him too much."

"You mean you're not going to—"

Suddenly she turned to him. "*No!*" she said, with a depth of anger he had not heard in her voice since that long-ago winter day when she struck Eugene Bantry with her clenched fist. She swept over him a blinding look of reproach. "How could I?"

And there, upon the steps of the church, in the sudden, dazzling vision of her love, fell the burden of him who had made his sorrowful pilgrimage across Main Street bridge that morning.

A manifold rustling followed them as they went down the aisle, and the sibilance of many whisperings; but Joe was not conscious of that, as he took his place in Ariel's pew beside her. For him there was only the presence of divinity; the church was filled with it.

They rose to sing:

"Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blest the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day."

And then, as they knelt to pray, there were the white heads of the three old friends of Eskew Arp; and beyond was the silver hair of Martin Pike, who knelt beside his daughter. Joe felt that people should be very kind to the Judge.

The sun, so eager without, came temperately through the windows, where stood angels and saints in gentle colors, and the face of the young minister in this quiet light was like the faces in the windows. . . .

"Not only to confront your enemies," he said; "that is not enough; nor is it that I would have you bluster at them, nor take arms against them; you will not have to do that if, when they come at you, you do not turn one inch aside, but with an assured heart, with good nature, not noisily, and with steadfastness, you keep on your way. If you can do that, I say that they will turn aside for you, and you shall walk straight through them, and only laughter be left of their anger!"

There was a stir among the people, and many faces turned toward Joe. Two years ago he had sat in the same church, when his character and actions had furnished the underlying theme of a sermon, and he had recognized himself without difficulty: to-day he had not the shadow of a dream that the same thing was happening. He thought the people were turning to look at Ariel, and he was very far from wondering at that.

She saw that he did not understand; she was glad to have it so. She had taken off her gloves, and he was holding them lightly and reverently in his hands, looking down upon them, his thin cheeks a little flushed. And at that, and not knowing the glory that was in his soul, something forlorn in his careful tenderness toward her gloves so touched her that she felt the tears coming to her eyes with a sudden rush. And to prevent them,

"Not the empty gloves, Joe," she whispered.

THE END.

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The Linguistic Authority of Great Writers

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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THE authoritative syntax of any tongue is based upon the practice of its best writers. In the case of foreign languages, especially the classical, we all assent unhesitatingly to this proposition. In them the grammarian has been taught to know his place. Take, for example, Latin. If a word or construction occurs in Cicero, the question of its propriety is settled at once. No one thinks of disputing the authority of so great a master of the speech.

The same principle applies to English. It follows therefore that when we find an expression of any sort employed by a writer of the first rank, the assumption must always be that this particular expression is proper. The burden of proof invariably falls upon him who maintains the contrary. Other things being equal, the chances are immensely in favor of the great author being right in his practice and of his critic being wrong in his censure. For while the great author is liable to commit error, he is far less liable to commit it than he who undertakes the office of corrector. It is idle to suppose that a man who has attained the highest eminence in literature will not, in the vast majority of instances, have been particular as to the proper treatment of the material with which he has been dealing. If the critic be solicitous in the matter of language, it is reasonable to believe that he whose success depends upon his use of it has paid more than ordinary attention to the minor morals of his profession. If he employs locutions which his censor condemns, it is a natural inference in consequence that he has employed them designedly. This involves the further inference that his knowledge of good usage is better than that of his critic.

Against this view it may be said that there are many authors, and even authors of highest repute, who have little solicitude about expression in itself. They clothe their thoughts in the words that come first to the pen. It is enough for them if the reader understands or feels what they have sought to say. Why should they not as a consequence be guilty of frequent errors? There need be no denial that there is a certain degree of justice in the implication which this question is intended to convey. Still there is far less of it than would be supposed at first thought. The answer to it indeed brings out sharply a point in discussions of this sort which is almost invariably ignored.

There is another and a higher way than scrupulous care in which the great author is kept from wrong-doing. He has been born, so to speak, in the purple. As compared with other men he starts out with an immense handicap in his favor. He is saved from an infinity of errors by that fine sense of expression which belongs to him by the right of genius. Furthermore, he has from his earliest years ordinarily lived and moved in the society of the best and greatest of his profession. By his lifelong familiarity with their writings he has developed the delicate taste, the keen sensitiveness to what is right or wrong in usage, that holds the place in literature which conscience does in morals. It has furnished him, without his being aware of it, with a standard of literary behavior. He can therefore afford to disregard and usually to despise the rhetorical guide-books which more or less ignorantly set out to show him what to follow and what to avoid.

This is the salvation of those great authors who do not consciously make a

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study of style beyond the simple desire to say clearly and effectively what they mean. They follow the right path because it is the only path they know. They do not seek for rules because they do not need them. It is with them as with a highly cultivated man who has been brought up from his earliest years in the most refined and polished society. Such a one does not acquire his good breeding by studying books of etiquette. His manners come from the unconscious adoption by himself of the manners of the class to which he belongs and with which he has mainly associated. He acts properly because he has never known what it is to act otherwise. His own behavior is in truth the standard upon which the rules contained in books of etiquette are founded, if they possess any value or authority at all.

It is accordingly the consciousness of their position which explains the attitude generally taken towards most verbal criticism by authors of the highest grade. They may not be able to analyze the expressions they use or defend them by convincing arguments. It is sufficient for their purposes that they are following the practice of the great writers before them and contemporary with them. Naturally the opinion of grammarians and purists does not affect them profoundly. They are satisfied that a reason for their course exists, though they may not have charged themselves with the labor of ascertaining it. Scott, for illustration, is constantly spoken of as a very careless writer. His productions have been a favorite hunting-ground for verbal critics. Why has he been selected for special censure? Simply because he disregarded a number of rules which men infinitely inferior to himself have set up as tests for correctness of speech. Scott was indeed a very rapid writer, and his style at times exhibits the inaccuracy and slovenliness which arise from haste. Such he would have admitted to be the case, and in fact did admit and correct when these objectionable features were pointed out. But in the great majority of cases the faults with which he has been charged would not have been deemed by him faults at all. Had his attention been called to them, he would not have made the slightest alteration.

On this very point he has not left us in doubt. Not even his regard for his son-in-law was sufficient to induce him to disguise his contempt for his son-in-law's linguistic criticism. There is a significant entry in his diary which bears upon this subject, under the date of April 22, 1826. "J. G. L. points out," he writes, "some solecisms in my style, as *amid* for *amidst*, *scarce* for *scarcely*. *Whose*, he says, is the proper genitive of *which* only at such times as *which* retains its quality of impersonification. Well! I will try to remember all this, but after all I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. . . . I believe the Bailiff in the *Good-natured Man* is not far wrong when he says, 'One man has one way of expressing himself, and another another, and that is all the difference between them.'"

The passage just quoted is interesting for two reasons. It exhibits in the first place the different attitude towards expression assumed by the man who approaches speech from the side of literature and the man who approaches it from the side of what he deems grammar. The one feels himself the master of language; the other regards himself as its slave. But the passage conveys a much more useful lesson as to the distinction prevailing between the two. That is, the superiority of the most careless man of genius to the most careful man of talent in the very matter in which the latter arrogates to himself special proficiency. Few verbal critics will venture to claim for themselves the knowledge and skill possessed by Lockhart. He was himself a writer of no mean ability. He was at the head of one of the two critical organs of the day which exerted the widest influence. He considered himself a good deal of an authority upon propriety of speech. He assuredly had a better right to think so than most of those who aspire to that somewhat dubious dignity. Yet in his hands verbal criticism was as valueless as in those of nearly all who devote themselves to that occupation.

The point to be made emphatic here is that Scott in his usage was entirely right and Lockhart in his censure of it was entirely wrong. His so-called corrections

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display nothing more than his own narrow limitations of knowledge and taste. Scott's hardly disguised contempt for them discloses the real feelings of the great writer towards the pedantic but ignorant purism which, according to its own account, is animated by a lofty solicitude to preserve the language from corruption. With his intimate acquaintance with literature he could hardly have helped observing that the adverbial form *scarce* had been far more common in the best usage of the past than *scarcely*, and was certainly as much so in the best usage of his own time. Nor could he have doubted that both *amid* and *amidst* were open to him to choose from at pleasure, guided only by that fine sense of propriety which genius imparts, enabling its possessor to decide in any given instance which word would be the more appropriate. He may not have been aware that *whose* was etymologically the genitive of the neuter interrogative pronoun as well as of the masculine; nor that when this interrogative became also a relative, the corresponding usage of its genitive form was naturally transferred to that particular pronoun which ordinarily limited itself to an antecedent denoting an inanimate object. Scott was probably ignorant of the history of *whose*. He could not have failed, however, to be in possession of the far more important knowledge that it had been employed as a relative to antecedents denoting things without life by every author in our literature who is entitled to be called an authority.

The general statement cannot be successfully contravened that no rules of verbal criticism are worthy of consideration unless they are supported by the concurrent usage of the best writers. But at this very point arises the necessity of a still further caution. It is the practice of the great author that is to be heeded; frequently but by no means invariably his precepts. For reaching a correct decision upon doubtful questions of usage he may be no better qualified than hundreds of men inferior to him in the art in which he excels. Especially will this be the case when the point in dispute does not depend upon taste, in which he is likely to surpass any one of those holding adverse opinions, but upon the results of linguistic study. There are matters in regard to which no height of genius can supply the place of a little accurate knowledge. When a great writer steps forth to enlighten us upon a question of language, for the proper consideration of which an historical investigation is essential, he has gone out of the province where he is a recognized authority and placed himself in a situation in which in nine cases out of ten his words will not carry and ought not to carry so much weight as do those of the dullest specialist who has made a study of the origin and history of the form or construction under discussion. In entering into any such novel sphere he is subject to all the infirmities of his fellow men. Like them he has his pet aversions. Though he may be in little danger of committing positive error in his own practice, he may be led like them into the negative error of rejecting some word or expression which is perfectly legitimate. In thus doing he necessarily impairs his own authority; especially so when he aggressively sets up his individual condemnation of the usages of men as great as himself, if not greater.

To the student of English speech there is indeed nothing at times more entertaining, or at other times more afflicting, than the statements of eminent authors upon the etymology of words, and the superstructure of fictitious inference they build upon the treacherous foundations they have chosen. To many will occur Carlyle's derivation of *king* from *can*, therefore "Can-ning, or man that was able," and the significance he imparted to the title as a consequence of his adoption of this mythical origin of the word. In usage, however, there is comparatively little of this dogmatic but unfounded assertion on the part of great writers. Still it occurs; and when it does, the authority which its utterer has gained in other fields naturally imposes upon his fellow men in this. Such a result is sure to happen when he is recognized as being a careful student of expression, and for that reason entitled to have what he says treated with respect. How many men, for illustration, have been and still are affected by Macaulay's denunciation of Croker as being guilty of "the low vulgarism of *mutual friend*."

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Here again we have a phrase which has never been made the subject of an exhaustive investigation. The results furnished by a very incomplete examination show what difficulties lie in the way of reaching positive conclusions. A use of *mutual* in the sense of "common," which can be found in Shakespeare, Addison, and Pope, to say nothing of others, can hardly be termed low. Nor does "vulgarism" properly designate a locution, such as "mutual friend," which has been employed by scores of reputable writers, including, for instance, names so eminent as Burke, Walter Scott, Byron, and Browning. Since also it has been taken as the title of a work of fiction by one of the greatest and most popular of English novelists, there is little likelihood of its losing speedily its vitality in current speech. All this goes to show that much remains to be said about the locution which has never been said. As long as its propriety remains unsettled, it is well for the peace of mind of the writer who is sensitive to criticism to refrain from employing it. But it is equally advisable for him to refrain from proclaiming the employment of it by others as something unpardonable.

He, however, stands out conspicuously among his fellow men who has not some particular word or expression against which he cherishes a special aversion. Some of us, more richly endowed with prejudices, hold not merely one but several locutions in highest reprobation. In manifesting feelings of this sort we please ourselves with the belief that we are making a personal contribution of our own towards preserving the language from corruption. This might be true, were our views invariably well founded. It is an unfortunate fact, however, that the zeal of those who take the speech under their care is rarely according to knowledge. It is not, for instance, an unexampled thing to find a man censuring a perfectly legitimate use of a word and almost in the same breath proceeding to employ the same word illegitimately.

Take, for illustration, the adverbial use of *some* in the sense of "about," seen in such an expression as "some ten years," and in countless similar ones. This usage goes back to the earliest period of the language. It is not merely colloquial; it is literary. It is safe to say—and any one can verify the assertion for himself—that there is not a classic author in our speech who has not employed it, and in many instances employed it frequently. Yet a usage which is supported by the authority of the best writers from the tenth to the twentieth century has often been stigmatized as improper by men who seem unaware that in so doing they are simply proclaiming their ignorance of good usage. On the other hand the employment of *some* in the sense of "somewhat"—in expressions like, "He is some better," "I studied it some"—is widely current in this country. Apparently it meets with little notice or reprobation. It is a characteristic of the dialect of Scotland, from which it probably came to us; for it is unknown, I think, in England.

The objection to the employment of *some* in the sense of "somewhat" does not arise from any sacredness in the word itself, or in the desirability of confining its meaning to a particular sense. It rests upon the one simple fact that such employment of it has not the slightest sanction from good usage. To make a general denial always involves a certain risk. Yet one may venture to say that not a single example of the use of *some* in the sense of "somewhat" can be found in the writings of an author of the first or even of the second class, when he is speaking in his own person. Certainly if such instances exist, they are excessively rare. The objection to it is therefore the same kind, though different in degree, as that which exists to the adverbial form *illy*. This has some slight authority in its favor. It can be found—rarely, to be sure, but still it can be found—in the writings of Fielding, Southey, Washington Irving, and very likely of several others of equal repute. The point to be insisted upon here is that the word is not in itself reprehensible. It is as bad, we are told, as it would be to say *welly* for "well." This is undeniably true; but *welly* strikes us as ridiculous, not to say grotesquely offensive, for no other reason than that it is absolutely unknown. The objection to *illy* is not really an etymological one, nor even that it is an utterly unnecessary form. It is due entirely to its lack of support from good usage, save on the most limited scale.

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A statement not essentially different may be made about *firstly*. This word, however, happens to have been employed by a much larger number of writers of authority. It stands in consequence upon a distinctly better footing. Analogically, too, there is a good deal to be urged in its favor. All the other numeral adverbs of its class end in *-ly*. Why should the one that begins the list be made an exception to the general rule? A conviction of this sort must have affected the action of some writers who could not well have been ignorant of the fact that in using *firstly* they were running counter to the general practice, and would therefore expose themselves to the prejudice which always favors a long-accepted usage. At all events such a result followed, as any one will discover who takes the trouble to consult the critical literature of the past, and especially that of the eighteenth century.

It is not alone, however, anonymous writers in periodicals who have found fault with it. Attacks have been made upon it by writers of repute, by some of high repute. "*Firstly* is not English," said Landor in one of his Imaginary Conversations. This is the convenient but not altogether convincing formula which is commonly used to express the severest condemnation of some locution to which the speaker takes decided exception. "I detest," wrote De Quincey, "your ridiculous and most pedantic neologism of *firstly*." An illustration of the varying modern attitude in regard to the word can be found in the life and correspondence of Henry Reeve, who edited the *Edinburgh Review* from 1855 to 1895. Apparently the form had somehow crept into the columns of that august quarterly. It called forth a grieved remonstrance from one troubled soul among its readers. This, it would seem, had been followed in turn by an apologetic explanation from the editor, to the great satisfaction of the complainant. "I am much pleased," wrote Lord Wensleydale to Reeve, "to hear that *firstly* was an error. I hope you will take some course to vindicate your judgment—'a very first authority'—and to prevent the *Edinburgh Review* giving the word its high authority. I have taken every opportunity to amend the error in *Dom. Proc.* I have a sort of mania on the subject." Later in his letter Lord Wensleydale remarked that he "differed with" another person about a certain matter. It gives one a conception of the impossibility of reconciling the varying views entertained about various points of usage, to find the biographer—a distinguished professor in an English university—commenting in the following fashion upon the language of this communication. "Think," said he, "of a writer objecting to a harmless *firstly* and perpetrating an atrocious *differ with*."

The feeling—call it mania, if you please—which leads men to care for propriety of speech is worthy of all respect; but it defeats itself unless it fortifies the positions it takes by acquiring the preliminary knowledge necessary to hold them. Men by neglecting to do this are led to injure their own side by making statements which are indefensible. To start with, *firstly* is in itself, in spite of Landor, as much English as *scarcely* for *scarce* or *fully* for *full*. In the second place it is not a neologism, as De Quincey asserted. It goes back to the sixteenth century. It can be found occasionally used in every century since by reputable writers and by some who are distinctly eminent. It occurs not unfrequently in the correspondence of two of the most charming letter-writers in our language. One of them, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, belongs to the eighteenth century. The other is Byron. There is no linguistic peculiarity more observable in his correspondence—nor is it confined to that—than the constant appearance in it of this word. *Firstly* occurs certainly a dozen times where *first* occurs once. Novelists, too, have been more or less addicted to the use of this fuller form. It is frequent in Dickens; it is found in the writings of Scott, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Trollope, and Kipling. To the list—undoubtedly a very incomplete one—may be added the names of Carlyle and Gladstone. Authorities like these will not save from the censure of many him who employs the word. By many more they may not be deemed sufficient to vindicate its correctness. But on the other hand they tend to make intelligent criticism speak of it warily, if not hesitatingly.

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The Slave-Trade of To-day

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

PART V.—DOWN TO THE COAST

AFTER coming out from the interior by passing again through the Hungry Country from the Zambesi basin to the Cuanza, I determined to continue following the old slave route down to Benguela and the sea. I have already spoken of this route as the main road of Central Africa, and the 270 or 300 miles of it which connect Bihé with the coast are crowded with trade, especially at the beginning of the dry season, which was the time of my journey. It is only a carriers' track, though the Portuguese, as their habit is, have forced the natives to construct a few miles of useless road here and there, at intervals of several days' march. But along that winding track, sometimes so steep and difficult that it is like a goat-path in the Alps, thousands of carriers pass every year, bearing down loads of rubber and beeswax, and bringing back cotton, salt, tinned foods, and, above all, rum. It is against the decree of the Brussels Conference of 1890 to introduce rum into Bihé at all, but who cares about decrees when rum pays and no one takes the trouble to shoot? And down this winding track the export slaves have been driven century after century. I suppose the ancestors of half the negroes in the United States and of nearly all in Cuba and Brazil came down it. And thousands of export slaves still come down it every year. Laws and conferences have prohibited the slave-trade for generations past, but who cares about laws and conferences as long as slavery pays and no one takes the trouble to shoot?

How the traffic is worked may be seen from some things which I observed upon my way. Being obliged to wait at various places to arrange carriers and recover from fevers, I spent about five weeks on the road from the crossing of the Cuanza to the sea, though it can be done in three weeks, or even in seventeen days. For the first few days I was back again in the northern part of the Bihé district, and I early passed the house of a Portuguese trader of whose reputation I had heard before. He is still claiming enormous damages for injury to his property in the war of 1902. The villagers have appealed to the fort at Belmonte against the amount, but are ordered to pay whatever he asks. To supply the necessary rubber and oxen they have now pawned their children into slavery without hope of redemption. Two days before I passed the house a villager, having pawned the last of his children and possessing nothing else, had shot himself in the bush close by. Things like that make no difference to the trader. It is the money he wants. The damage done to his property three years ago must be paid for twentyfold. Still, he is not simply the "economic man" of the old textbooks. He has a decadent love of art, distinct from love of money, and just before I passed his house he had summoned the chiefs of the village as though for a conference, had locked them up in his compound, and every night he was making the old men dance for his pleasure. To the native mind such a thing is as shocking as it would be to Englishmen if Mr. Beit or Mr. Eckstein kept the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury to gambol naked before him on Sunday afternoons.

So the matter stands, and the villagers must go on selling more and more of their wives and children that the white man's greed may be satisfied.

A day or two farther on I turned aside from the main track to visit one of the agents whom the government has specially appointed to conduct the purchase of slaves for the islands of San Thomé and Principe. There are two agents officially

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SLAVES UNLOADING AT A PORTUGUESE STORE

recognized in the Bihé district. On my way I met an old native notorious for a prosperous career of slave-trading. At the moment he was leading along a finely built man by a halter round his neck, but at sight of me he dropped the end of rope. A man who was with me charged him at once with having just sold two of his own slaves—a man and a woman—for San Thomé. He protested with righteous indignation. He would never think of doing such a thing! Sell for San Thomé! He would even give a long piece of cloth to rescue a native from such a fate! Yet, beyond question, he had sold the man and woman to the Agent that morning. They were at the Agent's house when I arrived, and I was told he had only failed to sell the other slave because his price was too high.

The Agent himself was polite and hospitable. Business was pretty brisk. I knew he had sent off eight slaves to the coast only three days before, with orders that they should carry their own shackles and be carefully pinned together at night. But we talked only of the rumored division of the Congo, for on the other subject he was naturally a little shy, and I found out long afterwards that he knew the main object of my journey.* Next day, however, he was alone with the friend who had accompanied me, and he then attempted to defend his position as Agent by saying the object of the government was to buy up slaves through

* I am not quite sure how this was discovered—whether an indiscreet friend "gave me away," or whether an indiscreet letter was opened in the post, or the traders were simply guided by conjecture and a guilty conscience. At all events, one of the principal slave-dealers in Bihé discovered it, and took the pains to publish reports against me, that reached as far as Mossamedes. The English and American missions were actually warned to have nothing to do with me because I was a Jesuit in disguise, and had come to destroy their work! Further on I may have to refer to the plots to assassinate me on the coast during the voyage home, but I mention these little personal matters only to show that the slave-traders had been put on their guard and would naturally try to conceal as much as they could of their traffic's horror, and that is the chief reason why I met no gangs of slaves in chains.

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their special agents and "redeem" them from slavery by converting them into "contract laborers" for San Thomé. The argument was ingenious. The picture of a pitiful government willing to purchase the freedom of all slaves without thought of profit, and only driven to contract them for San Thomé because otherwise the expense would be unbearable,—it is almost pathetic. But the Agent knew, as every one out here knows, that the people whom the government buys and "redeems" have been torn from their homes and families on purpose to be "redeemed"; that but for the purchases by the government agents for San Thomé the whole slave-traffic would fall to pieces; and that the actual condition of these "contracted laborers" upon the islands does not differ from slavery in any point of importance.

Leaving on the right the volcanic district of North Bihé, with its boiling springs and great deposits of magnesia, the path to the coast continues to run westward and a point or two south through country typical of Africa's central plateau. There are the usual wind-swept spaces of bog and yellow grass, the usual rolling lines of scrubby forest, and the shallow valleys with narrow channels of water running through morass. The path skirts the northern edge of the high, wet plain of Bouru-Bouru, and on the same day, after passing this, I saw far away in the west a little blue point of mountain, hanging like an island upon the horizon. A few hours afterwards bare rock began to appear through the bog-earth and sand of the forest, and next morning new mountains came into sight from hour to hour as I advanced, till there was quite a cluster of little blue islands above the dark edges of the trees.

The day after, when I had been walking for about two hours through the monotonous woods, the upland suddenly broke. It was quick and unexpected as the snapping of a long string, and far below me was revealed a great expanse of country—broad valleys leading far away to the west and north, isolated groups of many-colored mountains, bare and shapely hills of granite and sandstone, and one big, jagged tooth or pike of purple rock, rising sheer from a white plain thinly sprinkled with trees and marked with watercourses. The whole scene, bare and glowing under the cloudless sky of an African winter, was like those delicate landscapes in nature's most friendly wilderness which the Umbrians used to paint as backgrounds to the Baptist or St. Jerome or a Mother and Child. To one who has spent many months among the black forest, the marshes and sandhills of Bihé and the Hungry Country, it gleams with a radiance of jewels, and is full of the inward stir and longing that the sudden vision of mountains always brings.*



PORTUGUESE ON OX FOLLOWED BY HIS SLAVES

* See Commander Cameron's description of the same view in 1876: *Across Africa*, p. 459.

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ON THE WAY TO THE COAST

At the top of the hill was a large sweet-potato plantation for rum. A gang of twenty-three slaves—chiefly women—was clearing a new patch from the bush for an extension of the fields. Over them, as usual, stood a Portuguese ganger, who encouraged their efforts with blows from a long black chicotte, or hippo whip, which he rapidly tried to conceal down his trousers leg at sight of me.

At the foot of the hill, where a copious stream of water ran, a similar rum-factory had just been constructed. The hideous main building—gaunt as a Yorkshire mill,—the whitewashed rows of slave-huts, the newly broken fields, the barrels just beginning to send out a loathsome stench of new spirit—all were as fresh and vile as civilization could make them. As we passed, the slaves were just enjoying a holiday for the burial of one of their number who had died that morning. They were gathered in a large crowd round the grave on the edge of the bush. Presently six of them brought out the body, wrapped in an old blanket, rolled it sideways into the shallow trench, and covered it up with earth and stones. As we climbed the next hill, my carriers, who were much interested, kept saying to each other: "Slaves! Poor slaves!" Then we heard a bell ring. The people began to crawl back to their work. The slaves' holiday was over.

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We had now passed from Bihé into the district of Bailundu, and the mountains stood around us as we descended, their summits rising little higher than the level of the Bihéan plateau—say, 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea. A detached hill in front of us was conspicuous for its fortified look. From the distance it was like one of the castellated rocks of southern France. It was the old Umbala, or king's fortress, of Bailundu, and here the native kings used to live in savage magnificence before the curse of the white men fell. On the summit you still may see the king's throne of three great rocks, the heading-stone where his enemies suffered, the stone of refuge to which a runaway might cling and gain mercy by declaring himself the king's slave, the royal tombs with patterned walls hidden in a depth of trees, and the great flat rock where the women used to dance in welcome to their warriors returning from victory. One day I scrambled up and saw it all in company with a man who remembered the place in its high estate and had often sat beside the king in judgment. But all the glory is departed now. The palace was destroyed and burnt in 1896. The rock of refuge and the royal throne are grown over with tall grasses. Leopards and snakes possess them merely, and it is difficult even to fight one's way up the royal ascent through the tangle of the creepers and bush.*



CARRIERS ON THE ROAD

At the foot of the hill, within a square of ditch and rampart, stands the Portuguese fort, the scene of the so-called "Bailundu war" of 1902. It was here that the native rising began, owing to a characteristic piece of Portuguese treachery, the Commandant having seized a party of native chiefs who were visiting him, at his own invitation, under promise of peace and safe-conduct. The whole affair was paltry and wretched. The natives displayed their usual inability to combine; the Portuguese displayed their usual cowardice. But, as I have shown before, the effect of the outbreak was undoubtedly to reduce the horrors of the slave-trade for a time. The overwhelming terror of the slave-traders and other Portuguese, who crept into hiding to shelter their precious lives, showed them they had gone too far. The atrocious history of Portuguese cruelty and official greed which reached Lisbon at last did certainly have some effect upon the na-

* Cameron visited King Congo there in 1876: *Across Africa*, p. 460.

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tional conscience. As I have mentioned in earlier letters, Captain Amorim of the artillery was sent out to mitigate the abominations of the trade, and for a time, at all events, he succeeded. Owing to terror, the export of slaves to San Thomé ceased altogether for about six months after the rising. It has gone back to its old proportions now—the numbers averaging about 4000 head a year (not including babies), and gradually rising.* But since then the traders have not dared to practise the same open cruelties as before, and the new regulations for slave traffic—known as the Decree of January 29, 1903—do, at all events, aim at tempering the worst abuses, though their most important provisions are invariably evaded.

Only a mile or two from the fort, and quite visible from the rocks of the old Umbala, stands the American mission village of Bailundu—I believe the oldest mission in Angola except the early Jesuits'. It was founded in 1881, and for more than twenty years has been carried on by Mr. Stover and Mr. Fay, who are still conducting it. The Portuguese instigated the natives to drive them out once, and have wildly accused them of stirring up war, protecting the natives, and other crimes. But the mission has prospered in spite of all, and its village is now, I think, the prettiest in Angola. How long it may remain in its present beautiful situation one cannot say. Twenty years ago it was surrounded only by natives, but now the Portuguese have crept up to it with their rum and plantations and slavery, and where the Portuguese come neither natives nor missions can hope to stay long. It may be that in a year or two the village will be deserted, as the American mission village of Saccanjimba, a few days farther east, has lately been deserted, and the houses will be occupied by Portuguese convicts with a license to trade, while the church becomes a rum-store. In that case the missionaries will be wise to choose a place outside the fifty-kilometre radius from a fort, beyond which limit no Portuguese trader may settle. So true it is that in modern Africa an honest man has only the whites to fear. But unhappily new forts are now being constructed at two or three points along this very road.

Soon after leaving Bailundu the track divides, and one branch of it runs northwest, past the foot of that toothed mountain, or pike,* and so at length reaches the coast at Novo Redondo—a small place with a few sugar-cane plantations for rum and a government agency for slaves. I am told that on this road the slaves are worse treated and more frequently shackled than upon the path I followed, and certainly Novo Redondo is more secret and freer from the interference of foreigners than Benguela. But I think there cannot really be much difference. The majority of slaves are still brought down the old Benguela route, and scattered along it at intervals I have found quite new shackles, still used for pinning the slaves together, chiefly at night, though it is true the shackles near the coast are not nearly so numerous as in the interior.

I was myself determined to follow the old track and come down to the sea by that white path where I had seen the carriers ascending and descending the mountains above Katumbella many months before. Within two days from Bailundu I entered a notorious lion country. Lions are increasing rapidly all along the belt of mountains here, and they do not hesitate to eat mankind, making no prejudiced distinction between white and black. Their general method is to spring into a rest-hut at night and drag off a carrier, or sometimes two, while the camp is asleep. All the rest-camps in this district are strongly stockaded with logs, twelve or fourteen feet high, but carriers are frequently killed in spite of all the stockade. There is one old lion who has made quite a reputation as a man-hunter, and if he had an ancestral hall he could decorate it with the "trophies" of about fifty human heads. He has chosen for his hunting-lodge some cave near the next fort westward from Bailundu, and there at eve he may some-

* The official numbers of slaves exported to San Thomé for the first four months of 1905 are: January, 369; February, 349; March, 366; April, 302—a rate which would give a total of 4158 for the year. In June I travelled by a ship which took 273 slaves to San Thomé and Principe, and there are two slave-ships a month.

* Cameron called it "The Devil's Finger": *Across Africa*, p. 464.

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times be seen at play upon the green. Two officers are stationed in the fort, but they do not care to interfere with the creature's habits and pursuits. They do not even train their little toy gun on him. Perhaps they are humanitarians. So he devours mankind at leisure.

When we camped near that fort, my boys insisted I should sleep in a hut inside the stockade instead of half a mile away from them as usual. The huts are made of dry branches covered with dry leaves and grass. Inside that stockade I counted over forty huts, and each hut was crammed with carriers—men, women, and children, — for the dry-season trade was beginning. There must have been five or six hundred natives in that camp at night. The stockade rose fourteen feet or more and was impenetrable. The one gate was sealed and barred with enormous logs to keep out the lion. I was myself given a hut in the very centre of the camp as an honor. And in every single hut around me a brilliant fire was lighted for cooking and to keep the carriers warm all night. One spark gone wrong would have burnt up the whole five hundred of us without a chance of escape. So when we came to the stockaded camp of the next night I pitched my tent far outside it as usual, and listened to the deep sighing and purring of the lions with great indifference, while the boys marvelled at a rashness which was nothing to their own.

As one goes westward farther into the mountains, the path drops two or three times by sudden, steep descents, like flights of steps down terraces, and at each descent the air becomes closer and the plants and beasts more tropical, till one reaches the deep valleys of the palm, the metallic butterfly, and thousands of yellow monkeys. Beside the route great masses of granite rise, weathered into smooth and unclimbable surface, like the Matopo hills. The carriers from the high interior suffer a good deal at each descent. "We have lost our proper breathing," they say, and they pine till they return to the clearer air. It is here that many of the slaves try to escape. If they got away, there would not be much chance for them among the shy and apelike natives of the mountain belt, who remain entirely savage and are reputed to be cannibal still. But the slaves try to escape, and are generally brought back to a fate worse than being killed and eaten. On May 17, five days above Katumbella, I met one of them who had been caught. He was a big Luvale man, naked, his skin torn and bleeding from his wild rush through thorns and rocks. In front and behind him marched one of his owner's slaves with drawn knives or matchets, two feet long, ready to cut him down if he tried to run again. I asked my boys what would happen to him, and they said he would be flogged to death before the others. I cannot say. I should have thought he was too valuable to kill. He must have been worth over £20 as he stood, and £30 when landed at San Thomé. But, of course, the trader may have thought it would pay better to flog him to death as an example. True, it is not always safe to kill a slave. Last April a man in Benguela flogged a slave to death with a hippo whip, and, no doubt to his great astonishment, he found himself arrested and banished for a time to Mozambique—"the other coast," as it is called—a far from salubrious home. But five days inland along the caravan route the murderer of a slave would be absolutely secure, if he did not mind the loss of money.

Two days later I met another of those vast caravans of natives, one of which I had seen just the other side of the Cuanza. This caravan numbered nearly 700 people, and, under the protection of an enormous Portuguese banner, they were marching up into the interior with bales and stores, wives and children, intending to be absent at least two years for trade. These large bodies of men are a great source of supply to the government slave-agents; for when they find two tribes at war, they hire themselves out to fight for one on condition of selling the captives from the other, and so they secure an immense profit for themselves, while pleasing their allies and bringing an abundance of slaves for the Portuguese government to "redeem" by sending them to labor at San Thomé till their lives end.

The next day's march brought us to a straight piece of valley, where such a number of rest-huts have been gradually built that the place looks like a large

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CARRIERS' REST-HUTS

native village. All the little paths from the interior meet here, because it stands at the mouth of a long and very deep valley, sometimes called the Cañon, by which alone the next belt of dry and mountainous country can be crossed. The water is dirty and full of sulphur, but it has to be carried in gourds for the next day's march, because for twenty-five miles there is no water at all.

Natives here come down from the nearest villages and sell sweet potatoes and maize to the carriers in exchange for salt and chips of tobacco or sips of rum, so that at this season, when the carriers every night number a thousand or more, there is something like a fair. Mixed up with the carriers are the small gangs of slaves, who are collected here in larger parties before being sent on to the coast.

With the help of one of my boys I had some conversation that evening with a woman who was kept waiting for other gangs, just as I was kept waiting because fever made me too weak to move. She was a beautiful woman of about twenty or little more, with a deep-brown skin and a face of much intelligence, full of sorrow. She had come from a very long way off, she said—far beyond the Hungry Country. She thought four moons had gone since they started. She had a husband and three children at home, but was seized by the men of another tribe and sold to a white man for twenty cartridges. She did not know what kind of cartridges they were—they were "things for a gun." Her last baby was very young, very young. She was still suckling him when they took her away. She did not know where she was going. She supposed it was to Okalunga—a name which the natives use equally for hell or the abyss of death, the abyss of the sea and for San Thomé. She was perfectly right. She was one of the slaves who had been

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purchased, probably on the Congo frontier, on purpose for the Portuguese government's agent to "redeem" and send to the plantations. It is a lucrative business to supply such philanthropists with slaves. And it is equally lucrative for the philanthropists to redeem them.

The long, dry cañon, where the carriers have to climb like goats from rock to rock along the steep mountain-side, with fifty or sixty pounds on their heads, brought us at last to a brimming reach of the Katumbella River. It is dangerous both from hippos and crocodiles; though the largest crocodiles I have ever seen were lower down the river, on the sand-banks close to its mouth, where they devour women and cattle, and lie basking all their length of twenty to thirty feet, just like the dragons of old. From the river the path mounts again for the final day's march through an utterly desert and waterless region of mountain ridges and stones and sand, sprinkled with cactus and aloes and a few gray thorns. But, like all this mountain region, the desert gives ample shelter to eland, koodoo, and other deer. Buffaloes live there too, and in very dry seasons they come down at night to drink at the river pools close to the sea.

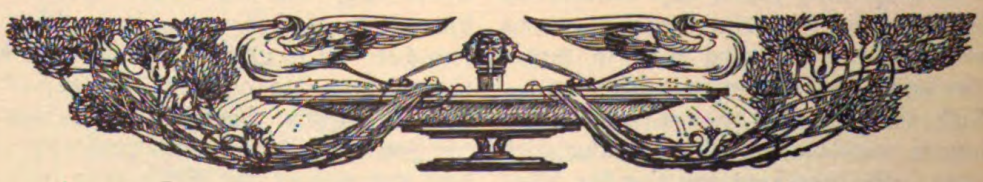
The sea itself is hidden from the path by successive ridges of mountain till the very last edge is reached. On the morning of my last day's trek a heavy, wet mist lay over all the valleys, and it was only when we climbed that we could see the mountain-tops, rising clear above it in the sunshine. But before midday the mist had gone, and looking back from a high pass, I had my last view over the road we had travelled, and far away towards the interior of the strange continent I was leaving. Then we went on westward, and climbed the steep and rocky track over the final range, till at last a great space of varied prospect lay stretched out below us—the little houses of Katumbella at our feet, the fertile plain beside its river green with trees and plantations; on our right the white ring of Lobito Bay, Angola's future port; on our left a line of yellow beach like a road leading to the little white church and the houses of Benguela, fifteen miles away; and beyond them again to the desert promontory, with grotesque rocks. And, oh! there, far away in front, like a vast gulf of dim and misty blue, merging in the sky without a trace of horizon, stretched the sea itself; and to an Englishman the sea is always the way home.

So, as I had hoped, I came down at last from the mountains into Katumbella by that white path which has been consecrated by so much misery. And as I walked through the dimly lighted streets and beside the great courtyards of the town that night, I heard again the blows of the palmatoria and chicotte and the cries of men and women who were being "tamed."

"I do not trouble to beat my slaves much—I mean my contracted laborers," said the trader who was with me. "If they try to run away or anything, I just give them one good flogging, and then sell them to the Agent for San Thomé. One can always get £16 per head from him."

A few days afterwards, on the Benguela road, I passed a procession of forty-three men and women, marching in file like carriers, but with no loads on their heads. Four natives in white coats and armed with guns accompanied them, ready to shoot down any runaway. The forty-three were a certain company's detachment of "voluntary laborers" on their way to the head "Emigration Agent" at Benguela and to the ship for San Thomé. Third among them marched that woman who had been taken from her husband and three children and sold for twenty cartridges.

Thus it is that the islands of San Thomé and Principe have been rendered about the most profitable bits of the earth's surface, and England and America can get their chocolate and cocoa cheap.



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The Language of the Trails

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

AN animal cannot move upon the surface of the earth without leaving a record of his progress in the note-book of Nature, and if we cannot read the records written in that book, it means either that our eyes are not sharp enough to see them or that we do not understand the characters in which they are written. If a deer takes but a single step, he alters the contour of the earth. He depresses the soil, scrapes the lichen from a rock, or bends a blade of grass beneath his hoof. If he nibbles a leaf, the scar remains, and if he rubs his neck or his antlers against a tree, he is sure to break a twig or to detach loose pieces of the bark. All such records are phrases in the language of the trails. In this language, as in other written languages, there are many characters, each of which is subject to endless modifications, and, like the letters of our own alphabet, found in endless combinations. For instance, a certain arrangement of footprints and other marks on a trail means that a rabbit has been present under certain definite conditions. It means that he was travelling at a particular gait, at a particular speed, in a particular direction, and over a particular kind of ground. A modification of the record he has left would signify that some of these conditions were different. No man knows the language well enough to translate correctly all the records he sees, but any one who is really interested in the doings of animals can learn to translate enough to make him feel thoroughly at home in the woods and fields.

At no time of the year are certain phrases of the language more legible than in winter, when they are seen as clear impressions in the snow, and I propose to confine this brief article chiefly to a discussion of certain records which I have read at this season.



THE STORY OF A WINTER TRAGEDY

Record left in the snow by some large bird of prey while carrying off a ruffed grouse

The first time I went out for this purpose was a white morning in December. The snow had been falling the day before, and every twig was bending beneath its burden of snow. The storm—if such a gentle down-floating of feathery flocks could be called a storm—had ceased. The sun was bright, but the air was cold and clear and still. All movements on the earth gave muffled sounds, and perhaps for this rea-

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son the cawing of crows and other voices from the air were unusually distinct. As I tramped along on my snow-shoes, there came to me from the corner of a field the musical tinkling twitter of tree-sparrows. As I approached, the merry little birds flew up and away, but they left a network of tracks upon the floor of a forest of dry weeds which projected above the snow. There was something very beautiful about these tracks; they looked as if they might have been made by a band of fairies dancing on snow-shoes. On the weeds were many pods containing seeds, and it was for these that the birds had come here. A myriad scattered fragments of the weeds, lying on the surface of the snow, showed how busy they had been. But in the story of this merry gathering there was a touch of pathos: while nearly all the tiny footprints were arranged in pairs, one there was which had no mate—it had been made by a bird which had lost a foot. Up and down among the weed stalks I traced it—a single print made by the left foot; here and there by its side was a little round dent, doubtless made by the stump of the right leg. That this disabled little soldier had tried to balance himself with his wings occasionally could be seen by impressions which were much deeper than those made by the wings of the other birds when they flew away.

The next track I saw was that of a large dog; great broad imprints which could have been made by nothing else thereabouts. The old fellow had evidently been out for a walk by himself, for no other tracks were near. He had sauntered along a fence, sniffing here and there at fence-posts and stones, and finally he had crossed a snow-covered pond and entered a wood. Here he had come upon the trail of a rabbit, and he had followed it for half a mile to the mouth of a drain, which was quite too small to admit his huge body. Here he had done a lot of useless scratching, and had finally trotted off, doubtless greatly disappointed. There were no rabbit tracks leading out of the drain, so I knew that "Bunny" must still be hiding. I took a long stick, and after a little gentle poking, out the rabbit popped and away he leaped across the snow, leaving a beautiful Y-shaped track at every jump. Of course no eye is quick enough to follow the movements of a rabbit's feet when he is going at full speed, but if you watch him from a hiding-place sometime, and see him hopping slowly along, it is easy enough to learn how that Y-shaped track is made. The two small fore feet go down into the snow either side by side or one in front of the other, usually near together, and often making but one impression, and then the large hind feet are thrown for-

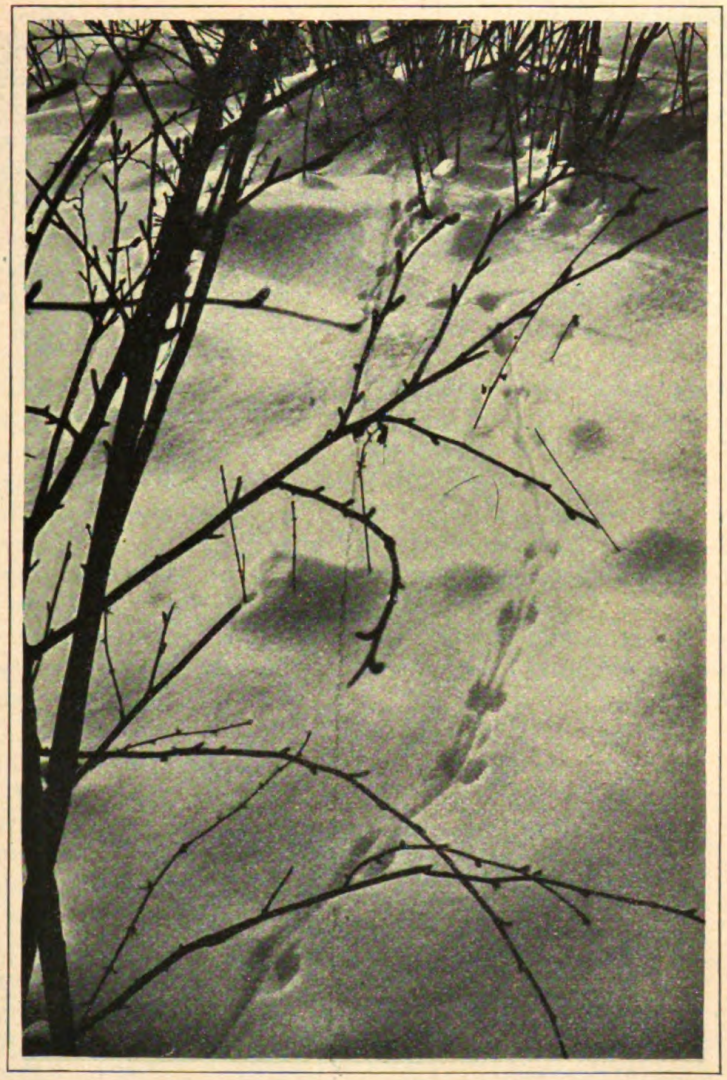


WHERE A RUFFED GROUSE SPENT THE NIGHT UNDER THE SNOW

The hole in the foreground was made when the bird plunged down from her flight; the farthermost hole shows where she burst out in the morning. The small hole between the other two may have been made by the breath of the bird, which would rise and tend to melt the snow.

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ward, one on either side of the body, and make two separate and larger depressions, usually more or less in advance of those made by the fore feet—how much in advance depends a good deal upon the speed at which the animal is travelling, which in turn depends more or less upon the depth of the snow. Had I never seen the rabbit I had just started, the appearance of the trail before me would have imparted the information that he had been going at full speed.



TRAIL OF A WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE
The little creature was going up a bank of deep, soft snow

Speaking of the conditions which govern the appearance of an animal's trail, let me say that it is affected not only by the depth but by the condition of the snow. As an example I will take the track of a deer. On a very light snow one sees simply the pointed hoof-marks, arranged according to the gait and speed at which the deer was moving when he made them. If the snow is a little deeper, there are seen just behind each foot-print two little holes, one on either side. These were punched by the dew-claws, which were too high up on the leg to reach the shallower snow. If the snow is deeper still, the feet simply make holes in it, but even these holes differ in form with the quality of the snow. If the latter is light and fluffy, the holes are ragged and the hoof-marks are obliterated; if it is firm and moist, the holes are sharper in outline and the hoof-prints are distinct at the bottom. And if there is a crust on the snow, the hole is dumb-bell-shaped, each foot having made a roundish hole where it went in, another where it came out, and between the two a narrow line, cut by the sharp shin in the forward movement before the foot was withdrawn.

Crossing an open space in the woods, I came upon the trail of a red squirrel. It started at a point several feet from the base of an oak-tree, showing that the active little animal had leaped while still at some distance from the ground. The snow at the base of the tree was sprinkled with fragments of the bark, which had doubtless been detached by the claws of the squirrel. Where he had landed he had made an irregular hole in the snow, but as he had got into his stride, he had taken a series of fairly uniform leaps in a straight line to another tree, and from that to another and another, marking out triangles, pentagons, and other

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geometric figures, with a tree at every corner. The trail itself closely resembled that of a rabbit, except that it was smaller.

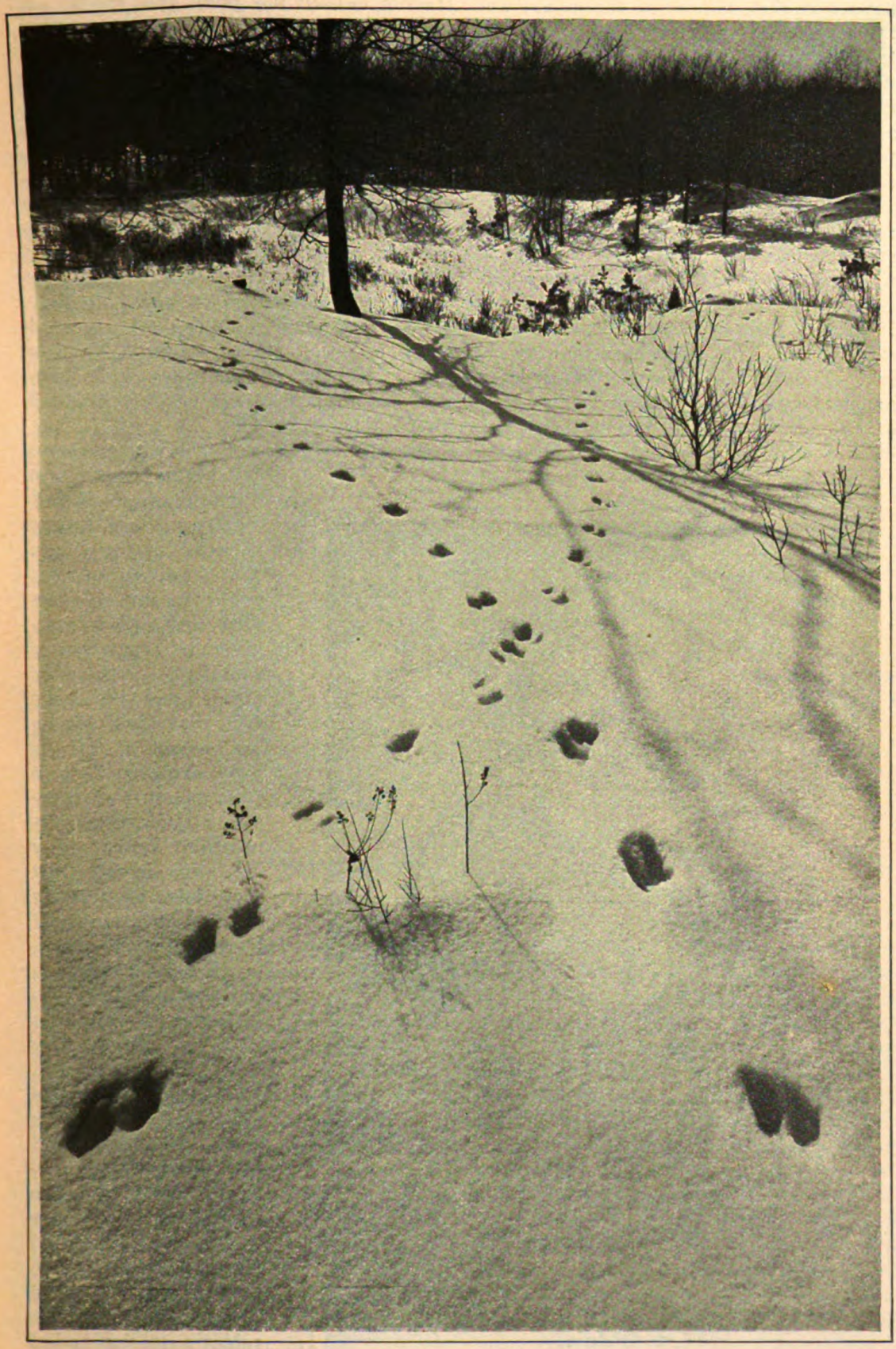
I had walked along some time, when I saw extending across my path the delicate trail of a white-footed mouse. I followed it until it led me out of the wood, wondering if it would end as did another mouse trail I found one winter—in a blood-stain in the centre of a deep depression, evidently made by some bird of prey, probably an owl, which in the moonlight of the night before had cast his black shadow across the pathway of the terrified rodent. But the mouse which had made the trail before me had been more fortunate. He had gone well out into the open, down a hill to an old cherry-tree, had hunted for cherry-pits, found and eaten two, and then returned, crossing his own trail on the side of the hill.

If the reader had been present, he would have seen much of the story of this mouse's journey told there in the language of the trails. Supposing ourselves to be standing in the foreground of the scene and facing the intersection of the trails, it was evident that the mouse was going away from us when he made the right-hand trail. This we could tell by the disposition of the footprints, two large ones in front and two small ones behind, as in the case of the rabbit trail spoken of above. In the same way we could tell by certain of the footprints on the left-hand trail that the mouse was coming toward us when he made it. Next, it would have been seen that he must have been going down-hill on the right-hand trail and coming up-hill on the left one; for if we had counted the number of leaps made from the first set of footprints on each trail to the point where the two intersected, we should have found there were ten on the right-hand trail and fourteen on the one to the left, showing that while the mouse took only ten jumps to go down-hill to a certain point, he took fourteen jumps to come back up-hill the same distance. Then going down-hill the travelling would naturally be easier, and the animal would probably move freely at a good pace, and as a result the hind feet would be thrown well in front at each leap. This is evidently what happened when the right-hand trail was made, as shown by four distinct impressions in each group of footprints. Coming back up the hill, however, the animal could not move so freely; he would be likely to travel more slowly, and as a consequence the marks of the hind feet would not be so far in front. The story told by the left-hand trail agreed with this, for it was evident that in most cases, at least, the hind feet did not go far enough ahead to clear the imprints of the fore feet, but fell into them and obliterated them, leaving two impressions instead of four in each group. Looking at the trails once more, we should



WHERE A CROW TOOK WING

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HERE A MINK HAS CROSSED ITS OWN TRAIL

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have seen that as long as the mouse was fresh and moving freely on the down trail his tail left no mark, as it was held up in the air. But coming back up the hill, when he was probably tired, or at any rate could not move so freely, the tail was dropped occasionally and left a record of the fact in the snow.

The next time I went out to study the language of the trails the snow lay three and a half inches deep. While crossing a frozen pond I ran upon the trail of a mink—a trail which I always follow if I have time, as there is sure to be "a story in it," as a newspaper man would say. The trail in this particular depth and quality of snow consisted of a series of oblong holes, made by the four feet of the mink at the end of each leap. Having crossed the pond, the little animal had followed the line of the shore, stopping here and there to nose under rocks and roots, until he reached a point where a stream flowed into the pond. Then he had followed the bank of the stream and presently had reached a hole in the ice, where his footprints disappeared, showing that he had entered the water. A little farther on there was another hole, where he had come out again, and it was evident from the trampled, blood-stained snow and the fish-scales lying about that he had captured a fish and that he had eaten it on this spot. And where the snow had been wet the mink had left clear individual impressions of his feet.



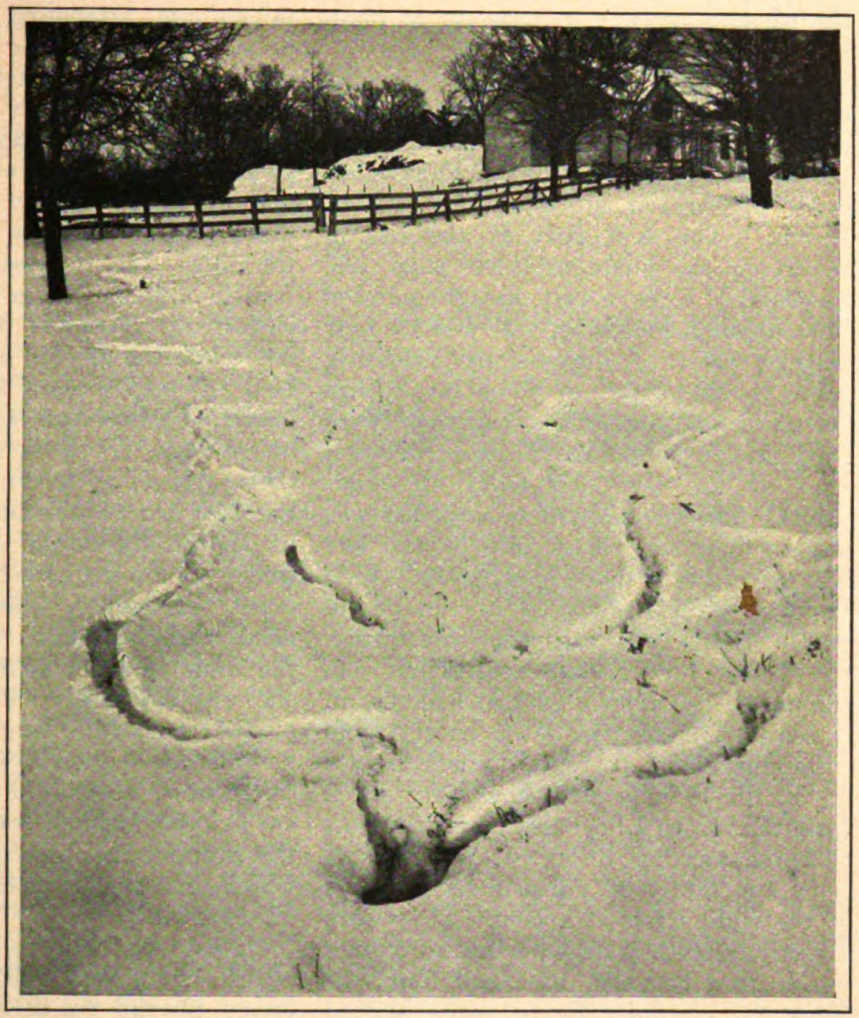
TRAIL OF A FOX LOPING EASILY ALONG, AHEAD OF THE DOGS

One unaccustomed to the winter woods can hardly realize the number of woodland tragedies to be found recorded in the snow. The wolves, foxes, wildcats, mink, weasels, and other carnivorous animals are literally "out for blood," and the very fact that their tracks are found at all is good evidence that a fair measure of success attends their expeditions. That they are alive means that there have been many deaths, and most of these deaths were tragic. I was once following the trail of a rabbit, when I found it abruptly joined by that of a weasel. From this point the two trails had the same direction, and often they were interlaced. They led me through a wood, over rocks, and between tree trunks, to a pile of brush left by the lumbermen. Here the rabbit's tracks ended in a mass of gray fur which moved in the

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wind, and beyond the brush-pile for a leap or two the tracks of the weasel were bloody.

Sometimes it is a fox which has been hunting, and I follow the stealthily made footprints, arranged one almost directly in front of the other, until it joins that of his intended victim. Sometimes the latter is a musk-rat which has been busy scratching and tunnelling in a snow-covered corn-field to gather the few grains of corn which the farmers had left in the autumn, and I can see exactly the point at which the rat first became aware of the presence of his enemy. Up to that point, perhaps, his footprints are arranged in a zigzag line, made as he walked or trotted from one likely spot to another, stopping to scratch at each for the kernel he knew or guessed was beneath. But when he saw the fox he broke into a gallop, and the footprints are arranged in a pattern somewhat like that made by the rabbit, while probably there is a line running through them, made by the knifelike, almost hairless tail, which trailed on the ground behind. Sometimes the fox's intended victim is a gray squirrel, surprised perhaps in the act of digging beneath the snow for nuts hidden in the autumn; and again the trail may lead me to the spot where a ruffed grouse has plunged beneath the snow to pass the night. Once, after following a fox for some distance, I had the satisfaction of getting a glimpse of him as he lay intently watching a grouse which was feeding on barberries. Every now and then his tail quivered with suppressed excitement, and several times he half started forward, as though he could hardly control the strong impulse to dash out after his prey. At last, as the grouse, all unconscious of danger, came as near the fox as it seemed likely that she would come, Reynard launched himself, and there was a red streak across the snow. The distance was just too far for complete success, however, and all he got was a little bunch of feathers as the grouse whirred away through the bushes. When I came up



RECORD LEFT BY MUSKRATS
They have come out of a hole leading to a brook, and wandered around in a field hunting for food

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the whole story was written out in plain characters.

One of the most interesting records of the kind which I ever saw I came upon one evening as I was walking along the western slope of a hill in Massachusetts, within ten miles of the city of Boston. The first part of the record, shown in the photograph on page 123, consisted of a few nearly straight parallel lines about a foot long, followed by four distinct pairs of impressions, evidently made by the wings of some large bird. On the centre line of the trail there were two smaller holes, one midway between each of the last two pairs of wing-prints. The last pair of wing-prints was lighter than the others, and on the left one there was a small blood-stain, which shows quite plainly even in the photograph. This was all very interesting, but I felt that it represented but one chapter of the story, and I at once began to search for the rest of it. After some tramping about, I found, much higher up on the hillside and about fifty yards from the record I have described, two sets of three parallel lines, cut in the soft snow apparently by the primary feathers of the right wing of a bird. They were directly beneath a large horizontal branch which grew between three and four feet from the ground. Forty yards beyond this point I came upon a record showing four sets of wing impressions much like the first ones. The last pair were made quite close to the foot of a straggling bush, and beneath the overhanging branches of this there was a heap of feathers—the feathers of a ruffed grouse. This, at least, was the last chapter of the story. To give the precise meaning of every character in this record is beyond my scant knowledge of the language, but the following rough translation may not be so very far from the correct one. In the depression at the end of the first parallel lines a grouse had been sitting, possibly with a view to spending the night there. A large bird of prey had seen her, swooped and struck her. This bird in nearing the ground had depressed its tail to check its flight at the last, and in doing so had with its tail feathers cut the parallel lines spoken of above. The raptor had struck the grouse with its talons and attempted to rise with its prey. But the grouse was heavy (there was abundant food at the time), and for a short distance its bearer could do nothing better than flap along the ground, striking the snow heavily with its wings, and allowing the feet of the grouse to drag or puncture the snow. But after the third flap it began to rise; at the fourth flap its wings struck the snow with little force; at the fifth they did not touch the ground at all. Just as the bird of prey began to rise, the blood began to flow from its wounded victim, and a drop fell to the snow. The captor then carried its victim up the hill toward the spot where the final disposition was made, but in doing so it had to pass under a low-growing branch. At this point the grouse, which was struggling hard, with her right wing free, had cut the snow with her primaries twice before she was again carried up out of reach of the ground. Then the bird of prey, having decided on a place to dine, had sailed low, checked itself with its tail as before, flapped several times along the ground, in order to reach the bush, which, for the grouse, marked the end of the trail.

Of course, footprints in the snow constitute but a very small part of the language of the trails, but perhaps it is the easiest part for the beginner. Later he will be able to read the records left elsewhere. By a study of the tracks of a doe in May he may discover the hiding-place of her tiny spotted fawn, newly born, and lying, seemingly a patch of white flowers, in the shadow of the wood; and he may tell the very day that it is able to follow its mother as she wanders through the forest by watching for the wee footprints beside the larger ones. Every mark on the ground, every scratch on the bark of a tree, every depression made in the grass by the body of a sleeping animal, is a character in this universal language. The feather of a bird dropped in its flight, a tuft of hair clinging to a twig or root, the cast skin of a snake lying among the stones—each has a definite piece of information (apart from the fact of its presence) to impart to one well versed in the language of the trails.

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Of Immortality*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

IN this new era upon which we are entering and in which the religions no longer reply to the great questions of mankind, one of the problems on which we cross-examine ourselves most anxiously is that of the life beyond the tomb. Do all things end at death? Is there an imaginable after-life? Whither do we go and what becomes of us? What awaits us on the other side of the frail illusion which we call existence? At the minute when our heart stops beating, does matter triumph, or mind; does eternal light begin, or endless darkness?

Like all that exists, we are imperishable. We cannot conceive that anything should be lost in the universe. That which appears to perish or, at least, to disappear and follow upon itself is the form and fashion under which we see imperishable matter; but we do not know with what realities those appearances correspond. They are the texture of the bandage which is laid upon our eyes and which gives them, under the pressure that blinds them, all the images of our life. Remove that bandage: what remains? Do we enter into the reality that undoubtedly exists beyond? Or do the appearances themselves cease to exist for us?

That the state of nothingness is impossible; that, after our death, all subsists in itself and nothing perishes: these are things that hardly interest us. The only point that touches us, in this eternal persistence, is the fate of that little part of our life which used to perceive phenomena during our existence. We call it our consciousness or our ego. This ego, as we conceive it when we reflect upon the consequences of its destruction, this ego is neither our mind nor our body, since we recognize that both are waves that flow away and are renewed incessantly. Is it an immovable point that could not be form or substance, which are always in evolution, nor life, which is the cause or effect of form and substance? In truth, it is impossible for us to apprehend or define it, to tell where it dwells. When we try to go back to its last source, we find hardly more than a succession of memories, a series of ideas, confused, for that matter, and unsettled, attached to the one instinct of living; a series of habits of our sensibility and of the conscious or unconscious reactions against the surrounding phenomena. When all is said, the most steadfast point of that nebula is our memory, which seems, on the other hand, to be a somewhat external, a somewhat accessory faculty and, in any case, one of the frailest faculties of our brain, one of those which disappear the most promptly at the least disturbance of our health.

It matters not; that uncertain, indiscernible, fleeting, and precarious ego is so much the centre of our being, interests us so exclusively, that every reality of our life disappears before this phantom. It is a matter of utter indifference to us that throughout eternity our body or its substance should know every joy and every glory, undergo the most splendid and delightful transformations, or that our intellect should expand until it mixes with the life of the worlds, understands and governs it. Our instinct is persuaded that all this will not affect us, will give us no pleasure, will not happen to ourselves, unless that memory of a few almost always insignificant facts accompany us and witness those unimaginable joys. I care not if the loftiest, the freest, the fairest portions of my mind be eternally living and radiant in the supreme gladnesses: they are no longer mine; I do not know them. Death has cut the network of nerves or memories that connected them with I know not what centre wherein

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lies the sensitive point which I feel to be all myself. They are now set loose, floating in space and time, and their fate is as unknown to me as that of the farthest stars. Anything that occurs exists for me only upon the condition that I be able to recall it within that mysterious being which is I know not where and precisely nowhere, which I turn like a mirror about this world whose phenomena take shape only in so far as they are reflected in it.

Thus our longing for immortality destroys itself while expressing itself, since it is on one of the accessory and most transient parts of our whole life that we base all the interest of our after-life. It seems to us that if our existence be not continued with the greater part of its drawbacks, of the pettinesses and blemishes that characterize it, nothing will distinguish it from that of other beings; that it will become a drop of ignorance in the ocean of the unknown; and that, thenceforth, all that may ensue will no longer concern us.

What immortality can one promise to men who almost necessarily conceive it in this guise? How can we help it? asks a puerile but profound instinct. Any immortality that does not drag with it through eternity, like the fetters of the convict that we were, that strange consciousness formed during a few years of movement, any immortality that does not bear that indelible mark of our identity, is for us as though it were not.

There lies the crux of the riddle. When we demand that this small consciousness, that this sense of a special ego, almost childish and in any case extraordinarily limited, probably an infirmity of our actual intelligence, should accompany us into the infinity of time in order that we may understand and enjoy it, are we not wanting to perceive an object with the aid of an organ that is not intended to perceive it? Are we not asking that our hand should discover the light or that our eye should take in perfumes? Are we not, on the other hand, acting like a sick man who, in order to recognize himself, to be quite sure that he is himself, should think it necessary to continue his sickness in his health and in the boundless sequence of his days? The comparison, for that matter, is more accurate than is the habit of a comparison. Picture a blind man who is also paralyzed and deaf. He has been in this condition from his birth and has just attained his thirtieth year. What can the hours have embroidered on the imageless web of this poor life? The unhappy man must have gathered in the depths of his memory, for lack of other recollections, a few wretched sensations of heat and cold, of weariness and rest, of more or less keen physical sufferings, of hunger and thirst. It is probable that all human joys, all our ideal hopes and dreams of paradise, will be reduced for him to the confused sense of well-being that follows the allaying of a pain. This, then, is the only possible equipment of that consciousness and that ego. The intellect, having never been invoked from without, will sleep soundly, knowing nothing of itself. Nevertheless, the poor wretch will have his little life to which he will cling by bonds as narrow and as eager as the happiest of men. He will dread death; and the idea of entering into eternity without carrying with him the emotions and memories of his dark and silent sick-bed will plunge him into the same despair into which we are plunged by the thought of abandoning for the icy gloom of the tomb a life of glory, light, and love.

Let us now suppose that a miracle suddenly quickens his eyes and ears and reveals to him, through the open window at the head of his bed, the dawn rising over the plain, the song of the birds in the trees, the murmuring of the wind in the leaves and of the water against its banks, the ringing of human voices among the morning hills. Let us suppose also that the same miracle, completing its work, restores to him the use of his limbs. He rises, stretches out his arms to that prodigy which as yet for him possesses neither reality nor a name: the light! He opens the door, staggers out amidst the effulgence, and his whole body dissolves in all these marvels. He enters upon an ineffable life, upon a sky of which no dream could have given him a foretaste; and, by a freak which is readily admissible in this sort of cure, health, when introducing him to this inconceivable and unintelligible exist-

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ence, wipes out in him every memory of past days.

What will be the state of that ego, of that central focus, the receptacle of all our sensations, the spot in which converges all that belongs in its own right to our life, the supreme point, the "egotic" point of our being, if I may venture to coin a word? Memory being abolished, will that ego recover within itself a few traces of the man that was? A new force, the intellect, awaking and suddenly displaying an unprecedented activity, what relation will that intellect keep up with the inert, dull germ whence it has sprung? At what corners of his past will the man clutch to continue his identity? And yet will there not survive within him some sense or instinct, independent of the memory, the intellect and I know not what other faculties, that will make him recognize that it is indeed in him that the liberating miracle has manifested itself, that it is indeed his life and not his neighbor's, transformed, irrecognizable, but substantially the same, that has issued from the silence and the darkness to prolong itself in harmony and light? Can we picture the disarray, the flux and reflux of that bewildered consciousness? Have we any idea in what manner the ego of yesterday will unite with the ego of to-day and how the "egotic" point, the sensitive point of the personality, the only point which we are anxious to preserve intact, will bear itself in that delirium and that upheaval?

Let us first endeavor to reply with sufficient preciseness to this question which comes within the scope of our actual and visible life; and if we are unable to do this, how can we hope to solve the other problem that presents itself before every man at the moment of his death?

This sensitive point, in which the whole problem is summed up, for it is the only one in question and, except in so far as it is concerned, immortality is certain — this mysterious point, to which, in the presence of death, we attach so high a value, we lose, strange to say, at any moment in life, without feeling the least anxiety. Not only is it destroyed nightly in our sleep, but even in waking it is at the mercy of a host of accidents. A wound, a shock, an indisposition, a few glasses of alcohol, a little opium, a little smoke, are enough to obliterate it. Even when nothing impairs it, it is not constantly perceptible. We often need an effort, a turning back upon ourselves, to recapture it, to become aware that such or such an event is occurring to us. At the least distraction a happiness passes beside us without touching us, without yielding up to us the pleasure which it contains. One would say that the functions of that organ by which we taste life and bring it home to ourselves are intermittent, often interrupted or suspended, and that the presence of our ego, except in pain, is but a rapid and perpetual sequence of departures and returns. What reassures us is that we believe ourselves sure to find it intact on awaking, after the wound, the shock, or the distraction, whereas we are persuaded, so fragile do we feel it to be, that it is bound to disappear forever in the terrible concussion that separates life from death.

One first truth, pending others which the future will no doubt reveal, is that, in these questions of life and death, our imagination has remained very childish. Almost everywhere else it precedes reason; but here it still loiters over the games of the earliest ages. It surrounds itself with the dreams and the barbarous longings with which it used to lull the hopes and fears of cave-dwelling man. It asks for things that are impossible, because they are too small. It claims privileges which, if obtained, would be more to be dreaded than the most enormous disasters with which nihility threatens us. Can we think without shuddering of an eternity contained wholly within our infinitesimal actual consciousness? Which of us, if he went to sleep to-night in the scientific certainty of awaking in a hundred years as he is to-day and with his body intact, even on the condition of losing all memory of his previous life (would those memories not be useless?), which of us would not welcome that secular sleep with the same confidence as the brief, gentle sleep of every night? And yet, during that sleep, how much would remain and how much of

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themselves would they find again on awaking? What link, at the moment when they closed their eyes, would connect them with the being that was to awake without memories, unknown, in a new world? Nevertheless, their consent and all their hopes at the beginning of that long night would depend upon that non-existent link. There is, in fact, between real death and this sleep only the difference of that awakening deferred for a century—an awakening here as alien to him who had gone to sleep as would be the birth of a posthumous child.

On the other hand, what answer do we make to the question when it has to do not with us, but with the things that breathe with us on earth? Are we concerned, for instance, about the after-life of the animals? The most faithful, affectionate, and intelligent dog, once dead, becomes but a repulsive carcass which we hasten to get rid of. It does not even seem possible to us to ask ourselves if any part of the already spiritual life which we loved in him subsists elsewhere than in our memory or if there is another world for dogs. It would appear rather absurd to us that time and space should preserve preciously, during eternity, among the stars and the boundless mansions of the sky, the soul of a poor beast, made up of five or six touching but very unsophisticated habits and of the longing to eat and drink, to sleep warm, and to greet his kind in the manner which we know. Besides, what could remain of that soul formed wholly of the few needs of a rudimentary body, when that body has ceased to exist? Yet by what right do we imagine between ourselves and the animal an abyss which does not exist even between the mineral and the vegetable, the vegetable and the animal? This right to believe ourselves so far, so different, from all that lives upon earth, this pretension to place ourselves in a category and a kingdom to which the very gods whom we have created would not always have access: these are what we must first of all examine.

It would be impossible to set forth all the paralogisms of our imagination on the point which we are discussing. Thus, we are pretty easily resigned to the dissolution of our body in the grave. We are not at all anxious that it should accompany us in the infinity of time. Upon reflection, we should even be vexed were it to escort us with its inevitable drawbacks: its faults, its blemishes, and its absurdities. What we intend to take with us is our soul. But what shall we answer to one who asks us if it is possible to conceive that this soul is anything else than the totality of our intellectual and moral faculties, added, if you like, to make full measure, to all those which come within the jurisdiction of our instinct, our unconsciousness, our subconsciousness? Now when, at the approach of old age, we see these same faculties grown weak, either in ourselves or in others, we do not distress ourselves, we do not despair any more than we distress ourselves or despair when we behold the slow decline of the physical strength. But, if we do not attach a capital importance to the dissolution of our body in the tomb or to the dissolution of our intellectual faculties during life, what do we ask death to spare and of what unrealizable dream do we demand the realization?

In truth, we cannot, at least for the moment, imagine an acceptable answer to the question of immortality. Why be astonished? Here stands my lamp on my table. It contains no mystery; it is the oldest, the best-known, and the most familiar object in the house. I see in it oil, a wick, a glass chimney; and all of this forms light. The riddle begins only when I ask myself what this light is, whence it comes when I call it, and where it goes when I extinguish it. Then, all at once, around this small object, which I can lift up, take to pieces, and might have fashioned with my hands, the riddle becomes unfathomable. Gather round my table all the men that live upon this earth: not one will be able to tell us what this little flame is which I cause to take birth or to die at my pleasure. And, should one of them venture upon one of those definitions known as scientific, every word of the definition will multiply the unknown and, on every side, open unexpected doors into the endless night. If we know nothing of the essence, the destiny, the life of a glimmer of familiar light of which all the elements were created

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by ourselves, of which the source, the proximate causes, and the effects are contained within a china bowl, how can we hope to penetrate the mystery of a life of which the simplest elements are situated at millions of years, at thousands of millions of leagues, from our intelligence in time and space?

Since humanity began to exist, it has not advanced a single step on the road of the mystery which we are contemplating. No question which we ask ourselves on the subject touches on any side the sphere in which our intelligence is formed and moves. There is perhaps possible or imaginable no relation between the organ that puts the question and the reality that ought to reply to it. The most active and searching inquiries of late years have taught us nothing. Learned and conscientious psychical societies, notably in England, have got together an imposing collection of irrefutable facts which prove that the life of the spiritual or nervous being can continue for a certain time after the death of the material being. No sincere mind now dreams of denying the possibility of these facts supported by documentary and other evidence as conclusive as that which serves as a basis for our firmest scientific convictions. But all this merely removes by a few lines, by a few hours, the beginning of the mystery. If the ghost of a person whom I love, clearly recognizable and apparently so much living that I speak to it, enters my room to-night at the very minute when life is quitting the body that lies a thousand miles away from the spot where I am, that is, no doubt, very strange, even as everything is strange in a world of which we do not understand the first word; but it shows at most that the soul, the spirit, the breath, the nervous and indiscernible force of the subtlest part of our matter, can disengage itself from that matter and survive it for an instant, even as the flame of a lamp which we extinguish sometimes becomes detached from the wick and hovers for a moment in the darkness. Never has a single one of those phantasms appeared to have the least consciousness of a new life, of a supraterrestrial life, a life different from that just left by the body whence it emanated. On the contrary, the spiritual life of all of them, at that moment when it ought to be pure, since it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when enveloped in matter. Most of them, in a sort of somnambulistic dulness, pursue mechanically the most insignificant of their accustomed preoccupations. One looks for his hat, which he has left on a chair or table; another is troubled about a small debt or anxious to know the time. And all of them, soon after, at the moment when the real after-life ought to begin, evaporate and disappear forever. I agree that this proves nothing either for or against the possibility of an after-life. We do not know whether these brief apparitions are the first glimmers of a new or the last of the present existence. Perhaps the dead, for want of a better, thus use and turn to account the last bond that links them and makes them still perceptible to our senses. Perhaps, afterwards, they continue to live around us, but fail, despite all their efforts, to make themselves recognized or to give us an idea of their presence, because we have not the organ needed to perceive them, even as all our efforts would fail to give a man blind from birth the least notion of light or color. In any case, it is certain that the investigations and the labors of that new science of the "Borderland," as the English call it, have left the problem exactly where it has been since the beginning of human consciousness.

In the invincible ignorance, then, in which we are, our imagination has the choice of our eternal destinies. Now, when we examine the different possibilities, we are compelled to admit that the most beautiful are not the least probable. A first hypothesis, to be put aside offhand, without discussion, as we have seen, is that of absolute annihilation. A second hypothesis, eagerly cherished by our blind instincts, promises us the more or less integral preservation, through the infinity of time, of our consciousness or our actual ego. We have also studied this hypothesis, which is a little more plausible than the first, but at bottom so narrow, so artless, and so puerile that, whether for men or for

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plants and animals, one scarcely sees a means of finding a reasonable place for it in boundless space and infinite time. Let us add that, of all our possible destinies, it would be the only one to be really dreaded, and that annihilation pure and simple would be a thousand times preferable.

There remains the double hypothesis of an after-life without consciousness, or with an enlarged and transformed consciousness, of which that which we possess to-day can give us no idea, which it prevents us rather from conceiving, even as our imperfect eye prevents us from conceiving any other light than that which goes from infra-red to ultra-violet, whereas it is certain that those probably prodigious lights would dazzle on every side, in the darkest night, a pupil differently shaped from ours.

Although double at the first view, the hypothesis is soon brought back to the simple question of consciousness. To say, for instance, as we are tempted to do, that an after-life without consciousness is equivalent to annihilation is to settle *a priori* and without reflection that problem of consciousness which is the chief and the most obscure of all those which interest us. It is, as all the metaphysicians have proclaimed, the most difficult that exists, considering that the object of our knowledge is the very thing that is striving to know. What, then, is that mirror ever opposite itself able to do, except to reflect itself indefinitely and to no purpose? However, in that reflection unable to emerge from the multiplication of itself sleeps the only ray capable of lighting all the rest. What is to be done? There is no other means of escaping from one's consciousness than to deny it, to look upon it as an organic disease of the terrestrial intelligence—a disease which we must endeavor to cure by an action which must appear to us an action of violent and wilful madness, but which, on the other side of our appearances, is probably an action of health.

But it is impossible to escape; and we return fatally to prowl around our consciousness based upon our memory, the most precarious of all our faculties. It being evident, we say, that nothing can perish, we must needs have lived before our present life. But, as we are unable to connect our previous existence with our actual life, this certainty is as indifferent to us, passes as far from us, as all the certainties of our later life. And here we have, before life as after death, the appearance of the mnemonic ego, concerning which it behooves us once more to ask ourselves if what it does during the few days of its activity is really important enough thus to decide, by reference to itself alone, the problem of immortality. From the fact that we enjoy our ego under so exclusive, special, imperfect, fragile, and ephemeral a form does it follow that there is no other mode of consciousness, no other means of enjoying life? A nation of men born blind, to return to the comparison which becomes essential because it best sums up our situation in the midst of the darkness of the worlds,—a nation of men born blind, to whom a solitary traveller should reveal the joys of the light, would deny not only that the latter was possible, but even imaginable. As for ourselves, is it not very nearly certain that we lack here below, among a thousand other senses, a sense superior to that of our mnemonic consciousness in order to have a fuller and surer enjoyment of our ego? May it not be said that we sometimes catch obscure traces or feeble desires of that budding or atrophied sense, oppressed in any case and almost suppressed by the rule of our terrestrial life which centralizes all the evolutions of our existence upon the same sensitive point? Are there not certain confused moments in which, however ruthlessly, however scientifically we may allow for egoism pursued to its most distant and secret sources, there remains in us something absolutely disinterested that takes pleasure in the happiness of others? Is it not also possible that the aimless joys of art, the calm and deep satisfaction into which we are plunged by the contemplation of a beautiful statue, of a perfect building, which does not belong to us, which we shall never see again, which arouses no sensual desire, which can be of no service to us: is it not possible that this satisfaction may be the pale glimmer of a different consciousness that filters through a cranny of our

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mnemonic consciousness? If we are unable to imagine that different consciousness, that is no reason to deny it. All our life would be spent in the midst of things which we could never have imagined, if our senses, instead of being given to us all together, had been granted to us one by one and from year to year. During childhood we did not suspect the existence of a whole world of passions, of love's frenzies and sorrows which excite "grown-up people." If, by chance, some garbled echo of those sounds reached our innocent and curious ears, we did not succeed in understanding what manner of fury or madness was thus seizing hold of our elders, and we promised ourselves, when the time came, to be more sensible, until the day when love, unexpectedly appearing, disturbed the centre of gravity of all our feelings and of most of our ideas. We see, therefore, that to imagine or not to imagine depends upon so little that we have no right to doubt the possibility of that which we cannot conceive.

What keeps and will long still keep us from enjoying the treasures of the universe is the hereditary resignation with which we tarry in the gloomy prison of our senses. Our imagination, as we lead it to-day, accommodates itself too readily to that captivity. It is true that it is the slave of those senses which alone feed it. But it does not cultivate enough within itself the intuitions and presentiments which tell it that it is absurdly captive and that it must seek outlets even beyond the most resplendent and most infinite circles which it pictures to itself. It is important that our imagination should say to itself more and more seriously that the real world begins thousands of millions of leagues beyond its most ambitious and daring dreams. Never was it entitled—nay, bound—to be more madly foolhardy than now. All that it succeeds in building and multiplying in the most enormous space and time that it is capable of conceiving is nothing compared with that which is. Already the smallest revelations of science in our humble daily life teach it that, even in that modest environment, it cannot cope with reality, that it is constantly being overwhelmed, disconcerted, dazzled by all the unexpected that lies hidden in a stone, a salt, a glass of water, a plant, an insect. It is already something to be convinced of this, for that places us in a state of mind that watches every occasion to break through the magic circle of our blindness; it persuades us also that we must hope to find no decisive truths within this circle, that they all lie hidden beyond it. Man, to keep his sense of proportion, has a need to tell himself at every moment that, if placed suddenly amid the realities of the universe, he would be exactly comparable with an ant which, knowing only the narrow paths, the tiny holes, the approaches and the horizons of its ant-heap, should suddenly find itself floating on a straw in the midst of the Atlantic. Pending the time when we shall have left a prison which prevents us from coming into touch with the realities beyond our imagination, we stand a much greater chance of lighting upon a fragment of truth by imagining the most unimaginable things than by striving to lead the dreams of that imagination, through the midst of eternity, between the dikes of logic and of actual possibilities. Let us therefore try, whenever a new dream presents itself, to snatch from before our eyes the bandage of our earthly life. Let us say to ourselves that, among the possibilities which the universe still hides from us, one of the easiest to realize, one of the most palpable, the least ambitious and the least disconcerting, is certainly the possibility of a means of enjoying an existence much more spacious, lofty, perfect, durable, and secure than that which is offered to us by our actual consciousness. Admitting this possibility—and there are few as probable—the problem of our immortality is, in principle, solved. It is now a question of grasping or foreseeing its ways and, amid the circumstances that interest us most, of knowing what part of our intellectual and moral acquirements will pass into our eternal and universal life. This is not the work of to-day or to-morrow; but it would need no incredible miracle to make it the work of some other day.

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The Pink Shawls

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE two Crosby sisters, Honora and Ellen, their niece Annette, their deceased brother's daughter, and her brother Franklin were all in the sitting-room the day before Christmas, at work on Christmas presents. Franklin was whittling paper-knives out of whitewood, and sniffling painfully and dejectedly the while. He was only ten, and out of school on account of a cold. He did not like to go to school, but it was snowing hard, and he was eager to be out-of-doors.

Honora was crocheting a shawl of pink wool, Annette was dressing a doll, and Ellen was covering a pincushion with blue silk. Later she intended sticking in pins in letters representing, "To Cora." Ellen was a conservative, and that which always had been seemed the best to her. Pincushions made in such wise had been a fashion of her departed youth. Honora crocheted with her lips set in a curious way which she always maintained when at work. Annette dressed the doll listlessly. She was a pretty girl, although to-day she looked somewhat wan. A young man, Harry Roel, who had been openly attentive to her, had lately deserted her for another girl. That very afternoon she had seen them pass in a sleigh. She had said nothing, but her aunt Honora had spoken.

"It seems to me folks must be in an awful strait to go sleigh-riding in such a storm as this," said she, with an odd mixture of sympathy for her niece and indignation at the young man.

Franklin considered it a good opening for a plea of his own. He spoke with a hoarse whine. "Can't I just go out and coast down Adkin's hill just twice if I tie my tippet over my ears?" he asked.

"I rather guess you can't," replied his aunt Honora.

"I'll wear my thick coat, and something under it."

"Don't you say another word. You keep on with your paper-knives."

Franklin applied his damp handkerchief to his nose, and the tears trickled down his rasped cheeks. He was a fair little boy, and cold made ravages in his appearance. "I'm sick of these old paper-knives," he muttered.

"No muttering," Honora said, sternly. "Christmas is the one time of the year when we ought to think of other people and not of ourselves. Just look at your aunt Ellen and your sister and me working. Maybe we don't feel any more like it than you do."

Annette, fitting in a fussy little sleeve to the doll's dress, gave a weary sigh. "That is so," she said. "If ever I hated to do anything, it was to dress a doll."

"But she knows how tickled little Minnie Green will be with it," said Honora; "and here is your aunt Ellen making a pincushion for Cora Abbot, and she woke up with a headache; and here I am crocheting a shawl to give away to a lady in Bilchester, when I really need one myself. Christmas isn't the time to think of yourself."

"Pink was always so becoming to you, too," said Ellen.

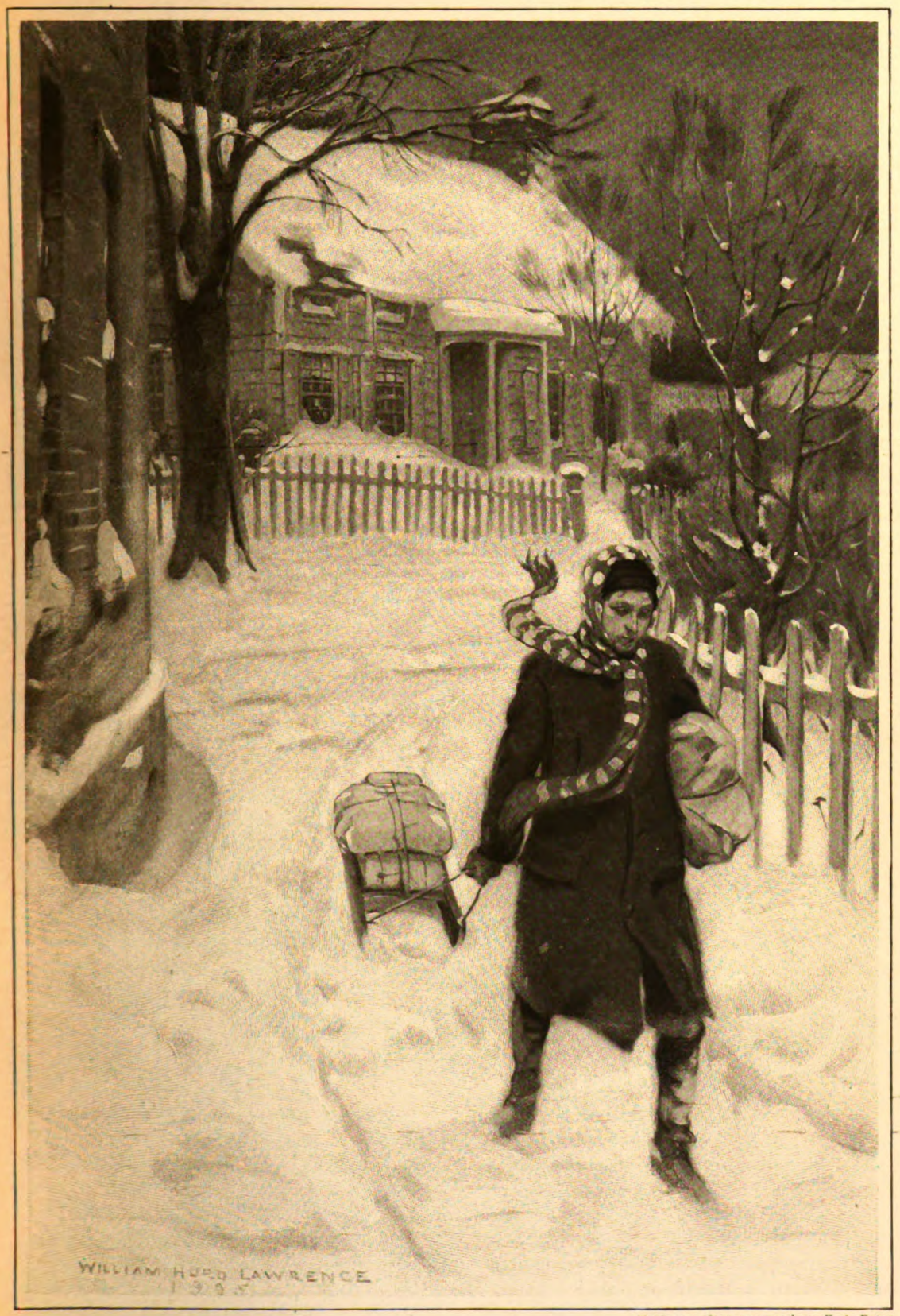
"It used to be," said Honora. In spite of herself she could not resist placing the fluff of pink wool under her chin and gazing at herself in the glass opposite. Honora was old and her hair was snow white, but she had the tints of youth in her fine skin, and the pink wool cast its roseate hues over her face and thick white locks.

"It's just as becoming as it ever was," said Ellen.

Honora could not avoid a conscious simper at the charming reflection of herself. She had always been covertly pleased to meet herself in the glass. "Well," said she, "I shall have to do without a pink shawl."

Ellen regarded her with a troubled ex-

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Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

FRANKLIN WENT ABOUT CARRYING THE PRESENTS ON HIS SLED

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pression. "Oh dear, sister," said she. "I only wish I had thought, for I could have got a pink shawl for you as well as the present I have."

"So could I," said Annette.

"Well," said Honora, in a resigned voice, "I know I shall like what you have for me. It is only that I have always wanted a pink shawl, and I have never seen the time when I felt that I could conscientiously get one for myself."

"You have made so many for other people, too," said Annette.

"Yes, I know I have," agreed Honora, "but it always seemed to me that they needed them more than I did. Here is poor Abby Judd. She has just barely enough money to live on, and she has the prayer-meeting at her house every week since the church burned down, and she has the sewing society at least once a month, and her house is always chilly, and she really needs a dressy shawl."

"You are always thinking of somebody else," said Annette, and the remark pleased Honora. Annette looked very much as Honora had done at her age. Her hair was a brilliant brown with red lights in it, and her complexion was really wonderful. Annette, as she worked, cast every now and then a glance out at the storm. It seemed to her that she constantly heard sleigh-bells ever since that sleigh with Harry Roel and the other girl had passed. "It's an awful storm," she said, with a half-sigh. This was the night of the week—Wednesday—when Harry Roel had been accustomed to call, and she had always made a wood fire in the stove in the best parlor. She would not need to do that to-night.

The next morning Franklin went about carrying the presents on his sled. He was better, and so wrapped up that he could scarcely walk. He had to carry some of the parcels to the post-office and the express-office, and some to houses in the village. He was usually quite a trustworthy errand-boy, but possibly this morning the quinine which he had taken for the grippe, or the grippe itself, confused his young mind. Instead of taking the pink shawl, which was enveloped daintily in pink tissue-paper tied with pink ribbons, then enclosed in a nice white box, to the express-office, he carried it to Harry Roel's house. Harry lived with his widowed mother, and the maid who came to the door and took the box could not read English, and she had no hesitation about receiving it.

"This is a Christmas present from my aunt Honora," said Franklin.

The Swedish girl smiled at the beaming eyes above the red tippet. Then she carried the package into the kitchen to her mistress, who was there superintending the pudding. Mrs. Roel was an impetuous soul, and had never gotten over her childish delight in presents. She did not look at the address, but cut the string with the first knife at hand. She unfolded the pink tissue-paper and shook out the shawl.

"Oh, what a pretty shawl!" she cried, "and it's just what I wanted, for I am going to have the sewing-circle next week, and I've got cold."

Then she spied the card attached to the shawl with pink ribbon and read, "To Abby Judd, with loving wishes for Christmas and the New-year, from her old friend, Honora Crosby," and her face fell.

"Goodness! this isn't mine, after all," she said. "It's for Abby Judd in Bilchester. I used to know her. She and Honora Crosby were always intimate. Well, this must be done up again, and when Harry comes in he must take it down to the express-office."

It thus happened that poor Annette Crosby heard the jingle of sleigh-bells that morning, and she did not know that Harry was carrying the pink shawl which her aunt Honora had crocheted for Abby Judd to the express-office.

In due time Honora received a letter of thanks from Abby Judd, along with a pretty little pious book bound in white and gold. Honora looked very sharply at the book, then she laid it on the table with her other gifts.

"It is very pretty," said she, "and Abby was very kind to send it." There was an odd tone in her voice. Franklin and Ellen were in the room. After Franklin went out, Ellen examined the book closely, then she looked at her sister.

"It's one somebody gave her," she said. "I can see where the name was rubbed out."

"Well, I don't suppose she could afford to buy a new one," said Honora,

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generously. "She has an awful time to make both ends meet, and of course she had read it. All I hope is that the one who gave it to her won't see it."

"That is so," said Ellen. "I made out the name; didn't you?"

Honora nodded.

"It was Mrs. Addison Roel."

"Yes, Etta Roel was the name. She scratched it out, and I suppose she thought nobody would notice it."

"Well, Mrs. Addison Roel won't be very apt to come in here now," said Ellen.

"That is so," assented Honora.

Ellen lowered her voice. She nodded toward the kitchen, where Annette was making some chocolate creams to please Franklin. "Do you suppose she minds much?" she whispered.

"If she does, there won't nobody know it," said Honora.

She was quite right, nobody did know it. Time went on, and Harry Roel never came to see Annette, and it was reported that he was constant in his attentions to the other girl, that they were engaged, but Annette never lowered her crest. She dressed just as painstakingly and prettily as ever. She went everywhere. She did not in the least avoid meeting her old lover and his new sweetheart. People said that she did not care. It was even rumored that Annette had dismissed him, and that he was paying attention to Laura Ames out of spite. His mother heard of it and told him. She had just come home from the mission circle one afternoon in December; it was a year later than the first Christmas when she had received Honora's pink shawl by mistake.

"I heard something that made me mad this afternoon," she said to her son when they sat together at the tea-table. Mrs. Addison Roel was a very pretty woman, astonishingly young for her age, and when she was excited color flushed her cheeks and her eyes sparkled like a girl's. She was prettily dressed, too, in a lace-trimmed silk waist and a black satin skirt.

"What was it?" asked Harry.

"Well, I heard that Annette Crosby had jilted you, and that was the reason you were going with Laura."

Harry paled a little. He had inherited his mother's good looks, and even her childishness of expression. "Well, maybe it sounds better to have it go so," he said.

"I don't think it sounds any better for you," said his mother, hotly.

"It sounds better for Annette," said Harry, and suddenly his pale face flushed.

Mrs. Addison Roel looked sharply at him. "Goodness! you don't mean to say that you are thinking of Annette now?" she said.

Harry said nothing.

"Well, I'd stick to one thing two minutes," said his mother.

"Maybe I am not the only one to be accused of that," said Harry, gloomily.

"Harry Roel!" cried his mother. "Annette Crosby didn't—"

"Never mind what she did or didn't," Harry returned, and took his hat and went away, leaving his mother staring after him.

"He didn't half eat his supper," she thought; "and there was that chocolate cake he is so fond of, too." She wondered if Annette Crosby had really dismissed her son; she felt an active dislike toward her, aroused by the mere imagination of such a thing. "I wonder who she thinks she is?" she thought; and yet she positively disliked Laura Ames, and the anticipation of having to live with her had really caused her to lose some of her pretty youthful curves. She had always rather looked forward to living with Annette, who was exceedingly sweet-tempered and a good housekeeper, whereas the other girl was openly called a spitfire, if she was pretty, and she had the name of letting her mother do all the work. There was no servant in the Ames' house. However, the possibility of Annette's having treated Harry badly, served to partly reconcile her with the other girl. She resolved to ask Laura to tea Christmas day, and it so happened that Annette saw Harry drive past with her as she had the year before.

The Crosbys had their gifts all finished and despatched; it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and their little tables were spread with those which they had received. Honora had two which rather nonplussed her. Annette and Ellen each presented her with a pink crocheted shawl. When the gifts were displayed, and they saw that each had chosen the same thing

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for Honora, they at first looked sober, then they laughed, and Honora joined them.

"Well, I declare I've got pink shawls now if I never had any before," said she.

"It all happened because I went to that church fair when I was in Norcross," said Annette. She had been visiting the married friend for whose little girl she had dressed the doll the preceding Christmas. She had been a little out of health, and they had thought a change might benefit her. "I happened to see that shawl at the fair," said Annette, "and I knew it was just the shade Aunt Honora liked, so I bought it. I was going to crochet one, but I didn't feel quite up to it, and I thought this would do just as well."

"I didn't dream you were going to give her a pink shawl or I would have said something to you about it," said Ellen. "I had made up my mind to give her one, but you know I can't crochet, and I happened to see this one in the Woman's Exchange in Winchester last November when I went there shopping with Mrs. Green; so I got it. I've had it hidden away ever since. I wish they weren't both the same stitch."

"Never mind. I don't care anything about that," said Honora. "I always thought this was the prettiest stitch there was, and I am delighted with them. It is a great deal nicer to have two, because I shall feel that I can wear them all I want to. If I had only one, I dare say I should have kept it done up in a towel, and hardly ever worn it."

"Well, there is something in that," agreed Ellen. She looked admiringly at her sister, who threw one of the shawls over her shoulder.

However, as she sat beside the window, a boy came to the door and left a package for her, and when it was opened her face changed. "I declare, if Mrs. John Eggleston hasn't sent me another pink shawl!" said Honora.

"And it is the same stitch," said Ellen.

Annette, in spite of her troubles, was young and had a sense of humor. She sank into a chair and doubled over with laughter. In a moment Honora and Ellen joined her.

Honora had a dainty little note enclosing a Christmas card, and she read it. "At all events Mrs. Eggleston is honest," she said. "She tells me right out that she had this shawl sent her three years ago from a friend, and she had never worn it, and she sends it to me with Christmas greetings, because she heard me say once that I wished I had a pink shawl."

"Yes, she is honest," said Ellen. "Maria Eggleston always did speak right out."

"Well, I declare!" said Honora, looking at the shawl with an odd expression.

"You will have to wear pink shawls morning, noon, and night," said Annette.

It was not long after that when Franklin came home; he had been sent to the office for the night mail, and he brought several packages, evidently presents for the two aunts and the niece. Honora had two. One she opened at once.

"What a lovely doily!" said she. "Cora sent it to me."

"What is in your other package?" asked Annette.

Honora hesitated. She sat looking at the unopened package in her lap with an expression of chagrin, amusement, and distress. She had caught a glimpse of rose-color through one end of the parcel. It was not very carefully tied up.

"I declare it looks like—" began Ellen.

"I do believe it is," said Annette, with a shriek of laughter.

Honora lifted the parcel. "It is light and soft," said she, in a resigned voice.

Then Annette caught sight of the pink color at the end. "It is, it is," she cried.

Honora opened the parcel and shook out another pink shawl.

"Thank the Lord, it is a different stitch," said Ellen, with a gasp.

"Ellen, you ought to be ashamed bringing the Lord into it," said Honora, reproachfully.

"Well, I can't help it. I do feel thankful, and I don't see any sin in being thankful for little things as well as big ones," said Ellen.

Then they all looked at the shawl and laughed. Franklin was a little bewildered. He did not quite understand what the laughter was about.

"Aunt Honora has got four pink shawls," explained Annette to him.

Then Franklin bent over with laughter. "Well, she's going to have another," said

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he. "Willy Bennet's mother is going to give Aunt Honora a pink shawl. I know, because Willy's got a cold and can't come to bring it over, and Mrs. Bennet wanted me to come over after supper and get it. She hadn't got it done up. Willy's mother said she heard Aunt Honora say last year that she wanted a pink shawl, and she made up her mind she should have one."

"I wonder if she made it herself?" said Annette.

"She couldn't have," said Ellen. "Mrs. Bennet doesn't know how to crochet, I know."

"I remember saying to Mrs. Bennet that I wanted a pink shawl," remarked Honora, still with that queer expression.

"Good land! five pink shawls," said Ellen.

"Maybe you will have another," said Annette. "There is a letter you haven't opened, Aunt Honora."

"Thank the Lord, there can't be a pink shawl in that, anyhow," said Ellen.

Honora opened the letter. Then she laughed. "There is something about a pink shawl in it, anyhow," said she. "It's from Sarah Mills, and she was always honest too. She says she has had a pink shawl sent her for a Christmas present, but she never wears pink, because it makes her look yellow; she doesn't say who sent it; so she is sending it to me by express."

"I begin to feel nervous," said Ellen.

"Yes, there is something awful about so many pink shawls," said Annette. Then she laughed again, her rather hysterical laugh. She was really very unhappy. She did not get over her unhappiness about Harry Roel, although she held her head high.

"Why don't you have a rummage sale and get rid of them?" said Franklin.

"Franklin Crosby, I am ashamed of you," said Honora; "a rummage sale of presents which were given me by my friends! You must remember that when anything is given you there is something sacred about it, because it is not only the thing itself, but the love and kindness that go with it from the giver, and it isn't anything to be treated lightly or to be made fun of. Everything I have ever had given me since I was a girl I have treasured up, and I wouldn't part with them for any money, even if they don't happen to be quite what I need. The need is not the main thing."

Franklin was looking hard at a book which he himself had just received. "Well, I suppose I'll have to treasure up this book," said he. "I had one just like it year before last. I don't want to read it, so I suppose I'll have to treasure it."

"Of course you will," said his aunt, severely, "and you must remember that you treasure up not only the book but your teacher's kind thought of you."

"Yes'm," said Franklin, meekly, with inward reservations. "She gave Willy Bennet a great box of candy," said he. "He's teacher's favorite."

"Nonsense! Miss Lowny is a good woman, and she hasn't any favorites," said his aunt Honora, "and the book cost probably more than the candy."

"No, it didn't," said Franklin, "for that candy is fifty cents a pound, and there were two pounds of it, and they are selling books just like this for twenty-nine cents at White and Adams's. I saw 'em in the window my own self yesterday."

"Franklin Crosby, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" cried his aunts and sister as one.

"I don't see why," returned Franklin, stoutly. He had very good reasoning powers for his age. "I don't see why kind thoughts and a dollar ain't more than kind thoughts and twenty-nine cents. So there!"

"Franklin, you can go out in the woodshed and bring in some wood and start up the fire in the kitchen stove. It is almost time for supper, and let me hear no more of such talk," said Honora, sternly.

However, she could not quite make up her mind to wear the dainty rose-colored things as often as she had planned. It happened that all six shawls were for the most of the time packed carefully away, each folded in a clean white towel, and that she only wore one, scented strongly with camphor, on a state occasion. When the next Christmas came not one shawl was the worse for wear.

"I hope to goodness you won't get any more pink shawls this Christmas," said

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Ellen. The two sisters and Annette were as usual the day before Christmas engaged in finishing up some presents and packing others to be sent. Franklin had some Christmas duties which were much more acceptable to him than usual. He had developed an amazing ability for a boy in making candy, and the fragrant fumes of his concoctions filled the house.

Honora was crocheting, putting the last stitches to a head-tie for Abby Judd. Ellen was finishing a centre-piece, and Annette was tying up parcels in dainty white paper with ribbons and writing cards with loving Christmas messages. Annette had grown distinctly wan and thin, although she was still pretty. She had heard that very morning that Harry Roel was to be married in the spring. The reflection of that seemed to be pricking her heart all the time while she was doing up the dainty parcels, but she forced herself to talk and laugh as usual. She was prettily dressed, too. She wore a pink cashmere house-dress which she had made herself, and which suited her wonderfully. Her aunt Honora had looked at her with a little surprise when, after the dinner dishes were cleared away, she had appeared in that gown and settled down to her afternoon work on the Christmas presents.

"Do you expect anybody?" she asked.

"No," replied Annette. "Why?"

"Why, you are so dressed up."

Annette laughed. Her thin, sweet face under her soft puffs of brown hair flushed. "Oh, I just took a notion to put this dress on," said she. She did not own the truth, that she wore the dress from a species of self-defiance. Harry Roel had always been accustomed to come Christmas eve, and she had considered that if things were as they had been, she would have worn that pretty pink dress. Then she said to herself, "Well, I will wear the dress, anyhow." Therefore she had put it on.

She felt her aunts looking at each other with wonder and some suspicion, but she pretended not to notice it.

"I think you had better put on an apron, anyhow, with that dress," her aunt Honora said, finally.

Annette obediently got one of her aunt's aprons from the secretary drawer and tied it around her waist. It was of a sheer white material, and the pink of her gown showed faintly through it.

It was about four o'clock when a boy was seen racing past the windows. He ran so fast that he was not seen distinctly by any of them.

It was not two seconds before the flying figure again passed the window, and Franklin entered with a neat parcel.

"Here is something Gus Appleby brought for Aunt Honora," said he.

Honora took it, and the others gathered around.

"I wonder what it is and who sent it?" said Annette.

"Another pink shawl perhaps," said Ellen. "Honora hasn't had one this year so far."

Honora opened the nice white parcel, and there was disclosed an inner parcel of white tissue-paper tied with pink ribbon. Through the tissue-paper a rosy gleam was evident.

"I declare, it *is* another pink shawl," said Annette.

Honora untied the dainty pink bow, unrolled the tissue-paper, and slowly shook out the pink shawl. She laughed a little, then she looked rather sober.

"Who sent this one?" said Ellen.

Honora took up a card which was tied to the shawl with a bit of narrow pink ribbon. "'Christmas greetings from Caroline Roel,'" she read. Annette turned pale.

"I shouldn't have thought she would have had the face!" gasped Ellen.

Annette said nothing. She turned again to the table where were the parcels which she was tying up, and she began working on them with her mouth shut tightly.

Meanwhile Honora was closely examining the pink shawl in a grim silence. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then she closed it again; then her desire to reveal something was too much for her. "Franklin, go out in the kitchen," said she, sharply. "I think that candy is catching on."

When the door had closed behind the boy she turned to her sister and her niece. "Do you want me to tell you something?" said she.

"For goodness' sake, what is it, Honora?" asked Ellen, and Annette turned a pale, inquiring face from her parcels.

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"Well," said Honora, "I thought at first I wouldn't speak, but I guess I can't help it. This is the very identical shawl I sent to Abby Judd two years ago."

Ellen gasped. "Why, Honora, how do you know?"

"I know," replied Honora, conclusively.

"But how?"

"I know. I made a wrong stitch in the lower left-hand corner; and I have some of the wool left, too."

"I don't believe it."

Honora went majestically over to the secretary. She took out of the lowest drawer a neat little parcel labelled, "Pink wool left from Abby Judd's shawl." "Look," said she.

"Yes, it is the same shade," said Ellen. "Goodness!"

"But how on earth did Mrs. Roel get hold of it?" asked Ellen, in a bewildered fashion.

"I know," said Honora, shortly.

"How?"

"Abby Judd gave it to her for a Christmas present last year."

"My land!" exclaimed Ellen, gazing blankly at her sister.

"It's so," said Honora.

"Why, I can't believe it."

"I can't help it whether you believe it or not; it's so."

Just then there was a ring at the front door-bell, and a sudden hush pervaded the room.

"There's somebody at the door," whispered Ellen, agitatedly. She began gathering up scraps of ribbons and strings which littered the floor and thrusting them into the adjoining bedroom. Honora assisted. "This room looks as if it were going to ride out," said she, "but whoever it is has got to come in here. The parlor isn't warm enough." Annette hurriedly straightened the things on the table where she was working. Honora peeked out of the side window. "It's she," said she, in a whisper.

"Who?" whispered Ellen.

"Mrs. Roel."

Annette made a motion as if to run from the room, then she tied a little blue bow on a package resolutely.

Honora glanced at Annette. "I'll go to the door," said she, and just as she started the bell rang again. Presently she ushered in Mrs. Roel, who looked fluttered and embarrassed. She did not accept the offer of the best rocking-chair.

"No, thank you," said she. "I can't stop, but I felt as if I must come over." She stopped and hesitated, and her pretty, middle-aged face, looking forth from the folds of a blue worsted head-tie, flushed a deep pink. "I felt as if I must come and—explain," she said again. Then she again stopped and hesitated, and her face was blazing. She glanced at the pink shawl on Honora's table. "I don't know what you thought," she stammered, "and I—I—felt as if I had better come right over here and tell you the whole story. I felt as if maybe I wasn't quite straightforward, but I didn't want anybody else blamed, and I don't now, but—well, I can't help it; I'm going to tell you." She addressed herself directly to Honora, and spoke rapidly. "Well," said she, "two years ago last Christmas your nephew brought that shawl to my house by mistake. I opened it before I saw the direction on the wrapper. When I saw it afterward I did it right up again, and my son carried it to the express-office and sent it where it was meant to go; and then the next Christmas Hannah Mills must have had it sent to her for a present from Abby Judd; at least that's the way I reasoned it out; and this year—Hannah and I always exchange presents — she sent it to me. Hannah meant all right. She never wore pink; it always made her look yellow; and I don't believe either she or Abby Judd ever had this shawl on their backs. It has been kept just as nice, and it's all scented with camphor. You can smell the camphor, though there was a real strong sachet in with it. I kept the sachet. Well, when I got it I knew it the very minute I set my eyes on it. I never saw such a shade of pink before, for one thing, and I always did carry colors in my eyes very well; and then there was another thing. I always notice every little thing, and I happened to notice it when I saw it first—a little tiny bit of white in the pink at the neck; you know how it will happen so sometimes. I suppose the dye don't take, and I knew it was the same shawl. And I'll own up

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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

ANNETTE SANK UPON A CHAIR AND BEGAN TO WEEP

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I felt kind of mad at first. There I'd worked and made an afghan for Hannah, and she had sent me a shawl that somebody else had given her; and as for Abby Judd, I didn't think much of her giving it away, either. But my first thought was that I wouldn't tell on them, that I'd just see to it that you had your shawl back again. I thought maybe you wouldn't know it was your shawl. So I called in the Appleby boy and gave him five cents for bringing it over. And then I got to thinking it over, and I felt dreadful mean, and as if you wouldn't know what to make of it; and I began to think that Abby and Hannah meant all right, and Hannah always did look as yellow as saffron in pink, and I dare say Abby Judd does, too,—she's something the same complexion,—and I thought I'd come over and make a clean breast of the whole thing."

Annette, very pale, continued tying her parcels, but in spite of her pallor and the shock of having Harry's mother in the house, her mouth twitched a little. Honora looked at the shawl, then at Mrs. Roel with an inexplicable face; then she laughed.

"It's all right," said she, "but I wish you'd keep the shawl, Mrs. Roel."

"No; you keep it and wear it yourself."

Then Ellen laughed. "Land! I don't see how she's going to," said she, "not if she lives to be a hundred; she's got six more pink shawls she had given her last Christmas."

"Good land!" cried Mrs. Roel.

"Do take it and keep it," said Honora. "I know pink must be real becoming to you."

"Yes, it always was becoming," admitted Mrs. Roel. "It never made me look yellow, but—"

"You've got to take this shawl or I shall feel real hurt," said Honora. She tried to speak pleasantly, but her manner was a little stiff. She could not help thinking how Harry Roel had treated Annette.

"Well, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Roel, "when that shawl came two years ago, it did look so pretty, and I tried it on, and it was so becoming that I sent right away for some worsted and made myself one. I always loved to crochet. And I've kept it real nice, so it is just as good as new. But I thank you just as much."

"Of course, then, you don't want this," said Honora.

"I thank you just as much as if I took it," said Mrs. Roel. She was going out, with a remark about the weather to make her exit easy and graceful, when she stopped as if she had made a sudden resolution, and turned upon Annette. "Well," said she, "as long as I am here I may as well have it out, and I suppose your aunts know all about it. What made you treat my son so awful mean?"

Annette looked at her. She blushed first, then she looked ready to faint. "I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Yes, you do; you needn't pretend you don't."

"I don't," said Annette. Then she gave way. Her nerves were strained to the utmost. She sank upon a chair and began to weep.

Her aunt Honora came to her rescue. She looked fiercely at Mrs. Roel.

"When it comes to treating mean," said she, "there may be two ways of looking at it."

"Don't, Aunt Honora," sobbed Annette.

"Yes, I am going to have it out, now it is begun," said Honora. "When it comes to accusing you of treating Harry Roel mean, I am going to say something. I call it treating a girl pretty mean when a young man comes to see her as steady as your son came to see Annette, and then goes with another girl right before her face and eyes, without her giving him any reason."

"She did give him reason," declared Mrs. Roel. "She gave him a good deal of reason—reason enough for any young man if he had a mite of pride."

"I'd like to know what?" said Honora, and even Annette stared inquiringly over her handkerchief at Mrs. Roel.

"I call it reason enough," said Mrs. Roel, "when a young man who has been going with a girl the way my son had been going with Annette sees her coming out of a store with another young man—"

"What young man?" interpolated Annette, curious in spite of herself.

"John Appleby. You needn't pretend you have forgotten."

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"I don't know what you mean, and I have forgotten," Annette said, brokenly.

"Well, my son hasn't forgotten. He saw you coming out of Rogers and Gray's with John Appleby, and you had a little package, and when he asked you what it was you just laughed and wouldn't tell him, and made him think it was something John had bought for you—it was two weeks before Christmas,—and there you were as good as engaged to my son."

Annette completely lowered her handkerchief. She looked brighter, although her eyes were still brimming with tears. "I do remember now," she said, "but I have never thought of it since."

"Well, my son has thought of it a good deal, I can tell you that."

"I never thought of it. I did it just to tease him."

"Some folks don't take to teasing easy," said Mrs. Roel. "My son is one who doesn't. He takes everything serious."

"The package was just pink worsted that Aunt Honora sent me for, to finish that pink shawl," said Annette, and in spite of herself she laughed.

"Well," said Honora, with acrimony, "your son consoled himself pretty quick. I don't see as he has much reason to find any fault."

"Who says he consoled himself?"

"Well, I should think he did, if he is going to marry that other girl in the spring."

"He isn't going to marry her. She's going to marry a man out West."

"So she's given him the mitten?" said Honora.

"No, she hasn't," returned Mrs. Roel, angrily. "My son doesn't take mittens. He was never in earnest in going with her, and she knew he wasn't, and he knew he wasn't. He knew all the time about that other man out West. He has felt used up over the whole thing," said she. "He didn't think that Annette could treat him so."

"I don't see that Annette has done anything so very much out of the way," said Honora. "It looks to me as if all the trouble was your son's having a faculty of bringing his foot down on a fly as if it were a sledge-hammer on a rattlesnake. If a man can't take a little joke, why, he's got to take the consequences."

"Harry always took things just as they were said," returned his mother, but her face was much softer. She looked at Annette. "Are you going to be at home this evening?" said she.

Annette colored. "I am always at home," she replied, in a low voice.

Mrs. Roel turned again to Honora. "It's queer, but it does seem as if that shawl was at the root of a good deal," said she; "I hope you don't think I did anything out of the way coming to you about it."

"I think you did just right," said Honora.

That evening after supper Annette made up a fire in the parlor stove. Her face had changed wonderfully in a short time. She looked years younger. Irrepressible dimples showed in her pink cheeks. She fastened a little pink rosette in her brown hair. She was fairly glowing and blooming with youth and happiness. About eight o'clock the door-bell rang, and she went to the door. Then voices were heard in the hall, and the parlor door closed.

"It's he," said Honora.

"Yes, it is," said Ellen. "I am glad; the poor child has tried to make the best of it, but she's been real low in her mind, and she has lost flesh. Ellen was examining happily a handkerchief which she had just received in the mail from Hannah Mills. "It's real fine," said she. "If there's anything I do like, it's a real nice, fine pocket-handkerchief."

Franklin was eating one of his chocolate caramels, and enjoying intensely the sweet on his tongue.

Honora looked at the pink shawl which was lying in a rosy fluff on the table by her side. "It seems to me this room is kind of chilly," said she, "and I've a good mind to put that shawl on."

"I would," said Ellen.

"I guess I'll just wear it and get the good of it," said Honora.

"I would, so long as I had so many laid away," said Ellen.

Honora took the shawl and put it over her shoulders. Then she looked at her sister and began to speak, and hesitated.

"What is it?" asked Ellen.

"Will you promise me that you will

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never tell as long as you live if I tell you something, Ellen Crosby?" said Honora.

Ellen looked wonderingly at her. "Of course I won't tell," said she. "What is it, Honora?"

"Nothing, only I made every one of those pink shawls myself," said Honora.

"Honora Crosby!"

"Yes, I did. I know I am right. I can't quite see how some of them got back to me, but they did."

"Good land!"

"It's so. I don't suppose I shall ever know the true inside of it; but there's one thing sure—my friends did want to give me something I wanted for a Christmas present, if they only knew what it was, and that's worth more than anything else."

Ellen stared, then she laughed, but Honora in her pink shawl did not seem amused at all. There was the faintest murmur of voices from the parlor. Honora had never had any love-affair of her own, but as she listened to that low murmur of Annette and her lover, her face took on the expression which it might have worn had she been in Annette's place. And the pink shawl cast a rosy glow over her silvery hair of age all like the joy of the giver upon beholding the joy over the gift.

The Autumn of Love

BY THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

WHEN the awakening haws were green,
When May-time's drift on the apple-trees
Hung white and sweet, and the pearly sheen
Of the morning mist made drunk the bees,
We learned the whisper and the kiss:
What deadlier whisper bringeth—this?

Thy hand on mine was Heaven won,
Thy voice and mine chimed into song,
Thy lips and mine were flower and sun—
The spring-time road was green and long;
And now—no answering fervent fire
Lights in thy heart my heart's desire.

Yet thou art perilous fair, it seems,
And I—a singer at the shrine;
The minstrels still must dream their dreams,
Still love and lose, still kiss and pine;
Thy soul hath learned to follow far
Another and more warlike star.

For those dear days of bloom and Spring
Have withered in the ripening heat,
And lo, the Autumn's burgeoning
Bringeth a sound of heavier feet—
And in the eyes that mirrored mine
Are pennon's flash and lance's shine.

So cometh Autumn to the year,
So cometh twilight to the day,
And unto me the tune and tear,
And mailèd hands my hope to slay:
False Autumn with her dower of gold
Is still unsought, and groweth old.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS is the kindly season when the conscience does well to examine itself for its own stains, but not so well, or at least so hopefully, to apply benzine to the little spots on other consciences. Such spots, of course, show more plainly, and it is easier to get at them with the benzine, or the Javelle water, or the lemon juice, or whatever detergent the censor pleases to employ. One's personal stains are less in perspective, and the rubbing-in, necessary to remove them, can never be so vigorous or of such agreeable effect as that used in making a thorough job of objective iniquities. The process, preferably if not essentially private, cannot be attended with the public applause which cheers the penitent in cleansing his neighbor's past, or in merely putting on the erasive agent. It is indeed hardly a question of cleansing, in many cases. It can very well be that the reformer shall feel his work done when he has centred the general attention upon himself, and that he shall have then acquired the merit which justly belongs to the friend of virtue. It may not be so much a detergent as a deterrent which he applies, and the result may be for the gain of the spectator more than for the salvation of the sinner. The sinner is not to be held up as an awful warning only, but if nothing better can be done with him, then it is no mean result if he remains an awful warning.

An unusual measure of punishment seems to have been meted out to the wicked during the year now drawing to a close not very unlike the closes of most other years, but the number of the firebrands snatched from the burning looks scarcely in proportion to the activities involved, which upon the whole appear to have been punitive rather than regenerative. It would be difficult to name a single monopolist who has been redeemed, or one nefarious financier who has been turned from his error by the extremely drastic criticism of his kind in several of the magazines and many of the newspapers. The criticism has been very lively reading, and has brought comfort, no doubt, to many spirits made perfect by reflection upon the abominations about them; and so far it has not been wasted. But we should like very much to have the self-conscious instruments of the divine vengeance observe, that it is not perhaps quite in their way that the divine vengeance would have operated if it had been left to itself. We are not saying this because we have any sympathy with wrong-doing, or even any pity for the wrong-doer above the right-doer, but because we think we note a sad futility, which is finally demoralizing, in the destructive methods apparently in the greatest favor. For one thing, they do not destroy, and for another thing, if they did, there would be nothing left to save, after their application.

We have lately been privately instructed by a "traveller from an antique land," which we do not mind specifying as Japan, that the notoriously low commercial morality of its interesting people can be philosophically accounted for. When the first minds of that empire decided to adopt Western civilization with its implications, they sent out the best of their young men to study the laws, the letters, the arts, the sciences, the arms of the Occident. In agriculture the Japanese were already our masters, and everything else being provided for except trade, the moral and intellectual refuse of Japan was devoted to the study and practice of commerce. These low intelligences could apparently embrace only the worst of our business principles, with the result that while a Chinaman's word is as good as his bond, the bond of a Japanese is as good as his word, which no one would dream of trusting in any monetary transaction, as the Japanese themselves well know when they employ only Chinese in fiduciary positions. But they have evolved meanwhile an ideal of business which the smartest of our hustlers might well envy them, and such is the commercial corruption of the people who have taken their place otherwise with the great dominant nations of the earth that if

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ever the reformers of our own financiers found themselves out of inspiration they could recur to an inexhaustible abundance of it in the financial circles of Japan. The explanation given us of this state of things by our traveller was so interesting, and implied an acceptance of the accomplished fact so naïve, so charming, in the Japanese, that we were for the moment distracted from the corollary which has since presented itself rather insistently.

It may be that Nature has always found herself in the position of the Japanese statesmen when they resolved upon the adoption of Western civilization, and has all along felt herself obliged, by the exigencies of the situation, to devote the best of her children to art, literature, science, and war, and has left the moral offal, if we may so express it, to do the best or the worst in trade. It is a bold conjecture, but if credible, it would account for several embarrassing anomalies. It would account for the low degree of favor enjoyed by a divinely chosen people, whom other men have driven into finance, and then abhorred for the development of traits inevitable under the circumstances. But, what concerns us more nearly, it would explain to us that painful opinion of this nation held by the other nations, which long regarded Americans as peculiarly sordid, tricky and untrustworthy, and as if, having come into the world too late to achieve distinction in the nobler callings, we took the only chance that remained, and attained the bad eminence in commerce to which they would not stoop. Much has of late been done to show the world the error of this opinion, and to redeem us from the general contempt of the banded robbers and murderers of the Old World, who have illustrated their superior worth by preying upon one another from the beginning of history and before. We need instance only our determination to spend in a war for the subjection of a far-off alien race a thousandfold more than we can gain from it, in order to prove that we are not the mere hucksters we have been supposed. It was in vain that we served for Liberty as long as Jacob for Rachel, and that we resisted half as long the endeavor to divorce us from her. But when once we had shown that we were willing to waste in a foreign war our hoarded substance as lavishly as the noblest of the kings and emperors and oligarchs who never earned or saved a cent, there could not be a question of our quality.

Uncle Sam, or Brother Jonathan, whichever we choose to call him in our fond poetry, is now also a gentleman, and no crowned head can look down upon his archaic beaver; but we must not suppose, though we have won the international standing we now enjoy, that the inferior vocation abandoned to us after the elder nations had chosen the higher callings does not continue the ideal of vast numbers among us. If Nature, like Japan, found that she had only a lower sort of people left for commerce and finance we cannot expect to change individually so signally as we have changed nationally. It would be too much to say that the bulk of our business world remains unaffected by the ideals of our foreign policy, but we fear it must be owned that in many cases our captains of industry are not yet the chivalrous heroes their critics would like them to be, and are not above squeezing a rival in any of the sadly familiar forms of commercial strategy, or more openly slaughtering them. Their evolution into the health-seeking philanthropists who may hereafter head our beef trusts, insurance managements, kerosene companies, and lines of transportation, is not yet complete. That is the worst that you can justly say of them at present. They are the victims of a past which they disproportionately inherit, but the future may be very near when they will be changed like the rest of us, and will have become like our editors and contributors are.

In the mean time we view with deprecation any effort to hasten their development by too close a scrutiny of their methods. Their methods are those of the whole commercial world, and are such as have been applied to the making of money ever since it began to be made. The demand of their censors now is that they shall suddenly outlive their methods, and in a state of perpetual warfare, where the molecules of competition are as incessantly motive as those of the material world, shall practise the principles of peace, or supinely rest from their

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activities. They require the captains of industry to turn and be as the captains of art and literature are, whose beneficent emulations add to the general sum of happiness without detracting from the individual prosperity; or as the captains of leisure, whose decorative virtues are the growth of long ages and many generations of doing nothing; or as the captains of piety, whose abnegations are the effect of lifelong devotion to an ideal beyond and above the earth. But that is too much to expect of them, and the exploration of their private characters will not tend to reform them, or to edify others. We do not observe that their censors propose to substitute for the competitive conditions in which monopolists prosper any frame of society in which they would fail of success; that would be too much like the socialism at which we all smile, or the anarchism at which we all tremble. What the censors of the captains of industry, who have become its field-marshals and commanders-in-chief on a scale wholly unprecedented, demand is that in the battle of business they shall give the enemy a chance, which is ridiculous, and in other forms of warfare would be a species of treason. It is the office, as it is the instinct, of each captain to prosper at the cost of all other captains, great and small, and he would be doubly recreant if he suffered any personal scruple to stay him. It must be so as long as competitive society endures, and neither the law nor the gospel can change it. Both the law and the gospel intend that men shall live unselfishly and for the behoof of others, but the terms of competition mean precisely the reverse. As we all know that competition is the ideal form of human endeavor, we are bound to regard with patience, if not with the reverence to which most of us are tempted, those who have realized the ideal.

What we can do to abate the ill which seems to be the far-off goal of good is to countenance the difficult endeavor for righteousness in the oversuccessful which we notice certain others of their censors are inclined to turn from. There can be no doubt that many of these victors, or call them more mercifully victims, of the struggle of life are willing, and even eager to rid themselves of vast masses of their superfluity in behalf of all sorts of good causes, such as the conversion of the heathen, the foundation of professorships, the aid of literature, the advancement of science, and the succor of the infirm, the sick, the lame, the halt, the blind. There is no end to their good objects and their good deeds, and so far from limiting or defeating them we ought to point to better things and lead the way. Those who hold with us in this opinion, hold that the case of our more rapacious captains of industry is like that of the robber-barons in former ages who wished to signify their penitence by giving of their booty to the church and to charity. Those who do not hold with us hold that these captains of industry, when they propose to give, make no sign of their regret, and accept the celebration of their munificence in the public prints without visible deprecation. We must allow that as yet not one of our neo-philanthropists has withdrawn to the desert, or put on hair underclothing; if any of them have become flagellants it is in the seclusion of their steam-yachts or the whirl of their automobiles, where their mortifications of the flesh are known only to their crews or their chauffeurs. But the fact remains that they do give, and give magnificently, beyond all record of former giving; and if they do not give all they have, it is imaginably from a defect of worthy objects rather than the will to do so. We can penetrate their reasons more easily than their emotions, and it is with these that we would suggest to their censors the concern of other men is. The question for us who have never done great wrong to consider is what the real feelings of a man are after he finds himself in possession of vast wealth got by reckless disregard of others. The compunction which none of us fails to experience for some slight sin, would teach us that no guilty millionaire can be at peace in the possession of his money every hour of the day, or watch of the night. Unless human nature varies from man to man beyond human experience, he feels in his measure somewhat as the critic of his behavior would feel under his circumstances. His willingness to give is the expression of his soul's unrest. He has no belated passion for learning or religion to gratify; he

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has only the longing to unburden his spirit a little, to make restitution, to atone in some sort or shape. His censor may depend upon it that this is his motive in giving, and the good cause which he wishes to befriend, in his simple way, should not too fastidiously hold itself aloof from his longing. Between him and himself we may be sure that there is no pretence of merit that will hold against what used to be called the conviction of sin. His ill-got gain will impart no guilt to the cause unless the form of its acceptance shall imply that the gain has been well got. If it is a church it may at the same time fitly discipline him for his transgressions; if it is a college it may properly thank him without allowing him to suppose that he has done more than his duty, or some small part of it, or that he has not rather been favored than favoring in the affair.

But at the gentle season when we ought each to think as mercifully of another as he would wish to be thought of, it is the private aspect of a very public matter that we would like to insist upon. Without proposing to defend any such thesis as that in no country is money thought so little of as in ours, we might suggest that money-making has now gone to such lengths with us that it is almost the least respected of the arts. The prevalence of motoring and bridge is a proof of money's vulgarity rather than its superiority; it shines more than ever in the public eye, but it does not dazzle as it once did; the public eye is less blinded by it, probably, than ever before. It could almost be desired that every man were rich, so that in some such equality we who at present are poor might not look too self-righteously on our opulent neighbors; but since this is not practicable, it behooves us, who enjoy the advantage of a comparative poverty, not to deal harshly with our less fortunate fellows. We may partly know the temptations the very rich have yielded to, but we must remain in ignorance of those they resisted. To such we should extend a merciful conjecture, and not visit their whole history with too sharp a scrutiny; or, if this will not quite hold in morals, we may very well, in the case of some worst offender, forbear

> To draw his frailties from their dread abode,

unless we can be very certain that some good object, and not his punishment alone, will be served by it. The establishment of the censor's reputation as the champion of the public is a good object, but it is perhaps not good enough; and the censor ought to be sure that he has some other; even the achievement of a brilliant effect in magazining and the sale of an extraordinary edition is not good enough. We have not at the moment anything in mind to instance as better, but doubtless there are such things; and what we would like to point out is that in the great measure of infamy lately heaped upon the offenders there may lurk the seeds of a dangerous reaction in their defence. There may be the chance of awakening in the minds of spectators an unwholesome commiseration; there may be signs of this even in the present essay; and people may begin to ask themselves whether the punishment has not exceeded the offence. There is always the element of the perverse to be counted with in human events, and we must not be too good lest we tempt the weaker brethren to evil through their consciousness of not being our equals in virtue. It is always wise to think twice before striking once, and we ought, especially at Christmas-time, never to deal pitilessly with an offender, even the largest millionaire among us, without questioning ourselves whether we have done all that may be done to bring about a state of society in which his offences, and the like of them, shall be forever impossible.

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Editor's Study.

SOME writers seem to regard the short story as an island, surrounded by a vast expanse of water, which offers them abundant opportunity for circumnavigation at the reader's expense before landing him upon the sacred soil. In poetry—real poetry, that is, not given to the licenses of vagrant prose—it is different. In the old epic the prelusive invocation to the Muse was charged with the whole burden of the tale in terse epitome. In the lyric, which is most analogous to the short story, we are brought at once to the very heart of the action or feeling. The Ancient Mariner, when he has once held you with his glittering eye, wastes no time, and before you know it

> The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared.
>
> There is no let-up—
>
> The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
> And southward aye we fled

to the strange crime and its mysterious penalties.

Now, in the short story why should not the writer be equally expeditious? The story-writers of the earliest times were. In the story of Joseph and his Brethren there is no halting; the scenes follow in no haste, but without rest or interruption. It may be said that the dramatic tension in this tale is like that of a poem, and that it is not only possible but imperative that the exalted note should be sounded at first and sustained to the end, while in modern prose, considered as an art, such tension is purposely and wisely avoided; there must be a perspective quite different, broken and diversified, even tempting the reader to halt for the full enjoyment and appreciation of atmosphere, color, and character. The development of the art of prose fiction is surely on these lines. The early narrator's only concern was that his story should get effectively, that is, appealingly, told. Now we open our Thackeray or Meredith or Hardy and from any chapter derive exquisite satisfaction, as we also do from the fine short story of an equally brilliant writer, apart from the progression of the narrative.

But making due allowance for the delightful relaxations of prose, and conceding that the imaginative appeal of the artist is through indirection rather than by the straight and narrow way, it yet remains true that all circumlocution is a mistake and is abhorrent to genius. Hence it usually happens that the poorer the story is, the longer and more irrelevant the introduction, which at its best is a senseless traditional rite handed down to us from a cruder period of the art. Good writers dispense with the rite altogether.

We all remember the old conventional formula: "We were sitting around the camp-fire," or perhaps it was "by the fireside." In either case, the circumstance, which had no relation whatever to the story, was irresistibly seductive to the feeble imagination of the narrator, and we were treated to all the accessories—what kind of a night it was, the individual characteristics of each of the group of listeners, as fondly and elaborately described as if they were the actors in the indefinitely postponed drama; then, perhaps, a little conversation, and, more than likely, a few stories leading up—if they so happened to—to the one almost hopelessly deferred. We use the past tense, but the editor comes upon this sort of thing every day, though his readers are spared the infliction.

It is the defect in the art which we censure, not the author's procrastination. We are in no hurry to get at the heart of his story. Probably he will not give us anything better than this preliminary display, certainly nothing so vivid and suggestive as his spontaneous sketches of this and that character in the group of listeners. In the midst of his more carefully premeditated main performance we shall doubtless hark back with regret to the gray-haired old warrior, victor on a score of battle-fields, to the ripe scholar and statesman whose wisdom had shaped national and international destinies, to the beautiful lady whose sphinxlike countenance veiled most wonderful experi-

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ences, or to the young débutante whose charm was compelling, and wish that one of these was telling not this but some far more interesting story.

Sometimes it has happened, as we pleasantly remember, that whole stories have been built up on the very clever dramatic device which in the kind of story we have been considering served only for a formal introduction. That is, fiction has quite outrightly borrowed the form of Plato's Dialogues and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. We are not thinking of such merely quasi-fictitious productions as Mallock's *The New Republic,* where the argument is everything, but of stories in the strict sense, where the members of the group, a dinner-party, perhaps, are alternately listeners and narrators, each having had some part, as actor or spectator, in the series of events which, brought together in effective sequence, make up the more or less interesting drama. Here there is no irrelevant trifling or circumlocution, no intrusion of an unnecessary and distracting foreground; the overture, with whatever it may contain of suggestive portraiture, leads on to the progressive disclosure, of which it is an essential part.

This form of fiction is only justifiable when the characters cooperating in the representation are interesting in themselves and as distinctive personalities contribute elements of dramatic value necessary to the most effective representation of the principal theme. It is a device which puts to the severest test the dramatic power of the story-teller in its most subtle phases, such phases as belong only to a play which is not to be acted but read. The story thus rendered may offer situations of thrilling interest, though the action is hidden and the appeal wholly indirect; but the device lends itself most aptly to a theme which is meant to afford intellectual satisfaction to such a degree and with so varied diversions and surprises that the fine tropes of the writer's art and his fascinating play upon the stops of the reader's fancy may quite make up for the lack of any substantial story. The story may have no determined conclusion; it may not have any continuation or furtherance of development; it may not even have had a definite beginning—the one point of reaction may have all along been an interrogation point.

There is such a variety of this kind of story—the one that never gets told and is yet a work of art—that there are in this number of the Magazine two distinct examples, though neither of them is of the interlocutory character to which reference has been made in the preceding paragraphs. In each of these there is an interesting point of interrogation—not that of a puzzling and inconsequential enigma, but of such a baffling problem as life itself presents. The significant prelude to Jack London's story is a justification of the type. The Alaskan Indian is baffled by certain pictures on the wall—one showing a tragic conclusion with no clue to its meaning. What was the beginning? Another shows a sick child watched over by an anxious mother. What is to be the end? Does the child die? He is told that in each picture is shown "a bit of life." Then he recalls an exciting and most impressive experience of his own which involved him in the final stages of a tragic drama, of whose beginning or antecedent procedure he knew nothing, and he tells the story of the "Sun-dog Trail." What was the motive of that mad pursuit?

In Mrs. Andrews's story, who can so surely fathom the mystery of human love or so infallibly read the complex riddle of human justice—and so comprehend the love and the justice as related to each other in any individual soul at the critical point of a decisive volition—as to shape the issue? Were the author to attempt a solution, the supreme value of the interrogation would be destroyed. Besides, there is the suggested corollary question as to the Divine Will—the theological problem of all time. Still more difficult was it in Arthur McEwen's story, in our November number, "One Artist or Two?" to interpret the smile with which the clergyman made his exit from our view. These are typical problems of the deepest interest just because the interrogations must stand, unanswered, on the border-land which is contested by our hopes and our fears.

In our September number was published a story by Alice Brown, entitled

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"The Grass-Green Maid." We have received scores of letters, most of them from young women, asking what was the whispered communication made by the maid to each of her lovers and which so quickly drove them all away. Of necessity, what the maid whispered was left to the reader's conjecture. But what a touchstone the situation is to every maid's mind—to her very soul! Here we have a line sharply dividing worldly wisdom from innocence. To the worldly-wise the answer is obvious, is given away indeed in the very title of the fable: the grass-green maid whispered an uncalled-for confession of love in the ear of each successive lover, and that, of course, drove him away. To these worldly-wise cynics what denseness, what utter stupidity, seems to be betrayed by these inquiries—by the fact that in any mind there could be a question!

The assumption is not groundless, and we may have made a too hasty imputation of cynicism to all who entertain it, though we meant it only to apply to those who regard it as infallibly established, and not to those who, like the grass-green maid's mother, hold it in fear and trembling and impart it in caution to their gentle and fearlessly innocent wards. Man has been the hunter from the beginning and jealous of his quarry, resentful of missing it through too easy a capture, and—shall we add?—merciless to the captive who by repeated evasions has aroused to desperate extremity the rages of the chase. Granting that this is typically true, it would seem that the maid is in a difficult dilemma, forced to choose between aversion and cruelty.

But in reality that primal type of the hunter-man has through the process of culture been reversed, in the matter of romantic love as in all other matters, and survives only in the surviving barbarian. The multitude of these letters from young women concerning Miss Brown's story is not merely an evidence of girlish innocence still existing in our human world, but of a wise and optimistic faith in the new man who, if he loves a maid, is more surely held by her confession—which to him can never seem premature or unnatural—than by her studied reticence and withdrawal, a traditional attitude which she still safely retains only if she prefers the barbarian suitor. Perhaps the ultimate stage of human culture is a reversion to that earliest and absolutely primary estate of masculine innocence in which women chose their husbands. Even the casual observer must have noticed indications of a rapid change in the new generation of young men and young women—a change in the relative attitude of the sexes in this matter of courtship—quite as remarkable as any new development of science or of finance. Such an observer can hardly have failed to see to what degree of quiescence and modest waiting—an attitude very far removed from that of the typical hunter—the young man of to-day has been reduced. After all, we may have to revise our interpretation of these letters of inquiry. It is very possible that the writers of them would repudiate our interpretation of them altogether. "Artless innocence!" they exclaim, "optimistic faith in the young gentlemen! No; what concerns us in the maid's whispered speech is to find some clue to the wonderful escape of her lovers. That she confessed her love is no explanation. What could it have been? In our time, whatever she might say, they could not get away."

Perhaps, too, the new generation, which has made so vast a departure from the attitude which we remember as characterizing all former generations of our acquaintance, is determining in important respects the features of a new literature. Does not one detect in the rising young masculine writer something of the same shyness and hesitant timidity which are imposed upon him as a lover? Do not his romances, when he ventures to emerge from silence, show at least a negative innocence, a singular and surprising modesty, which are regarded as quite lovely and charming by his contemporaries of the other and more positive sex, who reserve for themselves all the bravuras, every masterful initiative, always keenly on the watch for any indication on his part of that quality which earlier men used to despise in women whom they set down as "strong-minded"? In truth, this coming matriarchate in the world of letters has for a long time cast its shadow before.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Invention of Andrew Walsh

BY W. L. ALDEN

WE were sitting on a balcony of the hotel overlooking the Mediterranean. The conversation had fallen upon the wonderful inventions of the last fifty years. The American consul, who had been smoking silently, while the rest of us talked, suddenly remarked: "The biggest invention of the century was made by me. I invented a man."

"So did Frankenstein," I said.

"Frankenstein's man wasn't a patch on mine," replied the consul. "Just you listen while I tell you about it.

"I was living in New Berlinopolisville four years ago when the town decided to celebrate its fiftieth birthday. As you probably don't know, it is now a good-sized city, with electric light and twenty-story buildings and a Tammany ring; but a little more than fifty years ago it was a mining-camp, and a pretty rough one at that. The mines proved a failure, but gradually the town sprang up and flourished. We were all pretty proud of it, and when the Common Council proposed that we should have a big celebration on what we considered to be the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the place, everybody was pleased with the idea. I was then the editor of the leading local newspaper, and in the first article that I wrote about the coming celebration I said, merely by way of a joke, that in celebrating the founding of the town I trusted we should not forget to honor the memory of its first settler, Andrew Walsh. As a matter of fact I had never heard of the existence of any such man. I merely invented him, thinking that the town ought to have had a founder, and that Andrew Walsh would do as well as any other name.

"The other newspapers, not wanting to seem ignorant, took up the suggestion that honors should be paid to Andrew Walsh, who, they all agreed, had been a brave and enterprising pioneer. Day by day his name grew more familiar. People spoke of Andrew Walsh with as much assurance as they spoke of George Washington. The three very old men, who had lived in New Berlinopolisville for forty-odd years, even went so far as to say that they distinctly remembered having seen Andrew Walsh.

"By and by the Common Council named a street 'Walsh Avenue,' and the Columbus Theatre changed its name to the Walsh Theatre. People began to harass the librarian of the public library by demanding books about Andrew Walsh, and resenting as a gross outrage the librarian's invariable reply that there were no such books. This continued, until a committee of the Common Council formally requested me to write a short life of Andrew Walsh, to be published at the expense of the town. I had been selected to write it, so they said, because it was considered that I knew more about Andrew Walsh than was known by the



THEY REMEMBERED HAVING SEEN HIM

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generality of our people. In a weak moment I consented to write the book. I suppose I felt a little flattered because I had been selected for the work, and by that time I had become so much pleased with the success of my joke in inventing Walsh that I was ready to carry it still further. So I wrote the book — it wasn't a very large one — and its success was immediate and immense.

"I made Walsh a plain man — a sort of 'Leatherstocking' with what I considered to be improvements. I brought him to New Berlinopolisville when there wasn't another white man within a hundred miles, and had him living in his solitary hut and hunting buffalo, when the rumor that there was silver in that locality got abroad, and there was a rush of miners into what was believed to be a place flowing with nuggets and bonanzas, as you might say. But Walsh never took any part in the mining business. He said that silver was a curse, and he would have nothing to do with it. When it was found that there wasn't enough silver in the mines to pay the cost of production, the population melted away, and Walsh was left with perhaps a dozen other men, who settled down and took to farming.

"Walsh organized the settlers, and made the settlement a regular town, with a meeting-house and two saloons and a grocery. It grew steadily, and five years after the mining fever was over New Berlinopolisville was a flourishing town of five hundred inhabitants. Considerable trouble with the Sioux Indians occurred during those five years, but under the leadership of Walsh the attacks of the Indians were always repulsed, and terrible vengeance taken. Walsh was, in my book, the greatest Indian-fighter of his day, though his extreme modesty made him unwilling that his name should get into the papers. As the town grew and the Sioux became too much thinned out by Walsh's rifle to think of resuming hostilities, Walsh gave up hunting as a profession, and spent most of his time sitting in the grocery and making many wise remarks, many of which I quoted, and, though I say it myself, they were pretty considerably wise, and ought to have exerted a most beneficial influence on his fellow townsmen.

"I did not have any trouble in tracing Walsh's ancestry. I made him the son of an Irish immigrant, and that vastly increased his popularity with the Common Council. I married him in New York while he was yet young and before he thought of becoming a frontiersman, and I killed his wife, so as to furnish him with a good reason for quitting civilization and living a solitary life as a hunter. That pleased the women. I did not venture to give the precise date or manner of his death, for I was a little afraid that the death of such a prominent man would not have escaped notice until fifty years later. So I said that Walsh's death was wrapped in mystery, and that it was generally thought that he must have been killed by some revengeful Indian during a solitary hunting excursion.

"I added, of course, that his place of burial was unknown, and that his body had never been found. This, you understand, is only an outline of the way in which I wrote about Walsh. I filled in the details of the portrait by giving him pretty nearly all the virtues that a self-respecting man ought to have. I fancy that I made him a fine specimen of frontiersman, and I know that my *Life of Andrew Walsh: The Pioneer, the Hero, and the Patriot,* was described by the American press as an eloquent and worthy tribute to the memory of one of America's noblest and most representative sons.

"The book hadn't been out a week before the Common Council voted a thousand dollars for the erection of a memorial fountain to Andrew Walsh in the finest square in the city, and no time was lost in putting it up. When the date for the celebration of the birthday of New Berlinopolisville came round the unveiling of the fountain, as the programme called it—though I never could see why a fountain should wear a veil,—took place, and was perhaps the most popular ceremony of the day. The fountain had a bang-up inscription concerning the superlative merits of Andrew Walsh, which would have made him blush could he have read it.

"I felt pretty proud of having invented Andrew Walsh, until one evening, a month or two after the unveiling of the fountain, a man called to see me at my house. I told the servant to show the man into the parlor, where I presently went to meet him. He was a vagabond if ever there was one. Not precisely a tramp, you understand, but something half-way between a professional drunkard and a wandering agent in search of a job.

"'What do you want of me?'" I asked, in a pretty sharp tone.

"The man grinned. 'I want a good many things,' he replied. 'I'm Andrew Walsh, the founder of New Berlinopolisville, and I calculate that, after having written my life and got the folks to put up a fountain to my memory, you've got to do something for me. You wrote middling fairly about me, but I consider that fountain as nothing but an insult. What's a man like me got to do with water, anyhow?'

"'What do you mean by coming here and pretending to be Andrew Walsh?' I asked. 'Andrew Walsh has been dead these forty years.'

"'How did he die?' asked the man. 'Tell me that.'

"Well, I couldn't tell him that, for I had said as much in my book. So I only said that everybody knew that Walsh was dead.

"'Andrew Walsh don't know it himself,' said the man. 'I reckon I'm alive, and I'll be kicking if justice ain't done to me. I founded this blamed town, and I mean to have some sort of gratitude shown to me: something a sight better than fountains with nothing but water in them. And I be-

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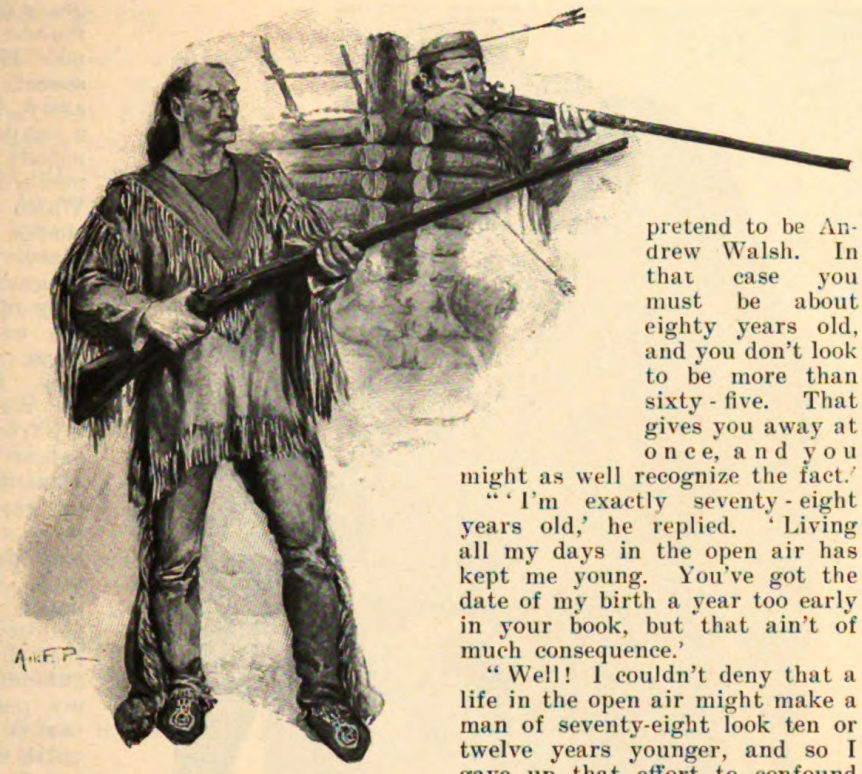
gin with you because you wrote my life. I want ten dollars down right now, for I want a good dinner and a square drink and a bed. To-morrow I'll come and see you again, and we'll talk things over. I don't mean to be nasty, but I mean to have my rights, and you needn't forget it.'

"I was that anxious to get rid of the man that I gave him ten dollars, and fairly shoved him out of the door. Then I sat down to think, and before long I saw what a hole I had put myself in by inventing Andrew Walsh.

"After having helped the public to believe that Walsh was a sort of saint in buckskin, I could imagine what they would think of me when they found out that Walsh was a drunken vagabond, and that he was still alive and meaning to make them show what he called gratitude. Of course I knew well enough that the man was an impostor, for there had never been any Walsh who founded New Berlinopolisville, but it was too late for me to take any such ground as that. I might, indeed, say that the fellow who called himself Walsh wasn't the hero of my book, but how could I prove it?

"The man would stick to his pretence that he was the real, original Walsh, and would quote my book in proof of his assertion. Being a clever knave, as I could see that he was, he would add details of his life which I had omitted to mention, and would correct mistakes into which I had fallen, and would generally show such familiarity with the life and adventures of the mythical Walsh that everybody would believe him. The only certain way for me to expose him would be to confess that I had invented the founder of the town, to whom the Common Council had erected a fountain, and in whom everybody believed. That would be certain ruin for me, and was not to be thought of for a moment.

"Walsh, or, rather, the scoundrel who pretended to be Walsh, came to see me early the next morning. He was quite sober, and quite determined to make me pay handsomely for my joke. I began the interview by taking what I meant to be a severe and contemptuous tone with him. 'See here!' I said. 'You



A SORT OF "LEATHERSTOCKING" WITH IMPROVEMENTS

pretend to be Andrew Walsh. In that case you must be about eighty years old, and you don't look to be more than sixty-five. That gives you away at once, and you might as well recognize the fact.'

"'I'm exactly seventy-eight years old,' he replied. 'Living all my days in the open air has kept me young. You've got the date of my birth a year too early in your book, but that ain't of much consequence.'

"Well! I couldn't deny that a life in the open air might make a man of seventy-eight look ten or twelve years younger, and so I gave up that effort to confound the impostor. However, I wasn't going to give in to him without an effort. 'You're an impostor, and you know it,' I said. 'I gave you money last night because I wanted to get rid of you, but I'll give you no more. If you ever come here annoying me again I'll give you in charge.'

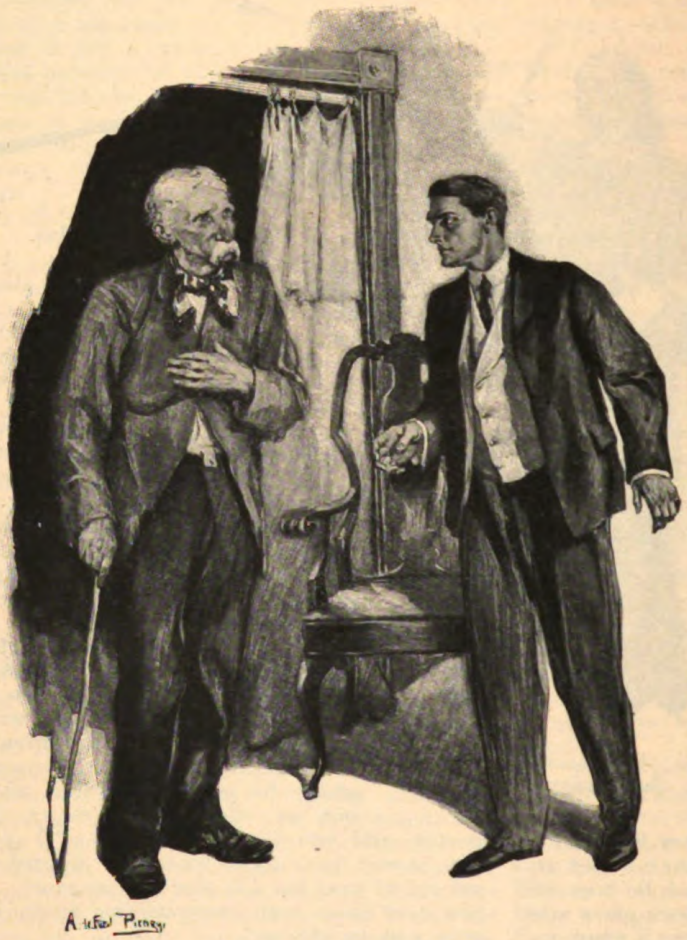
"I know that sounded pretty feeble, but the truth was that the sudden appearance of the man had scared me badly. I was nervous, and I showed it in my manner.

"'You're a pretty smart man,' remarked my visitor, 'and you wrote a pretty good book about me, but it's my opinion that when the people of this town come to know that I'm still alive, that I ain't precisely a first-class saint, they'll think a heap less of you than they do just now. I'm a reasonable man, and I don't want to get you into trouble, so if you'll hand over five hundred dollars I'll take myself back to Chicago, and nobody here will know that I wasn't killed and scalped by the Injuns forty years ago.'

"Now I knew as well as anybody else that to yield to a blackmailer is to make oneself a slave, but for the moment I was almost ready to accede to the scoundrel's terms. However, I pulled myself together, and told him that I wouldn't give him a penny, and that he could go and tell his story to the Common Council if he wanted to do so.

"The man laughed a little to himself, and then he said: 'Look here, Mister! You don't seem to catch on to the facts. Either there never was an Andrew Walsh, and you've been making fools of all your townspeople, or else there was an Andrew Walsh

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"I'M ANDREW WALSH"

and I'm the identical man. Either way you put it you're in a tight place. If the public gets to know that you made up the whole yarn about Andrew Walsh, this town will be too hot to hold you, and if folks keep on believing in your story, and then have to welcome me as the genuine original Walsh, you can just imagine how popular you'll be. Your only way out of the scrape is to buy me off, and I'll give you till to-morrow at this time to think about it. If by that time you haven't got the five hundred dollars ready for me, I'll blow the gaff. I can't be any worse off than I am now, and there'll be considerable comfort in seeing you brought down to my level. So good-by for the present, and don't you forget that I'm the noble hero that you wrote about, though I mayn't look it in these clothes.'

"The rascal went away smiling, and left me feeling pretty miserable. If I yielded to his blackmailing demand and gave him the money, he would want another five hundred in the course of a month or two, and I should be just where I was at the beginning. If I refused, he would make everybody believe that he was Andrew Walsh, and the public would visit the disgrace of having had such a founder for their town on me. If I could only find a decent excuse for running away, I should be safe for a while, at any rate, for nobody would accept the man's assertion that he was Walsh without giving me a chance to prove the contrary. All of a sudden I remembered that the Secretary of State at Washington was an old friend of mine, and then I saw my way. I took the first train for Washington, and asked my friend to give me a consulate in Europe. This place here was vacant, and he gave me the appointment at once. I didn't go back to New Berlinopolisville. I wrote to my newspaper, announcing my appointment, and explaining that the government was so anxious that I should go to my post of duty at once that it couldn't eat or sleep until it knew that I had sailed. I took the first steamer, and I've heard nothing of Andrew Walsh from that day to this.

"All the same he is a nightmare to me. Every time there is a ring at my door I think that perhaps it is Andrew Walsh come to live off me for the rest of his days. Every time I get a newspaper from home I expect to read of the unexpected return of Andrew Walsh to the town of which he was the founder. Every time the mail brings me a letter from New Berlinopolisville I fancy that it is to tell me that my fellow townsmen have found out that the Andrew Walsh whom I induced them to honor is a low, drunken vagabond, and that I need never show my face in the town again. And the worst of all is that now and then I begin to fear that the man who said he was Andrew Walsh told the truth, and that the town was really founded by him, and that I ran away and left him to starve, when I ought to have seen that he had his rights.

"Well! My only consolation is that Andrew Walsh—meaning, of course, the vagabond to that effect—must be a pretty old man, and that drink will finish him sooner or later. But then there are drunkards who live to a bad old age, especially if they have friends who are anxious to see them die. My experience is an awful warning against inventing men. There are too many men in the world already, and there couldn't be a greater waste of time and talents than to invent even one new and superfluous man."

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The Adopted Boy

WILLIE SUMMERS he's adopted, and the neighbors always claim
When he's punished that it's awful, and they say it's just a shame,
And I have to treat him kindly, 'cause, you know, it's bad to not
Let a boy that's been adopted play with all the toys you've got.

Almost nearly everybody pats his head when they go past,
And they often give him pennies, even when he doesn't ast;
But they never give me any, nor appear to know I'm there,
'Cause, you see, I haven't ever been adopted anywhere.

When I'm punished for not doin' hardly anything that's bad
They don't say my father's cruel, and it doesn't make them sad;
I ain't ever been adopted, so when I must weed the yard,
No one seems to think it's awful for a boy to work so hard.

Almost everybody loves him in this here whole neighborhood,
And you ought to hear them praise him when he does a thing that's good;
But they never seem to mind it when *I* don't do things that's wrong—
Wisht that *I* would get adopted and be noticed right along.

S. E. KISER.



SAID inquisitive Jonathan Joice
To the singer Professor Keith,
"To have a fine falsetto voice
Must you have a falsetto teeth?"



"THAT'S Mr. Smith in front of us,"
Said gentle Mrs. Brown.
"He used to look so well, and now
He's looking so run down."

Her Prayer

AGNES was often taken to week-day service by a pious nurse, and one day as she was about to leave the house a teasing young uncle said, "Are you going to pray for me, Agnes?"

She lifted her eyes of clearest, softest blue, and calmly answered, "No; I am going to pray for chocolate creams."

I think her prayer was answered as she wished.

Her nightly prayer at that time was, "Give us this day our gravy bread!" She labored under a slight misapprehension as to the actual words of the prayer, but she knew what she wanted. M. A. BURKE.

The Choice of Two Evils

MARTHA is an exceedingly attractive little girl of twelve—pretty, unusually quick and bright, and full of indomitable spirit. Not long ago she was guilty of serious disobedience, and was sent up-stairs at seven o'clock. Shortly after the bell rang, and a boy's voice was heard asking for Martha. Her mother went to the door to speak to him, and feeling that humiliation might be wholesome for her wayward daughter, she said, clearly but courteously,

"I am very sorry, but Martha has gone to bed."

Before the wondering youth could reply, an indignant voice floated down from an invisible landing:

"Well, mamma, tell him I'm being punished! For goodness' sake, don't let him think I go to bed this early every night!"

E. B.

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The Cult of the Poppycock

BY BURGES JOHNSON

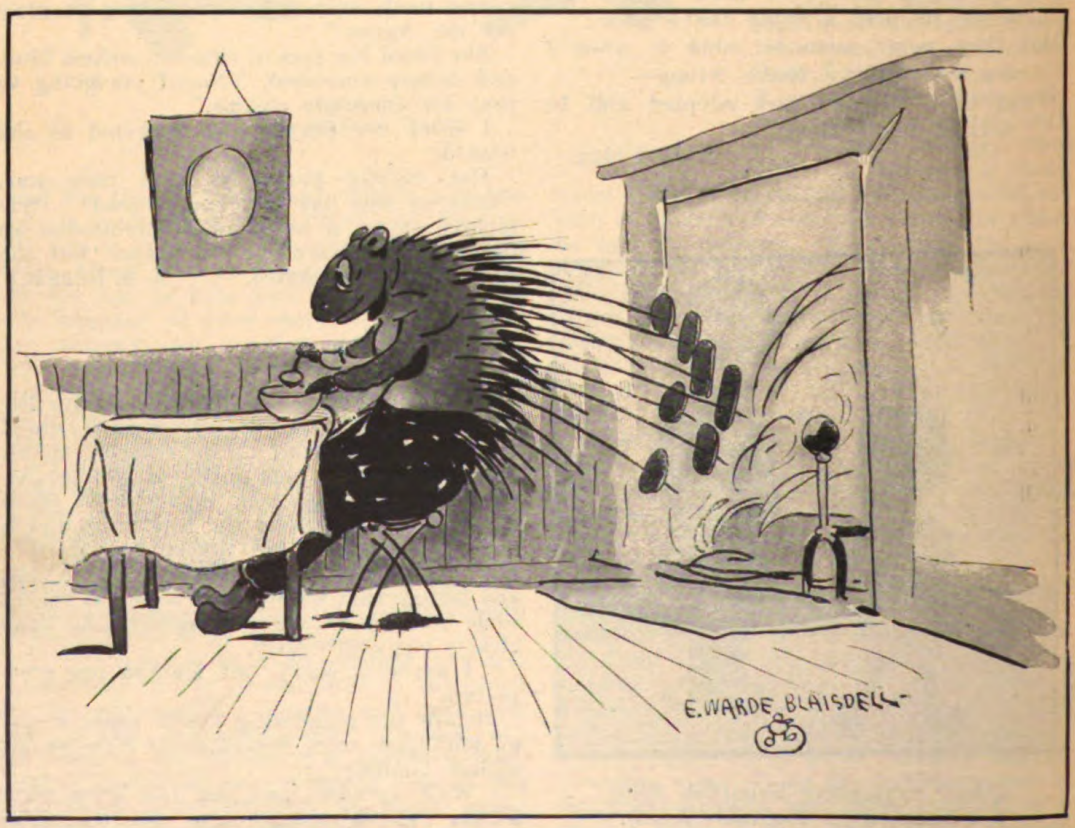
A PALE Ahmee and a Poppycock
They gat themselves to a bosky rock.
Said he, "There's a stated hour, I find,
For each pursuit of the human mind;
As the tea-hour tolls for buttered rolls,
So now is a time for swapping souls."
And the Ahmee sighed, as she smoothed her frock,
"'Tis a purple thought, dear Poppycock!"

"My mind, I find," said the Poppycock,
"Is a crucial key to the cosmic Lock;
'Tis largely due, I would fain aver,
To the astral Is of the As It Were,—
With the tensive strain on my limnal brain,
As I grope for the scope of the It, in vain."
"'Tis a passioned truth, but it brings a shock!"
Purred the pale Ahmee to the Poppycock.

"Now as for me," mused the lithe Ahmee,
"I sigh the most for the more I see.
Though I yearn and yearn, as you well may wot,
None heed my need of the Basic What,—
Till you scented truth in my color tones.
And caught the thought of our mingled zones!"
"How wonder-deep is the blend!" cried he,
"Of our atmospheres, dear twin Ahmee!"

Said the Poppycock to the pale Ahmee,
"This rock shall live in history;
For while our thoughts so swiftly throng,
Let's plan for a most select salon,
Where kindred souls may meet to woo
The vague Perhaps of the mystic Who."
"How sweet a thought, yet how fond and free!—
'Tis a pale-pink plan!" cried the fair Ahmee.

The svelt Ahmee and the Poppycock,
In evening dress and a lissome frock,
And under a blood-red chandelier
Spake jewel-words, now there, now here,—
Of Art, and Truth, and the End of More,—
And the Boundless Since of the vast Before,
And of those who came in motley flock,
Some cried Ahmee! and some Poppycock!



Mr. Porcupine makes some toast.

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The Groom

DINAH came to her mistress one day in the middle seventies and asked for some money. Her mistress asked her what she was going to do with it, and she said,

"I's gwine t' git married!"

"Married? Whom are you going to marry?"

"Well, Miss Sally, you know dat funeral 'bout two weeks ago? De' do say I was de life o' dat funeral I hollered so. Well, Miss Sally, I's gwine t' marry de groom o' de corpse."

F. S. B.

A Clever Culprit

LITTLE Edmund, aged four, is noted for his ability to slip out of a critical situation with an ease and celerity that would be noticeable in a "grown-up." He had developed a great fondness for running away, and had been threatened with a hard whipping if he left the yard again without permission. The next Sunday afternoon his father discovered him racing off down the street, casting furtive glances backward, and taking with him "little sister," a tiny toddler of two. The father started in hot pursuit. Edmund looked back and saw his father coming. Increasing his pace, he made a frantic effort to distance pursuit, but realizing in a moment that his father was gaining rapidly and escape impossible, he whispered a quick command to little sister, who toddled on alone. Then, turning around to face the approaching enemy, he called: "Never mind, papa! You can go home and rest. I'll catch little sister for you."

V. K. F.

Reasonable

A WASHINGTON lady, engaging a new housemaid, was asked:

"How many evenings a week does you allow off? The reason I wants to know, before making permanent arrangements, is I am a debutante this season, and requires a good many evenings for my social engagements."

JULIETTE M. BABBITT.



A Good Man

OLD Uncle Abe Finny was such a good man
That all of the neighborhood said,
The smoke from his pipe would hover aloft
In a halo just over his head.

Religion not a Thing Apart

SHE was four years old, and all alive—a dancing, laughing, brown-eyed elf. She loved to go to Sabbath-school, but all of the impressions she received for some time were musical ones, so that it was a great comfort when she announced one Sunday upon her return,

"I've learned sumfing."

"What was it, dear?" responded the delighted mother.

"Names," she replied, briefly. "I can't fink of 'em."

"Sit right down here, darling, and think hard."

So she wrinkled her little brow, and strove strenuously to recall. "Oh, I know," she shouted, jumping up as it all came back to her.

"What? What?" shouted the excited parents.

"Matthew!" Then they almost slipped away for a moment, but she seemed to catch them on the fly. Her eyes gleamed. "Matthew! March! April! May!"

G. A. JADWIN.

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The Burglar

"That was a great thought of mine bringing that nursin'-bottle."

"Grampas"

MY grampa, when it's Chris'mas, he
Comes to our house the day before,
An' Chris'mas mornin' him an' me
Gets all my toys down on th' floor,
An' he winds up my engine men
An' makes my train go 'round the track,
An' he'ps me march my soldier men
An' shows me 'bout my jumpin'-jack.
An' ever'thing I say I know
'Bout Santa Claus he says it's so.

My grampa he don't ever care
How much I rumple up his clo'es
Or muss his whiskers or his hair—
He says 'at such things only shows
'At boys is boys, an' has to play
An' be as glad as they can be—
An' ever' time it's Chris'mas day,
W'y, he comes here to play with me.
An' ma, one time, she kind o' smiled,
An' said, "Which one o' you's the child?"

My grampa always understands
Just what I mean an' how I feel
When I don't want to wash my hands
Before I sit down to a meal.
An' ma, she laughs at him an' says
A man of his age ought to know
'Bout raisin' children—anyways,
He really mus'n't spoil me so.
An' oncet I ast her, when he's gone,
"Is grampas boys with whiskers on?"

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Bad as That!

A SOUTHERN lady of artistic temperament has an old darky cook who is one of the family treasures. One evening the mistress, enraptured by the beauty of the sunset and finding no one else near to share her enthusiasm, called "Aunt Becky" for that purpose.

Aunt Becky expressed her appreciation by a hasty look and a sort of muffled snort, not allowing such a trifle to distract her attention from the important details of her domain.

A moment later, however, she was again interrupted by the ecstatic cry, "Oh, Aunt Becky, do come quick and look!"

"'Fo' de Lawd, Miss Jennie!" came the ejaculation, "hit ain't any wusser 'n hit wuz er while ago, is hit?"

MARY GREGORY HUME.

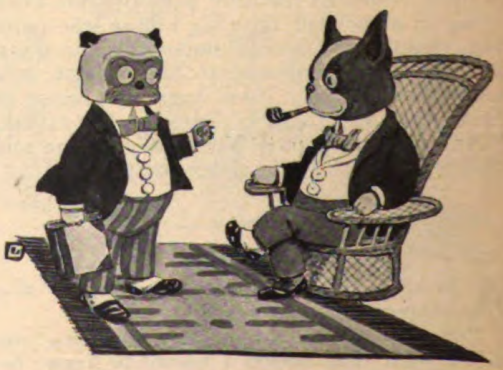
One Cause for Thanks

THE Rev. Moses Jackson was holding services in a small country church, and at the conclusion lent his hat to a member (as was the custom) to pass around for contributions. The brother canvassed the congregation thoroughly, but the hat was returned empty to its owner.

Bre'r Jackson looked into it, turned it upside down, and shook it vigorously, but not a copper was forthcoming. He sniffed audibly.

"Brederen," he said, "I sho' is glad dat I got ma hat back ergin."

ELEANOR SHIPP JOHNSON.



"What does this word 'sic' mean that we hear so often?"

"Oh, that's dog Latin!"

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Harper's Magazine

for FEBRUARY

Mrs. Deland's Novel

Mrs. Deland's new novel, the second instalment of which appears in the February MAGAZINE, is full of the deep humanity of spirit and lucid charm of expression which have won so many readers for this much loved author. From the first paragraph the reader's attention is held by the enchantment of a novelist of unusual and lasting power. The story is one in which the interest never flags.

Edwin A. Abbey's Pictures

There will be three of **Mr. Abbey's** exquisite pictures in the February number, illustrating Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius Cæsar." One of them, painted in full color, will be the frontispiece of the MAGAZINE.

What Is a Comet?

Prof. Pickering, of Harvard, one of the most distinguished of living astronomers, contributes an exceptionally interesting and informing article on this much-discussed subject. His article is illustrated with remarkable telescopic photographs of comets made at the Harvard Observatory.

Schoolmastering the Speech

Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury has written another of his graceful and scholarly articles dealing with practical questions in the use of the English speech. He writes of a matter of universal interest.

Toilers of the River

Thornton Oakley, the well-known illustrator, recently spent some time among the steel-workers and on the Monongahela River at Pittsburg. He writes vividly of men and places, of curious lives and unusual happenings. He illustrates his own article with many striking drawings.

New York Revisited

By HENRY JAMES

A wonderfully vivid picture of New York as it impressed the great novelist on his recent visit to this country after an absence of more than twenty years. Mr. James does not hesitate to criticise us severely—conceding, however, the remarkable characteristics of what he calls "the most extravagant of cities."

The Last Barrier

This is a life-story of a salmon, written by **Charles G. D. Roberts.** An intimate view of the life of this most adventurous fish from its birth to its maturity. It is really a delightful story, the more interesting because it is true.

8 SHORT STORIES BY

NORMAN DUNCAN, THOMAS A. JANVIER, PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS, MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN, MAY HARRIS, MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR, ETC., ETC.

Egyptians at Sinai

Prof. Flinders-Petrie, of London University, has recently made revolutionizing archæological discoveries of Semitic customs in vogue two or three thousand years before Islam, even before the Jewish system.

PICTURES IN COLOR

The pictures in color in the February MAGAZINE include paintings by EDWIN A. ABBEY and LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK in full color, and others in tint by THORNTON OAKLEY and C. D. WELDON.

The Slave-Trade of To-day

By H. W. NEVINSON

The concluding article in Mr. Nevinson's remarkable arraignment of the African slave-trade of to-day, picturing the slaves as he found them at work under their Portuguese masters, and summing up his evidence against Portugal. Mr. Nevinson squarely puts much of the blame on England for permitting this trade, and calls upon our government, as a party to the treaties suppressing slavery, to protest against it.

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Illustration for "The Sestina"

See page 191

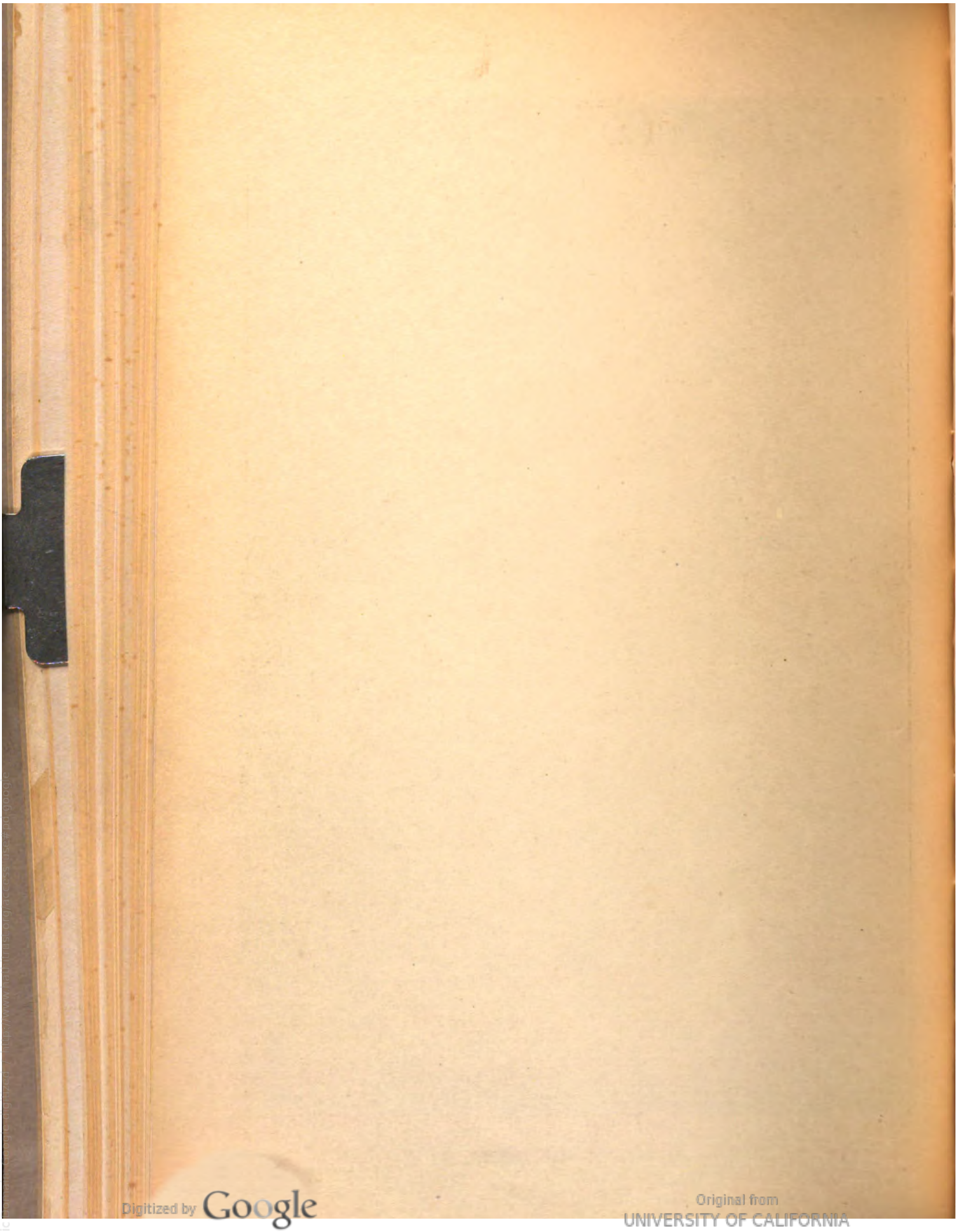
A NEAT AND SHRIVELLED GENTLEMAN SAT AT A DESK

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HELENA RICHIE AND DR. KING

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXII JANUARY, 1906 No. DCLXVIII

The Awakening

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER I

DR. LAVENDAR and Goliath had toiled up the hill to call on old Mr. Benjamin Wright; when they jogged back in the late afternoon it was with the peculiar complacency which follows the doing of a disagreeable duty. Goliath had not liked climbing the hill, for a heavy rain in the morning had turned the clay to stiff mud, and Dr. Lavendar had not liked calling on Benjamin Wright.

"But, Daniel," said Dr. Lavendar, addressing a small old dog who took up a great deal more room than he was entitled to on the seat of the buggy, "Daniel, my boy, you don't consult your likings in pastoral calls." Then he looked out of the mud-spattered window of the buggy, at a house by the roadside —"The Stuffed Animal House," Old Chester children used to call it, because its previous owner had been a taxidermist of some little local renown. "That's another visit I ought to make," he reflected, "but it can wait until next week. G'long, Goliath!"

Goliath went along, and Mrs. Frederick Richie, who lived in the Stuffed Animal House, looking listlessly from an upper window saw the hood of the buggy jogging by, and smiled. "Thank Heaven!" she said.

Benjamin Wright had not thanked Heaven when Dr. Lavendar drove away. He had been as disagreeable as usual to his visitor, but being a very lonely old man he enjoyed having a visitor to whom to be disagreeable. He lived all by himself on his hilltop, a mile out of Old Chester, with his "nigger" Simmons, his canary-birds, and his temper. More than thirty years before he had quarrelled with his only son Samuel, and the two men had not spoken to each other since. Old Chester never knew what this quarrel had been about; Dr. Lavendar speculated upon it as he and Goliath went squashing through the mud that April afternoon, and wondered who was to blame. "Pot and kettle, probably," he reflected. "Samuel's goodness is very irritating sometimes, and his father's badness is—well, it's not as distressing as it should be. But what a forlorn old critter he is! And this Mrs. Richie is lonely too—a widow—and no children, poor woman. I must call next week. Goliath wouldn't like to turn round now and climb the hill again. Danny, I fear Goliath is very selfish."

Goliath's selfishness carried them home and landed Dr. Lavendar at his own fireside, rather tired and full of good intentions in regard to calls. He confided these intentions to Dr. William King who looked in after supper to inquire about his cold.

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"Cold? I haven't any cold! You can't get a job here. Sit down and give me some advice."

"I'll advise you not to go out in such weather. Now promise me you won't go out to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? Right after breakfast, sir! To make calls on the people I've neglected. Willy, how can I find a home for an orphan child? A parson up in the mountains has asked me to see if I could place a little seven-year-old boy. The child's sister who took care of him has just died. Do you know anybody who might take him?"

"Well," said Willy King, "there's Mrs. Richie."

Dr. Lavendar looked at him over his spectacles. "Mrs. Frederick Richie?—though I understand she calls herself Mrs. *Helena* Richie. I don't like a young female to use her own name, William, even if she *is* a widow! Still, she may be a nice woman I suppose. Do you think a little boy would have a good home with her?"

"Why," the doctor demurred, "of course, we know very little about her. She has only been here six months. But I should think she was just the person to take him. She is mighty good-looking, isn't she?"

"Yes," Dr. Lavendar said, "she is. And good looks are important. Other things being equal I prefer a good-looking woman. But I don't know that her looks are a guarantee that she can train up a child in the way he should go. Can't you think of anybody else?"

"I don't see why you don't like Mrs. Richie?"

"I never said I didn't like her," protested Dr. Lavendar; "but she's a widow."

"Unless she murdered the late Richie, I can't see that that's against her."

"Widows don't always stay widows, Willy."

"I don't believe she's the marrying kind," William said. "I have a sort of feeling that the deceased Richie was not the kind of husband who receives the compliment of a successor—"

"Hold on; you're mixing things up! It's the bad husband and the good wife that get compliments of that kind."

William laughed as he was expected to, but he stuck to his opinion that Mrs. Richie had had enough of husbands. "And anyway, she's devoted to her brother—though he doesn't come to see her very often."

"There's another point," objected Dr. Lavendar; "what kind of a fellow is this brother? Danny growled at him once, which prejudiced me I'm afraid. Why doesn't he give her a home with him?"

"Well, for one thing she seems to have taken a fancy to Old Chester, and maybe the conditions are not attractive at his house. I suppose all families have their skeletons. Not that Mr. Pryor is a skeleton. He seems a decent man enough, though I must say he doesn't cultivate acquaintances in Old Chester."

"She says he is not very well," Dr. Lavendar explained; "she says he likes to keep quiet when he comes down here."

"I don't see anything wrong with him."

"Hasn't taken any of your pills? Maybe he doesn't believe in doctors. I don't myself."

"Thank you," said William King.

"There's too much fuss anyway over our precious carcasses! And you fellows encourage it."

"Been to see Mrs. Drayton to-day?" William inquired sweetly.

Dr. Lavendar displayed temper; the name of Old Chester's chronic invalid was a red rag to him. Then he said he wished he knew more about Mrs. Richie. "I ask you for information and all you say is that she's good-looking, and her brother doesn't take your pills."

William laughed.

"She doesn't come to church very regularly, and she never stops afterwards to talk," Dr. Lavendar ruminated.

"Well, if you want talking there's Mrs. Drayton. And as for church-going, she lives 'way up there on the hill road—"

"Yes, she does live pretty far out of town," Dr. Lavendar admitted, "but that's not a reason for not being neighborly after church."

"She's shy," said William King, "that's all. Shyness isn't anything very wrong. And she's mighty pleasant when she does talk to you. I tell you Dr. Lavendar, pleasantness goes a good way in this world. I'd say it was better than goodness—only they are the same thing."

"No, they're not," said Dr. Lavendar.

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"I admit she doesn't belong to the sewing society," William said grinning; "and Mrs. Drayton says she doesn't show proper grief for her husband. She actually smiles sometimes! Mrs. Drayton says that if the Lord were to remove *her* beloved husband, she would never smile again."

"William," said Dr. Lavendar chuckling, "I begin to like your widow."

"She's not my widow, thank you! But she's a nice woman, and she must be pretty lonely up there all by herself."

"Wish I had gone in to see her this afternoon," the old man said thoughtfully. "As you say she might be a suitable person to take this little boy. I wonder if she's going to stay in Old Chester?"

"Sam Wright says she has spoken to him of buying the house. That looks as if she meant to settle down. Did you know that Sam's Sam is casting sheep's-eyes at her?"

"Why, she's old enough to be his mother!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Oh, no. Sam's Sam is twenty-three, and Mrs. Drayton says that Mrs. Richie will never see forty-five again. Which leads me to conclude that she's about thirty."

"Of course she doesn't encourage him?" Dr. Lavendar said anxiously.

"She lets him come to see her, and she took him out once in that wicker-work vehicle she has—looks like a clothes-basket on wheels. And she provides the clothes to put into it. Martha says they are beautiful. But Mrs. Drayton says that no truly pious female would be willing to decorate poor flesh and blood with such finery. Mrs. Drayton says—"

"William! Is this the way I've brought you up? To pander to my besetting sin? Hold your tongue!" Dr. Lavendar rose chuckling, and stood in front of the fireplace, gathering the tails of his flowered cashmere dressing-gown under his arms. "I must say I don't think she was very hospitable to the boy, so far as the clothes-basket went. I was at the post-office, and I heard him ask her to give him a lift. I didn't think, myself, that she wanted him. But she took him in. I hope he isn't really smitten, Willy? You never can tell what that boy will do."

"Yes, he's a hair-trigger," the doctor agreed, "a hair-trigger! And his father understands him about as well as—as Danny there understands Hebrew! I think it's a case of Samuel and his father over again. Dr. Lavendar, do you suppose anybody will ever know what those two quarrelled about?"

"Probably not."

"I suppose," William King ruminated, "that you'd call Sam a genius?"

"No, I wouldn't; he has no patience. You can't have genius without patience. Sam hasn't a particle."

"Well," the doctor explained, "he hasn't the slightest sense of responsibility; and I notice that when people have no sense of responsibility, you call them either criminals or geniuses."

"I don't," said Dr. Lavendar dryly, "I call 'em poor critters either way. But Willy, about this little boy; the great point is, who needs him? I expect he'll be here on Saturday."

"What! This week? But you haven't found anybody to take him."

"Oh, he'll stay with me for a while. Mary 'll look after him. And I'll play marbles with him. Got any white alleys? Gimme six, and I'll give you an agate."

"But Dr. Lavendar, that will be a nuisance to you," William King protested. "Let me take him. Or, at least—I'll ask Martha — she's house-cleaning now, and I'm not sure—" William ended weakly.

"No, no; I want him myself," said the old minister.

"Well," Dr. King said with evident relief, "shall I speak to Mrs. Richie about him? I'm going up there tomorrow; she's got a sick cook, and she asked me to call. What's his name?"

"David Allison. You might sound her William, but don't be definite. Don't give her any chance to say yes or no. I want to know her a little better before I make up my mind. When the boy comes I'll happen along in my buggy with him, and then we'll see. And meantime Willy, keep your eye on Sam's Sam. He mustn't get too much interested up there. A little falling in love with an older woman doesn't hurt most boys; in fact, it's part of their growing up and likely as not it does 'em good. But Sam's Sam isn't like most boys."

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"That's so," said William King, "he may not be a genius and he certainly isn't a criminal, but he's a good deal of a firecracker."

CHAPTER II

"YOU can't think of anybody who might like to take this little David Allison, can you, my dear?" William King asked his wife at breakfast the next morning.

"I certainly cannot," Martha said decidedly. "I think it's a very dangerous thing to take unknown children into your family. I suppose you think I ought to offer to do it? But in the first place, I'm very tired, and in the second place, I don't like boys. If it was a girl it might be different."

"No doubt we could find a girl," William began, but she interrupted him.

"Girls are a great expense. And then, as I said—unknown children!—they might turn into anything. They might have evil tendencies; they probably have; if the parents die early, it's a sign of weakness of some sort. I've no doubt this boy's father drank. I don't want to seem unkind, but I must say flatly and frankly that, considering how hard it is for us to make both ends meet—as you keep up a sort of free practice—I don't think it's prudent to suggest any new responsibilities and expenses."

"Oh, I wasn't making suggestions," William King said. "I guess we're not the people to bring up a child. I'd spoil him, I've no doubt."

"I'm sure you would!" Martha said, greatly relieved. "It would be the worst possible thing for him. But Willy, there's that Mrs. Richie?"

"You think his evil tendencies wouldn't hurt her?" the doctor said dryly.

"I think she's a rich woman, so why shouldn't she do a thing like that? I'll go and see her if your want me to—though she never makes you feel welcome—and tell her about the boy?"

"You needn't bother," William said. "Dr. Lavendar will see her himself."

"I don't understand that woman," Mrs. King went on. "She keeps herself to herself too much. It almost looks as if she didn't think we were good enough to associate with her!"

William made no reply.

"Willy, does she use perfumery?"

"How in the world should I know!" said the doctor.

"Well," Martha said, "there's a sort of fragrance about her. It isn't like cologne, it's like—well, orris-root."

William made no comment.

"It's a kind of sachet, I guess; I'd like to know what it is. Willy, Sam Wright's Sam went out walking with her yesterday. I met them on the River Road. I believe the boy is in love with her!"

"He's got eyes," William agreed.

"*Tck!*" said Martha, "the idea of calling her good-looking! And I don't think it speaks well for a woman of her age—she's forty if she's a day—to let a boy trail round after her like that. And to fix herself up with sachet-powders and things. And her Sarah told the Draytons' Jean that she had her breakfast in bed every morning! I'd like to know how my housekeeping would go on if *I* had breakfast in bed, though dear knows I'm very tired and it would be pleasant enough. But *I* don't do lazy things just because they are pleasant."

The doctor made no defence of Mrs. Richie. Instead he asked for another cup of coffee and when he was told that it would not be good for him, he got up, then paused patiently, his hand on the door-knob, to hear his Martha out.

"William, what do you suppose is the last thing Sam Wright's Sam has done?"

The doctor confessed his ignorance.

"Well, his father sent him to Mercer on Monday to buy supplies for the bank. He gave him seventy-five dollars. Back comes my young gentleman with—what do you suppose? A lot of pictures of actors and actresses! And no supplies."

"What! you don't mean he spent the money on the pictures?"

"Every bit of it!" cried Martha. "His mother came in and told me about it last night. She said his father was frantic. She was dreadfully upset herself. As for Sam, he kept saying that the 'prints,' as he called them, were very valuable—though I'm sure I can't see why. They were only of actor people, and they had all died sixty or seventy years ago."

"Actors!" the doctor said. "Poor

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Samuel! he hates the theatre. I do believe he'd rather have pictures of the devil."

"Oh, but wait. You haven't heard the rest of it. It appears that when the boy looked at 'em yesterday morning he found they weren't as valuable as he thought—I don't understand that part of it," Martha acknowledged — "so what does he do but march down-stairs, and put 'em all in the kitchen stove! What do you think of that?"

"I think," said William King, "that he has always gone off at half-cock ever since he was born. But Martha, the serious thing is his spending money that didn't belong to him."

"I should think it was serious! If he'd been some poor little clerk in the bank, instead of Mr. Samuel Wright's only son, he would have found it was serious! Willy, what do you make of him? He isn't a bad boy, and yet if somebody else did the things he does, we'd say he was bad?"

"Bad?" said William, "of course he isn't bad. He's just—different. Why, Martha, that boy wouldn't do a mean thing or a dirty thing any more than a girl would. But he is queer," William admitted, "queer as Dick's hatband, and he and his father have about as much in common as oil and water."

"And now he thinks he's in love with this Richie woman," Martha went on—but William made his escape. He had to go and hitch up, he said.

Before he took Jinny out of her stall he went into the harness-room and hunted about on a shelf until, behind a rusty currycomb and two empty oil-bottles, he found a small mirror. It was misty and flecked with clear spots where the quicksilver had dropped away, but when he propped it against the cobwebbed window he could see himself fairly well. Staring into its dim depths he retied his necktie; then he backed the buggy out of the carriage-house. But after he had put his mare between the shafts he hesitated. . . . The buggy was very shabby; it sagged badly on the right side, and there was a rent in the faded cushion. The doctor looked at his watch. . . . Then hurriedly he led Jinny back to her stall, got a bucket of water and a sponge, and washed off the dashboard and wheels. After that he fumbled along a dusty beam to find a bottle of oil with which he touched up the harness. But when all was done he shook his head. The buggy was hopeless. Nevertheless, when he climbed in and slapped Jinny's flank with the newly oiled rein he was careful to sit in the middle of the seat to make the springs truer, and he avoided the mud-puddles on the road up to the Stuffed Animal House. There were a good many puddles, for it had rained the day before. To-day the clouds had gathered up behind the hills into white domes, but the sky was that faint April blue that dims easily into warm mists. There was the smell of earth, the fainter scent of unopened buds, and from the garden borders of the Stuffed Animal House came the pungent odor of box.

Helena Richie, standing by a bed of crown-imperials, bareheaded, a trowel in her gloved hand, her smooth cheek flushed with the unwonted exertion of planting seeds, caught the exquisite breath of the box, and sighed; then, listlessly, she turned to walk back towards the house. Before she reached it the gate clicked and Dr. King came up the path. She saw him and looked hurriedly about, as if seeking a way of escape, but it was too late.

"Gardening?" he called to her.

"Yes," she said, and her smile like reluctant sunshine did not betray to the doctor that he was not welcome.

"Don't work too hard," he cautioned her. It seemed to William King, looking at her with wondering admiration, that she was too delicate a creature to handle a trowel. There was a certain soft indolence in the way she moved that was a delight to his eye. It occurred to him that he would ask his Martha why she didn't wear gardening-gloves. Mrs. Richie wore them, and as she pulled one off he saw how soft and white her hand was. . .

"How's the patient?" he asked.

"Poor Maggie? Oh, she's pretty uncomfortable I'm afraid. After you've seen her, will you come and tell me what I must do for her?"

They had gone together to the front porch, and as she stood on the lower step looking up at him, the sunshine suddenly filled her eyes with limpid brown light.

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"Maggie is in her room in the ell—the first door on the left. Shall I show you the way?"

"I know the way," he said.

Mrs. Richie sat down on the porch step to wait for him. She had nothing else to do. She never had anything to do. She had tried to be interested in the garden, and had bought a trowel and some seeds and wandered out into the borders that very morning; but a manufactured interest has no staying quality—especially if it involves any hard work. She was glad when William King came back and sat down beside her; sickness was not an agreeable topic, but it was a topic.

"Maggie will be all right in two or three days, but don't let her go into the kitchen before Monday. A bad throat pulls you down. And she's had a good deal of pain."

"Oh, poor Maggie!" she said wincing.

William looked at her with open amusement. "A sore throat is nothing so very dreadful."

She drew a breath of relief. "Oh, I'm so glad! I can't bear to think of pain." Then she looked at him anxiously. "Don't you think she can cook before Monday? I'm so tired of scrappy dinners."

"I'm afraid not," William King said. "I'm very sorry." But that his sorrow was not for Maggie was evident.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Richie; and then her eyes crinkled with amusement at his concern. "I don't really mind, Dr. King."

"I shouldn't blame you if you did," he protested warmly. "Nobody likes scrappy dinners. I wish you would come down and have dinner with us?"

"Oh, thank you, no," she said. And the sudden shy retreat into her habitual reserve was followed by a silence that suggested departure to the doctor. As he got up he remembered Dr. Lavendar and the little boy, but he was at a loss how to introduce the subject. In his perplexity he frowned, and Mrs. Richie said quickly:

"Of course she sha'n't do any work. I'm not so bad-tempered as you think; I only meant that I don't like discomfort."

"*You* bad-tempered?" he said. "No, indeed! You're—just the opposite. That's why I suggested you when I heard about this boy."

"What boy?"

"Why, a little fellow of seven—David his name is—that Dr. Lavendar is trying to find a home for. And I thought perhaps you—"

"—would take him?" cried Mrs. Richie in astonishment, and then she laughed. "*I!*"

"Why, it occurred to me that perhaps you might be lonely, and—"

Helena Richie stopped laughing; she pulled off her other glove and looked down at her white hands. "Well, yes, I'm lonely. But—I don't like children, Dr. King."

"You don't?" he said blankly, and in his surprise he sat down again. "Oh, I'm sure that's only because you don't know them. If you had ever known a child—"

"I have," Mrs. Richie said, "one." Her voice was bleak; the gayety had dropped out of it; for an instant she looked old. William King understood.

"It died?"

She nodded. She began to pull her gloves on again, smoothing down each finger carefully and not looking at him.

"A little girl?"

"Boy." She turned her face away, but he saw her chin tremble. There was a moment's silence; then the doctor said with curious harshness,

"Well, anyhow, *you* know what it means to have owned your own."

"Better not have known!"

"I can't feel that. But perhaps I don't understand."

"You *don't* understand." Her head with its two soft braids wound around it like a wreath was bent so that he could not see her face. "Dr. King, his father—hurt him. Yes; hurt a little baby, eight months and twelve days old. He died seven weeks later."

William drew in his breath; he found no words.

"That was twelve years ago, but I can't seem to—to get over it," she said, with a sort of gasp.

"But how—" Dr. King began.

"Oh, he was not himself. He was—happy. I believe you call it *happy?* When he got sober he was—not happy."

"How did you bear it?"

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"I didn't bear it I suppose. I never have borne it!"

"Did he repent before he died?" William King said passionately.

"Before he—?" Her voice suddenly shook; she made elaborate pretence of calmness, fastening her gloves and looking at them critically; then she said: "Yes, Dr. King; he—repented. He *repented!*"

"If there ever was excuse for divorce, you had it!"

"You don't think there ever is?" she asked absently.

"No," William said. "I suppose you'll think I'm very old-fashioned, but I don't, unless—" he stopped short; he could not have put his qualifying thought into words to any woman, especially not to this woman, so like a girl in spite of her thirty-odd years. "You see," he said awkwardly, "it's such an unusual thing. It never happened in Old Chester; why, I don't believe I ever saw a—a divorced person in my life!"

"Well," she said, "anyhow, I didn't get a divorce."

He interrupted her, blushing to his temples. "Mrs. Richie! You didn't think I thought of—of such a thing?"

But it was plain that she regretted her confidence; she rose with an evident purpose of changing the subject. "I must go and put in some more seeds. My man George says it's too early, but I hate to wait—for anything! Why doesn't Dr. Lavendar keep this little boy? After all, he's lonely himself."

"Well, he's an old man you know, and—"

"Dr. King," she broke in, "I don't mind having the child here for a week while Dr. Lavendar is looking for somebody to take him. Not longer. It wouldn't do. Really it wouldn't. But for a week, perhaps, or maybe two—"

"That would be a great help," William King said. "Then Dr. Lavendar can have plenty of time to find a home for him. I would have been glad to take him myself, but just at present it happens that it is not—I should say, Mrs. King is—very tired, and—"

"It is perfectly convenient for me," Mrs. Richie said, "if you'll only cure Maggie! You must cure Maggie, so that she can make cookies for him."

"I'll cure Maggie," the doctor assured her smiling, and went away much pleased with himself. But when he got into his shabby old buggy he sighed.

"Poor soul!" he said. "Poor soul!"

CHAPTER III

WILLIAM KING reported the result of his call to Dr. Lavendar, and when he told the tragic story of the dead baby the old man blinked and shook his head.

"Do you wonder she doesn't call herself Mrs. *Frederick* Richie?" William demanded. "I don't!"

"No; that's natural, that's natural," Dr. Lavendar admitted.

"I suppose it was a dreadful thing to say," said William, "but I just burst out and said that if ever there was an excuse for divorce, she had it!"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, of course, that she hadn't been divorced. I was ashamed of myself the next minute for speaking of such a thing."

"Poor child," said Dr. Lavendar, "living up there alone, and with such memories! I guess you're right; I guess she'd like to have little David, if only for company. But I think I'll keep him for a week or two myself, and let her get sort of acquainted with him under my eye. That will give me a chance to get acquainted with her. But to think I haven't known about that baby until now! It must be my fault that she was not drawn to tell me. But I'm afraid I wasn't drawn to her just at first."

Yet Dr. Lavendar was not altogether at fault. This newcomer in Old Chester was still a stranger to everybody—except to Sam Wright's Sam and to William King. To be sure, as soon as she was settled in her house Old Chester had called and asked her to tea, and was confused and annoyed because its invitations were not accepted. Furthermore, she did not return the calls. She went to church, but not very regularly, and she never stopped to gossip in the vestibule or the churchyard. Even with Dr. Lavendar she was remote. The first time he went to see her he asked, with his usual directness, one or two questions: Did Mr. Pryor

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live in Mercer? No; he had business that brought him there occasionally. Where did he live? In Philadelphia. Had she any relatives in this part of the world—except her brother? No, none; none anywhere. Was Mr. Pryor married? Yes. Had he any family? One daughter; his wife was dead. "And you have lost your husband?" Dr. Lavendar said gently. "This is a lonely life for you here, I am afraid."

But she said oh, no; not at all; she liked the quiet. Then, with faint impatience as if she did not care to talk about her own affairs, she added that she had always lived in the East; "but I find it very pleasant here," she ended vaguely.

Dr. Lavendar had gone away uneasy and puzzled. Why didn't she live with her brother? Family differences no doubt. Curious how families fall out! "You'd think they'd be glad to hang together," the lonely old man thought; "and they are not necessarily bad folk who quarrel. Look at Sam and his boy. Both of 'em good as gold. But it's in the blood there," he said to himself, sighing.

Sam and his son were not bad folk. The boy had nothing bad about him; nothing worse than an unexpectedness that had provided Old Chester with smiles for many years. "No; he is not bad; I have seen to *that*," his father used to say. "He's hardly been out of my sight twenty-four hours at a time. And I put my foot down on college with all its temptations. He's good—if he's nothing else!" And certainly Samuel Wright was good too. Everybody in Old Chester said so. He said so himself. "I, my dear Eliza, have nothing with which to reproach myself," he used to tell his wife ponderously in moments of conjugal unbending. "I have done my duty. I always do my duty under all circumstances; I do my duty now by Sam."

This was when he and his son fell out on one point or another, as they had begun to do as soon as young Sam learned to talk; and all because the father insisted upon furnishing the boy with his own most excellent principles and theories, instead of letting the lad manufacture such things for himself. Now when Sam was twenty-three the falling-out had become chronic. No doubt it was in the blood, as Dr. Lavendar said. Some thirty years before, Sam Senior, then a slim and dreamy youth light-hearted and given to writing verses, had fallen out with his father, old Benjamin Wright; fallen out so finally that in all these years since, the two men, father and son, had not spoken one word to each other. If anybody might have been supposed to know the cause of that thirty-year-old feud it was Dr. Lavendar. He certainly saw the beginning of it. . . .

One stormy March evening Samuel Wright, then twenty-four years old, knocked at the Rectory door; Dr. Lavendar, shielding his lamp from the wind with one hand, opened it himself.

"Why, Sam, my boy," he said and stopped abruptly. He led the way into his study and put the lamp down on the table. "Something is the matter?"

"Yes."

"What is it, Samuel?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

"Does your father know?"

"My father knows. . . . I will tell you this, Dr. Lavendar—that so help me God, I will never speak to my father again."

The young man lifted one hand; his face was dreadful to look upon. Then trying to speak in a natural voice he asked if he might stay at the Rectory for that night.

Dr. Lavendar took two turns about his study, then he said, "Of course you may, Samuel, but I shall feel it my duty to acquaint your father with the fact."

"Just as you please, sir."

"And Sam—I hope the night will bring wisdom."

Sam was silent.

"I shall see your father in the morning and try to clear this thing up."

"Just as you please, sir. I would like to go to my room now if you have no objection."

And that was all Dr. Lavendar got out of the son.

He lighted a lamp and silently preceded his guest up-stairs; then he went back to his study and wrote a line to the father. He sent it out to the Wright house and sat up until midnight waiting for an answer. None came. "Well," said Dr. Lavendar at last trudging up

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to bed, "the boy comes by his obstinacy honestly." The next morning he went early to see Mr. Benjamin Wright. But as far as any straightening out of the trouble went or any enlightenment as to its cause, he might as well have stayed at home.

"Sam send you?"

"No; I came to see what I could do for you both. I take it for granted that Sam is at fault in some way? But he is a good boy, so I am sure he can be made to see his error."

"Did he tell you what was the trouble?"

"No; will you?"

"Let him come back and behave himself!" the older man said.

Dr. Lavendar thrust out his lower lip with a thoughtful frown. "It would expedite things, Wright, if you could tell me a little about the affair?"

Mr. Wright hesitated. He thrust his hand down into a blue ginger-jar for a piece of dried orange-skin and bit at it as if to steady his lips. "Sam can tell you if he wants to. All I have to say is that I am doing my duty to him. I've always done my duty to him. If he sees fit to set up his own Ebenezer, and say he won't speak to me—I suppose he conveyed that filial sentiment to you? —he can do so. When he gets hungry he can speak. That's what other puppies do when they are hungry."

And that was all Dr. Lavendar got out of the father. . . .

This was thirty-two years ago. Sam Wright may have been hungry, but he never spoke. Instead, he worked. Old Chester seethed with curiosity for a while—to see Benjamin Wright pass his son with a contemptuous stare, to see Sam pass his father without a glance was very exciting. But excitement ebbs in thirty-two years. For one thing, old Mr. Wright came less often into town—because he could not bear to meet his son, people said—and Samuel never took the hill road out of Old Chester for a corresponding reason. Furthermore, it was hard to connect Samuel with anything so irrational as a quarrel, for every year he grew in solemn common sense. Benjamin Wright's growth was all in the way of temper; at least so his boy Simmons, a freckled mulatto of sixty years, informed Old Chester.

"He ain't got no human feelin's, 'cept for them there canaries," Simmons used to say in an aggrieved voice; "he'll stand and look at 'em and chirp to 'em by the hour—an' 'en he'll turn round and swear at you 'nough to take your leg off," Simmons said bitterly. Simmons did his best for the canaries which he detested, cleaning out the cages and scraping the perches and seeing that the seed-trays and bath-tubs were always full; he did his best conscientiously, and it was hard to be "swore at when you ain't done nothin'." When by their father's orders the grandchildren came up to the lonely house on the hill, the old man used to pitch small coins to them and tell them to go and look at the canaries—" and then clear out. Simmons, give 'em some cake or something! Good-by. Good-by. Clear out."

But long before old Mr. Wright had settled into such dreary living, the son with whom he had quarrelled had made a life of his own. He had taken to himself a wife, and brought up a boy and a household of girls. His slimness and gayety had disappeared as well as his dreaminess and versifying instincts. "Po'-try?" he had been heard to say, "why, there isn't a poem that was ever written that I'd take five minutes out of my business to read!" It seemed as if the quarrel had wrenched him from the grooves, physical and spiritual, in which Nature had meant him to run and started him on lines of hard common sense. He was heavy and pompous and painfully literal; inclined to lay down the law to everybody; richer than most of us in Old Chester, and full of solemn responsibilities as burgess and senior warden and banker. His air of aggressive integrity used to make the honestest of us feel as if we had been picking pockets! Yes; a good man, as Old Chester said.

Years ago Dr. Lavendar had given up his efforts to reconcile the two Wrights; years ago Old Chester's speculations languished and died out. Once in a while some one remembered the quarrel and said, "What in the world could it have been about?" And once in a while Samuel's own children asked awkward questions. "Mother, what was father's row with grandfather?" And Mrs.

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Wright's answer was as direct as the question. "I don't know. He never told me."

When this reply was made to young Sam he dropped the subject. He had but faint interest in his father, and his grandfather with whom he took tea every Sunday night was too important a person to connect with so trivial an affair as a quarrel.

This matter of offspring is certainly very curious. Why should the solid Samuel Wright and his foolish, obedient Eliza have brought into the world a being of mist and fire? A youth who laughed or wept or sung aloud, unconscious of or at least indifferent to all about him! The only things Sam and his parents had in common were the need of food and the desire for shelter — and even here they differed, as Sam was not interested in food as such, and thought the stars more desirable than a respectable roof. Sam Senior used to look at his son sometimes and shake his head in bewildered astonishment, but often he was angry, and oftener still —though this he never admitted—hurt. The boy always impersonally amiable never thought it worth while to explain himself; partly because he was not interested in his father's opinion of his conduct, and partly because he knew he could not make himself understood.

"But who, my dear Eliza," Samuel would say to his wife—"who could understand such a youth? Look at this last performance of his! Purchasing pictures of *actors!* Where does he get such low tastes?—unless some of your family were interested in such things?"

"Oh no, Samuel; no, indeed," Mrs. Wright protested nervously.

"And to use money not his own! Do you know what that is called, my dear Eliza? It is called—"

"Oh—don't, Samuel," whimpered the poor mother.

"And to think how carefully I have trained him! And all I have done for him—I let him buy that skiff he said he wanted. Absolute waste of money! Our old rowboat is good enough for the girls, so why isn't it good enough for him? And I never laid a hand on him in punishment either; not many fathers can say that."

As for the bank supplies young Sam had explained to his mother that they had been ordered and charged, so what *was* the matter? And Mrs. Wright kneading her tear-soaked handkerchief into a ball, cried some more and said,

"Oh, Sam dear, why *do* you act so?"

Sam looked at her attentively, wondering why her little nose always reddened when she cried. But he waited patiently, until she finished her rambling reproaches. It occurred to him that he would tell Mrs. Richie all about this matter of the prints. "*She* will understand," he thought.

Sam's acquaintance with Mrs. Richie had begun when she was getting settled in her new house. Sam Senior, having no desire to climb the hill road sent his various communications to his tenant by his son, and afterwards Sam Junior had communications of his own to make. He fell into the habit of stopping there on Sunday afternoons, quite oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Richie did not display any pleasure at seeing him. After one of these calls he was apt to be late in reaching "The Top," as his grandfather's place was called, and old Benjamin Wright in a moth-eaten beaver hat, pulled down over his brown wig, would glare at him with melancholy dark eyes.

"Gad-a-mercy, what do you mean! Getting here at six-five. I have my tea at six, sir; at six sharp. Either get here on time or stay away. I don't care which. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," young Sam would murmur.

"Where have you been? Mooning after that female at the Stuffed Animal House?"

"I had to leave a message, sir, about the lease."

"How long does it take to leave a message about a lease?"

"She was not down-stairs and I had to wait—"

"*I* had to wait! That's more to the point. There—don't talk about it. You drive me crazy with your chatter."

Then they would sit down to supper in a black silence only broken by an occasional twitter from one of the many cages that hung about the room. But afterwards young Sam had his reward: the library, a cigar, long before he was old enough to smoke, and his grand-

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father reading aloud—in a wonderful voice, deep, sonorous, flexible — Shakespeare, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. To be sure, there was nothing personal in such reading—it was not done to give pleasure to young Sam. Every night the old man rumbled out the stately lines, sitting by himself in this gloomy room walled to the ceiling with books, and warmed by a soft-coal fire that snapped and bubbled behind the iron bars of the grate. Sometimes he would burst into angry ecstasy at the beauty of what he read. "There! What do you think of *that?*"

"Oh, it's splendid!"

"Hah! Much you know about it! There is about as much poetry in your family as there is in that coal-scuttle."

It was when he was eighteen that once the old man let the boy read *The Tempest* with him. It was a tremendous evening to Sam. In the first place, his grandfather swore at him with a fury that really attracted his attention. But that night the joy of the drama suddenly possessed him. The deed was done; the dreaming youth awoke to the passion of art. As Benjamin Wright gradually became aware of it delight struggled with his customary anger at anything unexpected. He longed to share his pleasure with somebody; once he mentioned to Dr. Lavendar that "that cub, my grandson, really has something to him!" After that he took Sam's training seriously in hand, and his artless pride concealed itself in a severity that knew no bounds of words. When the boy confessed his wish to write a drama in blank verse, his grandfather swore at him eagerly and demanded every detail of what he called the "fool plot of the thing."

"What does that female at the Stuffed Animal House say to the idea of your writing a drama?" he asked contemptuously.

"She says I may read it to her."

"Knows as much about dramatic poetry as you do I suppose? When you finish the first act bring it to me. I'll tell you how bad it is."

His eager scoffing betrayed him, and every Sunday night, in spite of slaughtering criticism the boy took courage to talk of his poem. He had no criticism from Mrs. Richie.

When he first began to call at the Stuffed Animal House she had been coldly impatient, then uneasy, then snubbing. But nothing can be so obtuse as a boy; it never occurs to him that he is not wanted. Sam continued to call and to tell her of his play and to look at her with adoring eyes. And by and by the coldness to which he was so calmly impervious wore off; a boy's innocent devotion must touch any woman no matter how self-absorbed she may be. Mrs. Richie began to be glad to see him. As for his drama, it was beautiful, she said.

"No," Sam told her "it isn't—yet. You don't know. But I like to read it to you, even if you don't."

His candor made her laugh, and before she knew it, in spite of the difference in their years they were friends. As William King said, she was lonely and Sam's devotion was at least an interest. Besides, she really liked the boy; he amused her; and her empty days were so devoid of amusement! "I can't read novels *all* the time," she complained. In this very bread-and-butter sort of interest she had no thought of possible consequences to Sam. A certain pleasant indolence of mind made it easy not to think of consequences at all. But he had begun to love her — with that first passion of youth so divinely tender and ridiculous! After a while he talked less about his play and more about himself. He told her of his difficulties at home, how he hated the bank and how stupid the girls were.

"Lydia is the nicest, but she has no more imagination than a turnip. They are very uninteresting—my family," he said meditatively. "I don't like any of them—except mother. Mother hasn't any sense, but she's good," Sam ended earnestly.

"Oh, but you mustn't say things like that!"

"Why not? They're true," he said with a surprised look.

"Well, but we don't always tell the truth right out," she reminded him.

"I do," said Sam, and then explained that he didn't include his grandfather in his generalization. "Grandfather's bully; you ought to hear him swear!"

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"Oh, I don't want to!" she said horrified.

"I told him that I burned the prints up," Sam went on. "And he said 'good riddance of bad rubbish.' That was just like grandfather! Of course he did say that I was a d—I mean, a fool, to buy them in the first place; and I knew I was. But having bought them, the only thing to do was to burn them. But father!—"

Mrs. Richie's eyes crinkled with mischievous gayety. "Poor Mr. Wright!"

Sam dropped his clasped hands between his knees. "It's queer how I always do the wrong thing. Though it never seems wrong to me. You know father wouldn't let me go to college for fear I'd go to the devil?" he laughed, joyously. "But I might just as well, for he thinks everything I do in Old Chester is wrong." Then he sighed. "Sometimes I get pretty tired of being disapproved of, and I never can understand why! The fact is people are not *reasonable*," he complained. "I can stand anything but unreasonableness."

She nodded. "I know. I never could please my grandmother—she brought me up. My mother and father died when I was a baby. I think grandmother hated me; she thought everything I did was wrong. Oh, I was so miserable! And when I was eighteen I got married, and —and that was a mistake."

Sam gazed up at her in silent sympathy.

"I mean my—husband was so much older than I," she said. Then with an evident effort to change the subject she added that one would think it would be simple enough to be happy! "All my life I only wanted to be happy," she said.

"You're happy now—aren't you?" he asked.

She looked down at him—he was sitting on a stool before the fire near her feet—and laughed with a catching of the breath. "Oh, yes, yes—I'm happy."

And Sam caught his breath too, for there were tears in her eyes.

But instantly she veered away from personalities. "What is that scar on your wrist?"

Sam looked down at his hands clasped about his knees, and blushed faintly. "Oh, nothing; I was very young when that happened."

"How did it happen?" she asked absently. It was often possible to start Sam talking and then think her own thoughts without interruption.

"Why, I was about twelve," Sam said, "and I had a squabble with Lydia. I can't remember now what she did—something aggravating. And I slapped her; awfully hard."

"Oh, you bad boy!" she said indolently.

"Of course in a minute I was ashamed. And I just took my penknife—it was a new knife grandfather had given me; father took it away from me afterwards," Sam interjected, "I always thought that was a mean thing to do—well, I took my knife and tried to cut my hand off, and—"

"Tried to cut your hand off!"

"Why," said Sam frowning, "of course I was foolish; but still, it had slapped Lydia you know. Besides, I knew father would send me to bed on bread and water, and I thought if I cut off my hand he wouldn't. If I had waited five minutes I wouldn't have tried to do it, but I never wait," Sam ended calmly. "Golly! How it bled! Spoiled the nursery carpet. Father sent me to bed for that, so I didn't gain anything." His lip drooped. His feeling for his father was a candid mixture of amusement and contempt.

"But do you always act on the spur of the moment?" she said, astonished.

Sam laughed and said he supposed so. "I'm a good deal of a fool," he added simply.

"Well," she said sighing, "it's dangerous to be like that. I know, because I—I am a good deal of a fool myself." Then again, abruptly she changed the subject. "What do you think? I'm going to have some company!"

Sam frowned. "Your brother?"

"No, oh no; not—Mr. Pryor." Then she told him that Dr. Lavendar had asked her if she would look after a little boy for him for a few weeks.

Sam was irresponsive. Little boys were a great deal of trouble, he said.

"Come now; how long since—"

Sam's limpid deer's-eyes reproached her silently.

"How shall I amuse him?" she said.

And Sam eager to serve her promised to find a pair of rabbits for the child.

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"I used to like rabbits when I was young," he explained.

At last, after his hostess had swallowed many yawns, Sam reluctantly said good night. As he went bounding down the hill in the darkness, he sang aloud, but he did not know what he sang. In his young breast, Love like some warm living thing, stirred and lifted glorious wings and drove his voice throbbing and exultant to his lips. The tears were wet on his face; words did not matter! Nothing mattered—except this hot ecstatic ache in his breast. He was not at all disturbed to hear the church clock strike eleven. It might have struck twelve and he would not have been disturbed. Nothing outside of himself ever disturbed Sam. Standing in the doorway of the Wright house in thunderous silence, his father lamp in hand awaited him. As Sam entered, the silence broke into a flash of crackling and scathing contempt.

"It does not occur to you, sir, I suppose, that a lady may find your society tiresome? It is after eleven!"

Sam smiling to himself hung up his hat in silence. He was reflecting that he must see about those rabbits at once.

"You will understand, sir, if you please, that while you do me the honor to live under my roof you will return to it at night at a respectable hour. I will not sit up for you in this way. You will be in at ten o'clock. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; and added with sudden awakening of interest, "if you would let me have a key, father, I—"

"I will not let you have a key! I will have no boy entering my house at midnight with a key! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Sam murmured falling back into his own thoughts.

Mr. Wright still talking stood at the foot of the stairs so that his son could not pass him. Sam yawned, then noticed how in oratorical denunciation his father's long upper lip curved like the beak of a bird of prey; behind his hand he tried to arch his own lip in the same manner. He really did not hear what the Senior Warden was saying; he only sighed with relief when it was over and he was allowed to go upstairs and tumble sleepily into bed.

As for his long-suffering hostess, when she was alone Helena Richie rubbed her eyes and began to wake up. "That boy never knows when to go!" she said to herself with amused impatience. Then her mind turned to her own affairs. This little boy, David Allison, was coming to Old Chester on Saturday; he was to stay with Dr. Lavendar for a while, and then come to her for a week or two. But she was beginning to regret the invitation which she had sent through Dr. King. It would be pleasant to have the little fellow, but—

"I can't keep him, so why should I take him even for a week? I might get fond of him! I'm afraid it's a mistake. I wonder what Lloyd would think? I don't believe he really loves children. And yet—he cared when the baby died."

She pulled a little low chair up to the hearth and sat down, her elbows on her knees, her fingers ruffling the soft locks about her forehead. "Oh, my baby! my little, little baby!" she said in a broken whisper. The old passion of misery swept over her; she shrank lower in her chair, rocking herself to and fro, her fingers pressed against her eyes. It was twelve years ago, and yet even now in these placid days in Old Chester, to think of that time brought the breathless smother of agony back again—the dying child, the foolish brute who had done him to death. . . . If the baby had lived he would be nearly thirteen years old now; a big boy! She wondered whether his hair would still have been curly? She knew in her heart that she never could have had the courage to cut those soft curls off—and yet, boys hated curls, she thought, and smiled proudly. He would have been so manly! If he had lived—how different everything would have been—how incredibly different! For of course, if he had lived she would have been happy in spite of Frederick. And happiness was all she wanted.

She brushed the tears from her flushed cheeks, and propping her chin in her hands stared into the fire, thinking—thinking. . . . Her childhood had been passed with her father's mother, a silent woman who with bitter expectation of success had set herself to discover in Helena traits of the poor, dead, foolish wife who had broken her son's heart. "Grandmamma hated me," Helena

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Richie reflected. "She begrudged me the least little bit of pleasure." Yet her feeling towards the hard old woman now was not resentment; it was only wonder. "*Why* didn't she like me to be happy?" she thought. It never occurred to her that her grandmother who had guarded and distrusted her had also loved her. "Of course I never loved her," she reminded herself, "but I wouldn't have wanted her to be unhappy. She wanted me to be wretched. Curious!" Yet she realized that at that time she had not desired love; she had only desired happiness. Looking back, she pondered on such astounding immaturity; as if there could be one without the other! And what a child she had been to imagine that merely to get away from that gray life with her grandmother would be happiness, and so had married Frederick. Frederick. . . . She was eighteen, and so pretty. She smiled remembering how pretty she was. And Frederick had made such promises! She was to have every kind of happiness. Of course she had married him. Thinking of it now she did not in the least blame herself. If the dungeon doors open and the prisoner catches a glimpse of the green world of sunshine, what happens? Of course she had married Frederick! As for love she never thought of it; it did not enter into the bargain—at least on her part. She married him because he wanted her to, and because he would make her happy. And oh, how glad her grandmother had been! At the memory of that passionate satisfaction Helena clasped her hands over the two brown braids that folded like a chaplet around her head and laughed aloud, the tears still glittering on her lashes. Her prayers, her grandmother said, had been answered; the girl was safe — an honest wife! "Now lettest Thou Thy servant—" the old woman murmured with dreadful gratitude in her voice.

Thinking of that gratitude the tears dried upon Helena's cheek, hot with the firelight and with her thoughts. "Suppose she had lived just a little longer?—just three years longer! Where would her gratitude have been then?" Helena's face overflowed with sudden gay malice, but below the malice was weariness. "You are happy now—aren't you?" Sam Wright had said. . . . Why, yes, certainly. Frederick had "repented," as Dr. King expressed it; she had seen to his "*repentance!*" That in itself was something to have lived for—a searing flame of happiness! Enough one might think to satisfy her—if she could only have forgotten the baby. At first she had believed that she could forget him. Lloyd had told her she would. How young she had been at twenty-one to think that any one could forget! She smiled dryly at her childish hope and at Lloyd's ignorance. But Lloyd had been very good about the baby; he had let her talk of him all she wanted to. Of course, after a while he got a little tired of the subject, and naturally. It was Frederick's baby! And Lloyd hated Frederick as much as she did. How they used to talk about him in those first days of his "repentance." . . . "Have you heard anything?" "Yes; running downhill every day." "Is there any news?" "Yes, he'll drink himself into his grave in six months." Ah, that was happiness indeed!—"his *grave*, in six months!" . . . She flung herself back in her chair, her hands dropping listlessly into her lap. "Oh—my little, dead baby!" . . .

It was nearly midnight; the fire had burned quite out; the room had fallen into shadows. Oh, yes, as she told Sam Wright, she was happy. Her face fell into lines of dull indifference.

She got up, wearily, rubbing her eyes with the backs of her hands, as a child does; then suddenly remembered that she had reached no conclusion about this little boy Dr. Lavendar was interested in. Suppose she should get fond of him and want to keep him—how would Lloyd feel about it? Would he think the child might take her thoughts from him? But at that she smiled; he could not be so foolish! "I might ask him anyhow? Of course, if he should object I wouldn't dream of it. I wonder what he will think?"

CHAPTER IV

MR. LLOYD PRYOR thought very deeply after he read Mrs. Richie's letter. He sat in his office and smoked and reflected. And as he reflected his face brightened. It was a handsome

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face with a mouth that smiled easily. His heavy-lidded eyes behind astonishingly thick and curling lashes were blue; when he lifted them the observer felt a slight shock, for they were curiously motionless; generally, however, the heavy lids drooped, lazily good-humored. He read Mrs. Richie's letter and tapped the edge of his desk with strong, white fingers.

"Nothing could be better!" he said.

Then suddenly he decided that he would go to Old Chester and say so in person. "I suppose I ought to go anyhow; I haven't been there for six weeks. Yes; this child is just what she needs."

And that was how it came about that when he went home he pulled his daughter Alice's pretty ear and said he was going away that night. "I shall take the ten-o'clock train," he said.

His girl—a pleasant flowerlike young creature—scolded him affectionately. "I wish you wouldn't take so many journeys! Promise to be careful; I worry about you when I'm not with you to take care of you," she said in her sweet anxious young voice. Her father, smiling, promised prudence, and for the mere joy of watching her let her pack his bag, lecturing him as she did so about his health. "Now that you have undertaken all this extra business of the Pryor-Barr people you owe it to your stockholders to be careful of your health," she told him, refusing to notice his smile when he solemnly agreed with her.

"What would happen to the Company if anything happened to you?" she insisted rubbing her soft cheek against his.

"Ruin, of course!"

But she would not laugh. "And what would happen to *me?*"

"Ah, well, that's a different matter," he admitted, and kissed her and bade *her* be careful. "What would happen to me if anything happened to you?" he teased.

She hung about him, brooding over him like a little mother dove with a hundred questions. "Are you going anywhere except to Mercer?"

"Well, yes; possibly."

"Where?"

"Oh, to a place called Old Chester."

"Who are you going to see there?"

"Nobody you know, Gas-bag! I never heard of such curiosity!"

"Ah, but I like to think about you when you are away, and know just where you are and what you are doing every minute of the time."

At which he laughed and kissed her, and was off to take the night train for Mercer, which made it possible for him to catch the morning stage for Old Chester.

There was one other passenger in the stage—a little boy with a soft thatch of straight yellow hair that had been chopped short around the bowl of some domestic barber. He sat on the opposite seat and held a bundle in his arms, peering out over the top of it with serious blue eyes.

"Well, young man, where are you bound?" inquired Mr. Pryor. When the child said he was bound for Old Chester Lloyd Pryor tossed a quarter out of the window to a hostler and bade him go into the stage-house and buy an apple. "Here, youngster," he said when the man handed it up to him, "take that!—keep the change, my man."

The child took the apple gravely; he said, "Thank you, sir," but he was not effusive. He looked out of the window and hugged his bundle. Half-way to Old Chester he began to nibble the apple, biting it very slowly so that he might not make a noise, and thrusting it back into his pocket after each bite with an apprehensive glance at the gentleman in the corner. When he had finished it and swallowed the core, he said suddenly,

"Mister, have you any little boys and girls?"

His companion who had quite forgotten him looked over the top of his newspaper with a start. "What? What did you say? Oh—boys and girls? Yes; I have a girl." He smiled as he spoke.

"Is she as big as me?"

Lloyd Pryor put down his paper and twitched his glasses off. "About twice as big I should think," he said, kindly.

"Twice as big! And twice as old?"

"How old are you?"

"I'm seven going on eight."

"Well then, let's see. Alice is—she is twice and five-sevenths as old. What do you make of that?"

The child began to count on his fingers, and after looking at him a minute or two with some amusement Mr. Pryor

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returned to his paper. After a while the boy said suddenly, "In the flood the ducks couldn't be drowned, could they?"

But Lloyd Pryor had become interested in what he was reading. "You talk too much, young man," he said coldly, and there was no further conversation. The old stage jogged along in the uncertain sunshine; sometimes Mr. Pryor smoked, once he took a nap. While he slept the little boy looked at him furtively, but by and by he turned to the window absorbed in his own affairs.

As the stage pulled into Old Chester Mr. Pryor roused himself. "Well, my boy, here we are," he said.

The child quivered and his hands tightened on his bundle, but he said nothing. When they drew up at the tavern, there was Dr. Lavendar and Danny and Goliath, the doctor displaying excitement.

"Mary gave me some gingerbread for him," he was saying to Van Horn. "I've got it tied up in my handkerchief;—why!" he interrupted himself, screwing up his eyes and peering into the dusk of the old coach—"why, I believe here's Mrs. Richie's brother too!"

As the horses came to a standstill at Van Horn's steps, Dr. Lavendar was in quite a flutter of eagerness. But when the very little boy clambered out the old minister only shook hands with him, man fashion, with no particular display of interest.

"I'm glad to see you, David. I am Dr. Lavendar." Then he turned to say "How do you do?" to Mr. Pryor. "Why, look here," he added, in a cheerful afterthought, "I'm going up your way; get out and come along in my buggy. Hey! Danny! Stop your snarling. The scoundrel's temper is getting bad in his old age. Those snails Jonas drives can't keep up with my trotter!"

"But you have one passenger already," Mr. Pryor protested. "I'll just go on up in the stage, thank you."

"Oh," Dr. Lavendar said, "David's bundle is the biggest part of him, isn't it, David? We'll leave it with Van Horn and get it as we come back. Come along, Mr. Pryor! There, David, tuck yourself down in front; Danny can tag behind." There was a moment's hesitation and then Mr. Pryor did as he was bid. Dr. Lavendar climbed in himself and off they jogged, while Jonas remarked to Van Horn that the old gentleman wasn't just the one to talk about snails, as he looked at it. But Mr. Pryor watching the April sunshine chased over the hills by warm cloud shadows and bursting into joy again on the low meadows, reflected that he had done well for himself in exchanging the dark cavern of the stage for Dr. Lavendar's easy old buggy and the open air. They stopped a minute on the bridge to look at the creek swollen by spring rains; it was tugging and tearing at the branches that dipped into it, and heaping up rocking lines of yellow froth along the banks.

"In summer that's a fine place to wade," Dr. Lavendar observed. David glanced up at him and then down at the water in silence.

"Well, Goliath! at this rate Jonas could beat us," said Dr. Lavendar and smacked a rein down on the shaggy old back. David looked around at Mr. Pryor with sudden interest.

"Is your name Goliath?" he asked.

Lloyd Pryor was greatly amused. "I hope you haven't such a thing as a sling with you, David?" he said.

The little boy grew very red but made no reply.

"It's my horse's name," Dr. Lavendar told him, so kindly that David did not hear the chuckle in his voice. But the color was hot in the child's face for many minutes. He had nothing to say for the rest of the pull up the hill except briefly, "Good-by, sir," when Mr. Pryor alighted at the green gate of the foot-path that led up to the Stuffed Animal House.

"I'm very much obliged for the lift, Dr. Lavendar," he said in his coldly courteous voice, and turned quickly at an exclamation behind him.

"Lloyd!"

"I've brought your brother home, Mrs. Richie," said Dr. Lavendar.

Helena Richie was standing just inside the gate, her face radiant.

"Oh, Lloyd!" she said again breathlessly.

Mr. Pryor laughed and shook hands with her in somewhat formal greeting.

"Do you see my other passenger?" Dr. Lavendar called out. "He came with

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PEERING OUT WITH SERIOUS BLUE EYES

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your brother. David, suppose you shake hands with Mrs. Richie? I generally take my hat off, David, when I shake hands with a lady."

"I don't, sir," said David gently, putting a hand out across the wheel. Mrs. Richie drew a long breath and seemed to see the little boy for the first time; but as she took his hand her eyes lingered on his face, and suddenly she drew him forward and kissed him.

David bore it politely but he looked over her head at Mr. Pryor. "Mister, Alice is nineteen."

"*What?*" Mr. Pryor said, his heavy-lidded eyes opening with a sudden blue gleam; then he laughed. "Oh yes! I'd forgotten our sum in arithmetic; yes, Alice is nineteen."

"Well," Dr. Lavendar said, "g'long, Goliath," and the buggy went tugging on up the hill. "David, if you'll look in my pocket you'll find some gingerbread."

David thrust a hand down into the capacious pocket and brought up the gingerbread in a red silk handkerchief. He offered it silently to Dr. Lavendar.

"I don't believe I'll take any. Suppose you eat it, David?"

"No, I thank you, sir."

Dr. Lavendar shook his head in a puzzled way.

David swallowed nervously. "Please, sir," he said, "was that lady that gentleman's sister?"

"Yes," Dr. Lavendar told him cheerfully.

"But if she is his sister," the little boy reasoned, "why didn't she kiss him? Janey, she — she — always kissed me," David said. His whole face quivered. A very large tear gathered, trembled, then rolled over; he held his hands together under the lap-robe and looked the other way; then he raised one shoulder and rubbed his cheek against it.

"Janey was your sister?" Dr. Lavendar said. "I guess she was a pretty nice sister?"

David's hands tightened; he looked up speechless into the kind old face.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar in a businesslike way, "would you mind driving for me? I want to look over my note-book."

"Driving?" said David. "Oh, *my!*" His cheeks were wet but his eyes shone. "I don't mind, sir. I'd just as lieves as not!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Ungained Height

BY GARDNER WEEKS WOOD

IF this be Life—to count the languid hours
That drift as dreams from sun to setting sun;
Or, indolent, to watch the shadows run
Across some sturdier dial-stone than ours:
If Love is but to lie in breeze-swept bowers,
Whose honeyed incense drowns the prayer of pain;
To touch, but not to take; never to gain
The pinnacles that crown Love's ancient towers:

If uncut leaves still lock the book of youth;
If petalled roses droop before the screen
That shields the emptiness of love unearned:—
Then may the wanton wake to know the truth
That Life is loss; and from the Magdalene
The lesson of Love's impotence be learned.

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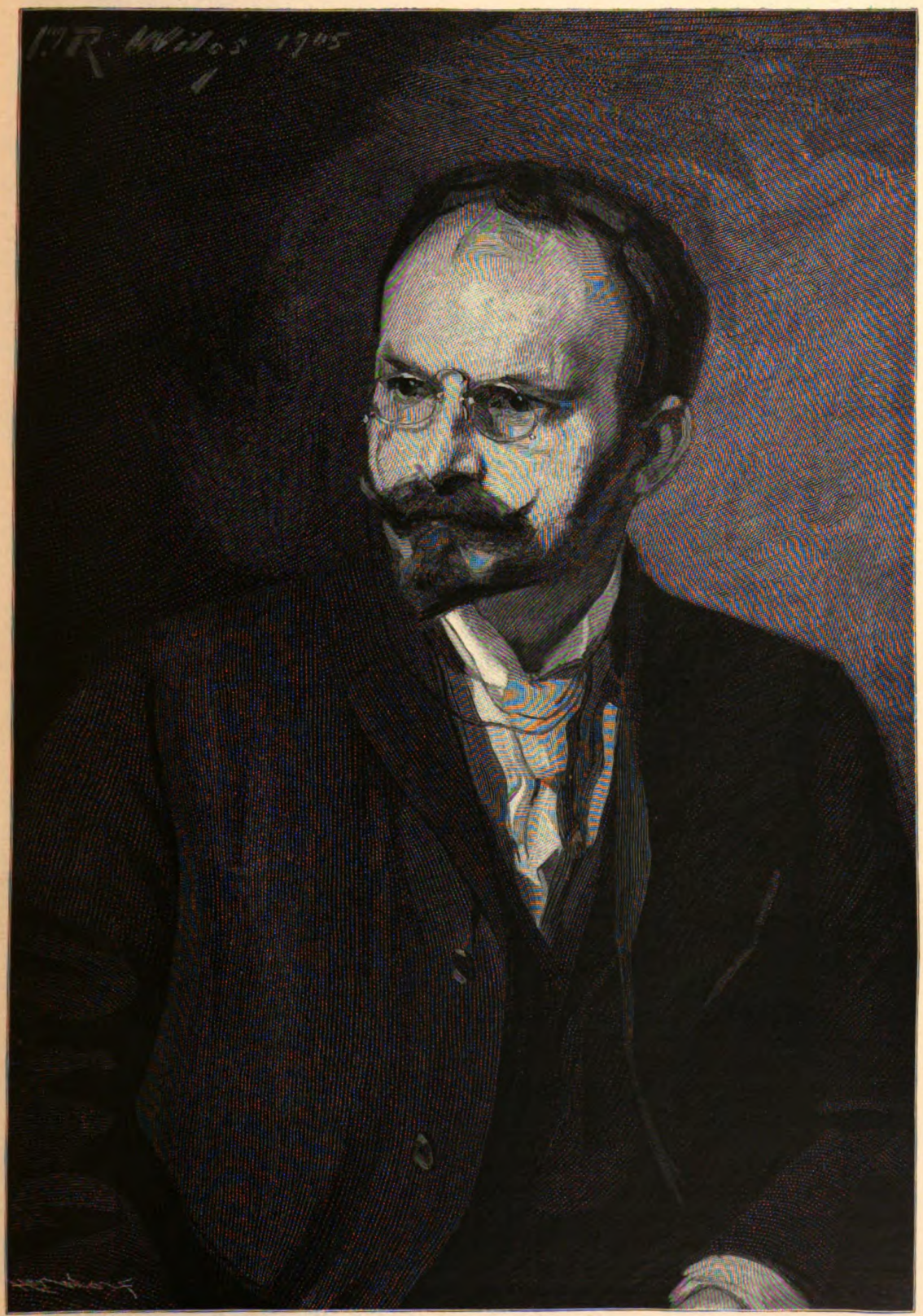
A Portrait, by Irving R. Wiles

FEW engravers to-day practise wood-engraving within strictly legitimate lines. Mr. Wolf, however, upholding the standard of pure line engraving, has never consented to employ his skill on the photographic process blocks now in universal use. Leaving his native Alsace at eighteen, after the Franco-Prussian war, his artistic career has been spent wholly in America, where illustrated magazines have done much for wood-engraving. Contemplating his work, one feels that his faith in the permanency of wood-engraving as a fine art is justified. His superiority can best be appreciated by comparing his work with that of the best engravers of a generation ago. Art, like everything else, is a thing of life, of growth, and drops its husks with the changes which mark its progress. With greater accuracy of outline, the engraver to-day secures the subtler qualities of light, shade, and color. Mr. Wolf's preeminence as a reproductive engraver is due to his unprejudiced mind and the complete self-forgetfulness he shows when translating another artist's idea, his sole aim being to interpret the work in hand.

Distinctly modern, he is interested in all that makes for modern life, and in touch with the art that represents it. While he has given us masterly renditions of the Old Masters, in his engravings of modern paintings he is without a rival, and has won the highest recognition both here and abroad, receiving medals at the Paris Salon in 1895, at the Expositions of 1889 and 1900, at both of which he was a member of the National Jury, and at Rouen in 1903. First-class honors also were his at Chicago in 1893, and at St. Louis in 1904 he received from the Superior International Jury a Diploma and Grand Medal of Honor. He was recently elected an Associate Member of the National Academy, into whose permanent gallery this portrait goes.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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PORTRAIT OF HENRY WOLF, BY IRVING R. WILES

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

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The Chemistry of Commerce

I.—CATALYTIC PROCESSES

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College

IN a certain very old book ascribed to Raimundus Lullus, Doctor Illuminatissimus, there is contained the account of a remarkable substance. "Take of this precious medicine," he says, "a piece as large as a bean. Throw it upon a thousand ounces of mercury and this will be changed into a red powder. Place one ounce of this latter upon one thousand ounces of mercury which will thereby be transformed into a red powder, of this again, an ounce thrown upon a thousand ounces of mercury will convert it entirely into medicine . . . . of this last medicine, throw once more an ounce upon a thousand ounces of mercury and this will be entirely changed into gold which is better than gold from the mines."

Concerning the actual existence of this transcendental medicine, it must be confessed that the Illuminated Doctor was either dreaming or scheming, though the essence of our incredulity lies, possibly, in our reluctance to admit that this "medicine" could act by its mere presence, by merely being there, and in a quantity so infinitely small. The commonly received idea of chemical action, as thousands of young men and women are learning it in the schools, forbids all this. They are taught that chemical action takes place *between* substances. Thus, a common type of chemical action is a case of "trade." To take a non-chemical example: An Italian peanut-vender and his peanuts are a fairly stable compound; so is a boy with a penny so long as the compound is isolated. But place the compounds together, and the following reaction immediately takes place:

Peanut-vender . peanuts+Boy . penny =Peanut-vender . penny+Boy . peanuts.

Other chemical actions may be classified as highway robbery, or marriage, or divorce, or what not; the important point is that in all general chemical teaching substances are supposed to act *together*, and that when one substance acts upon another it must, itself, be changed into something entirely different.

It will be seen that this way of looking at things is but a crude and partial expression of the facts of chemistry, and by no means adequate, in the increasing demands of men, for explaining what men want to know, or for helping men to do what they want to do. There is a newer, deeper knowledge, a new province of chemistry, which is beginning to assume a suzerainty over the whole chemical realm, and, indeed, to lay down laws for other sciences. This new knowledge is Physical Chemistry, and one important branch of Physical Chemistry is *Catalysis*. From our knowledge of catalysis Lully's dream of a sublimated medicine seems by no means so wonderful as he doubtless intended it to appear.

There exist certain substances which may lie in a vessel seemingly inert and yet by their mere presence may dictate what actions shall or shall not take place therein. A thing which has this commanding power is a *catalyst* and the process is *catalysis*. A catalyst has the same chemical composition at the end of the reaction as it has at the beginning; it is chemically unchanged by what it does. A very small quantity of a catalyst will bring about the chemical transformation of enormously large quantities of substances which lie in its presence. It must be plain to the reader that such catalytic bodies must be very interesting in what they teach us concerning the inner properties of matter, and that they ought to be very valuable if harnessed to industry and the needs of every-day life.

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We shall illustrate some of these catalytic actions in a few simple test-tube experiments, which, while they are not dramatic or sensational in their appearance, serve to demonstrate clearly some of the fundamental characteristics of chemical action; and we shall proceed from these experiments to their technical application. It will all serve to show, incidentally, how far in advance of scientific teaching in the schools is scientific discovery, both in facts and in the interpretation of facts, and how remarkably quick the Germans are to apply present discovery to the practical ends of German industry.

The mere presence of a trace of a foreign body may make an insoluble body soluble. The following puzzling fact is known but to few: Chromic chloride is a curious substance that exists in two forms, soluble and insoluble. The "insoluble" violet crystals may be left under water for days unaffected, as in Fig. 1 *(a)*; but drop into the test-tube a trace of chromous chloride, even 0.000025 of a gram, and the violet crystals hasten to bury themselves in the water, the temperature rises almost to boiling, and the indigo-blue liquid results as pictured in Fig. 1 *(b)*. The mere presence of a trace of the catalyst has suddenly let loose the powerful affinities lying latent in the violet crystals and the substance is dissolved. It is almost as curious as though a pound of salt thrown off the Battery should dissolve Manhattan Island. This is an example of what is called physical catalysis, for the chemical properties of the chromic chloride are the same after as before; it has simply passed into solution.

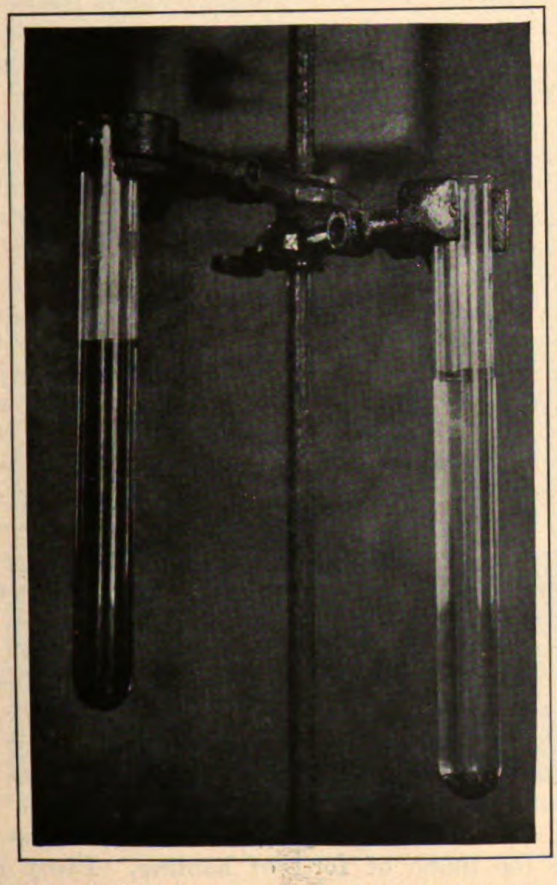


Fig 1.—(*a*) Test-tube containing chromic chloride (insoluble) in water; (*b*) reaction caused by adding a trace of chromous chloride

Turning now to chemical catalysis, we are confused by the number of examples, for, owing to the recent ferment of investigation, it would take a dictionary to chronicle them. The metals, for example, are wonderful in the number and importance of the chemical changes which their mere presence inspires. Consider the following example: The test-tube Fig. 2 *(a)* contains hydrochloric acid and tin; there is no obvious sign of an action. But let fall a drop of a solution of platinum into the tube, and the result is immediately apparent; there is a vigorous action between the acid and the tin. Fig. 2 *(b)*, the tube is filled with bubbles of evolving hydrogen, and yet the whole vigorous action was initiated by the mere presence of a trace of platinum.

We have lifted merely a sod or two of this great field of catalysis in order to show the reader what treasures lie beneath, but sufficiently, we hope, to convince him on *a priori* grounds of the propriety of Ostwald's statement when he says: "If one considers that the acceleration of reactions by catalytic means occurs without the expenditure of energy, and in this sense gratis, and that in all

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technical work, including chemical, time is money, it is evident that the systematic use of catalytic acids may lead us to expect the most far-reaching changes in technology."

Just how rapidly these "far-reaching changes" are proceeding it is the purpose of our article to demonstrate. Consequently we leave untouched the old chance applications of catalysis. Men used its aid without knowing even the word, just as they used fire without knowing the meaning of combustion. Catalysis is as old as drunkenness, for alcohol is produced by fermentation, and ferments are catalysts.

Intelligent catalysis began with the Deacon process. Here, in any factory using it, we find immense quantities of hot hydrochloric acid and air passing over some thirty-six tons of broken brick impregnated with copper chloride, only to issue thence transformed into chlorine and water. This chlorine afterwards passes into the form of bleaching-powder, chloroform, and a dozen other chlorinated substances. The mere presence of the chloride of copper has worked the miracle of transforming, gratis, a cheap product into a dear one; and of transferring money from the pocket of one man to the pocket of another to an extent which is very carefully kept secret, but which is immensely greater than most technologists appreciate. The hydrochloric acid used for this purpose is a by-product from the old Le Blanc process for the manufacture of soda, which would long ago have passed into the limbo of forgotten arts without its aid.

Another necessary prop to this process is the Claus-Chance process. In every great soda-factory of this type there are enormous piles of "tank waste"—useless, and a menace to the neighborhood. From this "waste" sulphuretted hydrogen is obtained, which, mixed with air, passes into a "Claus Kiln," where it makes the acquaintance of oxide of iron. Under the persuasive influence of this substance, it is transformed into sulphur and water. The sulphur is, of course, entirely valuable: the oxide of iron remains quite unaffected by its valuable exertions, except that it becomes gradually transformed into artificial iron pyrites, which is more efficient than the original oxide. Strange to say, if one attempts to use "natural" pyrites instead, no catalytic action whatever is obtained and no sulphur is produced; why, nobody knows; it is a mystery shrouded in the word "catalysis." Many counties in England are dotted over with these factories. Still another interesting manufacture in this connection is the Hargreaves-Robinson process for the production of "salt-cake" (sodium sulphate) and chlorine by passing a mixture of hot sulphur dioxide and air, obtained by roasting pyrites, over common salt impregnated with a chloride of copper. Four and a half pounds of copper to a ton of salt works the wonder, and since pyrites and salt are cheap and "salt-cake" and chlorine are dear, it is naturally very profitable. Though millions are locked up in these processes, they pale into insignificance beside the contact process for the manufacture of sulphuric acid — perhaps the greatest triumph of modern technical knowledge. Sulphuric acid, oil of vitriol, is the king of chemical products. Its uses are literally innumerable, and the amount of sulphuric acid availed of by a country is a very fair measure of its civilization. The total consumption of sulphuric acid for the year 1904 exceeded eight billion pounds.

Everybody makes sulphuric acid from sulphur dioxide, air, and water. The sulphur dioxide, for the most part, is obtained by roasting iron pyrites. Now air is cheap, water is cheap, and iron pyrites is almost as cheap as the cost of hauling. Every part of the process is easy with one exception—the necessary intermarriage of the oxygen of the air with the sulphur dioxide from the roasting. This has been consummated in the past by great lead-lined chambers, aggregating sometimes 200,000 cubic feet of space, and under the catalytic influence of the oxides of nitrogen. A plant manufacturing sulphuric acid covers many acres of ground and employs millions of money. The factories are, naturally, under the control of trust organizations, which, although so powerful, are in the embarrassing position of being what is called a "threatened industry." The enemy has its seat on the banks of the Rhine. The "Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik of Ludwigshafen

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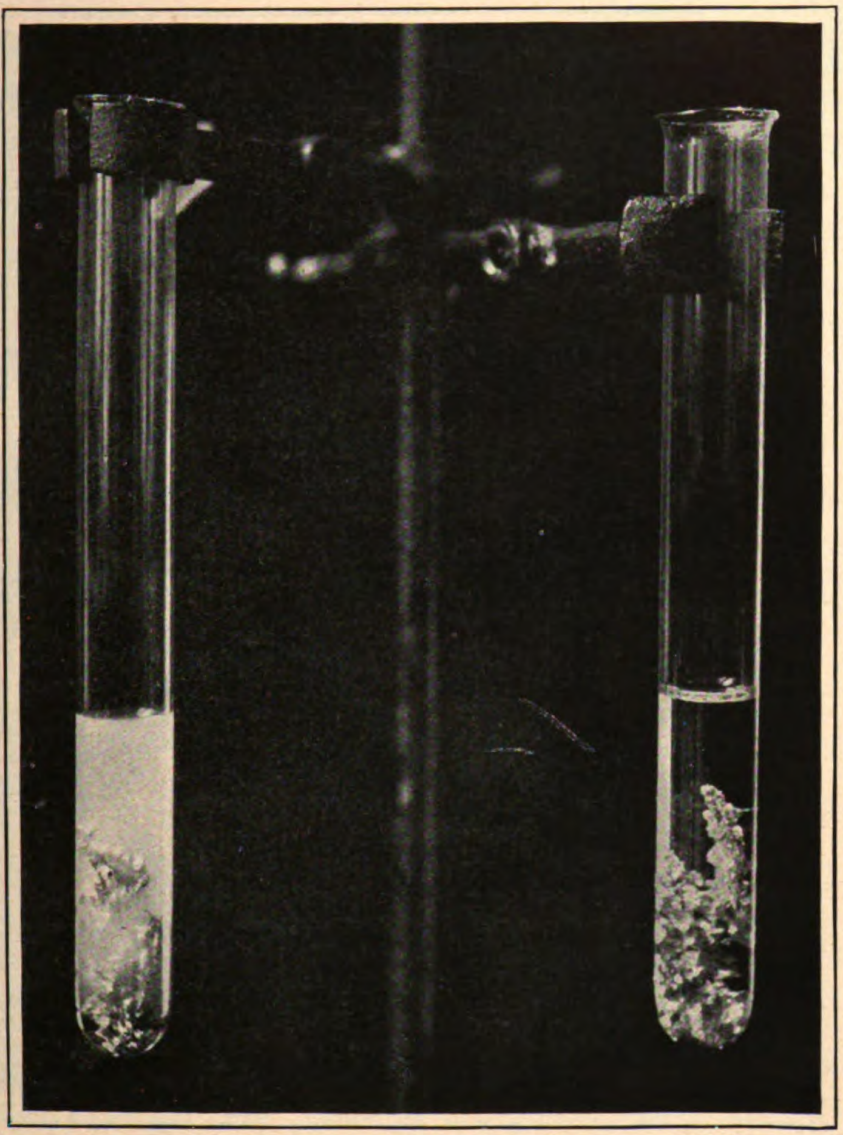
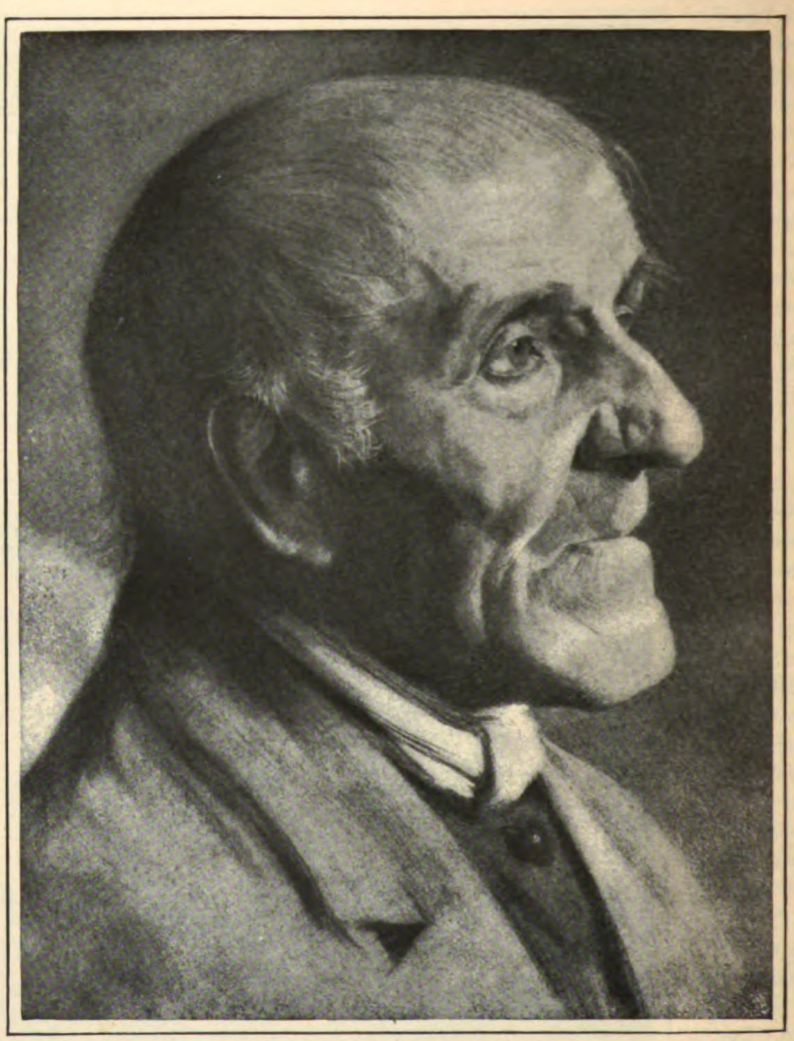


Fig. 2 —(*a*) Test-tube containing hydrochloric acid and tin; (*b*) action caused by a drop of a solution of platinum

am Rhine" is a name to conjure with in Germany, and no robber castle on that historic river was ever more dreaded than is this modern fortress of industry by those against whom it is commercially and inimically inclined. The "Badische" makes use of a simple-seeming fact discovered by Peregrine Phillips in 1831, that the sulphur dioxide and air will unite with the most agreeable ease in the mere presence of platinum—a case of pure catalysis. Nothing came of this discovery seventy-five years ago, because the fact only *seemed* simple, and because in England there is no sympathy between learning and manufacture. In Germany, however, there is no tariff wall against English ideas, and eventually this fundamental fact (after it had been added to by the labors of many men) fell into the capable managing hands of the "Badische." Of the progress and issue of this great struggle only a Scientific Homer could adequately sing—how difficulty after difficulty rose up to smite them, and how in consequence plant after plant went to the scrap-heap. They found they were using little air when they ought to use much; they found they were using heat when they ought to use cold; and, most deadly and costly difficulty of all, they found their platinum was being constantly poisoned and ruined from the presence of minute impurities in the roasted gas. Their worst enemy was arsenic; and it is easy to poison a catalyst. After the most heroic efforts and the enormous expenditure of knowledge and time and labor and money, they won. The roasted sulphur gas and air are scrubbed and dried and cooled and passed over platinized asbestos, only to be collected therefrom as 116,000 tons of sulphuric acid for the year 1900, and over 200,000 tons for 1904. But there are so many ways of killing a cat that it is not surprising that other catalytic processes have been derived for this same

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CARBON PRINT MADE BY THE CATATYPE PROCESS

purpose. The transriparian rival of the "Badische," the Verein Chemische Fabriken at Mannheim, employs oxide of iron as the catalytic agent. Another company, Meister, Lucius, and Brüning, of Höchst, employs a protected variation of the Badische process, while the Actien-Gesellschaft für Zinc Industrie is perhaps the most serious rival of all. This company employs a soluble salt impregnated with platinum and puffed up into a porous condition. In 1903 it had no less than twenty-three plants working; and the success of this company gains additional significance to the American manufacturer from the fact that its interest was primarily concerned in the utilization of a by-product—the waste sulphur from the zinc-blende. Other catalysts, such as vanadium, chromium, tantalum, etc., are now proposed, and the manufacture is in a ferment.

The enormous dividends paid by these companies attest the profitable nature of the application of pure science to industry.

By all these processes concentrated sulphuric acid can be made cheaper than by the old "lead-chamber" process. With the dilute acid the advantage is not so clear. The great lead-chamber process, therefore, is in a parlous state. It is a "threatened industry." Now threatened industries, like threatened men, sometimes live long; and there is no doubt that, taking alarm in time,

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these great companies are making strenuous efforts to improve their process so as to gain the necessary margin of safety. So far as to-day is concerned, the new process has even reacted favorably upon the old. As for to-morrow, it is hard to say. The new process is improving itself so rapidly that the old is not unlikely eventually to seek refuge in the scrap-heap.

The "Badische," however, uses one hand to wash the other, and both to wash the face. In developing this huge sulphuric-acid synthesis it had in mind only incidentally the displacement of the old lead-chamber process. Fundamentally, its object was the direct consumption of the acid by itself in quite another process which, equally, has been one of the most brilliant achievements of technical chemistry.

The commercial synthesis of indigo is a process which has reversed the economic relations of states. Only yesterday, so to speak, twenty-five million dollars' worth of indigo was exported every year from India and the surrounding islands and countries. This was obtained from the indigo-plant by a crude and ignorant fermentation-catalysis that originated long before authentic history. The indigo-planters were a powerful self-sufficient race of men who passed the time fleetingly, "as they did in the golden world," in the employment of serf labor and an easy production. Consumers of indigo were continually in trouble over the variable purity and quantity of the product. It was natural, then, that scientific manufacturers such as the "Badische" should wish to supplant this ignorant production by the same substance made pure and out of coal-tar. In order to accomplish this three steps were necessary—(1) the determination of the constitution of indigo, (2) the synthesis of indigo, (3) the commercial production of synthetic indigo. The first and second problems took fifteen years of Baeyer's life, and the third problem, its commercial production, took nearly twenty years longer. The first promising synthesis of indigo was perfected by the "Badische" up to the competing point, and was then calmly discarded because it started with toluene as a raw material, and there was too little toluene in the world to extinguish the annual 11,000,000 pounds of natural indigo. Nothing less than the complete extinguishment of natural indigo would satisfy these men. It was then that its catalytic synthesis from naphthalene was discovered. Naphthalene is obtained from coal-tar, and is both abundant and cheap. We need not inflict upon the reader the names of fear possessed by the substances through which naphthalene passes on its way to indigo. Our subject is catalysis, and the validity of the whole process depends on a catalytic operation—the mere presence of mercury (or mercury and copper)—in bringing about the easy action of sulphuric acid in oxidizing naphthalene to phthalic acid, the first step in the process. This interesting essential (the advantageous presence of mercury) was discovered through some mercury found at the bottom of an experimental flask—the result of a broken thermometer!

Through this little accident in 1897 synthetic indigo became a commercial reality, after the "Badische" had spent over $4,500,000 on the plant and preliminary experiments. In 1903 the German export of artificial indigo amounted to $6,250,000. In 1904 the export of natural indigo from India amounted to less than thirty per cent. of what it had been, and, as a matter of fact, artificial indigo is now actually being imported *into* India. The reason is, briefly, that the artificial indigo from coal-tar is not only indigo: it is *pure* indigo and cheaper than the natural product.

As practised by the "Badische," 10,000 tons of naphthalene, over 1,200,000 pounds of ammonia, 4,500,000 pounds of glacial acetic acid, and 10,000,000 pounds of salt are annually consumed. The 50,000 tons of sulphuric acid which is required are obtained from the contact process to which we have referred. The indigo produced by this interesting catalysis of mercury would require the cultivation of an area of more than a quarter of a million acres of land in the home of the indigo-plant. But the "Badische" has no monopoly. There are no less than three other processes distinctly different for the production of the same product and in large operation

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on an industrial scale. It is plain that the indigo-planter's occupation is gone.

The interesting catalytic process called the "Catatype Process" was devised by Professor Ostwald and Dr. Gros. It is concerned with the making of photographic prints without sunlight. Since, thanks to Dr. Gros, the writer was made practically acquainted with this process at the works of the Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, at Steglitz, the reader may try it for himself. We already know how easily peroxide of hydrogen decomposes in the mere presence of metals. This is, here, the primary fact. A piece of cotton is dipped into a mixture of peroxide and ether, and is then quickly rubbed over the face of a negative. It is then left for a brief instant. During this instant the ether evaporates, and wherever there is silver on the negative the peroxide is catalyzed by its presence into water, and wherever there is no silver the peroxide is left unaltered. There is thus on the face of the negative an invisible positive of peroxide. Place, now, the negative in contact with a piece of gelatinized paper in a "printing frame," and this invisible positive is at once transferred to the paper, and on placing this paper immediately into an alkaline solution of manganous sulphate, for example, you will obtain a beautiful picture in brown tones. With an alkaline silver solution the print will be black. The process is peculiarly applicable for the easy production of beautiful "carbon" prints. The pigmented and unsensitized paper is brought into contact, as described above, and is then treated in the ordinary way. The carbon print reproduced in our illustration did not take two minutes to make. By the time this article is printed, the process will be on the German market.

The metals are catalytically and industrially active in a number of other ways. By a process devised by Ostwald, the ammonia obtained in the manufacture of illuminating gas is mixed with air and passed over platinum with the production of nitric acid, and a large experimental plant using this process is now established on the banks of the Rhine. Platinum-black is also responsible for the large quantities of "formalin" made by passing over it the vapors of wood-alcohol mixed with air. It is also the active substance in the well-known formaldehyde lamp and in the self-lighting gas machine. Alcohol vapors mixed with air are now converted into acetic acid by the same agency; crude acetic acid is now purified by it, and the important substance vanillin is prepared by its presence. The mere presence of copper compounds brings about the manufacture of various dyes, such as anilin black, methyl violet, fuchsia, and others.

Lead and manganese compounds by their presence act as "dryers" in the oxidation of linseed oil. A zinc tube through which the vapors of alcohol and air are passed establishes a process yielding eighty per cent. of aldehyde. The compounds of iron are concerned in metallurgical operations, such as the roasting of sulphides, and in other ways. So is the oxide of calcium (lime) in lead metallurgy. The mere presence of nickel in transforming oleic acid into stearic acid is establishing an important process for using up what has been, in large measure, a waste material. Barium carbonate and pumice-stone effect the easy commercial manufacture of acetone from acetic acid.

But there are industrial catalysts other than metals. For example, large quantities of the valuable solvent carbon tetrachloride are now manufactured in the presence of iodine; and carbon purifies alcohol and water. A fat-splitting enzyme extracted from castor-oil seeds brings about the decomposition of fats in an easier way than by lye, and permits the use of carbonates instead of lye in the manufacture of soap. In the battle between electrolytic alkali manufacture and the ammonia-soda process this fact is likely to play a decisive part.

The writer wishes to express his obligation to Professor Bredig, of Heidelberg, who kindly placed at his disposal the collected literature of this widely scattered knowledge of which so slight a résumé appears in this place, and to his students, many of them Americans, for making him practically acquainted with the important problems upon which they are now engaged.

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The Sestina

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with the opening tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge at discretion; the initial account of the Barons' War, among other superfluities, I amputate as more remarkable for veracity than interest; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

Within the half-hour after de Giars's death (here one overtakes Nicolas midcourse in narrative), Dame Alianora thus stood alone in the corridor of a strange house. Beyond the arras the steward and his lord were at irritable converse.

First, "If the woman be hungry," spoke a high and peevish voice, "feed her. If she need money, give it to her. But do not annoy me."

"This woman demands to see the master of the house," the steward then retorted.

"O incredible Bœotian, inform her that the master of the house has no time to waste upon vagabonds who select the middle of the night as an eligible time to pop out of nowhere. Why did you not do so in the beginning, you dolt?" He got for answer only a deferential cough, and very shortly continued: "This is remarkably vexatious. *Vox et prœterea nihil,*—which signifies, Yeck, that to converse with women is always delightful. Admit her." This was done, and Dame Alianora came into an apartment all littered with papers, where a neat and shrivelled gentleman of fifty odd sat at a desk and scowled.

He presently said, "You may go, Yeck." He had risen, the magisterial attitude with which he had awaited her advent cast aside. "O God!" he said; "you, madame!" His thin hands, scholarly hands, were plucking at the air.

Dame Alianora had paused, greatly astonished, and there was an interval before she said, "I do not recognize you, messire."

"And yet, madame, I recall very clearly that some thirty years ago Count Bérenger, then reigning in Provence, had about his court four daughters, each one of whom was afterward wedded to a king. First, Margaret, the eldest, now regnant in France; then Alianora, the second and most beautiful of these daughters, whom troubadours hymned as *La Belle.* She was married a long while ago, madame, to the King of England, Lord Henry, third of that name to reign in these islands."

Dame Alianora's eyes were narrowing. "There is something in your voice," she said, "that I recall."

He answered: "Madame and Queen, that is very likely, for it is a voice that sang a deal in Provence when both of us were younger. I concede with the Roman that I have somewhat deteriorated since the reign of good Cynara. Yet have you quite forgotten the Englishman who made so many songs of you? They called him Osmund Heleigh."

"He made the Sestina of Spring that my father envied," the Queen said; and then, with a new eagerness: "Messire, can it be that you are Osmund Heleigh?" He shrugged assent. She looked at him for a long time, rather sadly, and afterward demanded if he were King's man or of the baron's party. The nervous hands were raised in deprecation.

"I have no politics," he began, and altered it, gallantly enough, to, "I am the Queen's man, madame."

"Then aid me, Osmund," she said; and he answered with a gravity that singularly became him:

"You have reason to understand that to my fullest power I will aid you."

"You know that at Lewes these swine overcame us." He nodded assent. "And

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now they hold the King my husband captive at Kenilworth. I am content that he remain there, for he is of all the King's enemies the most dangerous. But, at Wallingford, Leicester has imprisoned my son, Prince Edward. The Prince must be freed, my Osmund. Warren de Basingbourne commands what is left of the royal army, now entrenched at Bristol, and it is he who must liberate him. Get me to Bristol, then. Afterward we will take Wallingford." The Queen issued these orders in cheery, practical fashion, and did not admit opposition into the account, for she was a capable woman.

"But you, madame?" he stammered. "You came alone?"

"I come from France, where I have been entreating—and vainly entreating—succor from that other monkish king, the pious Lewis of that realm. Eh, what is God about when He enthrones these cowards, Osmund? Were I a king, were I even a man, I would drive these smug English out of their foggy isle in three days' space! I would leave alive not one of these curs that dare yelp at me! I would—" She paused, the sudden anger veering into amusement. "See how I enrage myself when I think of what your people have made me suffer," the Queen said, and shrugged her shoulders. "In effect, I skulked back to this detestable island in disguise, accompanied by Avenel de Giars and Hubert Fitz-Herveis. To-night some half-dozen fellows—robbers, thorough knaves, like all you English,—suddenly attacked us on the common yonder and slew the men of our party. While they were cutting de Giars's throat I slipped away in the dark and tumbled through many ditches till I spied your light. There you have my story. Now get me an escort to Bristol."

It was a long while before Messire Heleigh spoke. Then, "These men," he said—"this de Giars and this Fitz-Herveis—they gave their lives for yours, as I understand it,—*pro caris amicis.* And yet you do not grieve for them."

"I shall regret de Giars," the Queen said, "for he made excellent songs. But Fitz-Herveis?—foh! the man had a face like a horse." Then again her mood changed. "Many men have died for me, my friend. At first I wept for them, but now I am dry of tears."

He shook his head. "Cato very wisely says, 'If thou hast need of help, ask it of thy friends.' But the sweet friend that I remember was a clean-eyed girl, joyous and exceedingly beautiful. Now you appear to me one of those ladies of remoter times—Faustina, or Jael, or Artemis, the king's wife of Tauris,—they that slew men, laughing. I am somewhat afraid of you, madame."

She was angry at first; then her face softened. "You English!" she said, only half mirthful. "Eh, my God! you remember me when I was happy. Now you behold me in my misery. Yet even now I am your Queen, messire, and it is not yours to pass judgment upon me."

"I do not judge you," he hastily returned. "Rather I cry with him of old, *Omnia incerta ratione!* and I cry with Salomon that he who meddles with the strife of another man is like to him that takes a hound by the ears. Yet listen, madame and Queen. I cannot afford you an escort to Bristol. This house, of which I am in temporary charge, is Longaville, my brother's manor. And Lord Brudenel, as you doubtless know, is of the baron's party and—scant cause for grief—with Leicester at this moment. I can trust none of his people, for I believe them to be of much the same opinion as those Londoners who not long ago stoned you and would have sunk your barge in Thames River. Oh, let us not blink the fact that you are not overbeloved in England. So an escort is out of the question. Yet I, madame, if you so elect, will see you safe to Bristol."

"You? singly?" the Queen demanded.

"My plan is this: Singing folk alone go whither they will. We will go as jongleurs, then. I can yet manage a song to the viol, I dare affirm. And you must pass as my wife."

He said this with a very curious simplicity. The plan seemed unreasonable, and at first Dame Alianora waved it aside. Out of the question! But reflection suggested nothing better; it was impossible to remain at Longaville, and the man spoke sober truth when he said that any escort save himself was unprocurable. Besides, the lunar madness of the scheme was its strength; that the Queen should venture to cross half England unprotected—and Messire Heleigh on the face of

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THEY WERE OVERTAKEN BY FALMOUTH HIMSELF

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him was a pasteboard buckler—was an event that Leicester would neither anticipate nor on report credit. There you were! these English had no imagination. The Queen snapped her fingers and said: "Very willingly will I be your wife, my Osmund. But how do I know that I can trust you? Leicester would give a deal for me—any price in reason for the Sorceress of Provence. And you are not wealthy, I suspect."

"You may trust me, *mon bel esper*" —his eyes here were those of a beaten child,—"since my memory is better than yours." Messire Osmund Heleigh gathered his papers into a neat pile. "The room is mine. To-night I keep guard in the corridor, madame. We will start at dawn."

When he had gone, Dame Alianora laughed contentedly. "*Mon bel esper!* my fairest hope! The man called me that in his verses—thirty years ago! Yes, I may trust you, my poor Osmund."

So they set out at cockcrow. He had procured a viol and a long falchion for himself, and had somewhere got suitable clothes for the Queen; and in their aging but decent garb the two approached near enough to the similitude of what they desired to be esteemed. In the courtyard a knot of servants gaped, nudged one another, but openly said nothing. Messire Heleigh, as they interpreted it, was brazening out an affair of gallantry before the countryside; and they appeared to consider his casual observation that they would find a couple of dead men on the common exceedingly diverting.

When the Queen asked him that morning, "And what will you sing, my Osmund? Shall we begin with the Sestina of Spring?" Osmund Heleigh grunted.

"I have forgotten that rubbish long ago. *Omnis amans, amens,* saith the satirist of Rome town, and with some show of reason."

Followed silence.

One sees them thus trudging the brown, naked plains under a sky of steel. In a pageant the woman, full-veined and comely, her russet gown girded up like a harvester's, might not inaptly have prefigured October; and for less comfortable November you could nowhere have found a symbol more precise than her lank companion, humorously peevish under his white thatch of hair, and so constantly fretted by the sword tapping at his ankles.

They made Hurlburt prosperously and found it vacant, for the news of Falmouth's advance had driven the villagers hillward. There was in this place a child, a naked boy of some two years, lying on a door-step, overlooked in their gross terror. As the Queen with a sob lifted it the child died.

"Starved!" said Osmund Heleigh,—"and within a stone's throw of my snug home!"

The Queen laid down the tiny corpse, and stooping, lightly caressed its sparse flaxen hair. She answered nothing, though her lips moved.

Past Vachel, scene of a recent skirmish, with many dead in the gutters, they were overtaken by Falmouth himself, and stood at the roadside to afford his troop passage. The Marquis, as he went by, flung the Queen a coin, with a jest sufficiently high-flavored. She knew the man her inveterate enemy, knew that on recognition he would have killed her as he would a wolf; she smiled at him and dropped a courtesy.

"That is very remarkable," Messire Heleigh observed. "I was hideously afraid, and am yet shaking. But you, madame, laughed."

The Queen replied: "I laughed because I know that some day I shall have that man's head. It will be very sweet to see it roll in the dust, my Osmund."

Messire Heleigh somewhat dryly observed that tastes differed.

At Jessop Minor a more threatening adventure befell. Seeking food at the Cat and Hautbois in that village, they blundered upon the same troop at dinner in the square about the inn. Falmouth and his lieutenants were somewhere within the house. The men greeted them with a shout, and one of them—a swarthy rascal with his head tied in a napkin—demanded that the jongleurs grace their meal with a song.

At first Osmund put him off with a tale of a broken viol.

But, "Haro!" the fellow blustered; "by blood and by nails! you will sing more sweetly with a broken viol than with a broken head. I would have you

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understand, you hedge-thief, that we gentlemen of the sword are not partial to wordy argument." Messire Heleigh fluttered inefficient hands as the men-at-arms gathered about them, scenting some genial piece of cruelty. "Oh, you rabbit!" the trooper jeered, and caught him by the throat, shaking him. In the act he tore open Messire Heleigh's tunic, disclosing a thin chain about his neck and a small locket, which he wrested from its fastening. "Ahoi!" he continued. "Ahoi! my comrades, what species of minstrel is this, who goes about England all hung with gold like a Cathedral Virgin? He and his sweetheart" —the actual word was grosser—"will be none the worse for an interview with the Marquis."

The situation was awkward, for Lord Falmouth was familiar with the Queen, and to be brought specifically to his attention meant death for the two of them. Hastily Osmund Heleigh said:

"Messire, the locket contains the portrait of a lady whom in youth I loved very greatly. Save to me, it is valueless. I pray you, do not rob me of it."

But the trooper shook his head with drunken solemnity. "I do not like the looks of this. Yet I will sell it to you, as the saying is, for a song."

"It shall be the king of songs," said Osmund,—"the song that Arnaut Daniel first made. I will sing for you a Sestina, messieurs,—a Sestina in salutation of Spring."

The men disposed themselves about the grass, and presently he sang.

Sang Messire Heleigh:

"Awaken! for the servitors of Spring
Marshal his triumph! ah, make haste to see
With what tempestuous pageantry they bring
Mirth back to earth! hasten, for this is he
That cast out Winter and the woes that cling
To Winter's garments, and bade April be!

"And now that Spring is master, let us be
Content and laugh,—as anciently in Spring
The battle-wearied Tristran laughed, when he
Was come again to Tintagel—to bring
Glad news of Arthur's victory and see
Ysoude, with parted lips, that waver, and cling.

"Anon in Brittany must Tristran cling
To this or that sad memory, and be
Alone, as she at Tintagel;—in Spring
Love soweth thus what lovers reap, but he
Is blind, and scatters baleful seed that bring
Such fruitage as blind Love lacks eyes to see."

He paused here for an appreciable interval, staring at the Queen. You saw his flabby throat aquiver, his eyes melting, saw his cheeks kindle and youth ebb back into the lean man like water over a crumbling dam. His voice was now big and desirous.

Sang Messire Heleigh:

"Love sows, and lovers reap; and ye will see
The loved eyes lighten, feel the loved lips cling,
Never again when in the grave ye be
Incurious of your happiness in Spring,
And yet no grace of Love there, whither he
That bartered life for love no love may bring.

"Here Death is;—and no Heracles may bring
Alcestis hence, nor here may Roland see
The eyes of Aude, nor here the wakening Spring
Vex any man with memory, for there be
No memories that cling as cerements cling,
No love that baffles Death, more strong than he.

"Us hath he noted, and for us hath he
An hour appointed, and that hour will bring
Oblivion.—Then, laugh! Laugh, love, and see
The tyrant mocked, what time our bosoms cling,
What time our lips are red, what time we be
Exultant in our little hour of Spring!

"Thus in the Spring we mock at Death, though he
Will see our children perish and will bring
Asunder all that cling while love may be."

He put the viol aside and sat quite silent. The soldiery judged, and with

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cordial frankness stated, that the difficulty of his rhyming scheme did not atone for his lack of indecency, but when the Queen of England went among them with Messire Heleigh's hat she found them liberal. Even the fellow with the broken head admitted that a bargain was proverbially a bargain, and returned the locket with the addition of a coin. So for the present these two went safe, and quitted the Cat and Hautbois both fed and unmolested.

"My Osmund," Dame Alianora said presently, "your memory is better than I had thought."

"I remembered a boy and a girl," he returned. "And I grieved that they were dead."

Afterward they plodded on toward Bowater, and that night rested in Chantrell Wood. They had the good fortune there to encounter dry and windless weather and a sufficiency of brushwood, with which Osmund constructed an agreeable fire. In its glow these two sat, eating bread and cheese.

But talk languished at the outset. The Queen had complained of an ague, and Messire Heleigh was sedately suggesting three spiders hung about the neck as an infallible corrective for this ailment, when Dame Alianora rose to her feet.

"Eh, my God!" she said; "I am wearied of such ungracious aid! Not an inch of the way but you have been thinking of your filthy books and longing to be back at them! No; I except the moments when you were frightened into forgetfulness—first by Falmouth, then by the trooper. O Eternal Father! afraid of a single dirty soldier!"

"Indeed, I was very much afraid," said Messire Heleigh, with perfect simplicity,—"*timidus perire,* madame."

"You have not even the grace to be ashamed! Yet I am shamed, messire, that Osmund Heleigh should have become the book-muddled pedant you are. For I loved him—do you understand?—I loved young Osmund Heleigh."

He also had risen in the firelight, and now its convulsive shadows marred two dogged faces. "I think it best not to recall that boy and girl who are so long dead. And frankly, madame and Queen, the merit of the business I have in hand is questionable. It is you who have set all England by the ears, and I am guiding you toward opportunities for further mischief. I must serve you. Understand, madame, that ancient folly in Provence yonder has nothing to do with the affair. Remember that I cry *nihil ad Andromachen!* I must serve you because you are a woman and helpless; yet I cannot forget that he who spares the wolf is the sheep's murderer. It would be better for all England if you were dead. Hey, your gorgeous follies, madame! Silver peacocks set with sapphires! Cloth of fine gold—"

"Would you have me go unclothed?" Dame Alianora demanded, pettishly.

"Not so," Osmund retorted; "again I say to you with Tertullian, 'Let women paint their eyes with the tints of chastity, insert into their ears the Word of God, tie the yoke of Christ about their necks, and adorn their whole person with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion.' And I say to you—"

But Dame Alianora was yawning quite frankly. "You will say to me that I brought foreigners into England, that I misguided the King, that I stirred up strife between the King and his barons. Eh, my God! I am sufficiently familiar with the harangue. Yet listen, my Osmund: They sold me like a bullock to a man I had never seen. I found him a man of wax and I remoulded him. They gave me England as a toy; I played with it. I was the Queen, the source of honor, the source of wealth,—the trough, in effect, about which swine gathered. Never in all my English life, Osmund, has man or woman loved me; never in all my English life have I loved man or woman. Do you understand, my Osmund?—the Queen has many flatterers, but no friends. Not a friend in the world, my Osmund! And so the Queen makes the best of it and amuses herself."

Somewhat he seemed to understand, for he answered without asperity:

"*Mon bel esper,* I do not find it anywhere in Holy Writ that God requires it of us to amuse ourselves; but upon many occasions we have been commanded to live righteously. We are tempted in divers and insidious ways. And we cry with the psalmist, My strength is dried up like a potsherd. But God intends this, since until we have here demonstrated

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our valor upon Satan, we are manifestly unworthy to be enregistered in His army. The great Captain must be served by proven soldiers. We may be tempted, but we may not yield. O daughter of the South! we may not yield!" he cried, with an unheralded, odd wildness.

"Again you preach," Dame Alianora said. "That is a venerable truism."

"Ho, madame," he returned, "is it on that account the less true?"

Pensively the Queen considered this. "You are a good man, my Osmund," she said at last, with a fine irrelevance, "though you are very droll. *Ohimè!* it is a great pity that I was born a princess! Had it been possible for me to be your wife, I should have been a better woman. I shall sleep now and dream of that good and stupid and contented woman I might have been." So presently these two slept in Chantrell Wood.

Followed four days of journeying. As Messer Dante had not yet surveyed Malebolge, they lacked a parallel for that which they encountered; their traverse discovered England razed, charred, and depopulate,—picked bones of an island, a vast and absolute ruin about which passion-wasted men skulked like rats. They went without molestation; malice and death had journeyed on their road aforetime, as heralds, and had swept it clear.

At every trace of these hideous precessors Osmund Heleigh would say, "By a day's ride I might have prevented this." Or, "By a day's ride I might have saved this woman." Or, "By two days' riding I might have fed this child."

The Queen kept Spartan silence, but daily you saw the fine woman age. In their slow advance every inch of misery was thrust before her as for inspection; meticulously she observed and appraised her handiwork.

Bastling the royal army had recently sacked. There remained of this village the skeletons of two houses, and for the rest a jumble of bricks, rafters half burned, many calcined fragments of humanity, and ashes. At Bastling, Messire Heleigh turned to the Queen toiling behind.

"Oh, madame!" he said, in a dry whisper, "this was the home of so many men!"

"I burned it," Dame Alianora replied. "That man we passed just now I killed. Those other men and women—I killed them all. And little children, my Osmund! The hair like corn floss, blood-dabbled!"

"Oh, madame—!" he wailed, in the extremity of his pity.

For she stood with eyes shut, all gray. The Queen demanded: "Why have they not slain me? Was there no man in England to strangle the proud wanton? Are you all cowards here?"

"Not cowards!" he cried. "Your men and Leicester's ride about the world, and draw sword and slay and die for the right as they see it. And you for the right as ye see it. But I, madame! I! I, who sat snug at home spilling ink and trimming rose-bushes! God's world, madame, and I in it afraid to speak a word for Him! God's world, and a curmudgeon in it grudging God the life He gave!" The man flung out his soft hands and snarled. "*We are tempted in divers and insidious ways.* But I, who rebuked you! behold now, with how gross a snare was I entrapped!"

"I do not understand, my Osmund."

"I was afraid, madame," he returned, dully. "Everywhere men fight and I am afraid to die."

So they stood silent in the ruins of Bastling.

"Of a piece with our lives," Dame Alianora said at last. "All ruin, my Osmund."

But Messire Heleigh threw back his head and laughed, new color in his face. "Presently men will build here, my Queen. Presently, as in legend the Arabian bird, arises from these ashes a lordlier and more spacious town."

Then they went forward. The next day Fate loosed upon them Gui Camoys, lord of Bozon, Foliot, and Thwenge, who, riding alone through Poges Copse, found there a man and a woman over their limited supper. The woman had thrown back her hood, and Camoys drew rein to stare at her.

"*Ma belle,*" said Camoys, in friendly condescension, "*n'estez vous pas jongleurs?*"

Dame Alianora smiled up at him. "*Ouais, messire; mon mary faict les chançons—*" Here she paused, with dilatory caution, for Camoys had leapt from his horse, giving a great laugh.

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"A prize! ho, an imperial prize!" Camoys shouted. "A peasant woman with the Queen's face, who speaks French! And who, madame, is this? Have you by any chance brought pious Lewis from oversea? Have I bagged a brace of monarchs?"

Here was imminent danger, for Camoys had known the Queen some fifteen years. Messire Heleigh rose to his feet, his five days' beard glinting like hoar frost as his mouth twitched.

"I am Osmund Heleigh, messire, younger brother to the Earl of Brudenel."

"I have heard of you, I believe,—the fellow who spoils parchment. This is odd company, however, Messire Osmund, for Brudenel's brother."

"A gentleman must serve his Queen, messire. As Cicero very justly observes—".

"I am inclined to think that his political opinions are scarcely to our immediate purpose. This is a high matter, Messire Heleigh. To let the sorceress pass is of course out of the question; upon the other hand, I observe that you lack weapons of defence. Yet if you will have the kindness to assist me in unarming, that will place our commerce upon more equal footing."

Osmund had gone very white. "I am no swordsman, messire—"

"Now this is not handsome of you," Camoys began. "I warn you that people will speak harshly of us if we lose this opportunity of gaining honor. And besides, the woman will be burned. Plainly, you owe it to all three of us to fight."

"—but I refer my cause to God. I am quite at your service."

"No, my Osmund!" Dame Alianora then cried. "It means your death."

He spread out his hands. "That is God's affair, madame."

"Are you not afraid?" she breathed.

"Of course I am afraid," said Messire Heleigh, irritably.

After that he unarmed Camoys, and presently they faced one another in their tunics. So for the first time in the journey Osmund's long falchion saw daylight. He had thrown away his dagger, as Camoys had none.

The combat was sufficiently curious. Camoys raised his left hand. "So help me God and His saints, I have upon me neither bone, stone, nor witchcraft wherethrough the power and the word of God might be diminished or the devil's power increased."

Osmund made similar oath. "Judge Thou this woman's cause!" he cried, likewise.

Then Gui Camoys cried, as a herald might have done, "*Laissez les aller, laissez les aller, laissez les aller, les bons combatants!*" and warily they moved the one toward the other.

On a sudden, Osmund attacked, desperately apprehensive of his own cowardice. Camoys lightly eluded him and slashed his undefended thigh, drawing much blood. Osmund gasped. He flung away his sword, and in the instant catching Camoys under the arms, threw him to the ground. Messire Heleigh fell with his opponent, who in stumbling had lost his sword, and thus the two struggled unarmed, Osmund atop. But Camoys was the younger man, and Osmund's strength was ebbing rapidly by reason of his wound. Now Camoys's tethered horse, rearing with nervousness, tumbled his master's flat-topped helmet into the road. Osmund caught it up and with it battered Camoys in the face, dealing severe blows.

"God!" Camoys cried, his face all blood.

"Do you acknowledge my quarrel just?" said Osmund, between horrid sobs.

"What choice have I?" said Gui Camoys, very sensibly.

So Osmund rose, blind with tears and shivering. The Queen bound up their wounds as best she might, but Camoys was much dissatisfied.

"For reason of His own, madame," he observed, "and doubtless for sufficient ones, God has singularly favored your cause. I am neither a fool nor a pagan to question His decision, and you two may go your way unhampered. But I have had my head broken with my own helmet, and this I consider to be a proceeding very little conducive toward enhancing my reputation. Of your courtesy, messire, I must entreat another meeting."

Osmund shrank as from a blow. Then with a short laugh he conceded that this was Camoys's right, and they fixed upon the following Saturday, with Poges Copse as the rendezvous.

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"I would prefer that the combat be *à outrance*," Gui Camoys said, "in consideration of the fact that it was my own helmet. You must be aware, Messire Osmund, that such an affront is practically without parallel."

This, too, was agreed upon, and they bade one another farewell.

Then, after asking if they needed any money, which was courteously declined, Gui Camoys rode away, and sang as he went. Osmund Heleigh remained motionless. He raised quivering hands to the sky.

"Thou hast judged!" he cried. "Thou hast judged, O Eternal Father! Now pardon! Pardon us twain! Pardon for unjust stewards of Thy gifts! Thou hast loaned this woman dominion over England, all instruments to aid Thy cause, and this trust she has abused. Thou hast loaned me life and manhood, agility and wit and strength, all instruments to aid Thy cause. Talents in a napkin, O God! Repentant we cry to Thee. Pardon for unjust stewards! Pardon for the ungirt loin, for the service shirked, for all good deeds undone! Pardon and grace, O Eternal Father!"

Thus he prayed, while Gui Camoys sang, riding deeper into the tattered, yellowing forest. By an odd chance Camoys had lighted on that song made by Thibaut of Champagne, beginning,

Signor, saciez, ki or ne s'en ira,

and this he sang with a lilt gayer than the matter of it countenanced. Faintly there now came to them the sound of his singing, and they found it, in the circumstances, ominously adapt:

"Et vos, par qui je n'oi onques aïe,
Descendez tuit en infer le parfont."

Dame Alianora shivered. "No, no!" she cried. "Is He less pitiful than we?"

They slept that night in Ousely meadow, and the next afternoon came safely to Bristol. You may learn elsewhere with what rejoicing the royal army welcomed the Queen's arrival, how courage quickened at sight of the generous virago. In the ebullition Messire Heleigh was submerged, and Dame Alianora saw nothing more of him that day. Friday there were counsels, requisitions, orders signed, a letter despatched to Pope Urban, chief of all a letter (this in the Queen's hand throughout) privily conveyed to the Lady Maud de Mortemer,—much sowing of a seed, in fine, that eventually flowered victory. There was, however, no sign of Osmund Heleigh, though by Dame Alianora's order he was sought.

On Saturday at seven in the morning he came to her lodging in complete armor. From the open helmet his wrinkled face, showing like a wizened nut in a shell, smiled upon her questionings.

"I go to fight Gui Camoys, madame and Queen."

Dame Alianora wrung her hands. "You go to your death."

He answered: "That is very likely. Therefore I am come to bid you farewell."

The Queen stared at him for a while; on a sudden she broke into a curious fit of deep but tearless sobbing.

"*Mon bel esper*," said Osmund Heleigh, very gently, "what is there in all this worthy of your sorrow? The man will kill me; granted, for he is my junior by some fifteen years, and in addition a skilled swordsman. I fail to see that this is lamentable. Back to Longaville I cannot go after recent happenings; there a rope's end awaits me. Here I must in any event shortly take to the sword, since a beleaguered army has very little need of ink-pots; and shortly I must be slain in some skirmish, dug under the ribs perhaps by a greasy fellow I have never seen. I prefer a clean death at a gentleman's hands."

"It is I who bring about your death!" she wailed. "You gave me gallant service, and I have requited you with death!"

"Indeed, the debt is on the other side. The trivial services I rendered you were such as any gentleman must render a woman in distress. Naught else have I afforded you, madame, save very anciently a Sestina. Ho, a Sestina! And in return you have given me a Sestina of fairer make—a Sestina of days, six days of life." His eyes were fervent now.

She kissed him on either cheek. "Farewell, my champion!"

"Ay, your champion. In the twilight of life old Osmund Heleigh rides forth to defend the quarrel of Alianora of Provence. Reign wisely, my Queen, that

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hereafter men may not say I was slain in an evil cause. Do not shame my maiden venture."

"I will not shame you," the Queen proudly said; and then with a change of voice: "O my Osmund! my Osmund!"

He caught her by each wrist. "Hush!" he bade her, roughly; and stood crushing both her hands to his lips, with fierce staring. "Wife of my King! wife of my King!" he babbled; and then flung her from him, crying with a great lift of speech: "I have not failed you! Praise God, I have not failed you!"

From her window she saw him ride away, a rich flush of glitter and color. In new armor with a smart emblazoned surcoat the lean pedant sat conspicuously erect, though by this the fear of death had gripped him to the marrow; and as he went he sang defiantly, taunting the weakness of his flesh.

Sang Osmund Heleigh:

"Love sows, and lovers reap; and ye will see
The loved eyes lighten, feel the loved lips cling
Never again when in the grave ye be
Incurious of your happiness in Spring,
And yet no grace of Love there, whither he
That bartered life for love no love may bring."

So he rode away and thus out of our history. But in the evening Gui Camoys came into Bristol under a flag of truce, and behind him a litter wherein lay Osmund Heleigh's body.

"For the man was a brave one," Camoys said to the Queen, "and in the matter of the reparation he owed me acted very handsomely. It is fitting that he should have honorable interment."

"That he shall not lack," the Queen said, and gently unclasped from Osmund's neck the thin gold chain, now locketless. "There was a portrait here," she said,—"the portrait of a woman that he loved in his youth, Messire Camoys. And all his life it lay above his heart."

Camoys answered stiffly: "I imagine that to have been the object which Messire Heleigh flung into the river shortly before we began our combat. I do not rob the dead, madame."

"That was very like him," the Queen said. "Messire Camoys, I think that this day is a festival in heaven."

Afterward she set to work on requisitions in the King's name. But Osmund Heleigh she had interred at Ambresbury, commanding it to be written on his tomb that he died in the Queen's cause.

How the same cause prospered (Nicolas concludes), how presently Dame Alianora reigned again in England and with what wisdom, and how in the end this great Queen died a nun at Ambresbury and all England wept therefor,—this you may learn elsewhere. I have chosen to record six days of a long and eventful life; and (as Messire Heleigh might have done) I say modestly with him of old, *Majores majora sonent.* Nevertheless I assert that many a forest was once a pocketful of acorns.

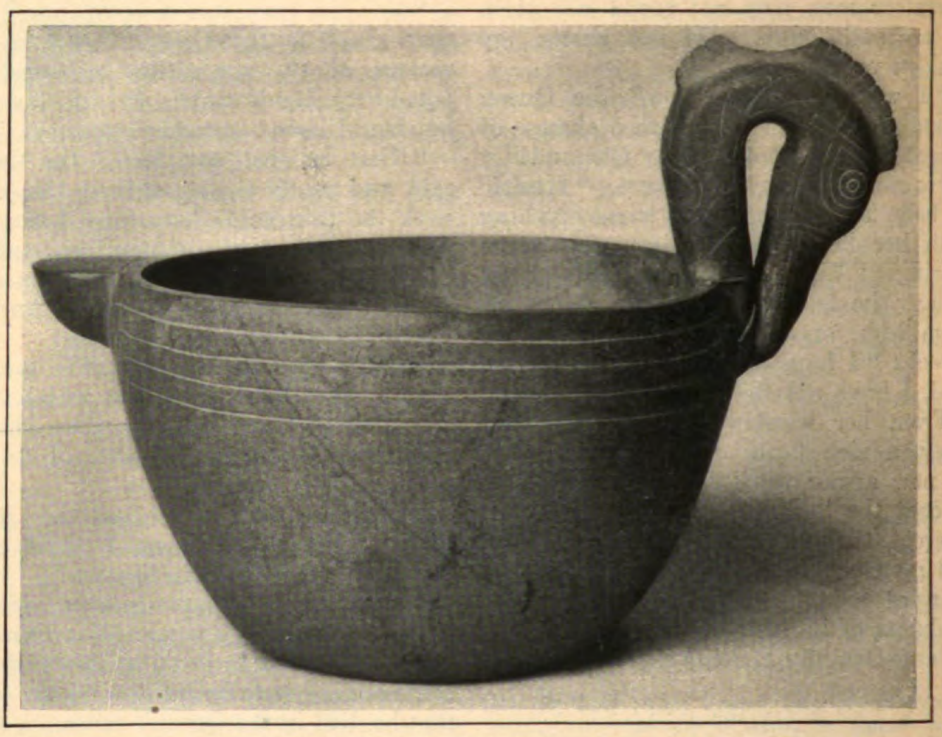
Song for Music

BY ROSE CARY NOBLE

LOVE is the wind: my heart is the fallen leaf;
Love is the measure: mine are the failing feet;
Yet must I dance in time with its throbbing beat,
Yet am I blown about in the woods of Grief.

Mad though the dance, unstirred and serene you move,
Wild though the wind, you flower secure and sweet—
Love is the music: mine are the failing feet,
I am the whirling leaf, for the wind is Love.

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THE WONDERFUL DIARITE VASE OF THE CRESTED WOOD-DUCK

The Treasures of Prehistoric Moundville

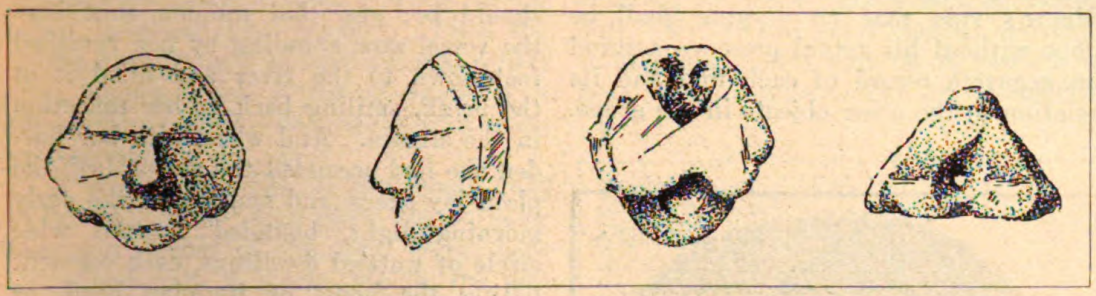
BY H. NEWELL WARDLE

The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia

THE great circle of mounds on the Black Warrior River, some fifteen miles, by the crow's aerial trail, below Tuscaloosa, Alabama, must have impressed the first settlers in its vicinage with a due sense of its hoary antiquity, since they called it Carthage. All the way down to its junction with the Tombigbee, the Black Warrior wriggles—to say winds would do scant justice to its serpentine sinuosity—through corn and cotton land, past other mounds and groups of artificial eminences, but such localities are dignified by names no more reminiscent of the past than Gray's Landing and Jones' Ferry. Carthage as an appellation was too suggestive of broken columns, crumbling inscriptions, and Punic coins to sit well upon an ancient American city of the copper age; hence the present town to which the prehistoric gives a name is now known as Moundville.

The pre-Columbian mound settlement stood upon a broad plain, elevated above the reach of the Black Warrior's most towering vernal onslaught. Three deep gullies have worked their way back from the high river-bluff on the north, and now thrust themselves between some of the principal eminences; but the rains which caused these washouts were more recent than any prayed for by priest and people of this prehistoric culture centre. Of the score of mounds in the group, the smaller are so placed as to

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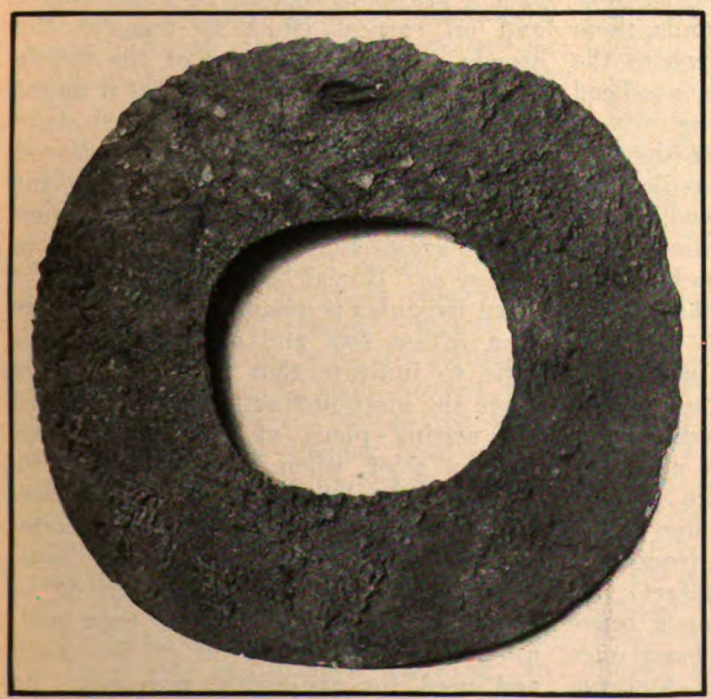


VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE AMETHYST HEAD
Buried with the Great Chief of Mound C

present an elongated circle, with a short east and west diameter of about two thousand feet, while the four great structures form a triangle in the north, with its apex resting on the centre of the circumscribed plain and its lateral elevations in the line of the oval. Abutting on the outer edge of the middle mound in the triangle's northern base, and connecting with it by a graded way, is a low broad platform of tamped earth. Within the circle and without, the land is one vast cemetery.

From time to time stone effigy pipes and incised pottery have been turned up by the plough, but no systematic investigation of the site was ever undertaken previous to the spring of 1905, when Mr. Clarence B. Moore began his excavations on behalf of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. For more than a decade the attention of this eminent archæologist has centred in the mounds of our southern coast. In his steam-yacht, bearing every necessary appliance, including an efficient force of experienced diggers, he has explored every navigable stream and inlet from the Carolinas round to Alabama.

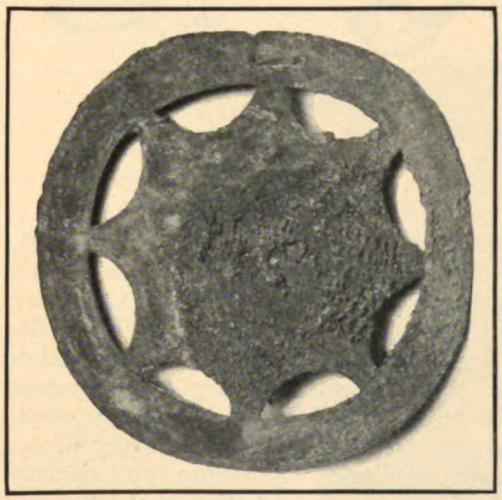
The ancient city near Moundville lay mostly on the land of Mr. Hardy Clements, of Tuscaloosa, who generously placed his property at the Academy's service. The surveying and plotting of the area once accomplished, the work of excavating was very rapidly pushed forward. Trial holes, sunk through the mounds down to the undisturbed soil of the plain beneath them, were, under signs of promise, enlarged to fulfilment. At other times broad trenches were cut through, and again, in the case of some of the smaller mounds, the whole bulk was thoroughly dug over. The clinging clay soil rendered the use of sieves impossible, and many small objects were probably passed unnoticed, despite the frequent and cautious plying of the hand-trowel. Here, as elsewhere, the enforcement of Mr.



ANNULAR GORGET OF THE GREAT CHIEF OF MOUND C

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Moore's rule that no digging shall be done without his actual presence assured an accurate record of each find and its relation to the other objects in the grave.



GORGET WORN BY THE GREAT CHIEF OF MOUND C

For burials were the most productive of results, the ancient custom of carrying all one's personal wealth to the shadow-land leaving little to the residential sites save the lost, the broken, and the discarded, amid the ashes of long-dead fires.

Usually, even in ancient mounds, there are recent superficial burials, where the crumbling and corroded iron axe-head or the fragment of mirror, long reft of mercury, attests the coming of the European. But here, at Moundville, not so much as a single glass bead, not a bit of brass, was present, to indicate that the white trader and his wares had ever been. The settlement was plainly pre-Columbian from foundation to final decay, and no modern Indians have since occupied the site. By how many tens or hundreds of years it antedated the eventful fifteenth century no one may say. Many of the burials were of such ancient date that only a black line in the soil, or a portion of a pelvis (preserved by contact with a copper artefact), remained to record that here lay a brave and here a maiden. Yet that brave once hunted the wood-bison in the Alabama forests and skinned his quarry with the stone knife now lying where his hand should be; and that maiden once bore the vessel now standing by her vanished feet down to the river and filled it at the brink, smiling back at her reflection in the stream. And when with her burden she had ascended the steep bluff, the plain lay green and smiling in the early morning light, bounded by the wide circle of wattled dwellings, each segment lifting the home of its clan head, or minor chief, upon a domiciliary mound above the common level of his following.

As she penetrated within the tribal circle, skirting the eminence with that grim house which sheltered the bones of the recent dead, before her on the broad central mound the high priest stood, and turning from point to point sacrificed the sacred tobacco to the four world quarters, and offered up a silent prayer to the fleet-footed warrior with the shining arrows and the glowing copper shield just appearing above the eastern horizon. Slowly and with frequent pauses the crier made his sunwise circuit of the settlement—Hark ye! hark ye people! and the announcement of the business of the day: perhaps the harvesting of the maize crop, the enlargement of a mound, or the ceremonial chungke game on the broad, tamped platform in the north—the game which was at once a prayer by symbol to Those Above and an earnest effort to transfer the orenda or mystical power of the people to the weakened winter sun, that it might roll across the sky as the polished stone discoidal whirled over the hardened chungke-field. Perchance the day's event was nothing less than the installation of the great chief who will go down in history as "Burial No. 37," Mound C.

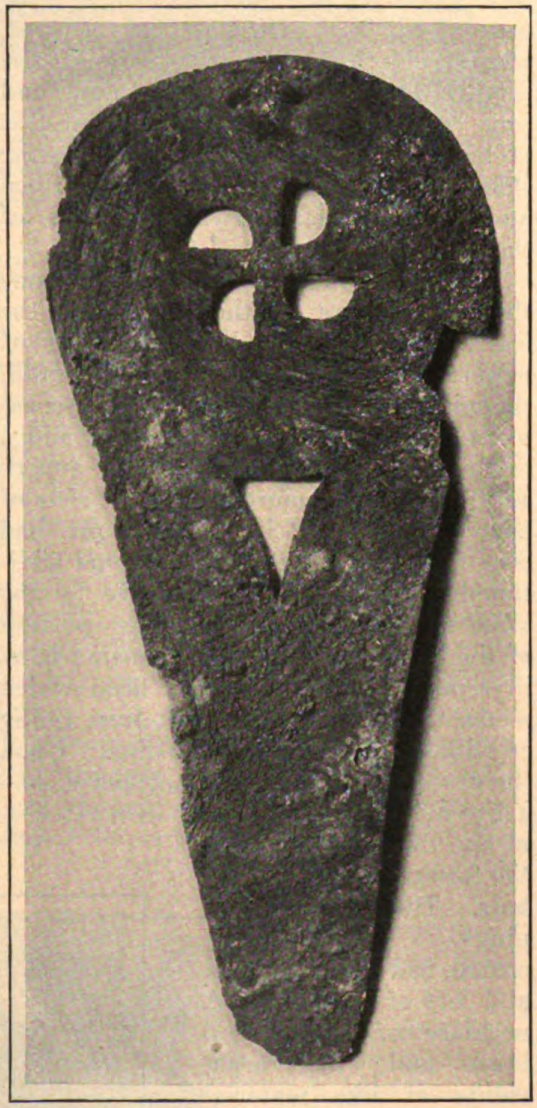
An irregular pentagon, raised not more than fifteen feet and a half, there was little to indicate that Mound C would prove the most productive of results and the resting-place of a powerful and wealthy chief, when Mound B, with its steep faces and imposing height of fifty-seven feet, had yielded not a single artefact. The structure of the smaller eminence gave evidence of two periods in its history. Originally it had been built nine feet above the level of the plain and used for residential purposes. At this time or somewhat later graves had been sunk, and they who dwelt above laid

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themselves down to rest a while before their long and final journey. Then the surface was raised at least six and a half feet higher, when it served again as a domiciliary mound and again as a place of interment.

It was during this second stage that "Burial No. 37" took place—yet so long ago was it that of the great chief there remained only a black line in the soil and a few fragments of bone that lay against his copper regalia. Of the pouch and moccasins of skin, perhaps beautifully embroidered with gayly dyed porcupine quills, of the cotton fabric and the elaborate featherwork of his costume, not a trace is left, yet there is enough of green and fragile ornament to give some idea of the splendor of his appearance when all this copperwork flashed red-gold in the southern sun. At the back of his head he wore a long and slender strip of copper, thrust in the hair like the honors-feather of a modern chief. At the left a curious hook-shaped hair-ornament of copper was secured by a pin of bison-horn. Around his neck hung a double string of pierced pearls from which depended three gorgets of sheet copper. The uppermost, circular in form, seems to have framed, so to speak, an exquisite pendant of carved amethyst. This unique gem of aboriginal art is a human head, to make which required loving and skilful labor—sawing with a string and wet sand, and drilling with a reed and pounded quartz. Below the annular gorget lay a second disk, the centre of which was occupied by an eight-pointed star. Lower on his chest had hung a pendant of peculiar form, rounded above, pointed below, showing, by excisions in the sheet copper, the swastika and the triangle. Wrists and ankles had been encircled by strings of round wooden beads, each covered with the precious copper. Across the knees lay the long and slender head of the ceremonial battle-axe once borne by the great chief of Mound C. Near by was found a lump of mineral pitch, most probably paint for some great ceremony of the land of shades.

Undoubtedly all this paraphernalia had a clear and well-defined meaning, apparent to every tribesman, and a subtler symbolism in the esoteric thought circulating in secret society and sacerdotal cult. Mr. Moore, most careful and cautious archæologist that he is, prefers to keep to the firm ground of actual observation, leaving to the future investigator the more uncertain and often treacherous by-paths of hypothesis and analogy. But here it is permitted to venture an explanation of the probable purport of this insignia, which occurred more than once in the graves of Moundville. There is a suggestive water-bottle of the ordinary Moundville black ware, bearing as its incised decoration the winged or haloed sun. Of the sun's four divergent rays, the lower is terminated by an arrow-



SHEET-COPPER PENDANT BURIED WITH THE GREAT CHIEF OF MOUND C

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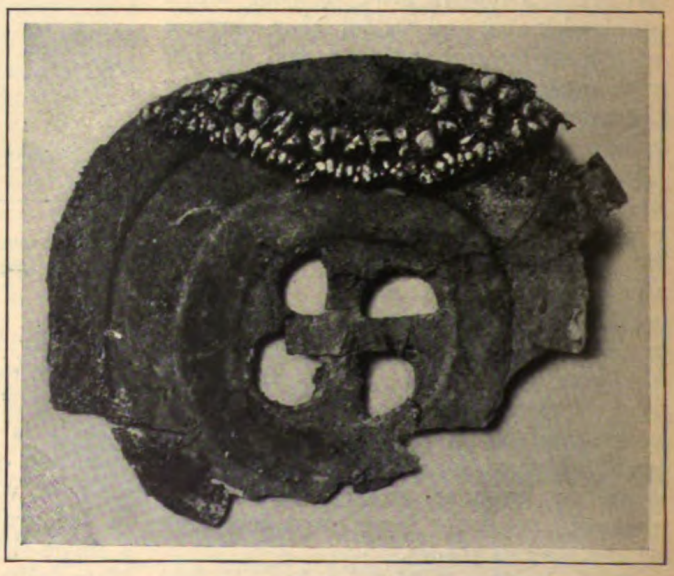
point, and the upper expands into a notched arrow-shaft. Thus the sun, in Amerindian mysticism, becomes the shield and the solar ray the swift arrow of the sun-bearer. With tribes whose historic habitat lay immediately to the west of the Moundville region the paramount chieftain was regarded as the earthly representative of the sun, and some such concept may have ruled this prehistoric people also, for the solar shield and arrow seem to have formed an important part of the insignia of the great chief of Mound C.

A different manifestation of the same thought appears in the regalia of the lesser chief of Mound H. He was of powerful physique, yet not overtall, though the beautiful copper hair-ornament which he wore must have added to his apparent height. This superb adornment was mounted upon a slender bone pin. The socket for the pin had been fixed by riveting, and a second additional piece was attached above by the same method to form the upper portion of the design. The main expansion bore, in *repoussé* work, a human head which seems to wear a copper head-dress rising crestlike above the sagittal line. Upon the graceful pin lay a little copper disk—a five-pointed star enclosed in a circle—at one time pendent from the forward portion of the hair. Disk-shaped ear-plugs of wood, copper-coated, had fallen to right and left of the skull. A necklace of small shell beads and other ornaments of like material must have added to his gay appearance. Both wrists and the left forearm had worn circlets of great globular beads and smaller ones, spool-shaped—all cut from shell. Near the elbow of the right arm had once hung from a band thirteen copper pendants, arrow-head shaped, and each bearing a *repoussé* eye.

Professor W. H. Holmes, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, regards these pendants as birds' heads, despite the transverse position of the eye. If he be right in his conjecture, there is nothing to oppose the assumption that it was also a ceremonial arrow-head, and perhaps the solar ray. So intricate and involute are the red man's concepts of the external world that in all probability the arrow with its piercing beak, its lateral feathering, its forked (notched) tail, and its swift flight, for him partook of the nature of the bird.

This second wearer of the shield-and-arrow, sun-and-ray emblem wore at each knee numerous spool-shaped beads of shell and the large globular shell beads at the ankle. A ceremonial tomahawk blade of copper lay ready to his hand, and at his feet was the circular stone palette with the war-paint still upon it.

Stone disks of varying sizes have frequently been found in the South, and speculations as to their purpose were many, but it remained for Mr. Moore to finally settle the puzzling problem. A dozen scalloped disks and many rectangular slabs of well-ground, fine-grained stone were unearthed by him at Moundville, every one bearing traces of mineral paint upon one or both sides. From their surfaces and from the masses of pigment found in the graves it is



COPPER GORGET WITH SWASTIKA, AND SHOWING STRINGS OF PEARLS
(From Mound C)

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COPPER HAIR-ORNAMENT, BURIED WITH THE CHIEF OF MOUND H

possible to learn something of the colors which, laid on with bear's oil, gave individuality of personal decoration to sacred dance and tribal ceremony.

Black mineral pitch, red oxide of iron, green earth, and galena were found with burials, but the palettes yielded only red, white, and cream; one in particular bore white, cream, and pink pigment on its face and red upon the reverse. But most striking of all must have been the brilliant silver paint made from the galena. The brave who wore that decoration shone indeed. Its beauty has now all departed, and only the white carbonate remains on the palettes to show where the glittering sulphide had been ground and mixed.

Two particularly fine stone effigy pipes, undoubtedly used in the tribal ceremonies, were among the number of the treasure-trove—one a squatting human figure, the other a crouched panther.

From the incised decoration on the pottery it is possible to obtain some idea of the belief which underlay the unknown ritual practised in the ancient settlement. Two wide-mouthed water-bottles display a curious composite creature. One shows an antlered rattlesnake with darting forked tongue, uplifted wing, and legs drawn close against the body. The other gives the same mythical monster in sections laid vertically upon the bowl of the now neckless bottle. The antlered head and the rattled tail, both pointing upward, occupy opposite sides of the vessel, while to right and left are the elaborately ornate wings. Surely this can be no other than the cloud serpent, he who causes the rattling thunder and the forked or zigzag flash, though why, in common with the winged serpents of Peru, he boasts legs it were difficult to surmise.



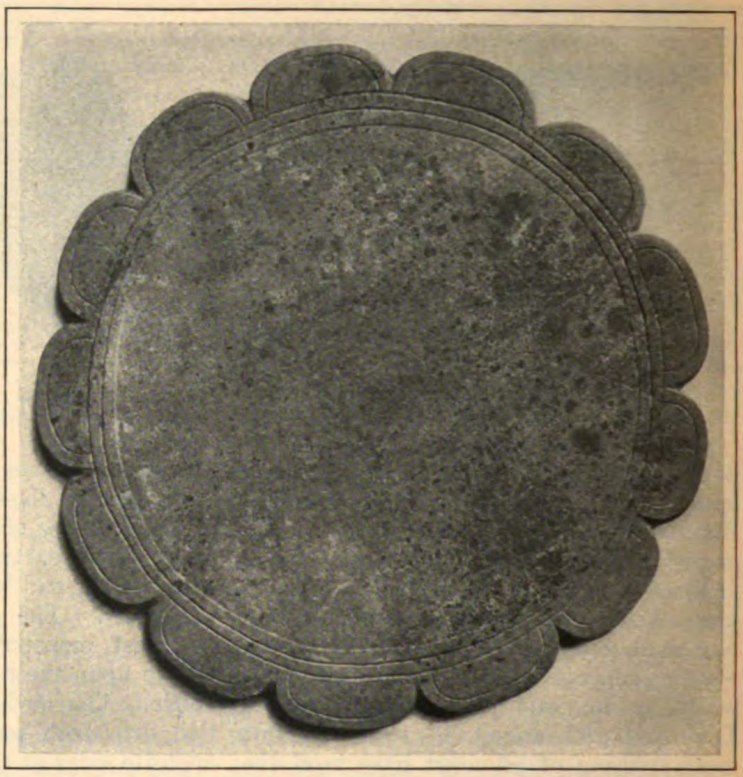
COPPER PENDANTS WITH REPOUSSE EYE
(From elbow of the Chief of Mound H)

This mythical being has lived in the lore of many peoples, widely separated in land and lineage, but the Cherokee folk-tales of the wonderful Uktena present some features of peculiar interest. It is suspected that they borrowed these from the Muskogee, whose territory included the Black Warrior region at the time of the dis-

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covery. Whether the Uktena had its origin with these latter, or came to them by right of descent or courteous loan from the prehistoric Moundville people, is a hazardous question.

Originally the Uktena, the "keen-eyed," was a man. Transformed into a huge, horned serpent, and sent on high to destroy the sun, beneath whose fierce rays the people were dying, forestalled in his mission by Rattlesnake, he became angry and vengeful, the bitter enemy of mankind. As time passed, he grew to be a terror to the land, and was solemnly banished by the tribal council to live in Galunlati, the "Above." With the inevitable fate of a cloud spirit, he was destroyed many times, only to reappear and meet his end in other legends.



A CIRCULAR PALETTE

According to one such tale, he lived in a river that flowed beneath an almost inaccessible cave, where a pair of Tlanuwa, or mythic monster hawks, had a nest, whither they carried off children to feed their young. At last, yielding to the earnest entreaty of the people, a powerful medicine-man caused himself to be let down by bark ropes from the overhanging rock when the parent birds had gone forth to hunt. Swinging to and fro, he finally managed to pull himself into the cave. The floor was strewn with a sickening débris. From the nest four young birds greeted him with gaping mouths. Grasping the uncanny nestlings, he flung them over the ledge to the deep water where the Uktena dwelt. Scarcely had he reached the summit again when the old Tlanuwa returned. They circled round and round the rock where stood the empty nest, seeking the author of the mischief. The snake lifted his antlered head above the water. With a furious scream they swooped down upon him. One seized the serpent in his talons and flew far up in the sky, his mate at his side, all the while rending great pieces from the writhing body, till the last morsel had been flung down. So high in the air were they that when the fragments fell they made great indentations in the rocks, as may be seen to-day at the place called "Where-thè-Tlanuwa-cut-it-up."



COPPER HAIR-ORNAMENT BURIED WITH CHIEF OF MOUND H

This story, apparently an embellished localization of the rending of the clouds by the wind, may account for the sectioning of the antlered rattlesnake on

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the water-bottle of Moundville. Peoples perish; myths are immortal.

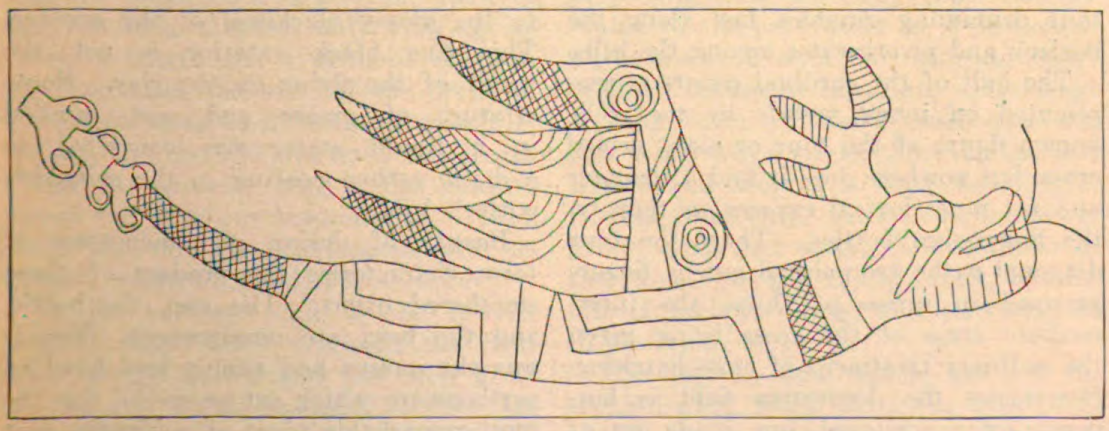


WATER-BOTTLE WITH WOODPECKER TAIL AND SWASTIKA

A second winged hero in ancient song and story, and, if numbers count for aught, a more important one, is preserved in the ceramic art of the Black Warrior region. The ivory-billed woodpecker had a reputation in the land, and the women engraved him on their pottery, and doubtless wove him, crest and tail and mystic emblem, into their vanished basketry. Something of his fame survived into historic times; for Catesby, the English naturalist, who traversed the region in the early part of the eighteenth century, speaks of the aboriginal trade in the bills of this bird. So prized were they that as much as two buckskins were sometimes paid in exchange for a single bill.

Curiously, the woodpecker never appears alone in art—as does the majestic eagle of the eagle bottle—but always paired, the head of one above, that of the other below, and the characteristic triangle tails with the serrated terminal line of pointed feathers projecting laterally. Usually the wings are absent, and frequently even the crested heads are lacking, so that in conformity with the law of essentials in decorative art only the triangular tails remain, united by the circle that was once their coalescing bodies.

As if to emphasize this remarkable cruciform arrangement of heads and



DESIGN OF THE WINGED SERPENT

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ENGRAVED FRAGMENT OF SHELL CUP OF THE FIGHTING WARRIOR

tails, the woodpecker, and he alone, bears on tail or crested poll the world-wide emblem of the cardinal points, the oft-venerated swastika. Yet the woodpecker is scarcely the bird of swift, strong, continuous flight to be looked for as the ruler of the winds and the four world quarters. Perhaps this feathered chieftain, with the swift-darting tongue, who rolls out his strange resonant peal from the hollow limb of a tree, is only the puissant rain-maker, the medicine-man, whose distant drumming rumbles low along the horizon and reverberates among the hills.

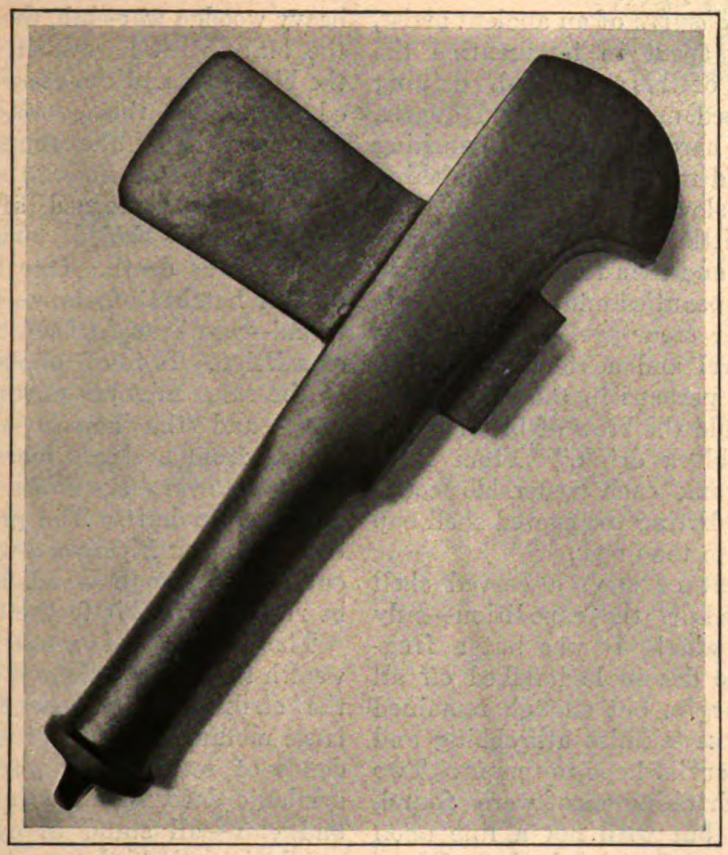
The cult of the cardinal points is represented on many vessels by the well-known figure of the four or eight armed cross, but nowhere does it find a stranger and yet more logical expression than on the finger-sign bottles. There the four diagonal paths are pointed out by fingers grouped in series of three, the intermediate arms of the cross being given the ordinary treatment of cross-hatching. Sometimes the decorative field is bordered by a scalloped line made up of fingers and undulations.

The eight paths of the wind and rain were always of paramount importance to an agricultural people, watching anxiously over the maize crop. Two interesting little conical vases take their form from the maize ear. Vessels of this shape were used by the ancient people of prehistoric Pueblo Bonito, in New Mexico, but those show the grains on the tapering cylinder. One of the Alabama corn-ear vases bears a mystic symbol of unknown significance, much used by the people of the Black Warrior settlement —the open hand and eye. Possibly this combination was a prayer, by suggestion, for power—for the quick, clear eye and the skilful hand. If so, the petition was granted. More probably it was endowed with some recondite meaning, unguessed as yet. The sign of the hand reaches round the world.

On the fictile ware of Moundville there were present other ancient symbols, common to the decorative art of the barbaric Old World and the New—the meander and the scroll, both born of the daily life which they helped to beautify. A charming example of the latter *motif* occurs on a straight, wide-mouthed jar of polished earthenware, where the little interspersed depressions give variety to the glossy blackness of the surface. This fine black exterior is not the result of the firing on the clay. Some mixture of grease and soot, applied in a liquid state, was converted to a dense carbon coating in the primitive potter's kiln.

Beauty of design and monotony of form characterize the product of these smothered ovens. The cup, the bottle, and the bowl are omnipresent. Yet it was the quaint and simple bird bowl of earthenware which sat as model for the most remarkable piece of sculpture ever discovered north of Mexico on the Amer-

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THE CEREMONIAL BATTLE-AXE OF AMPHIBOLITE

ican continent.* The stone vase of the crested wood-duck is of diarite—a rock related to the jades and one of the hardest and most resisting of stones. Incalculable pains and patient, laborious effort must have been expended upon it, yet so true was its maker's eye, so skilled his hand, that any deviation from the perfect circle with a diameter of eleven and a half inches is scarcely perceptible, and the tough rock is finished down at the rim to a thinness only varying between a fourth and a third of an inch. In front rises the head of the drake of the crested wood-duck, the neck gracefully arched, and the bill laid upon the breast. From the opposite edge a flat conventional tail juts out horizontally. Head, neck, and tail are ornamented with an incised design of wonderful accuracy.

In the northern end of the heavily wooded ridge which overlooks the river bluff to the north, and the deep gully on the east which separates it from the last resting-place of the chief of Mound C, some clan of ancient Moundville buried its dead for untold generations, cutting through the dry bones of the old and forgotten to make room for the new and all too sorrowfully remembered. In such an aboriginal disturbance the beautiful head was struck from the vase and a portion of the crest shivered to fragments. It was a day long to live in the memory when a sharp edge of stone, projecting near an effigy pipe, was revealed to the excavators as a portion of a vessel's rim, with surmounting bird's head. Excitement ran high. The entire digging force of twenty-three men was put to work in a circle, throwing the dirt behind and keeping a sharp lookout for further fragments. At last, in the newer grave, some feet away, the remainder of the stone vase was found intact, but the bits of the broken crest were irrecoverable in the sticky clay soil.

This is the find which has set the archæological world agog—an absolutely unique piece, beautiful in its workmanship and in the symmetry of its form.

* See illustration, page 200.

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It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of an ancient artist, who probably spent in its creation the greater part of his manhood, drilling with flinty reed and fine-ground quartz, carving with hard stone tools, polishing with stone and moistened sand, finishing with leather, slowly, slowly, here a little and there a little, sitting in the sun and stopping now and then to admire, to chat, to discuss its beauties and its betterment with the other stone-age craftsmen who came to marvel and advise; then, when finished, used perhaps in the great tribal councils, to hold the brew of bitter herbs, the potent "black drink." From it in such case drank each venerable councillor in turn, lifting the carved shell cup and drinking to the dregs.

The remnant of such a carved shell cup was found by the expedition—only the remnant, alas! It was but a fragment, and the design had flaked off all round the margin, but enough remained to set the seeker's pulse athrobbing and make the mercurial hope to mount. Two other shell drinking-cups were found, quite perfect, but with not a line upon their surfaces. On the broken fulgur there were originally two figures. Of one, only the upper portion remains. A fighting warrior, tattooed or painted, with copper ear-disk and crested head-dress, raises his right arm to wield the heavy war-club. The drawing is instinct with life and motion, the face youthful, even boyish. Above his head is what appears to be the ceremonially wrapped shaft of a lance, and beyond this the leg of a second individual.

This shell cup of the fighting brave raises the question of the weapons of the Moundville warriors. Throughout all the diggings, whether on house site, in midden-heap, or burial-pit, there was a surprising paucity of serviceable arrow-points, spear-heads, and axes. It is barely possible that the implements of warfare were of perishable material—the heavy wooden war-club, the spear-thrower, the lance with hardwood blade, perhaps the blow-gun and the cane-tipped, poisoned dart. But this seems scarcely probable in view of the abundance, equally surprising, of ceremonial axes of copper, undoubtedly patterned after the keen-edged, stone-bladed tomahawk, whose mission was death. One beautiful ceremonial hatchet of stone—the finest ever found—was brought back by Mr. Moore's expedition. It is of amphibolite—a rock of the same mineral group as the diarite vase,—and the handle and blade are carved from a single mass, exactly imitating its every-day model of stone blade and wooden haft. The proximal end of the tomahawk is finished with a carefully cut ring, through which a thong might be run to attach it to the bearer's wrist.

The scarcity of actual weapons, the wealth in ceremonials and copper regalia, the striking arrangement of the four large mounds, not one of which gave evidence of residence or grave, the highly symbolic decorative art in copper, stone, and clay—all stand in evidence of the conclusion that the ancient settlement on the Black Warrior River was not military, but a centre of barbaric art and religion, perhaps the seat of the most puissant tribe in a great confederation, perhaps surrounded by territory wide enough and kinsmen strong enough to keep it unmolested, despite the open waterway that leads northward to its very doors. In the long ago it would seem to have been the Rome of this portion of the world, devout, wealthy, beauty-loving, not standing on a culture-level much higher than that of the semi-savage folk around, but producing or from time to time attracting, here and there, now and then, some artist of surpassing skill and feeling for the beautiful, like him who hammered out the copper hair-plume of Mound H, or him who carved the crested wood-drake bowl.

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The Underling

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART I

THERE were five of the Lynde family—three brothers and two sisters. One of the sisters was a widow, one a spinster. The sisters kept house for the brothers, who were all unmarried. The brothers were working a large farm on scientific principles. People said they were getting rich. Their style of living gave evidence of prosperity.

About six o'clock one night the three brothers, with two hired men, came across the stubble of a recently mowed field toward the large white house where supper was awaiting them. The eldest brother, James, came first, walking with a free majesty of carriage. He was a handsome man, nearly forty. Behind James Lynde came his brother Edgar, the youngest of the three. He was also handsome, although with a boyish sort of beauty. He was thirty-five, and looked scarcely more than twenty. The principal expression of his face was one of unquestioning happiness. People said that Edgar Lynde had the happiest disposition of them all. He was a great favorite with everybody, and the hired men would do anything for him. Unquestioning happiness has about it a certain self-centredness. The hired men said that Mr. Edgar would not worry if all the hay on the farm was out and a shower coming up. Women adored him. There was something about this happy-faced man, so happy that he felt no real need of anything more, even of them, which fascinated and allured. The two hired men came after Edgar, walking with the loose, almost disjointed, hip-hop of their kind.

Behind them, last of all, came William Lynde. He was slightly younger than James, but he looked much older. He was small, rather unfitted for manual labor by his physical conditions. His delicate bones and muscles had become warped into unnatural shapes by exercise, rather than strengthened. He was bent, and moved with unmistakable weariness, yet with a persistency which gave the impression of reserve strength. His face, originally as handsome as that of either of his brothers, was worn, and had a look of dogged patience and humility which usually years alone bring. He seldom spoke. He was unfailingly industrious, but was popularly supposed to accomplish nothing, to know little, and to be "rather lacking." The hired men held him in no respect. He never raised a voice of authority. He crept after the others several paces in the rear, with his rake over his shoulder. As he walked—they were all moving toward the west—he gazed at the sunset sky. It was a sea of glory: a daffodil radiance, with clouds like wings of gold and silver and pearl. The man's face, gazing at it, changed. He looked like one for whom a trumpet of action had just sounded. The other men did not notice the sunset at all.

Finally they reached the great white house—a fine structure, with a noble array of outbuildings, barns, and storehouses. The hired men entered the kitchen door; the brothers, with the exception of William, entered a side door, and went directly to their rooms to wash and change their linen before supper. William entered the kitchen door with the hired men. In the kitchen was a masterful maid who had been long with the family. She was capable with a capability almost amounting to genius. The two hired men washed their hands and faces at the sink. William waited his turn, and the maid, whose name was Emma, regarded him with scorn. The kitchen table was set for three. William always ate with the hired men. Emma gave supper to the three men, and the two brothers and the sisters in the dining-

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room; then she had her own supper. After she had seen the three men in the kitchen eating, the two hired men with loud gulps and gurgles, and William silently, with his face bent with an indescribable gentle melancholy over his plate, she put on a clean white apron, entered the dining-room, and took up her station at the table there until the others had finished.

Mrs. Meserve, by virtue of her former married estate, as well as her superior age, had the head of the dining-table, which was of solid old mahogany. The dining-room was really charming. Beside the solid old mahogany table was a marvellous old sideboard, and a corner cupboard filled with Canton china. The windows had diamond-shaped panes. Annie Lynde, the spinster sister, was artistic, and she had had the old rectangular panes of distorting glass changed. She had also had the walls papered with dull blue, and there was a moulding with more of the blue Canton-ware. She was a year older than William, very pretty, with a delicate prettiness, and was well dressed. Mrs. Meserve was stouter and older, with a fair hardness of countenance, and she was well dressed. The brothers, now they had changed their working-clothes, appeared distinctly gentlemen.

The two meals progressed, the one in the dining-room, the other in the kitchen. William, of those in the kitchen, finished his supper first. He had not much appetite, and, besides, the alien company of the hired men irritated him more than usual. He rose abruptly and went out of the kitchen and the house, and back across the stubbly field until he reached the nine-acre lot—a noble field, as level as a floor, enclosed with well-kept stone walls, and bordered on two sides with sweeping elms. He crossed to one of those sides, and seated himself on the wall on a large flat stone, where he had often sat before. Then his face took on an almost happy expression. He looked at the trees, which crossed the horizon with majestic arcs of grace; he looked at the sky, which had not yet lost all its sunset glory, but was fading slowly with wonderful gradations of rose and violet and primrose, and at the stubble of the field. The mutilated stalks of grass showed rainbow lights, and the air was sweet and cool. The trees, the sky, the field, the blessed coolness, and the descending shade of the night were all inexpressibly dear to the man. He could just see, across the field, the roof of a house. When he looked at that, his face became at once yearning and benignant. He could hear faintly across the field the sound of a piano, and a singing treble voice. It was rather thin, but sweet, and carried far. The song had a pretty air, somewhat plaintive; the words were inaudible. William listened. That was really what he had come to this place for. He came there nearly every warm night, when the windows were open and he could hear the singing.

Miss Rose Willard lived in the house. She was the music-teacher of the village, and sang in the church choir every Sunday. She usually practised the hour after supper. As he listened, William seemed to see her seated at the piano in the pretty little parlor, where he had been a few times years ago. Rose Willard was not so very young, but she was a beauty. He could see just how her face looked: her sweet eyes bent upon the lines of the song, the singing curve of her parted lips. He sighed; and yet not altogether sorrowfully. Suddenly the music ceased; it usually lasted an hour. The man's face fell disappointedly. Then he saw a flutter of something white across the field. It was now nearly dusk. William gazed at the pale moving flutter across the field, close to the trees, where the stubble was not so trying to delicately shod feet. Then, before he could realize it, Rose Willard stood before him. Her dainty white gown was gathered up, revealing the lace on her petticoat; a lilac ribbon was tied around her waist; her gown was slightly open at the neck, revealing a firm, round throat. Rose was rather below the middle height; she was small and firm, with charming curves. Her face was round, with large blue eyes, and her curling yellow hair was twisted into a little crest at the top of her head. She stood looking at the man on the wall in an odd fashion, half shamed, half defiant.

"Good evening, Mr. Lynde," said she, finally.

Then William collected himself and rose. "Good evening, Miss Willard," he

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replied, and all his miserable timidity and humility were upon him again.

She continued to look at him, and now a scorn and anger were in her look, as well as shamefacedness and defiance.

"I want to ask you something," she said, abruptly.

William bowed.

"I want to know if you weren't here last evening."

"Yes, I believe I was," replied William.

"And the evening before that?"

"I think so."

"Almost every evening this summer?" continued the woman, pitilessly.

"I don't know but I was."

"Why?"

William did not answer.

"Why?" insisted the woman.

Then William said something about its being a cool place and pleasant to sit in.

"I should think you would sit on the piazza at your own house with your brothers and sisters," said Rose. Her voice in speaking was almost a singing voice, loud and sweet, but entirely uncompromising.

William hung his head before her straight blue gaze in a weary, patient fashion which seemed to enrage her.

"Why don't you hold your head up?" she burst out. "Why do you do so? William Lynde, I am all out of patience with you."

William continued to stand before her as if before a righteous judge.

Rose made an impatient movement, and seated herself on the wall. "I am doing an outrageous thing, and it would be town talk if it got out," said she, "but I can't help it. I've stood this just as long as I can. Sit down here beside me, William Lynde; I've got something to say to you." William moved slowly to a stone at some distance from Rose.

"Now," said Rose, "I am going to ask you some questions, and I want you to answer me. I've heard a good many things said, and now I am coming straight to you to find out how much is true, and how much isn't."

William waited, his head turned away from her. He was conscious of a faint, subtle perfume from her garments, and the malodorousness of his own came in his face, and filled him with a sort of despair. What was he to sit beside this white-clad song-bird?

"Have you had your supper?" asked she.

"Yes," replied William.

"Where?"

William hesitated.

"Where?" demanded the woman.

"In the kitchen."

"In the kitchen with the hired men?"

"Yes," admitted William, with a sort of gasp.

"Why didn't you eat in the dining-room with the rest of the family? Why do you eat in the kitchen with the servants? Why don't you dress like a gentleman as your brothers do? You must have your rights in the property as well as they."

"I can't tell you why," William said, in a muffled voice.

"Nonsense! Yes, you can tell me, too. Why can't you tell me?"

William remained silent, but his face in the dim light was as the face of a ghost, and he was swallowing convulsively as if he were choking back sobs.

"Before I'd be an underling all the days of my life, when I had as good a right to hold up my head as anybody, I'd—" Rose stopped. She had no expression forcible enough.

The two sat silently on the wall; then Rose spoke again. "I am going to do a dreadful thing, I suppose," said she. "I am mortified and ashamed of myself for doing it, and you needn't think I am not. Afterwards, when I think it over, I shall be almost crazy, but I am going to do it. I am going to ask you if you remember a night when you walked home with me from church, years ago when we were very young."

William nodded. "Yes," he replied, in a choking voice. "I never forgot."

"It was just before your father died."

William nodded again, and again murmured yes.

"Well," said Rose, "I didn't know but you had forgotten. I am going to say right out—although, as I said before, when I think of it afterward, I shall be most ready to kill myself for it—that I never forgot, and—" She hesitated, then she went on with a sort of shamed resolution. "Of course I haven't married,"—she bridled a little as she spoke,—"but of course I've had my chances, and now—"

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William trembled perceptibly.

"I have a good chance now," said Rose; "perhaps you can guess who, but—I guess I am not made like a good many women. When I have once—" She paused and hesitated, then she continued firmly: "When I admitted what I did to you, that time," she said, "I didn't do it in a flirty kind of way, like some young girls. I was never that kind, and I never forgot, and I have always felt bound to myself because of it, if I didn't to you. Then there was another thing. I have been scolding you for letting yourself be so put upon, but I guess I am one of the kind of women who has a liking for the under dog." Her defiant voice trembled and broke. She began to weep softly. Her dainty shoulders, turned from the man beside her, were heaving. William looked at her, and his face was convulsed and ghastly. Then he spoke with determination.

"I have always wondered if I owed it to you to tell you something," he said, "but I wasn't quite sure. Now I know, and I am going to tell you."

"You needn't on my account, if you have changed your mind," said Rose, in a bitter, sobbing voice.

"I have never changed my mind." In spite of himself, William's voice was full of the tenderest inflections. "It wasn't that, but I didn't know how much you had understood or meant, you were so pretty, and there were so many—"

"Enough was said for any girl who had any self-respect to draw one conclusion," replied Rose, with spirit.

"Yes, but it was a hard thing to tell. I knew you thought I liked you, but you went on just the same, pretty and laughing as ever, and whether you meant—"

"I never was a girl to wear my heart on my sleeve, nor say and do things of that kind unless I did mean them."

"I didn't know quite what to do. I see now I ought to have told you, but it was hard."

"What was hard?"

"To tell you."

"To tell me what?"

"To tell you I had done something wrong, so I could never marry anybody."

"What have you done wrong, for Heaven's sake? I don't believe you ever hurt a fly, William Lynde. You were never that kind. You always took the heavy end of things and let yourself be put upon more or less. I don't believe a word of it."

"It is the truth," said William, in a heavy voice.

"You don't mean that you ever did anything that would make you liable to arrest, or—anything of that kind, if you were found out?"

"Yes," replied William.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Rose. William remained silent. His face had a curious doggedness—the doggedness of a martyr under fire. Rose moved a little nearer. "Well, if you did," said she, "people can always overlook anything if one is sorry and never does so again."

"I am not sorry," said William, "and I should do so again."

Rose stared and shrank back. "William Lynde," said she, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I have committed a crime," said William, in a voice so calm that it sounded hard. "I was tempted, and I yielded, and I should do so again."

The woman's face changed. She felt a little fear of him. "Do your folks know about it?" asked she.

"They know what I did," replied William. He spoke evasively, but Rose did not notice that.

"And they have kept quiet about it? I think they have stood by you pretty well."

"Yes, they have," assented William, wearily.

"Well, I am not going to urge you to tell what you did, if you don't want to," said Rose, and her voice was full of suspicious inflections, and the singing quality had disappeared.

"I'll tell you sometime," said William.

"When?"

"I can't tell you while I am living. I'll leave a letter for you to read after I am dead."

"What nonsense!" said Rose, harshly. "Ten chances to one you'll outlive me."

"No, I guess I sha'n't. I am not as well as I used to be."

"Not anything serious?" said Rose, and again the tenderness was in her voice.

"No, I guess not," replied William,

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Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I AM WILLING TO OVERLOOK IT," SAID SHE, IN A LOW VOICE.

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patiently, "but I'll write a letter, anyway."

Rose's whole body inclined toward him as they sat there. "I am willing to overlook it, not knowing," said she, in a low voice.

"No, Rose, I can't," said the man. "It's no use; I can't."

Rose sprang to her feet. "Well, I guess I've humiliated myself enough for one night!" she cried. "I wouldn't marry you now, William Lynde, if you were to tell me you hadn't done anything worse than to steal a pin."

William was silent.

"I expect your brother to-night," she said. "I don't know whether you know it or not, but he has been after me for a long time."

"Yes, I knew it," said William, in a choking voice.

"Well, I guess I may as well tell him to-night that I'll marry him."

"I hope you will be happy," said William, and she could scarcely hear him.

"I guess I shall be as happy as most people," said she. "Your brother is good-looking, and has a good disposition, and he holds up his head as if he wasn't ashamed of anything he has ever done."

"He has no call to be," replied William.

Rose went slowly home across the field. The stubble pricked her feet, and she set them down with a gingerly impatience. She was angry with William, she pitied him, and she felt humiliated. She said to herself that it had come to a pretty pass when she, Rose Willard, had in a measure thrown herself at a man's head to be rejected. Then she wondered what in the world he had done, and evil surmises swarmed in her innocent mind like so many unclean flies. She was a good woman, and had led a pure life, but the imagination for evil is dormant or rampant in all things human. She really stained herself imagining what William might have done, as she crossed the field, her dainty white gown gathered up, the lace of her petticoats ruffling around her carefully stepping feet.

When she reached home, she found her widowed aunt Eliza Ames and her sister Gloria. Gloria was a libelous name for Rose's elder sister, but there had always been a Gloria in the Willard family, and the name had fallen to her lot, with none of the meaning implied by it. Gloria was older than Rose, and a facsimile of her in everything except tints. Nothing more sallow and, where it was not sallow, colorless could be imagined than her face. She seemed homelier than if she had not had Rose for a sister. She had contrast to encounter as well as her own defects. But Gloria did not repine, at least openly. She had an even temperament, which was a blessing to her. Marriage had been dismissed finally from her thoughts when she was eighteen and a young man had walked home from evening meeting with her, and the next week with another girl, whom he had married in three months. Privately Gloria regarded that as the chance which every woman is said to have, and it was a taste of sweet which comforted her.

When Gloria looked up at Rose, lovely as a flower, in the choir, she had a curious pride of proprietorship in her. It really seemed to her that in some way Rose was dependent upon her for her beauty and her sweet singing voice, that to her were due the thanks for both. It was also borne in upon Gloria's mind that Rose owed all the comforts of life to her. She took pleasure in thinking her sister unpractical. Rose made all her own pretty gowns, but Gloria never fairly realized that she herself did not make them; she looked at a hat which Rose had trimmed, and it seemed to her that she was the one who had fastened on the knots of ribbon and the flowers. She even had an odd sense of singing instead of Rose, and withal she was entirely sincere. Rose was good nature itself as regarded her sister. She was as sweet, in fact, with loyalty as a rose is with its essential perfume.

To-night as Rose entered, Gloria was seated in the lighted parlor, engaged on some fancy-work. She looked at her beautiful sister, and it was as good to her as if she saw herself, and yet not because of unselfishness. Rose seated herself at the piano, and began to sing a foolish, sentimental song, but in a moment her voice broke. She leaned her head over against the music-rack.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Gloria.

"Too many fools in the world," replied Rose, in a voice which did not seem like her own, so gibing and bitter was it.

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"I don't see what there is to cry about in that," said Gloria.

Rose laughed a little, and began to sing again. Her voice was triumphantly sweet and clear.

"I guess there isn't much the matter," said Gloria. Then the door-bell rang, pealing out in the midst of Rose's song.

"I guess you'll be all right now," whispered Gloria. She admired Edgar Lynde, and felt as proud as if he had been her own lover. Then she gathered up her work and went out of the room.

When Edgar Lynde came in and had seated himself, he begged Rose to go on with her song.

"It is a silly thing," said Rose. "I don't believe you will like it."

"It sounded very pretty as I was coming up the walk," said Edgar. "What is it?"

"Just a little thing I came across the other day in Crosby's."

"You didn't tell me the name."

"The name is 'Who loves once loves for aye,'" said Rose, and there was an odd tone of defiance in her voice.

Edgar laughed his unfailing laugh of merriment. There was to Rose something exasperating about Edgar Lynde's laugh. It did not seem to her as if everything in life was provocative of mirth, or even of good nature.

"Sounds as if that might be a pretty song," said Edgar. There was sentiment in his voice, for he was, in his light-hearted way, fond of Rose; still, he laughed.

"I don't see what you are laughing at," said Rose.

"Oh, nothing," replied Edgar. "I was only thinking how many widows and widowers, and even folks who have had stacks of love-affairs, would feel singing that song." There was nothing whatever satirical in his voice, which expressed simply good-humored and happy acquiescence with the laws of life.

Rose set her full lips firmly. "It may be truer than you think, all the same," said she. "You don't know what is at the bottom of folk's hearts."

"Well," retorted Edgar, "if anything like that is at the bottom of a heart, that man or woman had better stick to the one it's meant for; that's all I've got to say."

A singular expression came over Rose's face; her full lips tightened still more. "That's what I say," said she. Then she began to sing. Her voice rang out with unusual feeling and sweetness.

The music was light, and the words almost foolish enough to be incomprehensible, but she threw meaning into the song.

"By Jove!" cried Edgar, after Rose had finished, "that is one of the best things I have heard for a long time."

"I am glad you like it," said Rose, moving away from the piano.

"It is a pity you can't sing it in the choir," said Edgar, with his laugh.

"I fear it would hardly answer," replied Rose. She took some crochet-work of rose-colored wool off the table, and sat down.

"It would break up the meeting, I guess," said Edgar, and he laughed again. He pulled a chair close to her with easy grace. Then he caught at her work.

"Edgar Lynde, you will snarl my wool so I can never get it straight," said Rose, still impatiently.

"Oh, hang the wool!" said Edgar. Then he pulled the work out of her lap and gave it a toss on to the floor. Rose sat still, with an odd expression as of some one who expects something long looked for and is passive before the fatality of its advance.

"I don't want you to work to-night; I want you to attend to Edgar," said the man, and there was a childlike tone of tenderness in his voice.

Rose remained sitting, quietly waiting.

Edgar leaned over her. He took one of her hands, which she immediately pulled away, although so gently that the motion did not savor of repulse.

"You are going to marry me, dear, aren't you?" said Edgar.

Rose remained silent. She stared straight ahead. Her face was pale except for red spots on the cheeks; tears stood in her fixed eyes.

"Why don't you answer, dear?"

"I suppose so."

Edgar gave a little triumphant laugh, and flung an arm around Rose's waist. "You suppose so; I like that," he repeated. "That is all a man gets after he has been hanging around a girl as long as I have."

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"ARE YOU AWAKE, GLORIA?" SHE WHISPERED, SOFTLY

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"That ought to be enough," said Rose, soberly. "Of course I have understood, or thought I did, what your attentions meant. There is no use in pretending I didn't. We are not children."

"Well, I have had my eye on you ever since you were that high," said Edgar, indicating a three-feet height from the floor. "I know, dear, you would have been blind if you had not supposed so. But—" Edgar hesitated a second. Then he went on: "I will confess, though, I thought at one time that William had the best chance. That kept me back."

Rose turned on him abruptly. "What is it about William?" she asked.

"You won't see much of William, anyway, dear," replied Edgar.

"Why?" said Rose, and her tone was imperative.

Edgar shrugged his shoulders. "William is not much with the rest of the family," he said.

"Why?"

Edgar's smiling lips became firm. He looked down almost frowningly at her. "Rose," he said, "I love you, and I am going to do everything I can to make you happy, but there is one thing I cannot do, and none of the rest of us can do, and you must never ask it nor expect it."

"What is that?"

"You must not ask why William lives as he does, or why he is not, strictly speaking, one of the family."

"He eats with the hired men, doesn't he?" asked Rose.

"Yes, dear."

"And you cannot tell me why?"

"No, dear, and you must not ask me. We have good and sufficient reasons for it all. I know it looks as if we were treating William terribly, but we are treating him better than you may think." Suddenly Edgar's face, looking down at Rose's beautiful one, changed. "Say, Rose, what are you going to be married in?" said he. "White and a veil?"

"If I am not too old," replied Rose, with a curious angry blush.

"Stuff!" said Edgar. "There is not a young girl in town who can compare with you. White you wear, veil and all. Now I have waited all this time, you need not think I am going to miss anything." Edgar laughed again exultingly, and again his exultant laugh irritated Rose. "Why did you make me wait so long, dear?" he asked. "You never even gave me a chance to ask you before."

"I wasn't in any hurry to get married," replied Rose, evasively.

"Hurry! I should think not," returned Edgar, laughing a loud peal. "Well," he said, "you've got to hurry now, dear; and I am going to have the wedding march played like a jig, and you will have to run up the aisle, with your white veil streaming out behind." Edgar leaned his face close to Rose to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

"Don't," said she.

Edgar regarded her with hurt astonishment. "Why," said he, "aren't you going to let me kiss you, now we are engaged?"

"Once when you go home," said Rose.

That night when Edgar had gone it was nearly midnight. Rose went up to her room, and the door of Gloria's opposite was wide open. The room was full of moonlight, and Rose saw Gloria stir in her white bed. She entered softly, setting her candle on a little table in the entry.

"Are you awake, Gloria?" she whispered, softly.

"Yes. What is it?"

"I am going to marry Edgar Lynde before long."

"I hope you'll be real happy," Gloria whispered back. Rose went up to the bed, and Gloria kissed her. Then Rose went out. "Please shut my door," Gloria said, in a muffled voice.

After Rose had gone, Gloria still lay there awake in the moonlight. Her cheeks were quite wet with tears; and yet she was not conscious of unhappiness or of envy because of the sight of her sister's possessing a happiness which she must miss. Still, her self-esteem held her firm. She felt like the background of gloom against which there is only possible the true relief of happiness. She almost felt as if had there been no Gloria with her calm self-renunciation, there could have been no Rose—certainly no Rose to the extent of beauty and happiness of which she was capable. She lay awake a long time planning Rose's trousseau.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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In Up-town New York

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

WHEN in the middle of the eighteenth century a man settled on the northern end of Manhattan Island, then gradually being reclaimed from the wilderness, he had every reason to be proud of the fact, even though this was Harlem. His neighbors, though not numerous, were distinguished; Harlem had become the rural retreat of the aristocratic New-Yorker, and the social significance of residing there caused a man to enter this rugged country in the same buoyant spirit which at a later date characterized his departure from it. This suburban life, however, had its inconveniences; access to the old Welvers Tavern in New York was not easy, and a glance at the rocky, uneven formation of Harlem to-day—its granite eminences and deep, unexpected embankments—would imply that the homeward journey of the jocose element was a particularly hazardous performance after nightfall. When once a man's midnight yodling has suddenly been interrupted by a twenty-foot drop down an embankment, it is apt to shake him up and make him sceptical. One may assume, then, that the old resident was good in spite of himself; made sacrifices and retired early.

But the chief charm of old Harlem—its well-bred seclusion—was destined to be transitory. Later, when New York's business centre moved steadily up-town, greatly increasing the value of real estate and the cost of living, a horde of New-Yorkers moved to the north, and Harlem soon became a haven for the clerks and small merchants, the family man and the newly married couple and the young professional man, who all flocked thither; and there came into existence in its logical sequence the Harlem flat: a frail, angular, overelaborated structure, which at the advent of spring occasionally showed strange crevices in its sides, preparatory to descending in a cataract of bricks.

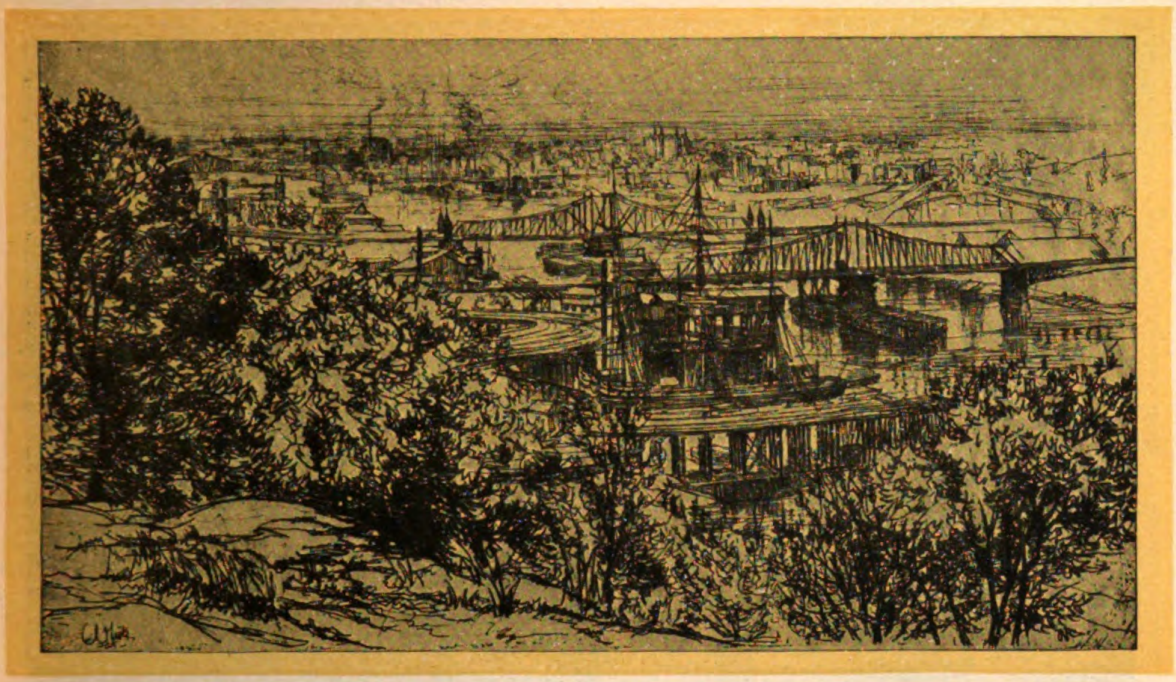
With this influx of humanity a wise and humane administration caused railings or bumpers to be erected along the embankments and gullies, making access to one's home, at night, easy for the normal and possible for the abnormal. This was only a few years prior to the predigested breakfast-food era, and all were content and merry in Harlem—and might have continued so had not a certain individual with an undeveloped sense of propriety (whom many to-day denounce as a myth) thrown the bone of contention.

It was at 125th Street—or was it at 120th Street? (opinions differ)—that this ostentatious person, who presumably had made money more rapidly and ingeniously than the law even to-day allows, drew an imaginary boundary-line for Harlem, with the unfortunate remark, "Thank the Lord, I'm out of it!" and forthwith moved to 115th Street. The seeds of discord had been sown. Our latent perversity makes us resent being told by a casual stranger just exactly where we are; it embarrasses a man and makes him feel cramped. Indeed, in this particular case it even went so far as to cast aspersions on one's social position, and has since been the means of much unnecessary bitterness in determining Harlem's exact boundary-line. Those who hitherto had been content—nay, even anxious—to live in Harlem soon began to speculate upon the possibility of there being a grain of wisdom in the stranger's exultation on leaving it. In short, a random remark had been the means of suddenly stimulating the Harlemite's critical sense at the expense of his happiness.

Thus, to-day, it is extremely difficult to get a Harlem resident with the correct mental attitude to answer you as to where New York ends and Harlem begins. He is rarely impersonal.

"Do you like Harlem?" you unwittingly ask your friend who resides at 120th Street.

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HARLEM'S ARCADY
Etched on copper by C. H. White

"I'm not in Harlem," he replies, with considerable bitterness. "Oh no! Don't fool yourself . . . it's not as bad as *that!* Harlem begins at 125th Street!"

"Cheer up!" you say; "it's only temporary." And with this you leave him in Harlem, to grope about for a motive in this wilderness of asphalt and tomblike houses; to wander through interminable vistas of glaring white pavement and geometrical brick; to dodge trolley-cars and elevated structures; to pass beneath windows bulging with ill-assorted humanity in pink and blue undershirts, gazing vacantly across the street; or to tumble against a throng of perspiring rooters grouped about the corner baseball game—until his nerves reach a supreme crisis: he pauses deliberately to listen with a morbid interest to the hoarse metallic raspings of the distant phonograph in one of the local palaces of artificial merriment!

On such an occasion, after having formally cursed Harlem, should you catch a glimpse of a dim strip of silver fringed with green, with here and there a faint suggestion of distant shipping and still more distant hills, faintly outlined at the vanishing-point of some great brick and plaster vista,—follow it, and presently the obvious side of Harlem, the appalling monotony of her streets, the tin mouldings and venomous rococo, are left behind. A gentle breeze laden with fern and earthy forest odors reaches you from somewhere beyond the lofty masses of patriarchal oak and elm, like a distant call from Vagabondia which must be answered. You press on; here scaling steep embankments and rocky promontories, scarred and weather-beaten, thickly carpeted with velvety green lichen; now wandering through drowsy vales of moss and fern, beneath a lofty canopy of soaring branch and leafy foliage, until confused murmurs—perhaps the distant whistle of some river tug signalling for the drawbridge, or the low muffled tremolo of a passing motor-boat—reach the ear faintly. You hurry along, expectant, emerging from the woods to find yourself in Harlem's Arcady.

At your feet stretches a shimmering sheet of water, winding its way placidly in long graceful curves about the distant points, or losing itself in a rare vista of sky and water spanned by a silver network of innumerable swinging bridges. A distant tug and its train of barges steal lazily down the river, looking not unlike some mammoth eel in the odd perspective; and in the valley far

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IN THE LEE OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FIFTH STREET BULKHEAD
Etched on copper by C. H. White

below, seen through a veil of mist, the apartment-hotel, with its French towers and steep mansard roofs, rears itself defiantly in its girdle of heavy foliage, like some medieval stronghold. And this is Harlem! Not the barren, naked, obvious side with its strange anomalies, but unobtrusive Harlem, refined upon, jealously revealing itself in one of those rare moods when a monastic grayness steals imperceptibly over the river, lending to the most prosaic thing a new significance.

First blithe and debonair, mirroring in her depths great rocky highlands, this whimsical river drifts capriciously into a minor vein through the Harlem Bad Lands — a barren tract hemmed in by raw, vacant tenements and the still remoter fringe of factories half veiled in smoke. The desolation here is so complete that it commands admiration. The stranded wreck of a canal-boat imbedded in the mud, its clawlike ribs overgrown with moss and barnacles, and perhaps a stray naked urchin besmirched with mud, alone in this city wilderness—knee-deep in the stagnant filth—only heighten the deserted, forbidding aspect of the place. This is a superannuated public dumping-ground. At the approach of night one may see here, on rare occasions, a few isolated black spots detach-

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ing themselves against the uniform grayness of the uneven ground; moving with painful uncertainty, and stopping from time to time to hover restlessly about the numerous pyramids of refuse. These are the local ragpickers — miserable, half-starved humanity — who occasionally haunt the scrap-heaps in a vain hope of sweating a few cents out of these thrice-sifted scavengerings.

To what extent Harlem is appreciated can only be fully realized after having seen the throngs of votaries in easy sprawl along her shores, who toil not, neither do they spin; or by a visit to Bill Conlin's—a derelict of a boat-house tucked away snugly in the lee of the 125th Street bulkhead, and dotted profusely by robust fellows in faded undershirts, contentedly watching the distant train of golden clouds roll past and tower into new formations; noting with unceasing interest the flood and ebb tide with its wake of stranded pleasure-craft, shaking with unfeigned good humor when the gasoline-launch runs foul of the sunken reef, or when the yachtsman, in immaculate white duck suit, slips with much throaty gurgling, amid a flood of bubbles, from the treacherous slime of the gangway into the river.

A fine old pensioner who fought with Farragut, an army veteran who went to Custer's relief, an ex-plumber and alleged gas-fitter, an involuntary tailor, a man of temperament who makes bromide enlargements that are never understood, and to this heterogeneous collection add Mike Dorlan, watchman of the dock, and "Fog Eye," an Italian junkman with a glass optic, and you have the little coterie of boat-house loungers that I stumbled upon by some happy accident one fine summer's day. They say little, these dreamers of the river, and when the spirit moves them to converse (which is seldom), it is usually a hoarse monosyllable spoken between clenched teeth —sideways through the corner of the mouth. Their infallible good humor and natural primitive buoyancy have been acquired in many cases by the liquidation of business interests; while others have sacrificed home and mother—at times even a wife and child—to answer the call of the river.

Bill Conlin calls this the "boat-house fever," and Bill is a close observer; but Cauliflower Jim's testimony, while hardly impersonal, is not without value. "It gits on me nerves," he explained, "to sit round the house with the wimmen, and hear talk o' feathers and the like, and the new shape o' corsets." Howbeit, year in and year out they are there, basking in the sunshine and ripening into a mature old age waiting for the final harvesting. Save for an involuntary trip or two to the Island, little, it seems, intrudes upon the even tenor of their existence. So secluded is this little niche that few outsiders ever gain access to it. Occasionally, it is true, a stray Italian laborer in quest of work may pass through the low doorway into the mysterious gloom within and timorously approach the ponderous carcass of Mike Dorlan, watchman and inspector of the dock, in easy sprawl on the narrow balcony.

"Gota job? . . . Gota work?" Mike will repeat after him in pidgin-English; and then the sunburnt face of the dock-inspector wrinkles in a philanthropic smile.

"See that bridge over there, and those hills 'way off 'n the east?" he will begin, softly. "Walk straight down the dock, turn to yer right and beat it acrost the bridge, and keep right on movin'," and, his simple duties accomplished, the felt hat descends once more over the broad good-natured face, and with a deep sigh he relapses into a blissful silence.

Bill Conlin tells me that with the exception of myself industry has only prompted one man to visit the boat-house. He was a newspaper reporter who appeared one day with elaborate photographic paraphernalia during the coal strike, three years ago, just after the boys had borrowed enough coal from the freight-yards across the river to last them the whole winter.

"He give us each fifty cents to git out on the float and have our pictures took sawin' wood," Bill explained, with a significant wink. "'It's just to show the people of New York what the poor is doin' durin' the coal famine,' sez the rayporter, winkin' and trainin' the camera on us." Bill chuckled softly. "We didn't say nawthin', but kept right on sawin'—see?"

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In spite of the apparent lack of anything approaching industry in these river loungers, if the occasion seems to warrant it they can bestir themselves into feverish activity. When the Harlem River refuses to give up its dead, and the family of the deceased offers a handsome remuneration for the recovery of a suicide, the sporting element latent in the river's floating population comes to life.

Fishy-eyed, thick-necked dreamers, upon whose ponderous boots can be seen embryonic forms of vegetation, and who for months have lain by the river's edge in a state of alcoholic coma, promptly awake from their lethargy and seem to take a new lease on life, rising with the dawn, when the grotesque flotilla sets forth with its strange débris of dragging paraphernalia. Crowbars with hooks attached, drag-nets heavily weighted, lead pipes with newfangled wire attachments —anything with clawlike properties—are eagerly pressed into service. Men whose hands show everything but the signs of honest labor scour the wrecking-yards of the neighborhood for water-logged dories capable of floating, with vigorous bailing, one or two men; and Tony the barber and Angelo the peanut-vender, haunted by dreams of untold treasure and touched with the craze for speculation, draw out their hoard of pennies and strike for the river.

Meanwhile the cannons blaze away over the placid waters of the stream; here a boat-load of plumbers of an adventurous turn shout hoarse orders at one another as they pass in a derelict of a sloop, propelled at uncertain moments by the second-hand motor but lately rescued from the junk-yard; while behind them comes the pale, anæmic man who, after three sleepless days and nights, has just rescued a pair of archaic stays from the river-bed, and proffers, as he rows along, a string of foul and blasphemous oaths. Bill Conlin, too, laid aside his sandworm industry to search the river. "Every guy in the bunch was fer settin' himself up in business with the proceeds," he explained to me later, half-apologetically. "And late one afternoon when old man Duggan from Highbridge pulls him up, the crowd went ravin' mad. The cop was fer nailin' the stiff himself and fadin' away with the proceeds; but, 'No,' says old man Duggan. 'I'll take care of *him* meself—see? Hands off!' sez he, with a wild look in his eye, 'or I'll have the law on ye,' sez he, tremblin' with excitement. 'It's my stiff and I seen him first,' and sez he, 'you can play with him all ye like after I've cashed in,' sez he. And with that he froze on to him like a lobster, and now he's retired entirely."

"What are the chances for floaters around this season?" I asked, after he had relapsed into silence again.

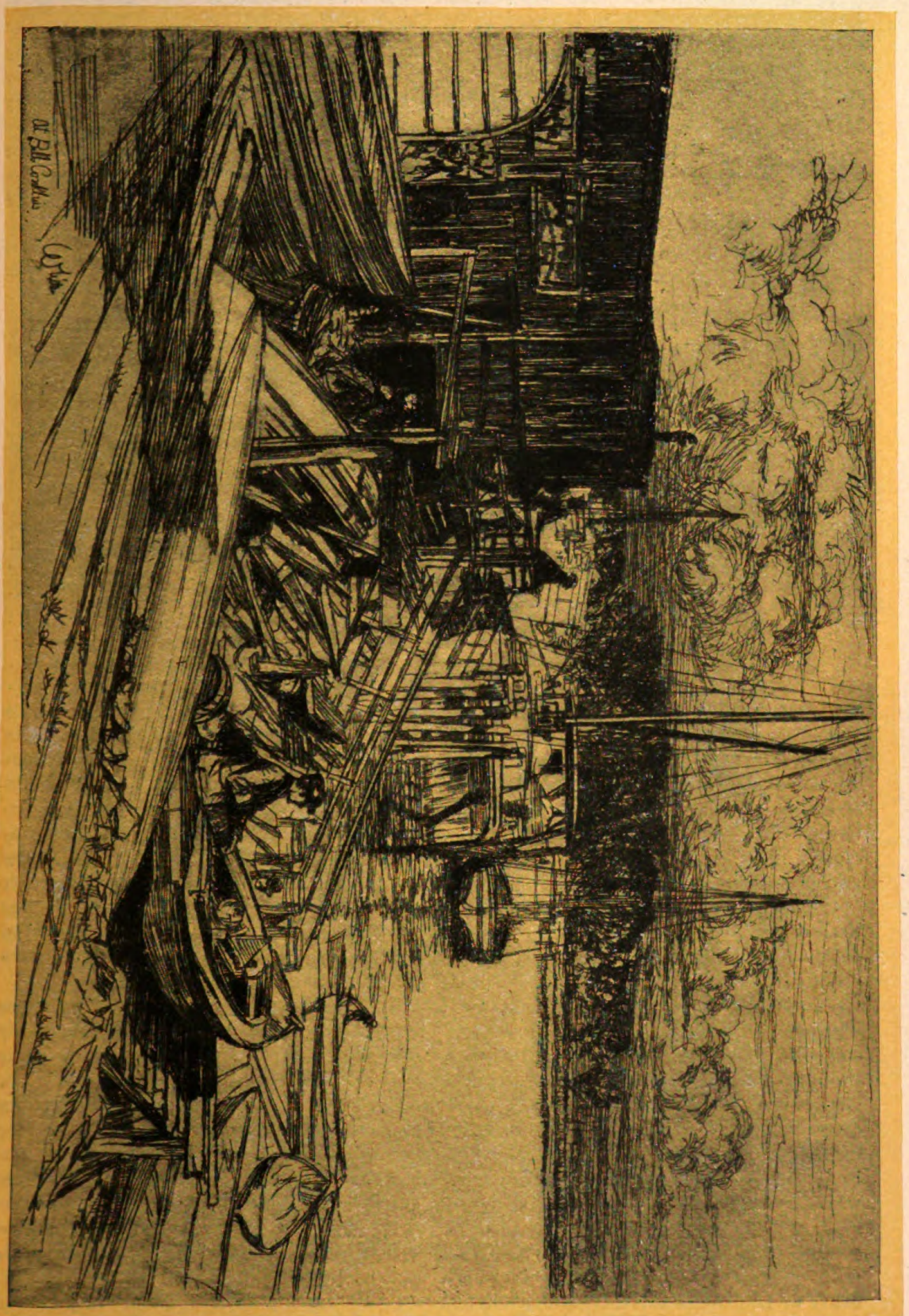
"*Naw*thin' doin'," he replied, derisively. "I tell you the river ain't what it was."

On a fine midsummer Sabbath afternoon all Harlem appears to have reunited along the river's edge in one great *fête champêtre*. Outing parties in their Sunday's best line the shores, and it would seem, in loitering along its banks, watching the innumerable pleasure-craft ply back and forth, and the distant train of restless tilted sails slowly beating their way across the treacherous channels of the "Kills," that along this stream pleasure surely plays as important a part as commerce. A warm, genial atmosphere envelops everything; and when this subtle influence takes hold of one, a strange metamorphosis takes place.

Jim the iceman, "Aulie" the plumber, and Fritz of the milk-wagon, resplendent in Third Avenue "Admiral Dewey" suits —a mass of gorgeous braid interlacing their ample bosoms, topped with white yachting-caps—issue forth and shape an uncertain course down the river in their improvised "power-boat"; power that comes when one least expects it—at half-minute intervals, preceded by violent explosions. Along the docks loiter the less fortunate—the workmen with their wives and children, a fluctuating mass of color relieved against the uniform gray and salmon of the houses. The throaty anthem of the perspiring Sängerbund, crowded together in the Casino, reaches the ear in fragments above the confused noises of the river; and in the hush which at times unexpectedly falls upon this Harlem Kermess the distant brassy strains of a band playing rag-time to the lunatics in the asylum on the Island steals softly across the river.

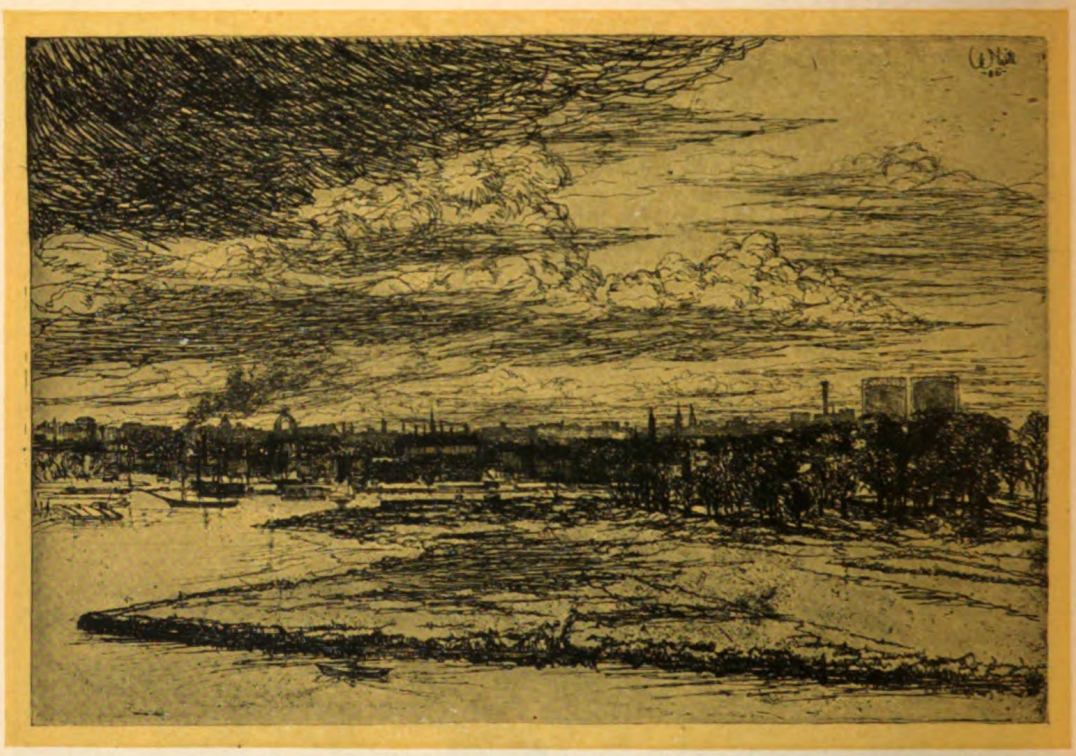
It takes the Harlemite to appreciate

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A DERELICT OF A BOAT-HOUSE, WITH ITS HANGERS-ON

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THE "KILLS," SEEN FROM THE GOUVERNEUR MORRIS MANSION
Etched on copper by C. H. White

the real significance—the rare possibilities — of Sunday. Theirs is a Continental, a healthy German, Sabbath; a day of leisure, evoking long, shimmering stretches of water fringed with heather, bathed in genial delight, and racing clouds aloft, and untold wealth of beer and pretzels.

Concerning Harlem's former history little interest is manifested; crowds daily ply back and forth across the "Kills" almost in the shadow of "Morrisania," the romantic Morris mansion, without so much as a glance at this splendid Revolutionary relic, nor a thought of the significance of its destruction. To wander through its spacious halls that once echoed to the tread of a high-heeled Revolutionary pageant, to loiter in the grand reception-room where perhaps Washington and Lafayette trod a measure, or to pause within the sombre precincts of the library, panelled with mahogany, where the first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence came to light, and then return to see these panels rent asunder by the workmen engaged in demolishing it, is to fully appreciate the capacities of a miserable thin-skinned patriotism. As the work of vandalism progressed, curious things came to light: a few old French coins, an antiquated tea-chest inlaid with ivory, and a dainty eighteenth-century flat-iron for the frills and ruffles of former gallants—things of another epoch—recalling the Reign of Terror with its hasty departures, its deserted palaces and deserted lawns run wild with hyacinth and daisy.

If the down-town New-Yorker takes but little interest in the significance of his landmarks, his brother in Harlem cares still less, for neither is imaginative. The latter's temperament craves something more vital, more tangible; and when the conversation turns to local legend and bizarre incidents, he shows an intense appreciation. Late one cloudy afternoon last summer Bill Conlin rowed me through the "Kills" past Morrisania and cheerfully dismissed it with, "It's an old castle; they're goin' to tear it down." But when we had entered the treacherous currents that sweep in dangerous eddies past the almost unnavigable

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channels in the rear of Blackwells Island, he showed signs of animation, the direct cause of which I perceived to be the long point stretching out before us, upon whose green turf were frequent ochre-colored furrows—the scars of recent excavating—and along whose shores walked sundry listless figures in blue overalls.

"Those are the dopes from the funny-house takin' an airin'," he observed, indicating the distant blue spots that moved aimlessly about the turf. Then he became visibly irritated.

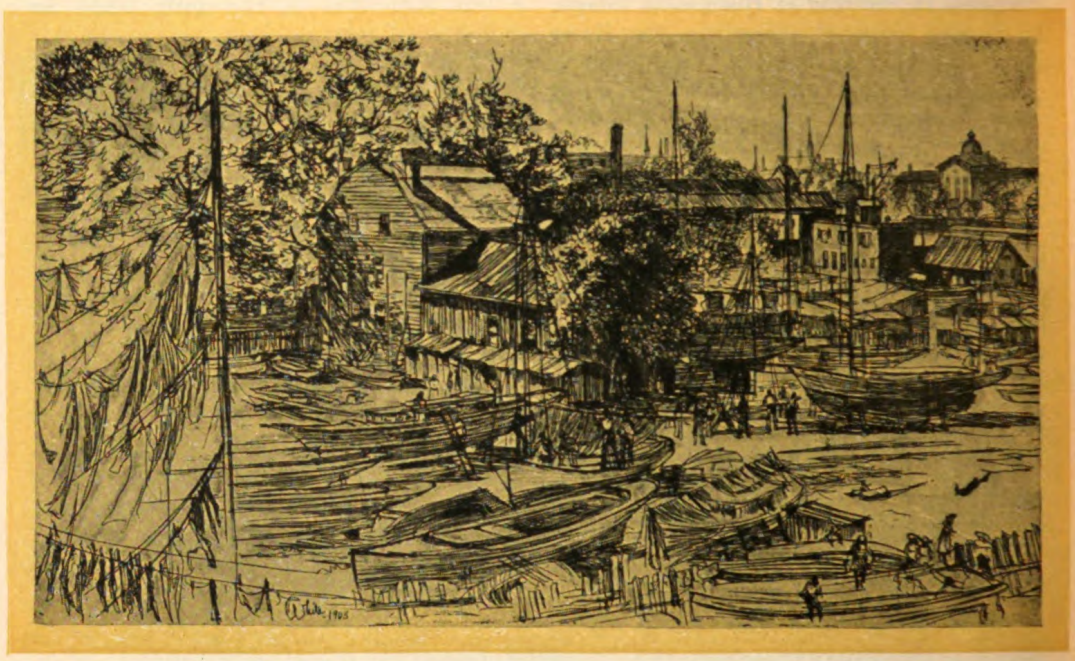
"It's a pity the day ain't fine or they'd be out diggin' their canal," he mused. I was somewhat in the dark, when he enlightened me.

"You see, it's this way," he went on. "Even a guy who's nutty gits tired o' talkin' it all over with himself. It's wearin' on him to have to give all the answers; so one o' the doctors over there hits on a new idea, and next day has all the dopes lined up—guys wot thought they was bank presidents side by side with others wot simply stood and picked at things—all looked alike to him; and that there doctor was chuck full o' brains, and could hand it out in a line o' talk with the best o' the lawyers.



"MORRISANIA," THE GOUVERNEUR MORRIS MANSION
Etched on copper by C. H. White

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A Boat Club on the Harlem
Etched on copper by C. H. White

"'Friends,' sez he, after he had them all bunched together, 'we're goin' to dig a canal to cut off that there point,' sez he. 'Are ye on?' sez he, and some o' them waved at him and grinned and almost understood him. 'Fall to!' yells the doctor, 'and let's see how fast you can do it.' And when the warden give them spades and wheelbarrows you should have seen the dirt fly! They no sooner gits the canal dug, when the doctor comes down agin and steps behind a tree to wipe the smile off his face, and starts in again. 'Friends,' sez he, 'the administration has changed their minds,' sez he, 'and have decided to have the canal run through in the opposite direction; so you'll oblige me by fillin' this wan up and beginnin' th' other. It's a good job you've made, boys, and accept me compliments; it's a *very* nice little canal,' sez he, pattin' a couple o' them over the head. 'Ta, ta!' sez he, fadin' away.

"Year in and year out they keep on diggin' that there canal, and I only heard tell of one guy in the bunch who ever had the brains to see that somethin' must be wrong; and when the doctor begun givin' his little song and dance about the administration changin' their minds again and movin' the canal four points to the west, a lad named Leary, from County Cork, Ireland, who was out there on trial, butted in with, 'Say—will you tell me who the blazes voted fer this administration?' And they thrun him out of the funny-house next day . . . a sane man, fer fear he'd contaminate the rest."

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Braybridge's Offer

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WE had ordered our dinners and were sitting in the Turkish room at the club, waiting to be called, each in his turn, to the dining-room. With its mixture of Oriental appointments in curtains, cushions, and little tables of teak-wood the Turkish room expressed rather an adventurous conception of the Ottoman taste; but it was always a cozy place whether you found yourself in it with cigars and coffee after dinner, or with whatever liquid or solid appetizer you preferred in the half-hour or more that must pass before dinner after you had made out your menu. It intimated an exclusive possession in the three or four who happened first to find themselves together in it, and it invited the philosophic mind to contemplation more than any other spot in the club.

Our rather limited little down-town dining club was almost a celibate community at most times. A few husbands and fathers joined us at lunch; but at dinner we were nearly always a company of bachelors, dropping in an hour or so before we wished to dine, and ordering from a bill of fare what we liked. Some dozed away the intervening time; some read the evening papers, or played chess; I preferred the chance society of the Turkish room. I could be pretty sure of finding Wanhope there in these sympathetic moments, and where Wanhope was there would probably be Rulledge, passively willing to listen and agree, and Minver ready to interrupt and dispute. I myself liked to look in and linger for either the reasoning or the bickering, as it happened, and now seeing the three there together, I took a provisional seat behind the painter, who made no sign of knowing I was present. Rulledge was eating a caviar sandwich, which he had brought from the afternoon tea-table near by, and he greedily incited Wanhope to go on, in the polite pause which the psychologist had let follow on my appearance, with what he was saying. I was not surprised to find that his talk related to a fact just then intensely interesting to the few, rapidly becoming the many, who were privy to it; though Wanhope had the air of stooping to it from a higher range of thinking.

"I shouldn't have supposed, somehow," he said with a knot of deprecation between his fine eyes, "that he would have had the pluck."

"Perhaps he hadn't," Minver suggested.

Wanhope waited for a thoughtful moment of censure eventuating in toleration. "You mean that she—"

"I don't see why you say that, Minver," Rulledge interposed chivalrously, with his mouth full of sandwich.

"I didn't say it," Minver contradicted.

"You implied it; and I don't think it's fair. It's easy enough to build up a report of that kind on the half-knowledge of rumor which is all that any outsider can have in the case."

"So far," Minver said, with unbroken tranquillity, "as any such edifice has been erected, you are the architect, Rulledge. I shouldn't think you would like to go round insinuating that sort of thing. Here is Acton," and he now acknowledged my presence with a backward twist of his head, "on the alert for material already. You ought to be more careful where Acton is, Rulledge."

"It would be great copy if it were true," I owned.

Wanhope regarded us all three, in this play of our qualities, with the scientific impartiality of a bacteriologist in the study of a culture offering some peculiar incidents. He took up a point as remote as might be from the personal appeal. "It is curious how little we know of such matters, after all the love-making and marrying in life and all the inquiry of the poets and novelists." He addressed

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himself in this turn of his thought, half playful, half earnest, to me, as if I united with the functions of both a responsibility for their shortcomings.

"Yes," Minver said, facing about toward me. "How do you excuse yourself for your ignorance in matters where you're always professionally making such a bluff of knowledge? After all the marriages you have brought about in literature, can you say positively and specifically how they are brought about in life?"

"No, I can't," I admitted. "I might say that a writer of fiction is a good deal like a minister who continually marries people without knowing why."

"No, you couldn't, my dear fellow," the painter retorted. "It's part of your swindle to assume that you *do* know why. You ought to find out."

Wanhope interposed abstractly, or as abstractly as he could: "The important thing would always be to find which of the lovers the confession, tacit or explicit, began with."

"Acton ought to go round and collect human documents bearing on the question. He ought to have got together thousands of specimens from nature. He ought to have gone to all the married couples he knew, and asked them just how their passion was confessed; he ought to have sent out printed circulars, with tabulated questions. Why don't you do it, Acton?"

I returned, as seriously as could have been expected: "Perhaps it would be thought rather intimate. People don't like to talk of such things."

"They're ashamed," Minver declared. "The lovers don't either of them, in a given case, like to let others know how much the woman had to do with making the offer, and how little the man."

Minver's point provoked both Wanhope and myself to begin a remark at the same time. We begged each other's pardon, and Wanhope insisted that I should go on.

"Oh, merely this," I said. "I don't think they're so much ashamed as that they have forgotten the different stages. You were going to say?"

"Very much what you said. It's astonishing how people forget the vital things, and remember trifles. Or perhaps as we advance from stage to stage what once seemed the vital things turn to trifles. Nothing can be more vital in the history of a man and a woman than how they became husband and wife, and yet not merely the details, but the main fact, would seem to escape record if not recollection. The next generation knows nothing of it."

"That appears to let Acton out," Minver said. "But how do *you* know what you were saying, Wanhope?"

"I've ventured to make some inquiries in that region at one time. Not directly, of course. At second and third hand. It isn't inconceivable, if we conceive of a life after this, that a man should forget, in its more important interests and occupations, just how he quitted this world, or at least the particulars of the article of death. Of course, we must suppose a good portion of eternity to have elapsed." Wanhope continued, dreamily, with a deep breath almost equivalent to something so unscientific as a sigh: "Women are charming, and in nothing more than the perpetual challenge they form for us. They are born defying us to match ourselves with them."

"Do you mean that Miss Hazelwood—" Rulledge began, but Minver's laugh arrested him.

"Nothing so concrete, I'm afraid," Wanhope gently returned. "I mean, to match them in graciousness, in loveliness, in all the agile contests of spirit and plays of fancy. There's something pathetic to see them caught up into something more serious in that other game, which they are so good at."

"They seem rather to like it, though, some of them, if you mean the game of love," Minver said. "Especially when they're not in earnest about it."

"Oh, there are plenty of spoiled women," Wanhope admitted. "But I don't mean flirting. I suppose that the average unspoiled woman is rather frightened than otherwise when she knows that a man is in love with her."

"Do you suppose she always knows it first?" Rulledge asked.

"You may be sure," Minver answered for Wanhope, "that if she didn't know it, *he* never would." Then Wanhope answered for himself:

"I think that generally she sees it

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coming. In that sort of wireless telegraphy, that reaching out of two natures through space towards each other, her more sensitive apparatus probably feels the appeal of his before he is conscious of having made any appeal."

"And her first impulse is to escape the appeal?" I suggested.

"Yes," Wanhope admitted after a thoughtful reluctance.

"Even when she is half aware of having invited it?"

"If she is not spoiled she is never aware of having invited it. Take the case in point; we won't mention any names. She is sailing through time, through youthful space, with her electrical lures, the natural equipment of every charming woman, all out, and suddenly, somewhere from the unknown, she feels the shock of a response in the gulfs of air where there had been no life before. But she can't be said to have knowingly searched the void for any presence."

"Oh, I'm not sure about that, professor," Minver put in. "Go a little slower, if you expect me to follow you."

"It's all a mystery, the most beautiful mystery of life," Wanhope resumed. "I don't believe I could make out the case, as I feel it to be."

"Braybridge's part of the case is rather plain, isn't it?" I invited him.

"I'm not sure of that. No man's part of any case is plain, if you look at it carefully. The most that you can say of Braybridge is that he is rather a simple nature. But nothing," the psychologist added with one of his deep breaths, "is so complex as a simple nature."

"Well," Minver contended, "Braybridge is plain, if his case isn't."

"Plain? Is he plain?" Wanhope asked, as if asking himself.

"My dear fellow, you agnostics doubt everything!"

"I should have said, picturesque. Picturesque, with the sort of unbeautifulness that takes the fancy of women more than Greek proportion. I think it would require a girl peculiarly feminine to feel the attraction of such a man — the fascination of his being grizzled, and slovenly, and rugged. She would have to be rather a wild, shy girl to do that, and it would have to be through her fear of him that she would divine his fear of her. But what I have heard is that they met under rather exceptional circumstances. It was at a house in the Adirondacks, where Braybridge was, somewhat in the quality of a bull in a china-shop. He was lugged in by the host, as an old friend, and was suffered by the hostess as a friend quite too old for her. At any rate, as I heard (and I don't vouch for the facts, all of them), Braybridge found himself at odds with the gay young people who made up the hostess's end of the party, and was watching for a chance to—"

Wanhope cast about for the word, and Minver supplied it: "Pull out."

"Yes. But when he had found it Miss Hazelwood took it from him."

"I don't understand," Rulledge said.

"When he came in to breakfast, the third morning, prepared with an excuse for cutting his week down to the dimensions it had reached, he saw her sitting alone at the table. She had risen early as a consequence of having arrived late, the night before; and when Braybridge found himself in for it, he forgot that he meant to go away, and said good morning, as if they knew each other. Their hostess found them talking over the length of the table in a sort of mutual fright, and introduced them. But it's rather difficult reporting a lady verbatim at second hand. I really had the facts from Welkin, who had them from his wife. The sum of her impressions was that Braybridge and Miss Hazelwood were getting a kind of comfort out of their mutual terror because one was as badly frightened as the other. It was a novel experience for both. Ever seen her?"

We others looked at each other. Minver said: "I never wanted to paint any one so much. It was at the spring show of the American Artists. There was a jam of people; but this girl—I've understood it was she—looked as much alone as if there were nobody else there. She might have been a startled doe in the North Woods suddenly coming out on a twenty-thousand-dollar camp, with a lot of twenty-million-dollar people on the veranda."

"And you wanted to do her as The

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Startled Doe," I said. "Good selling name."

"Don't reduce it to the vulgarity of fiction. I admit it would be a selling name."

"Go on, Wanhope," Rulledge puffed impatiently. "Though I don't see how there could be another soul in the universe as constitutionally scared of men as Braybridge is of women."

"In the universe nothing is wasted, I suppose. Everything has its complement, its response. For every bashful man, there must be a bashful woman," Wanhope returned.

"Or a bold one," Minver suggested.

"No; the response must be in kind, to be truly complemental. Through the sense of their reciprocal timidity they divine that they needn't be afraid."

"Oh! *That's* the way you get out of it!"

"Well?" Rulledge urged.

"I'm afraid," Wanhope modestly confessed, "that from this point I shall have to be largely conjectural. Welkin wasn't able to be very definite, except as to moments, and he had his data almost altogether from his wife. Braybridge had told him overnight that he thought of going, and he had said he mustn't think of it; but he supposed Braybridge had spoken of it to Mrs. Welkin, and he began by saying to his wife that he hoped she had refused to hear of Braybridge's going. She said she hadn't heard of it, but now she would refuse without hearing, and she didn't give Braybridge any chance to protest. If people went in the middle of their week, what would become of other people? She was not going to have the equilibrium of her party disturbed, and that was all about it. Welkin thought it was odd that Braybridge didn't insist; and he made a long story of it. But the grain of wheat in his bushel of chaff was that Miss Hazelwood seemed to be fascinated by Braybridge from the first. When Mrs. Welkin scared him into saying that he would stay his week out, the business practically was done. They went picnicking that day in each other's charge; and after Braybridge left he wrote back to her, as Mrs. Welkin knew from the letters that passed through her hands, and— Well, their engagement has come out, and—" Wanhope paused with an air that was at first indefinite, and then definitive.

"You don't mean," Rulledge burst out in a note of deep wrong, "that that's all you know about it?"

"Yes, that's all I know," Wanhope confessed, as if somewhat surprised himself at the fact.

"Well!"

Wanhope tried to offer the only reparation in his power. "I can conjecture— we can all conjecture—"

He hesitated; then, "Well, go on with your conjecture," Rulledge said forgivingly.

"Why—" Wanhope began again; but at that moment a man who had been elected the year before, and then gone off on a long absence, put his head in between the dull-red hangings of the doorway. It was Halson, whom I did not know very well, but liked better than I knew. His eyes were dancing with what seemed the inextinguishable gayety of his temperament, rather than any present occasion, and his smile carried his little mustache well away from his handsome teeth. "Private?"

"Come in, come in!" Minver called to him. "Thought you were in Japan?"

"My dear fellow," Halson answered, "you must brush up your contemporary history. It's more than a fortnight since I was in Japan." He shook hands with me, and I introduced him to Rulledge and Wanhope. He said at once: "Well, what is it? Question of Braybridge's engagement? It's humiliating to a man to come back from the antipodes, and find the nation absorbed in a parochial problem like that. Everybody I've met here to-night has asked me, the first thing, if I'd heard of it, and if I knew how it could have happened."

"And do you?" Rulledge asked.

"I can give a pretty good guess," Halson said, running his merry eyes over our faces.

"Anybody can give a good guess," Rulledge said. "Wanhope is doing it now."

"Don't let me interrupt." Halson turned to him politely.

"Not at all. I'd rather hear your guess. If you know Braybridge better than I," Wanhope said.

"Well," Halson compromised, "perhaps I've known him longer." He asked,

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with an effect of coming to business, "Where were you?"

"Tell him, Rulledge," Minver ordered, and Rulledge apparently asked nothing better. He told him in detail, all we knew from any source, down to the moment of Wanhope's arrested conjecture.

"He did leave you at an anxious point, didn't he?" Halson smiled to the rest of us at Rulledge's expense, and then said: "Well, I think I can help you out a little. Any of you know the lady?"

"By sight, Minver does," Rulledge answered for us. "Wants to paint her."

"Of course," Halson said, with intelligence. "But I doubt if he'd find her as paintable as she looks, at first. She's beautiful, but her charm is spiritual."

"Sometimes we try for that," the painter interposed.

"And sometimes you get it. But you'll allow it's difficult. That's all I meant. I've known her—let me see—for twelve years, at least; ever since I first went West. She was about eleven then, and her father was bringing her up on the ranche. Her aunt came along, by and by, and took her to Europe; mother dead before Hazelwood went out there. But the girl was always homesick for the ranche; she pined for it; and after they had kept her in Germany three or four years they let her come back, and run wild again; wild as a flower does, or a vine—not a domesticated animal."

"Go slow, Halson. This is getting too much for the romantic Rulledge."

"Rulledge can bear up against the facts, I guess, Minver," Halson said, almost austerely. "Her father died two years ago, and then she *had* to come East, for her aunt simply *wouldn't* live on the ranche. She brought her on, here, and brought her out; I was at the coming-out tea; but the girl didn't take to the New York thing at all; I could see it from the start; she wanted to get away from it with me, and talk about the ranche."

"She felt that she was with the only genuine person among those conventional people."

Halson laughed at Minver's thrust, and went on amiably: "I don't suppose that till she met Braybridge she was ever quite at her ease with any man—or woman, for that matter. I imagine, as you've done, that it was his fear of her that gave her courage. She met him on equal terms. Isn't that it?"

Wanhope assented to the question referred to him with a nod.

"And when they got lost from the rest of the party at that picnic—"

"Lost?" Rulledge demanded.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know? But I ought to go back. They said there never was anything prettier than the way she unconsciously went for Braybridge, the whole day. She wanted him, and she was a child who wanted things frankly, when she did want them. Then his being ten or fifteen years older than she was, and so large and simple, made it natural for a shy girl like her to assort herself with him when all the rest were assorting themselves, as people do at such things. The consensus of testimony is that she did it with the most transparent unconsciousness, and—"

"Who are your authorities?" Minver asked; Rulledge threw himself back on the divan, and beat the cushions with impatience.

"Is it essential to give them?"

"Oh, no. I merely wondered. Go on."

"The authorities are all right. She had disappeared with him before the others noticed. It was a thing that happened; there was no design in it; that would have been out of character. They had got to the end of the wood-road, and into the thick of the trees where there wasn't even a trail, and they walked round looking for a way out, till they were turned completely. They decided that the only way was to keep walking, and by and by they heard the sound of chopping. It was some Canucks clearing a piece of the woods, and when she spoke to them in French, they gave them full directions, and Braybridge soon found the path again."

Halson paused, and I said, "But that isn't all?"

"Oh, no." He continued thoughtfully silent for a little while before he resumed. "The amazing thing is that they got lost again, and that when they tried going back to the Canucks, they couldn't find the way."

"Why didn't they follow the sound of the chopping?" I asked.

"The Canucks had stopped, for the

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time being. Besides, Braybridge was rather ashamed, and he thought if they went straight on they would be sure to come out somewhere. But that was where he made a mistake. They couldn't go on straight; they went round and round, and came on their own footsteps—or hers, which he recognized from the narrow tread and the dint of the little heels in the damp places."

Wanhope roused himself with a kindling eye. "That is very interesting, the movement in a circle of people who have lost their way. It has often been observed, but I don't know that it has ever been explained. Sometimes the circle is smaller, sometimes it is larger; but I believe it is always a circle."

"Isn't it," I queried, "like any other error in life? We go round and round, and commit the old sins over again."

"That is very interesting," Wanhope allowed.

"But do lost people really always walk in a vicious circle?" Minver asked.

Rulledge would not let Wanhope answer. "Go on, Halson," he said.

Halson roused himself from the reverie in which he was sitting with glazed eyes. "Well, what made it a little more anxious was that he had heard of bears on that mountain, and the green afternoon light among the trees was perceptibly paling. He suggested shouting, but she wouldn't let him; she said it would be ridiculous, if the others heard them, and useless if they didn't. So they tramped on till—till the accident happened."

"The accident!" Rulledge exclaimed in the voice of our joint emotion.

"He stepped on a loose stone and turned his foot," Halson explained. "It wasn't a sprain, luckily, but it hurt enough. He turned so white that she noticed it, and asked him what was the matter. Of course that shut his mouth the closer, but it morally doubled his motive, and he kept himself from crying out till the sudden pain of the wrench was over. He said merely that he thought he had heard something, and he had—an awful ringing in his ears; but he didn't mean that, and he started on again. The worst was trying to walk without limping, and to talk cheerfully and encouragingly, with that agony tearing at him. But he managed somehow, and he was congratulating himself on his success, when he tumbled down in a dead faint."

"Oh, come, now!" Minver protested.

"It *is* like an old-fashioned story, where things are operated by accident instead of motive, isn't it?" Halson smiled with radiant recognition.

"Fact will always imitate fiction, if you give her time enough," I said.

"Had they got back to the other picnickers?" Rulledge asked with a tense voice.

"In sound, but not in sight of them. She wasn't going to bring him into camp in that state; besides she couldn't. She got some water out of the trout-brook they'd been fishing — more water than trout in it—and sprinkled his face, and he came to, and got on his legs, just in time to pull on to the others, who were organizing a search-party to go after them. From that point on, she dropped Braybridge like a hot coal, and as there was nothing of the flirt in her, she simply kept with the women, the older girls, and the tabbies, and left Braybridge to worry along with the secret of his turned ankle. He doesn't know how he ever got home alive; but he did somehow manage to reach the wagons that had brought them to the edge of the woods, and then he was all right till they got to the house. But still she said nothing about his accident, and he couldn't; and he pleaded an early start for town the next morning, and got off to bed, as soon as he could."

"I shouldn't have thought he could have stirred in the morning," Rulledge employed Halson's pause to say.

"Well, this beaver *had* to," Halson said. "He was not the only early riser. He found Miss Hazelwood at the station before him."

"What!" Rulledge shouted. I confess the fact rather roused me, too; and Wanhope's eyes kindled with a scientific pleasure.

"She came right towards him. 'Mr. Braybridge,' says she, 'I couldn't let you go without explaining my very strange behavior. I didn't choose to have these people laughing at the notion of *my* having played the part of your preserver. It was bad enough being lost with you; I couldn't bring you into ridicule with

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them by the disproportion they'd have felt in my efforts for you after you turned your foot. So I simply had to ignore the incident. Don't you see?' Braybridge glanced at her, and he had never felt so big and bulky before, or seen her so slender and little. He said, 'It *would* have seemed rather absurd,' and he broke out and laughed, while she broke down and cried, and asked him to forgive her, and whether it had hurt him very much; and said she knew he could bear to keep it from the others by the way he had kept it from her till he fainted. She implied that he was morally as well as physically gigantic, and it was as much as he could do to keep from taking her in his arms on the spot."

"It would have been edifying to the groom that had driven her to the station," Minver cynically suggested.

"Groom nothing!" Halson returned with spirit. "She paddled herself across the lake, and walked from the boat-landing to the station."

"Jove!" Rulledge exploded in uncontrollable enthusiasm.

"She turned round as soon as she had got through with her hymn of praise—it made Braybridge feel awfully flat—and ran back through the bushes to the boat-landing, and — that was the last he saw of her till he met her in town this fall."

"And when—and when—did he offer himself?" Rulledge entreated breathlessly. "How—"

"Yes, that's the point, Halson," Minver interposed. "Your story is all very well, as far as it goes; but Rulledge here has been insinuating that it was Miss Hazelwood who made the offer, and he wants you to bear him out."

Rulledge winced at the outrage, but he would not stay Halson's answer even for the sake of righting himself.

"I *have* heard," Minver went on, "that Braybridge insisted on paddling the canoe back to the other shore for her, and that it was on the way that he offered himself." We others stared at Minver in astonishment. Halson glanced covertly toward him with his gay eyes. "Then that wasn't true?"

"How did you hear it?" Halson asked.

"Oh, never mind. Is it true?"

"Well, I know there's that version," Halson said evasively. "The engagement is only just out, as you know. As to the offer—the when and the how—I don't know that I'm exactly at liberty to say."

"I don't see why," Minver urged. "You might stretch a point for Rulledge's sake."

Halson looked down, and then he glanced at Minver after a furtive passage of his eye over Rulledge's intense face. "There was something rather nice happened after— But really, now!"

"Oh, go on!" Minver called out in contempt of his scruple.

"I haven't the right— Well, I suppose I'm on safe ground here? It won't go any farther, of course; and it *was* so pretty! After she had pushed off in her canoe, you know, Braybridge—he'd followed her down to the shore of the lake—found her handkerchief in a bush where it had caught, and he held it up, and called out to her. She looked round and saw it, and called back: 'Never mind. I can't return for it, now.' Then Braybridge plucked up his courage, and asked if he might keep it, and she said 'Yes,' over her shoulder, and then she stopped paddling, and said: 'No, no, you mustn't, you mustn't! You can send it to me.' He asked where, and she said, 'In New York—in the fall—at the Walholland.' Braybridge never knew how he dared, but he shouted after her —she was paddling on again—'May I *bring* it?' and she called over her shoulder again, without fully facing him, but her profile was enough, 'If you can't get any one to bring it for you.' The words barely reached him, but he'd have caught them if they'd been whispered; and he watched her across the lake, and into the bushes, and then broke for his train. He was just in time."

Halson beamed for pleasure upon us, and even Minver said, "Yes, that's rather nice." After a moment he added, "Rulledge thinks she put it there."

"You're too bad, Minver," Halson protested. "The charm of the whole thing was her perfect innocence. She isn't capable of the slightest finesse. I've known her from a child, and I know what I say."

"That innocence of girlhood," Wanhope said, "is very interesting. It's astonishing how much experience it sur-

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vives. Some women carry it into old age with them. It's never been scientifically studied—"

"Yes," Minver allowed. "There would be a fortune for the novelist who could work a type of innocence for all it was worth. Here's Acton always dealing with the most rancid flirtatiousness, and missing the sweetness and beauty of a girlhood which does the cheekiest things without knowing what it's about, and fetches down its game whenever it shuts its eyes and fires at nothing. But I don't see how all this touches the point that Rulledge makes, or decides which finally made the offer."

"Well, hadn't the offer already been made?"

"But how?"

"Oh, in the usual way."

"What is the usual way?"

"I thought everybody knew *that*. Of course, it was *from* Braybridge finally, but I suppose it's always six of one and half a dozen of the other in these cases, isn't it? I dare say he couldn't get any one to take her the handkerchief. My dinner?" Halson looked up at the silent waiter who had stolen upon us and was bowing toward him.

"Look here, Halson," Minver detained him, "how is it none of the rest of us have heard all those details?"

"*I* don't know where you've been, Minver. Everybody knows the main facts," Halson said, escaping.

Wanhope observed musingly: "I suppose he's quite right about the reciprocality of the offer, as we call it. There's probably, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a perfect understanding before there's an explanation. In many cases the offer and the acceptance must really be tacit."

"Yes," I ventured, "and I don't know why we're so severe with women when they seem to take the initiative. It's merely, after all, the call of the maiden bird, and there's nothing lovelier or more endearing in nature than that."

"Maiden bird is good, Acton," Minver approved. "Why don't you institute a class of fiction, where the love-making is all done by the maiden birds, as you call them—or the widow birds? It would be tremendously popular with both sexes. It would lift a tremendous responsibility off the birds who've been expected to shoulder it heretofore if it could be introduced into real life."

Rulledge fetched a long, simple-hearted sigh. "Well, it's a charming story. How well he told it!"

The waiter came again, and this time signalled to Minver.

"Yes," he said, as he rose. "What a pity you can't believe a word Halson says."

"Do you mean—" we began simultaneously.

"That he built the whole thing from the ground up, with the start that we had given him. Why, you poor things! Who could have told him how it all happened? Braybridge? Or the girl? As Wanhope began by saying, people don't speak of their love-making, even when they distinctly remember it."

"Yes, but see here, Minver!" Rulledge said with a dazed look. "If it's all a fake of his, how came *you* to have heard of Braybridge paddling the canoe back for her?"

"That was the fake that tested the fake. When he adopted it, I *knew* he was lying, because I was lying myself. And then the cheapness of the whole thing! I wonder that didn't strike you. It's the stuff that a thousand summer-girl stories have been spun out of. Acton might have thought he was writing it!"

He went away, leaving us to a blank silence, till Wanhope managed to say: "That inventive habit of mind is very curious. It would be interesting to know just how far it imposes on the inventor himself—how much he believes of his own fiction."

"I don't see," Rulledge said gloomily, "why they're so long with my dinner." Then he burst out, "I believe every word Halson said. If there's any fake in the thing, it's the fake that Minver owned to."

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ALL DAY LONG THEY LIE ABOUT THE DECK

The Slave-Trade of To-day

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

PART VI.—THE SLAVES AT SEA

WHEN I was up in the interior, I had always intended to wait a while on the coast, if ever I should reach it again, in order to watch the process of the conversion of slaves into "contracted laborers" according to law. So it was fortunate that, owing to the delays of fevers and carriers, I succeeded in just missing a steamer bound for San Thomé and home. Fortunate, because the temptation to go straight on board would have been very strong, since I was worn with sickness, and within two days of reaching Katumbella I learned that special dangers surrounded me, owing to the discovery of my purpose by the Portuguese traders. As a matter of fact, I might have caught the ship by pushing my carriers on without a pause, but the promptings of conscience, supported by a prospect of the best crocodile-shooting that man can enjoy, induced me to run the risk of assassination and stay.

So I stayed on the coast for nearly three weeks, seeing what I could, hunting crocodiles, and devising schemes for getting my papers home even if I should never reach home myself. One of the first things I saw was a procession of slaves who had just been "redeemed" into "contracted laborers," and were being marched off in the early morning sunlight from Katumbella to Lobito Bay,

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AS THE SLAVE-SHIP LEAVES FOR SAN THOME

there to be embarked for San Thomé on the ship which I had missed.* It so happened that this ship put in at Lobito Bay, which lies only some eight miles north from Katumbella down a waterless spit of sand, as I have before described, and there can be no doubt that this practice will become more and more common as the railway from the new port progresses. Katumbella, united with the bay, will become the main depot for the exportation of slaves and other merchandise, while Benguela, having no natural harbor, will gradually fall to ruin. At present, I suppose, the government Agent for slaves at Benguela, together with the Curador, whose act converts them into contract laborers, comes over for the occasion whenever the slaves are to be shipped from Lobito Bay, just as in England a bishop travels from place to place for Confirmations, as required.

Bemused with a parting dole of rum, bedecked in brilliantly striped jerseys, grotesque caps, and flashy loin-cloths to give them a moment's pleasure, the unhappy throng were escorted to their doom, the tin tickets with their numbers and the tin cylinders with their form of contract glittering round their necks or at their sides. Men and women were about equal in number, and some of the women carried babes lashed to their backs; but there were no older children. The causes which had brought these men and women to their fate were probably as different as the lands from which they came. Some had broken native customs or Portuguese laws, some had been

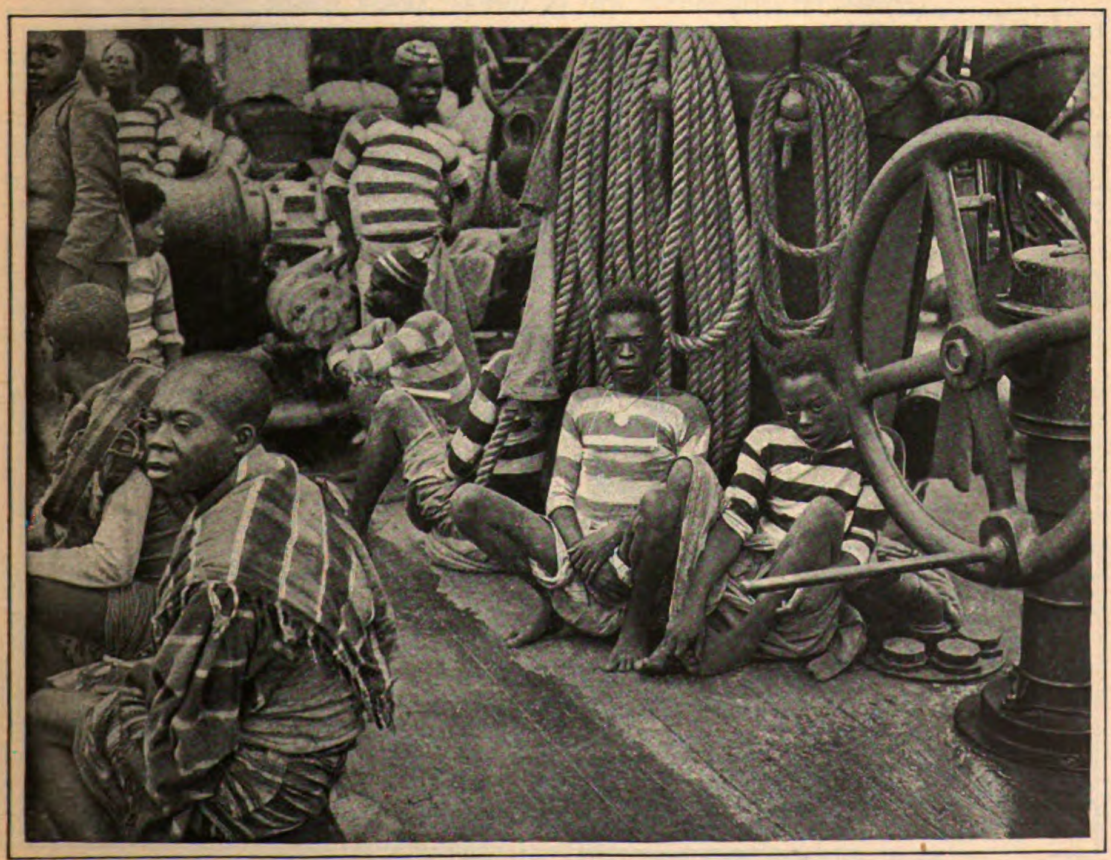
* I find that the latest published Consular Report on San Thomé and Principe (1902) actually repeats the hypocritical fiction about the redemption of slaves. After speaking of the "enormous mortality" on the two islands, the Report continues: "So large a death-rate calls for constant fresh supplies of laborers from Angola, the principal ports from which they are obtained being Benguela, Novo Redondo, and Loanda, where they are ransomed from the black traders who bring them from the far interior." Mr. Consul Nightingale, who wrote the Report, was, of course, perfectly aware of the truth, and no doubt he wrote in irony. But English people do not understand irony — least of all in an official document.

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charged with witchcraft by the medicine-man because a relative died, some could not pay a fine, some were wiping out an ancestral debt, some had been sold by uncles in poverty, some were the indemnity for village wars; some had been raided on the frontier, others had been exchanged for a gun; some had been trapped by Portuguese, others by Bihéan thieves; some were but changing masters, because they were "only good for San Thomé," just as we in London send an old cab-horse to Antwerp. I cannot give their history. I only know that about two hundred of them, muddled with rum and bedecked like clowns, passed along that May morning to a land of doom from which there was no return.

It was the 1st of June when, as I described in my last letter, I met that other procession of slaves on their way from Katumbella to Benguela, in readiness for embarkation in the next ship, which did not happen to stop at Lobito Bay. It was a smaller gang—only forty-three men and women—for it was the result of only one Agent's activity, though, to be sure, he was the leading and most successful Agent in Angola. They marched under escort, but without loads and without chains, though the old custom of chaining them together along that piece of road is still commonly practised—I suppose because the fifteen miles of country through which the road leads, when once the small slave-plantations round Katumbella have been passed, is a thorny desert where a runaway might easily hide, hoping to escape by sea or find cover in the towns. I have myself seen the black soldiers or police searching the bush there for fugitives, and once I found a Portuguese dying of fever among the thorns, to which he had fled from what is roughly called justice.*

* There is a well-known carriers' song with the refrain, "She has crossed Ondumba ya Maria," that being the name of a dry brook on this road from Katumbella to Benguela. It means, "She has gone into slavery to be sold for San Thomé";—"Gone to the devil," or, "Gone to glory," as we say, almost indifferently.



SLAVES ON SHIP, WEARING TIN DISK AND CYLINDER

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By the time I saw that second procession I was myself living in Benguela, and was able to follow the slave's progress almost point by point, in spite of the uncomfortable suspicion with which I was naturally regarded. Writing of the town before, I mentioned the large courtyards with which nearly every house is surrounded—memorials of the old days when this was the central depot for the slave-trade with Brazil. In most cases these courtyards are now used as resting-places for the free carriers who have brought products from the interior and are waiting till the loads of cloth and rum are ready for the return journey. But the trading-houses that go in for business in serviçaes still put the courtyards to their old purpose, and confine the slaves there till it is time to get them on board.

A day or two before the steamer is due to depart a kind of ripple seems to pass over the stagnant town. Officials stir, clerks begin to crawl about with pens, the long low building called the Tribunal opens a door or two, a window or two, and looks quite busy. Then, early one morning, the Curador arrives and takes his seat in the long low room as representing the beneficent government of Portugal. Into his presence the slaves are herded in gangs by the official Agent. They are ranged up, and in accordance with the Decree of January 29, 1903, they are asked whether they go willingly as laborers to San Thomé. No attention of any kind is paid to their answer. In most cases no answer is given. Not the slightest notice would be taken of a refusal. The legal contract for five years' labor on the island of San Thomé or Principe is then drawn out, and, also in accordance with the Decree, each slave receives a tin disk with his number, the initials of the Agent who secured him, and in some cases, though not usually at Benguela, the name of the island to which he is destined. He also receives in a tin cylinder a copy of his register, containing the year of contract, his num-



THERE IS NOTHING TO DO, AND HARDLY ANY ONE SPEAKS

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THE WOMEN HARDLY STIRRED AS WE APPROACHED SAN THOME

ber and name, his birthplace, his chief's name, the Agent's name, and "observations," of which last I have never seen any. Exactly the same ritual is observed for the women as for the men. The disks are hung round their necks, the cylinders are slung at their sides, and the natives, believing them to be some kind of fetish or "white man's Ju-ju," are rather pleased. All are then ranged up and marched out again, either to the compounds, where they are shut in, or straight to the pier where the lighters, which are to take them to the ship, lie tossing upon the waves.

The climax of the farce has now been reached. The deed of pitiless hypocrisy has been consummated. The requirements of legalized slavery have been satisfied. The government has "redeemed" the slaves which its own Agents have so diligently and so profitably collected. They went into the Tribunal as slaves, they have come out as "contracted laborers." No one in heaven or on earth can see the smallest difference, but by the change of name Portugal stifles the enfeebled protests of nations like the English, and by the excuse of law she smooths her conscience and whitens over one of the blackest crimes which even Africa can show.

Before I follow the slaves on board, I must raise one uncertain point about the Agents. I am not quite sure on what principle they are paid. According to the Decree of 1903, they are appointed by the local committee in San Thomé, consisting of four officials and three planters, chosen by the central government Committee of Emigration in Lisbon. The local committee has to fix the payment due to each Agent, and of course the payment is ultimately made by the planters, who requisition the local committee for as many slaves as they require, and pay in proportion to the number they receive. Now a planter in San Thomé gives from £26 to £30 for a slave delivered on his plantation in good condition. The Agent at Benguela will give £16 for any healthy man or woman brought to him, but he rarely goes up

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to £20. From this considerable profit balance of £10 to £14 per head there are, it is true, certain deductions to be made. By the Decree, each Agent has to pay the government £100 deposit before he sets up in the slave-dealing business, and most probably he recoups himself out of the profits. For his license he has to pay the government two shillings a slave (with a minimum payment of £10 a year). Also to the government he pays £1 per slave in stamp duty, and six shillings on the completion of each contract. He has further to pay a tax of six shillings per slave to the port of landing, and from the balance of profit we must also deduct the slave's fare on the steamer from Benguela to San Thomé. This, I believe, is £2—a sum which goes to enrich the happy shareholders in the "Empreza Nacional," who last year (1904) received 22 per cent. on their money as profit from the slave-ships. Then the captain of the steamer gets four shillings and the doctor two shillings for every slave landed alive, and, as an average, only four slaves per hundred die on the voyage, which takes about eight days. There are probably other deductions to be made. The Curador will get something for his important functions. There are stories that the commandants of certain forts still demand blackmail from the processions of slaves as they go by. I was definitely told that the commandant of a fort very near to Benguela always receives ten shillings a head, but I cannot say if that is true.

In any case, at the very lowest, there is £4 to be deducted for fare, taxes, etc., from the apparent balance of £10 to £14 per slave. But even then the profit on each man or woman sold is considerable, and the point that I am uncertain about is whether the Agent at Benguela and his deputies in Novo Redondo and Bihé pocket all the profit they can possibly make, or are paid a fixed proportion of the average profits by the local committee at San Thomé. The latter would be in accordance with the Decree; the other way more in accordance with Portuguese methods.

Unhappily I was not able to witness the embarkation of the slaves myself, as I had been poisoned the night before and was suffering all day from violent pain and frequent collapse, accompanied by extreme cold in the limbs.* So that when, late in the evening, I crawled on board at last, I found the slaves already in their place on the ship. We were taking only 150 of them from Benguela, but we gathered up other batches as we went along, so that finally we reached a lucrative cargo of 272 (not counting babies), and as only two of them died in the week, we landed 270 safely on the islands. This was perhaps rather a larger number than usual, for the steamers, which play the part of mail-boats and slave-ships both, go twice a month, and the number of slaves exported by them yearly has lately averaged a little under 4000, though the numbers are increasing, as I showed in my last letter.

The slaves are, of course, kept in the fore part of the ship. All day long they lie about the lower deck, among the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, monkeys, and other live stock; or they climb up to the fo'c's'le deck in hopes of getting a little breeze, and it is there that the mothers chiefly lie beside their tiny babies. There is nothing to do. Hardly any one speaks, and over the faces of nearly all broods the look of dumb bewilderment that one sees in cattle crowded into trucks for the slaughter-market. Twice a day rations of mealy pap or brown beans are issued in big pots. Each pot is supplied with ten wooden spoons and holds the food for ten slaves, who have to get as much of it as each can manage. The first-class passengers, leaning against the rail of the upper deck, look down upon the scene with interest and amusement. To them those slaves represent the secret of Portugal's greatness—such greatness as Portugal has.

At sunset they are herded into a hold, the majority going down the hatchway stairs on their hands and knees. There they spread their sleeping-mats, and the hatch is shut down upon them till the following morning. By the virtuous Decree of 1903, which regulates the transport, "the emigrants [*i. e.*, the slaves] shall be separated according to sex into completely isolated compartments, and may not sleep on deck, nor resume conjugal relations

* See note on page 246.

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LINED UP ON THE PIER AT SAN THOME

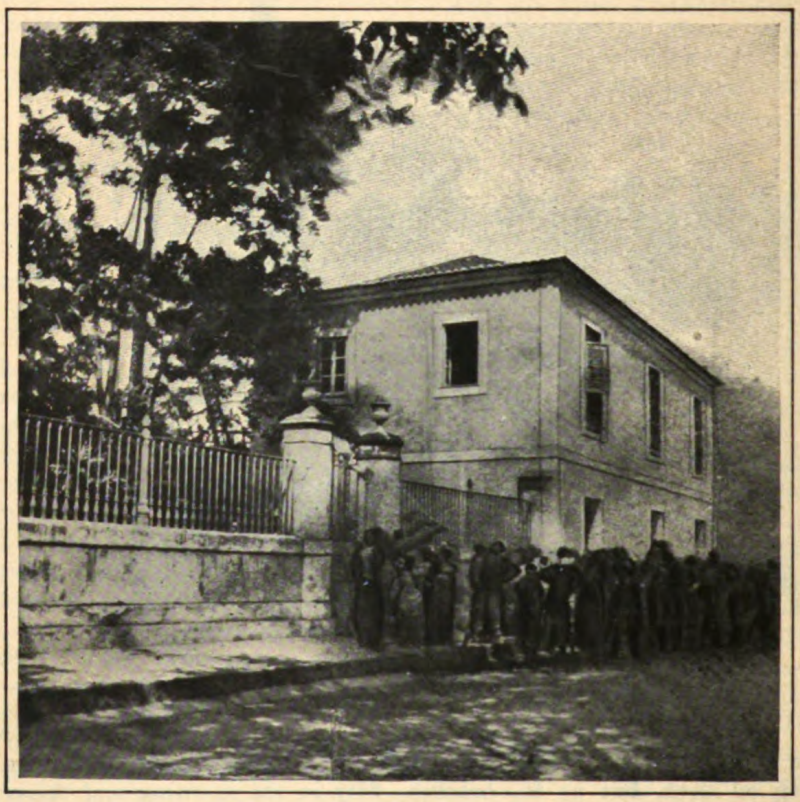
before leaving the ship." Certainly the slaves do not sleep on deck, but as to the other clauses I have seen no attempt to carry out the regulations, except such measures as the slaves take themselves by dividing the hold between men and women. It may seem strange, but all my observation has shown me that, in spite of nakedness and the absence of shame in most natural affairs of existence, the natives are far more particular about the really important matters of sex than civilized people are; just as most animals are far more particular, and for the same reasons. I mean that for them the difference of sex is mainly a matter of livelihood and child-getting, not of casual debauchery.

Even a coast trader said to me one evening, as we were looking down into the hold where the slaves were arranging their mats, "What a different thing if they were white people!"

The day after leaving Benguela we stopped off Novo Redondo to take on more cargo. The slaves came off in two batches—fifty in the morning and thirty more towards sunset. There was a bit of a sea on that day, and the tossing of the lighter had made most of the slaves very sick. Things became worse when the lighter lay rising and falling with the waves at the foot of the gangway, and the slaves had to be dragged up to the platform one by one like sacks, and set to climb the ladder as best they could. I remember especially one poor woman who held in her arms a baby only two or three days old. Quickly as native women recover from childbirth, she had hardly recovered, and was very seasick besides. In trying to reach the platform, she kept on missing the rise of the wave, and was flung violently back again into the lighter. At last the men managed to haul her up and set her on the foot of the ladder, striking her sharply to make her mount. Tightening the cloth that held the baby to her back, and gathering up her dripping blanket over

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one arm, she began the ascent on all fours. Almost at once her knees caught in the blanket and she fell flat against the sloping stairs. In that position she wriggled up them like a snake, clutching at each stair with her arms above her head. At last she reached the top, bruised and bleeding, soaked with water, her blanket lost, most of her gaudy clothing torn off or hanging in strips. On her back the little baby, still crumpled and almost pink, squeaked feebly like a blind kitten. But swinging it round to her breast, the woman walked modestly and without complaint to her place in the row with the others.



SLAVES ENTERING THE CURADOR'S OFFICE AT SAN THOME

I have heard many terrible sounds, but never anything so hellish as the outbursts of laughter with which the ladies and gentlemen of the first class watched that slave woman's struggle up to the deck.

When all the slaves were on board at last, a steward or one of the ship's officers mustered them in a row, and the ship's doctor went down the line to perform the medical examination, in accordance with Chapter VI. of the Decree, enacting that no diseased or infectious person shall be accepted. It is entirely to the doctor's interest to foster the health of the slaves, for, as I have already mentioned, every death loses him two shillings. As a rule, as I have said, he loses four per cent. of his cargo, or two dollars out of every possible fifty. On this particular voyage, however, he was more fortunate, for only two slaves out of the whole number died during the week, and were thrown overboard during the first-class breakfast-hour, so that the feelings of the passengers might not be harrowed.

Next day after leaving Novo Redondo we reached Loanda and increased our cargo by forty-two men and women, all tricked out in the most amazing tartan plaids—the tartans of Israel in the Highlands. This made up our total number of 272, not reckoning babies, which, unhappily, I did not count. Probably there were about fifty. I think neither the captain nor the doctor receives any percentage for landing babies alive, but, of course, if they live to grow up on the plantations, which is very seldom, they become even more valuable than the imported adults, and the planter gets them gratis.

Early next morning, when we were

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anchored off Ambriz, a commotion suddenly arose on board, and the rumor ran that one of the slaves had jumped into the sea from the bow. Soon we could see his black head as he swam clear of the ship and struck out southwards, apparently trusting to the current to bear him towards the coast. For he was a native of a village near Ambriz and knew what he was about. It was yearning at the sight of his own land that made him run the risk. The sea was full of sharks, and I could only hope that they might devour him before man could seize him again. Already a boat had been hastily dropped into the water and was in pursuit, manned by two black men and a white. They rowed fast over the oily water, and the swimmer struggled on in vain. The chase lasted barely ten minutes and they were upon him. Leaning over the side of the boat, they battered him with oars and sticks till he was quiet. Then they dragged him into the boat, laid him along the bottom, and stretched a piece of old sail over his nakedness, that the ladies might not be shocked. He was brought to the gangway and dragged, dripping and trembling, up the stairs. The doctor and the government Agent, who accompanies each ship-load of slaves, took him down into the hold, and there he was chained up to a post or staple so that he might cause no trouble again. "Flog him! Flog him! A good flogging!" cried the passengers. "Boa chicote!" I have not the slightest doubt he was flogged without mercy, but if so, it was kept secret—an unnecessary waste of pleasure, for the passengers would thoroughly have enjoyed both the sight and sound of the lashing. The comfortable and educated classes in all nations appear not to have altered in the least since the days when the comfortable and educated classes of Paris used to arrange promenades to see the Communards shot in batches against a wall. They may whine and blubber over imaginary sufferings in novels and plays, but touch their comfort, touch their property—they are rattlesnakes then!

We stopped at Cabinda in the Portuguese territory north of the Congo, and at one or two other trading-places on the coast, and then we put out northwest for the islands. On the eighth day after leaving Benguela we came in sight of San Thomé. Over it the sky was a broken gray of drifting rain-clouds. Only now and again we could see the high peaks of the mountains, which run up to 7000 feet. The valleys at their base were shrouded in the pale and drizzling mists which hang about them almost continually. Here and there a rounded hill, indigo with forest, rose from the mists and showed us the white house of some plantation and the little cluster of outbuildings and huts where the slaves were to find their new home. Then, as on an enchanted island, the ghostly fog stole over it again, and in another quarter some fresh hill, indigo with forest, stood revealed.

The whole place smoked and steamed like a gigantic hothouse. In fact, it is a gigantic hothouse. As nearly as possible, it stands upon the equator, the actual line passing through the volcanic rocks of its southern extremity. And even in the dry season from April to October it is perpetually soaked with moisture. The wet mist hardly ceases to hang among the hills and forest trees. The thick growth of the tropics covers the mountains almost to their summits, and every leaf of verdure drips with warm dew.

The slaves on deck regarded the scene with almost complete apathy. Some of the men leaned against the bulwark and silently watched the points of the island as we passed. The women hardly stirred from their places. They were occupied with their babies as usual, or lay about in the unbroken wretchedness of despair. Two girls of about fifteen or sixteen, evidently sisters, whom I had before noticed for a certain pathetic beauty, now sat huddled together hand in hand, quietly crying. They were just the kind of girls that the planters select for their concubines, and I have little doubt they are the concubines of planters now. But they cried because they feared they would be separated when they came to land.

In the confusion of casting anchor I stood by them unobserved, and in a low voice asked them a few questions in Umbundu, which I had crammed up for the purpose. The answers

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were brief, in sobbing whispers; sometimes by gestures only. The conversation ran like this:

"Why are you here?"
"We were sold to the white men."
"Did you come of your own free will?"
"Of course not."
"Where did you come from?"
"From Bihé."
"Are you slaves or not?"
"Of course we are slaves!"
"Would you like to go back?"

The delicate little brown hands were stretched out, palm downwards, and the crying began afresh.

That night the slaves were left on board, but next morning (June 17) when I went down to the pier about nine o'clock I found them being landed in two great lighters. One by one the men and women were dragged up on to the pier by their arms and loin-cloths and dumped down like bales of goods. There they sat in four lines till all were ready, and then, carrying their mats and babies, they were marched off in file to the Curador's house in the town beside the bay. Here they were driven through large iron gates into a courtyard and divided up into gangs according to the names of the planters who had requisitioned for them. When the parties were complete, they were put under the charge of gangers belonging to various plantations, and so they set out on foot upon the last stage of their journey. When they reached their plantation (which would usually be on the same day or the next, for the island is only thirty-five miles long by fifteen broad), they would be given a day or two for rest, and then the daily round of labor would begin. For them there are no more journeyings, till that last short passage when their dead bodies are lashed to poles and carried out to be flung away in the forest.

NOTE.—I have no direct evidence that the poison was given me intentionally, but the "cumulative" evidence is rather strong. While still in the interior I had been warned that the big slave-dealers had somehow got to know of my purpose and were plotting against me. On the coast the warnings increased, till my life became almost as ludicrous as a melodrama, and I was obliged to "live each day as 'twere my last"—an unpleasant and unprofitable mode of living. One man would drop hints, another would give instances of Portuguese treachery. I was often told the fate of a poor Portuguese trader, named De Silva, who objected to slavery and was going to Lisbon to expose the system, but after his first meal on board was found dead in his cabin. People in the street whispered of my fate. A restaurant-keeper at Benguela told an English fellow passenger on my ship that he had better not be seen with me, for I was in great danger. My boy, who had followed me right through from the Gold Coast with the fidelity of a homeless dog, kept bringing me rumors of murder that he heard among the natives. Two nights before the ship sailed I was at a dinner given by the engineers of the new railway, and into my overcoat pocket some one, whom I wish publicly to thank, tucked a scrap of paper with the words, "You are in great peril," written in French. If there was a plot to set upon me in the empty streets that night, it was prevented by an Englishman who volunteered to go back with me, though I had not told him of any danger. Next night I was poisoned. Owing to the frequent warnings, I was ready with antidotes, but I think I should not have reached the ship alive next day without the courageous and devoted help of a South-African prospector who had been shut up with me in Ladysmith. The Dutch trader with whom I was staying was himself far above suspicion, but I shall not forget his indignant excitement when he saw what had happened. Evidently it was what he had feared, though I only told him I must have eaten something unwholesome. The tiresome sense of apprehension lasted during my voyage to the islands, and I was obliged to keep a dyspeptic watch upon the food. But I do not wish to make much of these little personal matters. To American and English people in their security they naturally seem absurd, and as a proof how common the art of poisoning still is in Portuguese possessions I will only mention that I have met a Portuguese trader in San Thomé who carries about in his waistcoat a little packet of pounded glass which he detected one evening in his soup, and that on the Portuguese ship which finally took me from San Thomé to Lisbon a Portuguese official died the day we started, from an illness due to his belief that he was being poisoned, and that during the voyage a poor Belgian from the interior gradually faded away under the same belief, and was carried out at Lisbon in a dying condition. Of course both may have been mad, but even madness does not take that form without something to suggest it.

H. W. N.

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The Telling of a Dream

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I

THE other night I had a dream most clear
And comforting, complete
In every line, a crystal sphere,
And full of intimate and secret cheer.
Therefore I will repeat
That vision, dearest heart, to you
As of a thing not feigned, but very true,
Yes, true as ever in my life befell;
And you, perhaps, can tell
Whether my dream was really sad or sweet.

II

The shadows flecked the elm-embowered street
I knew so well, long, long ago;
And on the pillared porch where Marguérite
Had sat with me, the moonlight lay like snow.
But she, my comrade and my friend of youth,
Most gaily wise,
Most innocently loved,
She of the blue-gray eyes
That ever smiled and ever spoke the truth,
From that familiar dwelling, where she moved
Like mirth incarnate in the years before,
Had gone into the hidden house of Death.
I thought the garden wore
White mourning for her blessed innocence,
And the syringa's breath
Came from the corner by the fence,
Where she had made her rustic seat,
With fragrance passionate, intense,
As if it breathed a sigh for Marguérite.
My heart was heavy with a sense
Of something good forever gone. I sought
Vainly for some consoling thought,
Some comfortable word that I could say
To the sad father, whom I visited again
For the first time since she had gone away.

ERNEST HASKELL

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The bell rang shrill and lonely,—then
The door was opened, and I sent my name
To him,—but ah! 'twas Marguérite who came!

There in the dear old dusky room she stood
Beneath the lamp, just as she used to stand,
In tender mocking mood.
"You did not ask for me," she said,
"And so I will not let you take my hand;
"But I must hear what secret talk you planned
"With father. Come, my friend, be good,
"And tell me your affairs of state:
"Why you have stayed away and made me wait
"So long. Sit down beside me here,—
"And, do you know, it seems a year
"Since we have talked together,—why so late?"

Amazed, incredulous, confused with joy
I hardly dared to show,
And stammering like a boy,
I took the place she showed me at her side;
And then the talk flowed on with brimming tide
Through the still night,
While she with influence light
Controlled it, as the moon the flood.
She knew where I had been, what I had done,
What work was planned for, what begun;
My troubles, failures, fears she understood,
And touched them with a heart so kind,
That every care was melted from my mind,
And every hope grew bright,
And life seemed moving on to happy ends.
(Ah, what self-beggared fool was he
That said a woman cannot be
The very best of friends?)
Then there were memories of old times,
Recalled with many a gentle jest;
At last she brought the book of rhymes
We made together, trying to translate
The Songs of Heine (hers were always best).
"Now come," she said,
"To-night we will collaborate
"Again; I'll put you to the test.
"Here's one I never found the way to do,—
"The simplest are the hardest ones you know:

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"I give this song to you."
And then she read:
Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,
Zwei Kinder, jung und froh.
But all the while one silent question stirred
Within me, though I dared not speak the word:
"Is it herself, and is she truly here,
"And was I dreaming when I heard
"That she was dead last year?
"Or was it true, and is she but a shade
"Who brings a fleeting joy to eye and ear,
"Cold though so kind, and will she gently fade
"When her sweet ghostly part is played
"And the curtain falls at dawn of day?"
But while my heart was troubled by this fear
So deeply that I would not speak it out
Lest all my happiness should disappear,
I thought me of a cunning way
To hide the question and dissolve the doubt.
"Will you not give me now your hand,
"Dear Marguérite," I asked, "to touch and hold,
"That by this token I may understand
"You are the same true friend you were of old?"
She answered with a smile so bright and calm
It seemed as if I saw new stars arise
In the deep heaven of her eyes;
And smiling so, she laid her palm
In mine. Dear God, it was not cold
But warm with vital heat,—
"You live!" I cried, "you live, dear Marguérite!"
Then I awoke; but strangely comforted,
Although I knew again that she was dead.

III

Yes, there's the dream! And was it sweet or sad?
Dear mistress of my waking and my sleep,
Present reward of all my heart's desire,
Watching with me beside the winter fire,
Interpret now this vision that I had.
But while you read the meaning, let me keep
The touch of you: for the Old Year with storm
Is passing through the midnight, and doth shake
The corners of the house,—and oh! my heart would break
Unless both dreaming and awake,
My hand could feel your hand was warm, warm, warm!

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De Profundis

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

AT ten o'clock that particular evening Marcus Floyd entered the operating-room of the Cape Cod station of the International Wireless Company. Gray, whom he was to relieve, came forward to meet him.

"It's thickening up outside," remarked young Floyd, as he divested himself of his top-coat, upon which the condensed moisture from the sea fog lay in glistening globules. Gray, never a talkative man, grunted and went out, closing the door noisily behind him. Mark threw his cap into a corner, glanced at the Marconi communication-chart hanging on the wall, and tightened up a wobbly binding-nut on the automatic receiver. Then he filled his pipe and drew a chair close to the stove. His trick would last until six o'clock in the morning, and it is not pleasant to sit around in damp boots. Yet, come to think of it, why should he be exercised over so trifling a matter as wet feet? This was Saturday, the 10th of September, and it was just four weeks ago that Lorna Gaydon had gone out of his life forever; it seemed incredible that he should be thinking now of anything less important. "I must be getting over it," he concluded, grimly.

It had been a foolish misunderstanding, so utterly trivial in its nature that for the life of him Mark could not remember its initial point of departure. Yet neither would yield, and the gap had quickly widened; four days later Miss Gaydon had sailed for Europe, and a steamer letter brought him back the ring and a cold word of farewell. Two weeks later he noted the names of her party among the arrivals at a London hotel, and that was all.

In the briefest possible words: Marcus Floyd, bachelor, aged four-and-twenty, and a two-year-old graduate in electrical engineering. Upon the completion of his course, Mr. James Coldwell, maternal uncle and president of the International Wireless, had offered young Floyd a place in the operating department of the company.

"It's one thing to graduate at the head of a college class," remarked Mr. Coldwell, thoughtfully, "and they tell me down at Princeton that you're clever. But this is business; will you begin again at the bottom?"

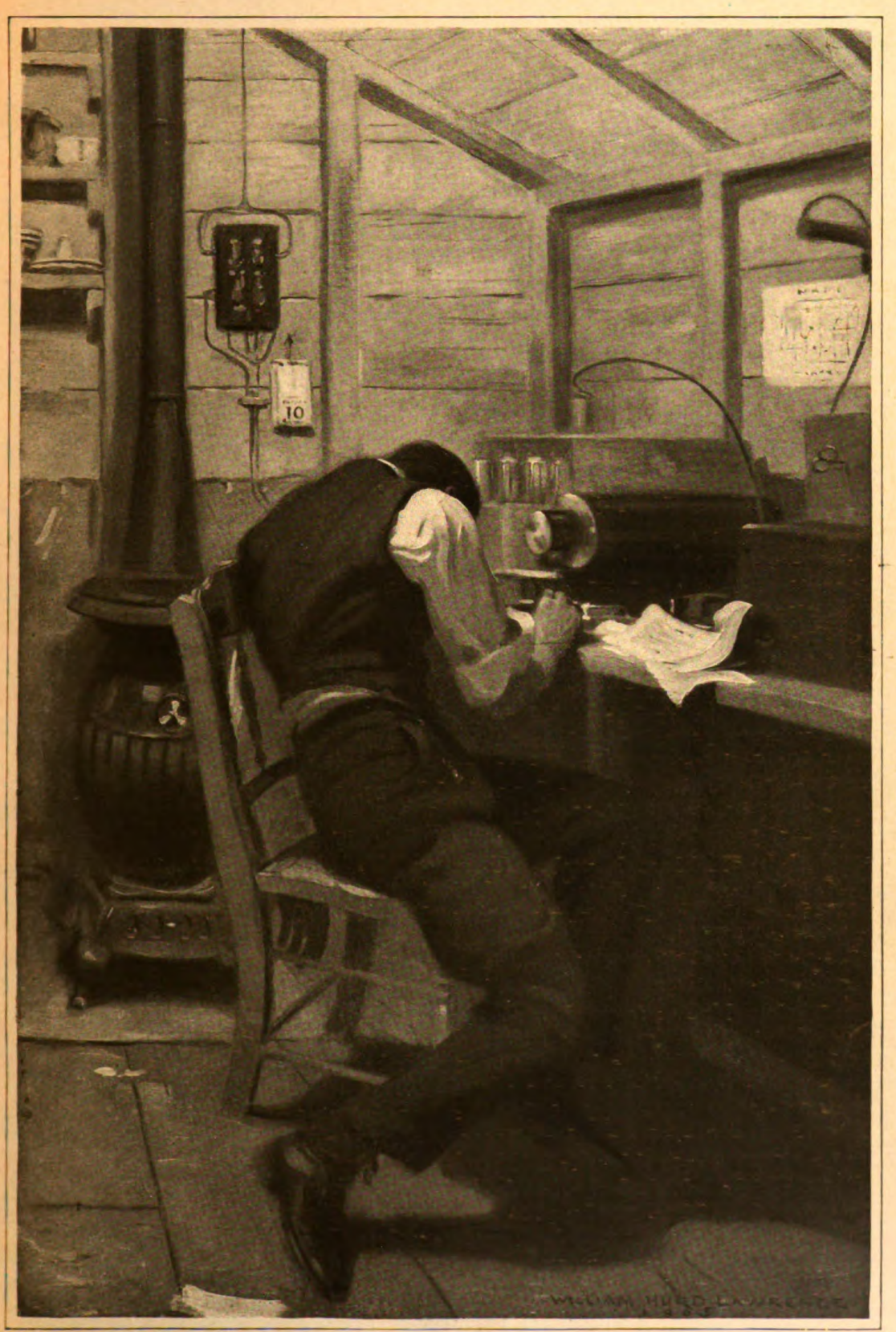
"Try me," Mark had answered, confidently. Now, at the end of his two years' apprenticeship he had gained sufficient practical experience to qualify as an operator, and this was his first month of really responsible duty. Uncle James, keeping a watchful eye on his nephew's progress, was well pleased, but took care not to say so openly.

"He is clever, right enough," decided this Spartan relative, "and I think that he has the stuff in him. If he has, it 'll show for itself; we'll wait and see." A very businesslike man was Marcus Floyd's Uncle James.

But there are some things outside of business and even beyond it—for instance, Miss Lorna Gaydon. A man must have always some object to work for, and in the youthful imagination the ideal is almost invariably personified. Success is a beautiful flower, and the young man desires ardently to gather it. But not for himself; it is only the stage hero who may actually venture to wear garlands. The real man seeks his bays in order that he may lay them at the feet of some divinity whose loveliness they shall fittingly adorn. This is the normal and healthy incentive to masculine effort, and Mark Floyd had drawn his inspiration from the approved fount. It had been Lorna, always and eternally Lorna. And now the goddess had deserted his shrine; what did anything matter after that? To work along without an object, the *one* object—the proposition was virtually unthinkable.

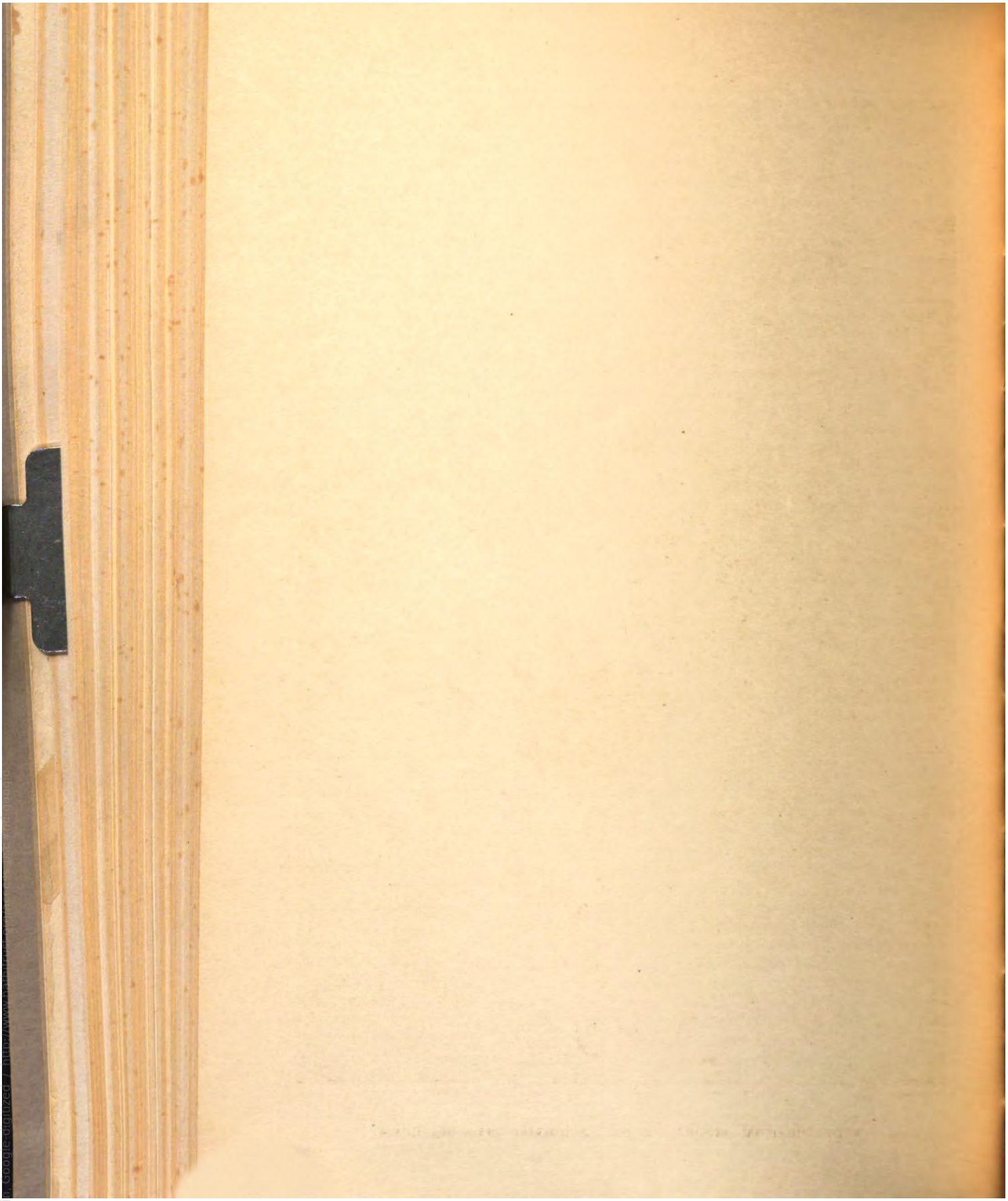
The clock struck eleven, and almost

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WITH THE FINAL EFFORT, HE PULLED HIMSELF INTO HIS CHAIR

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simultaneously the young man's trained ear told him that the instruments were at work; some one was trying to communicate with his station. He glanced at the tape, but the signals were too faint and irregular for reproduction by the automatic apparatus. "Long distance," said Mark to himself, and picked up the telephone receiver. He listened intently to the slight clicking of the diaphragm and recognized the distress call of the universal code; several times it was repeated, and then a message began; by dint of guesswork he managed to get the gist of the communication. Written out, it read as follows:

"S. S. *Sirius*—four days out—Liverpool to New York. Port engine wrecked —explosion low-pressure cylinder and ship's hull badly damaged. Water gaining—heavy sea running—small boats—impossible— May keep afloat — daybreak—" Here the message terminated abruptly.

Mark reached for the maritime register and looked up the call letters of the *Sirius*, Black Ball liner. They were E S S. He began sending with the coil, and a vicious spark leaped crackling across the gap as he pressed the key. E S S again and yet again; at last he got the response.

"This is Cape Cod," rapped out Mark. "Where are you?"

"Mid-Atlantic. Unable to get sights for two days, but probably to south of west-bound lane. Water close to fireboxes. Heavy sea running and pitch dark. It has just struck three bells."

Mark wiped his damp brow and considered. "She must be close to longitude 41°," he decided, "and possibly as low in latitude as 39° 50′." He picked up the entry sheet, turned over to him by Gray, and studied it attentively. Three ships had been spoken during the early part of the night—the United States cruiser *Springfield*, the Bennett liner *Navajo*, and the *King Harold*, Lord Esmond's yacht, coming over for the *America's* cup races. Of course the *King Harold* was the only boat within possible striking distance of the *Sirius*.

Floyd sent out the *King Harold's* code signal several times without getting any response; then he picked up the *Sirius* and told her operator what he was trying to do. "You might call *King Harold* yourself," he said. "Her signal in the international code is A E A."

There was silence for perhaps ten minutes, and then Floyd's receiver spoke again.

"Can't get *King Harold*," reported the *Sirius* man. "Captain Ward desires to send this message to his agents. Will you take it?"

A brief official statement of the accident to the *Sirius* followed, and Mark transcribed it with painstaking care. It was like taking down the last words of a dying man, and his hand trembled as it raced over the writing-pad. "Anything more?" he asked, and in reply the *Sirius* operator announced that he had a batch of private messages to forward.

"If I can only keep my nerve," went on the man; suddenly his sending had become weak and shaky as of one suddenly stricken with a great fear.

"Steady, old chap," returned Floyd. "You're still to the good, and I may pick up *King Harold* any time. She can't be more than fifty miles east or west of you—probably nearer. But just one moment—"

Mark pushed back his chair and went to the door; the atmosphere in the little room had become close and choky and he must have air. He flung the door wide open and looked out; the fog jumped at him as though it had been some gray, misshapen monster waiting for its prey; misty tentacles of vapor crept across the threshold and coiled themselves about his feet. But he breathed again, and the thumping at his temples had sensibly lessened.

For perhaps half a minute Mark Floyd stood gazing steadfastly into the night. Somewhere behind that thick curtain of darkness a dead ship lay rolling upon the lampless waste of sea, and men and women were awaiting the moment of their last agony. Out of that infinite vastness one feeble voice had called and his ear had heard. Yes, and had understood; beyond that there was nothing save the consciousness of his own helplessness; the need was bitter and he had only words, words to offer. How slender was the thread uniting these doomed men with the living world; yet a little while and it must snap, and then there would

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be silence again—a silence that would remain unbroken. In an hour perhaps or even sooner; the sting of the thought sent him back quickly to the operating-table. "*Sirius,*" he called, and sat shaking in his chair while he awaited the reply; then it came.

"Are you ready?" asked the steamer's operator, and Floyd answered, yes.

There were perhaps a couple of dozen messages, and all were brief and characterized by a remarkable restraint of feeling; most of them had to do with purely business interests, and Mark found himself setting down the words as unemotionally as though they were nothing more than the commonplaces of the daily routine. A great despair mercifully numbs, and Mark felt his own spirit sinking in mysterious sympathy to that lower key. "*Morituri te salutamus,*" he murmured, under his breath. When he had finished he looked at the clock and saw that it was on the stroke of four. "Is there any change?" he asked.

"Day is breaking," came the answer, "but the sea is still high, and there is nothing in sight. The small boats have all disappeared, and the ship seems to be settling steadily. With the putting out of the fires the dynamos will stop, of course, and communication must cease. Go on talking as long as possible—if you don't mind."

"In a moment—after I have tried for *King Harold* again," returned Mark. He began sending out the latter's signal—A E A—in monotonous iteration, and as he did so he picked up his entry-pad to run over the messages that he had taken down. Incredible as it may seem, it was only then that he realized that one of them bore his own name and address; he read the half-dozen words it contained:

"I was coming back to you." The signature was "L. G."

Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, and the assurance brought with it a distinct sense of relief. Long afterwards when he recalled this trivial incident its apparent irrationality puzzled him mightily, until he reflected that Nature always seeks the nearest and handiest safety-valve at a moment of emotional overcharge. He had been bothering about the discomfort of wet feet, and the slight reaction was sufficient to balance the immediate effect of the greater shock; he straightened up to find himself in full and cool possession of every faculty. "*Sirius,*" he called, and, "Here," came the answer.

"I want to speak to Miss Gaydon, one of your first-cabin passengers. The message she sent was addressed to me, Mark Floyd." He spelled the name out carefully. "Have you got that? Please repeat."

"F-l-o-y-d. Right. I remember meeting you once at the International New York office. My name is Wood. I have sent for Miss Gaydon to come to the operating-room."

While he was waiting Mark tried again for the *King Harold*—A E A, A E A, A E A. Presently Wood broke in.

"Miss Gaydon is here," he announced. "What am I to tell her?"

Mark stopped for an instant to consider; what one word should he choose of the myriad that crowded to his lips. "She knows who it is?" he began.

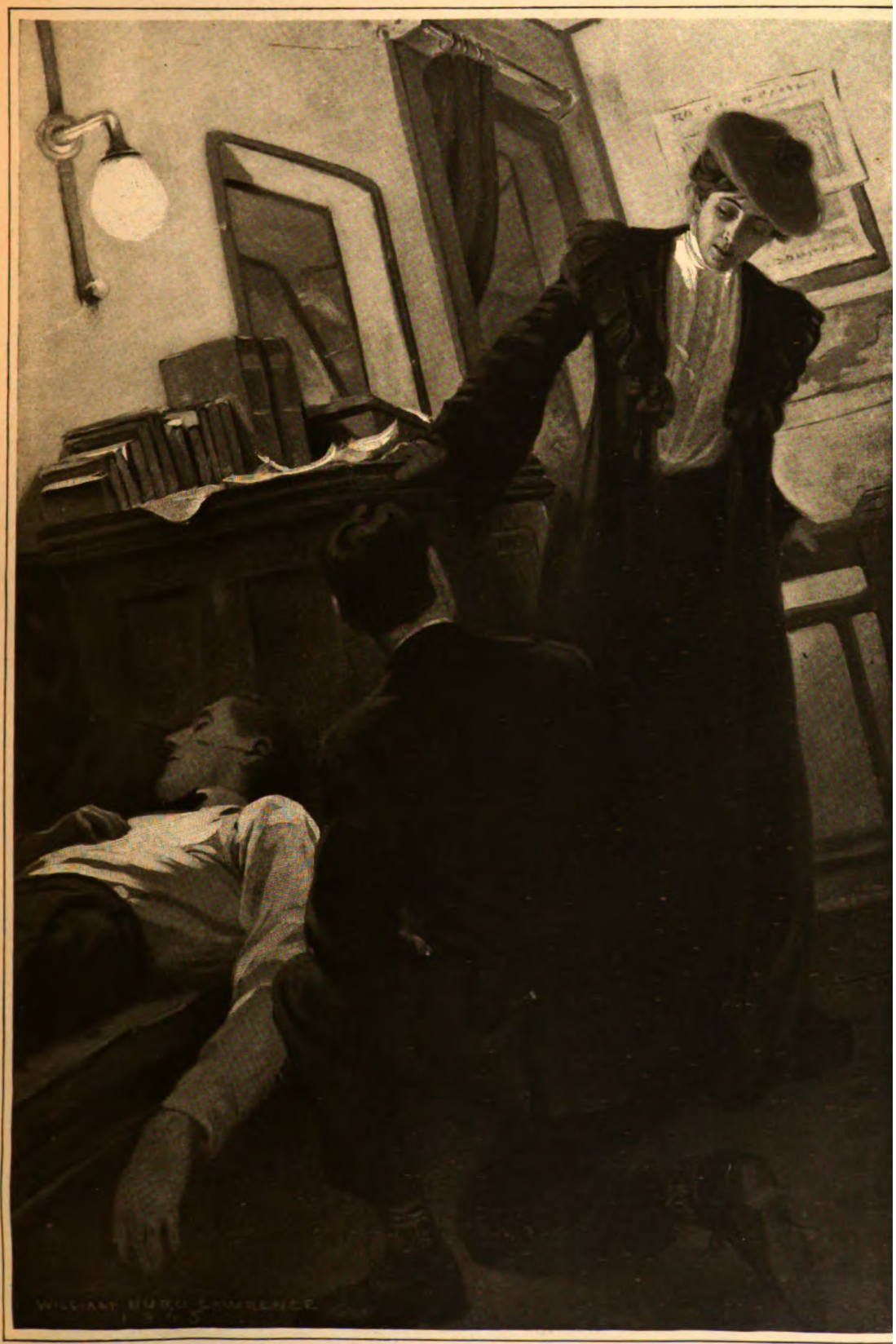
"Yes, she knows, and—" here the message broke off abruptly.

Mark sounded the *Sirius* call once, twice, thrice; then he realized that communication had ceased entirely. There was but one explanation: the water must have reached the fires, and the dynamos supplying electric power to the Marconi instruments had stopped working. But there was still the *King Harold.*

A E A, A E A—mechanically he kept pounding out the call on the sending-key; an unreasoning fear that his own electrical power might fail obsessed him. The minutes dragged on, and presently he noted that it was half past four o'clock. His fingers had stiffened with the constant repetition of the dots and dashes making up the code letters of the *King Harold,* and he stopped for a few moments to restore the retarded circulation; going to the tap, he held his hand under the cold stream and rubbed it vigorously with a coarse towel. Then a sense of the immense futility of all his efforts overcame him. "What is the use?" he said, aloud. "Science cannot work miracles, and what I want is beyond the law—beyond the law."

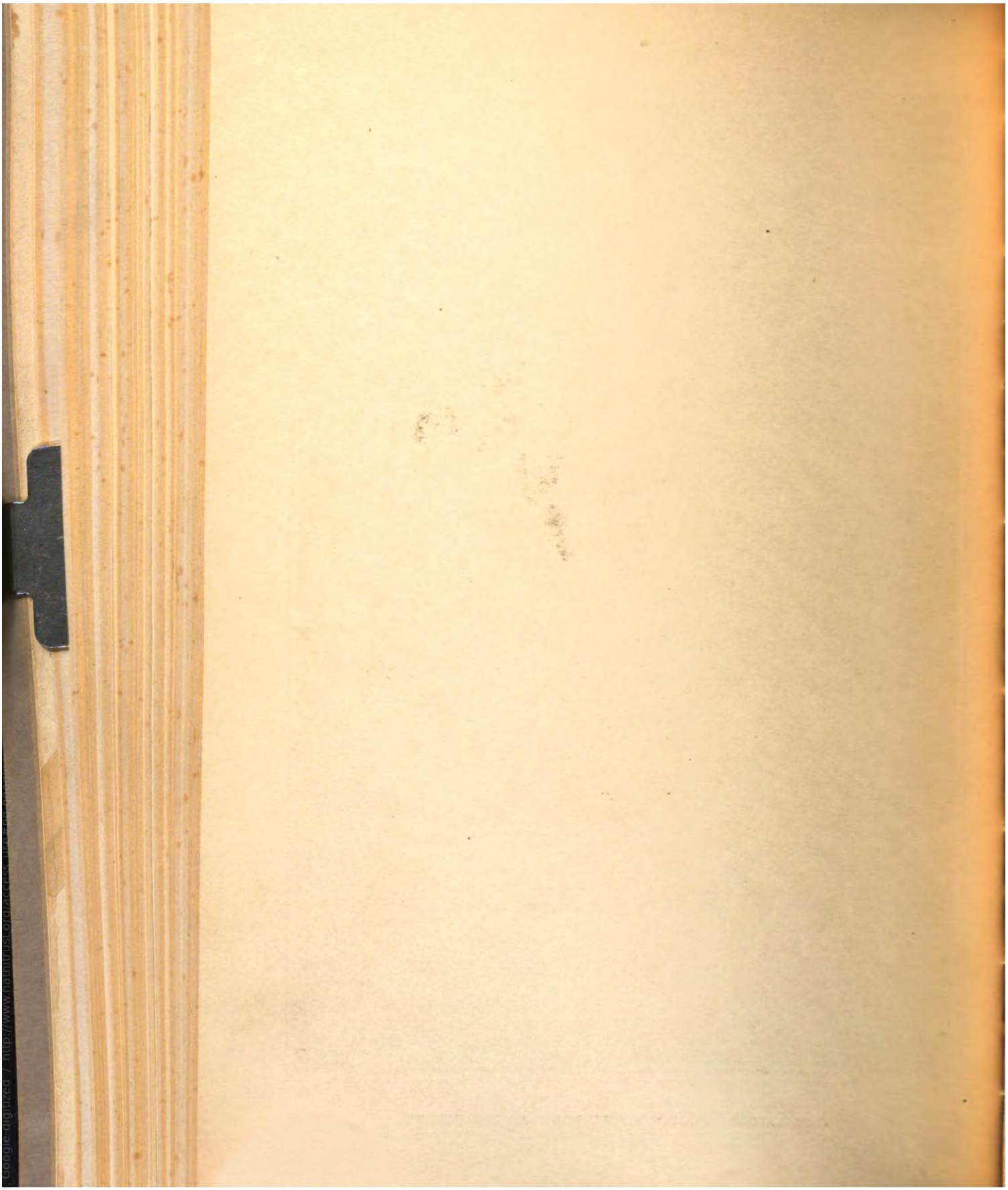
As he turned again to his instruments his toe caught in a hole of the shabby

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MISS GAYDON STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE PATIENT

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strip of carpet covering the floor; he plunged heavily forward and his head came in contact with the corner of the operating-table. With the final effort of consciousness he pulled himself into his chair and found the key; A E A were the letters, and he must keep on sending them—keep on—

The ship's cabin, as Floyd saw it, was tolerably well filled with people. For the most part they sat about quietly, and there was but little conversation, and that only in undertone. Of confusion or distress there was not a trace. At a side table sat two men, and they were drinking champagne with a certain curiously measured deliberation. One of them happened to let his glass clink against the bottle and looked up hastily, an evident apology upon his lips. But to his relief no one had seemed to notice.

Presently a steward came to them with fresh glasses and a plate of biscuit. The dark-haired man pulled a piece of money from his pocket and held it out; by some accident the coin slipped through his fingers and rolled away across the floor.

"Thank you, sir," said the steward, softly, and went back to his dark passageway. The coin—a bright, new-minted sovereign—lay where it had finally fallen, and a little boy, of perhaps four years, escaped from his mother's lap and ran to pick it up. As he did so a roll of the ship sent him tumbling against a stanchion. Instantly his mother had him in her arms, hushing the childish sobs and bidding him to be quiet.

"And remember that mother will not let anything hurt you," she added, in a whisper. Floyd turned quickly away.

A tall, gray-haired man—he looked as though he might be some hopeless invalid going home to die—paced monotonously up and down, and Mark fancied that the roses in the carpet were worn and faded where his restless feet had passed and repassed; probably he had been walking in just that fashion for hours past. A young chap, hardly over four-and-twenty, with a fresh, bright face, sat under the main lightway poring over a pocket account-book and jotting down rows of figures with methodical precision. Presently he finished his comparisons, shut the book with a snap, and smiled complacently. He drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and half rose as though to go on deck; then he sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

A priest began reading in a low tone from a little black book as he moved about from one group to another; a dark-haired girl sat rigid in a secluded corner, staring straight before her as though fearing to lose a single word. But although listening she heard nothing—of that Mark felt quite sure. And then he saw that she was looking at the clock.

It was very quiet now in the cabin, and the motion of the ship had ceased almost entirely. One might have fancied her safely moored at her dock were it not for the sinister and steadily increasing slope of the floor. The port-holes to starboard were already under the water-line, and it was but a pale and greenish light that filtered through them. The door of stateroom No. 207 stood wide open, and Floyd saw that the apartment was empty. Then he remembered that his message had summoned her to the wireless operating-room. That was on the upper deck, of course; he would go up at once.

Under the gray light of a stormy morning the ship wallowed heavily in a creaming seaway. The decks were encumbered with a raffle of broken spars and tangled running-gear; at the life-boat davits the empty falls swung idly, and on the dark and broken line of the horizon to leeward the hull of a capsized cutter showed for an instant wet and glistening, like a whale's back. There was no one to be seen either on forecastle or bridge, but through the window of his cabin Mark caught a glimpse of the commander of the *Sirius*, sitting at his desk—a silent and motionless figure. A chart of the North Atlantic had been spread open before him, but it had twisted away, like some living thing, from under his hand and had fallen to the floor, where it lay with its stiff, crackling edges slowly curling together. Directly abaft the bridge the door of the wireless operating-room stood ajar; Floyd went forward quickly. As he entered he noticed that the clock-dial keeping New York time indicated twenty-five minutes to five. The electrics were burning brightly. How could this be, since the dynamos had stopped working?

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There were three people in the room—a young chap who wore the uniform of a company surgeon, the unconscious man on the lounge, and the woman who stood with her back to the door, looking down at the patient. The doctor completed his examination and straightened up.

"It's only syncope," he said, abruptly. "A fainting fit, you know, induced by overexcitement and all-night work with his instruments. Pull out of it? Why, of course; he'll be as good as ever in an hour or two. Though I'm not so sure that he isn't better off as he is," he added, under his breath; his eyes travelled outward to the gray and broken sea-line.

The sick man had raised himself to a sitting posture. "I saw her," he said, excitedly. "The *King Harold*—straight over the starboard bow and just below the horizon—A E A, that's her call—get me to the table—" His voice thickened and trailed away into unintelligible mutterings; he fell back on the couch.

The man and the woman looked at each other.

"If I only knew something about the business," the little doctor said, quietly. "But I don't—not the first thing." He took the hypodermic syringe from his pocket and turned to his patient.

The girl's breath came hard and quick. "If only some one knew," she whispered to herself.

To get to the operating-table Mark had to pass directly in front of Miss Gaydon; he could have put out his hand and touched her, but the deeper instinct restrained him. Yet she seemed to understand what it was he wanted her to do; she sat down at the instrument without any hesitation and pressed the key; the current was still on in full force, and a detonating spark followed. A E A was the signal, and it was sent out twice in rapid succession. Then came a response.

Mark opened his eyes slowly. The surroundings were unfamiliar; the clean, white walls, the green-shaded windows, the table covered with vials at his bedside—all these things confused and puzzled him.

An attendant stepped up. "Good!" he said, heartily. "You'll be coming right along now—drink this."

Mark obeyed and slept again. When he awoke later in the day the confusion in his mind was gone. "Hospital?" he said, inquiringly, to the man in the white duck uniform.

"You had a nasty knock on the head," answered the nurse, "and just the barest touch of fever to supervene. Want to sit up? Why not—no, to-day is Wednesday, the 14th."

Outside in the street a stentorian voice was calling: "Extra! Extra!" Then came a jumble of undistinguishable words, out of which two rang significant and unmistakable—*King Harold* and *Sirius*.

Later on it was decided that he might see a copy of the *Evening Messenger*, and one was brought in. The headlines told the story—the rescue of the passengers and crew of the S.S. *Sirius* by the *King Harold*, Lord Esmond's yacht. A column of description followed, and then several interviews, notably one with the *King Harold's* sailing-master.

"We carry a wireless operator," said Captain Law, "but he is not on duty at night — not considered necessary. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 11th, Mr. James, the operator, was awakened out of a sound sleep by hearing the international signal call of the yacht—A E A—twice repeated. It was then about twenty minutes to five, New York time. He answered, and received the following message: 'S. S. *Sirius* foundering—steer S.W.' Of course we obeyed, and that is all I know about the affair."

"All?" repeated Mark to himself, and lay there wondering.

"Now you mustn't read any more," put in the nurse, authoritatively. "However, I don't mind telling you that a lady called to see you just now. I told her that she could come again in the morning — any time after ten o'clock. She gave me her card—what did I do with it?"

"Never mind," said Mark. "Just get some water for the violets, and put them where I can look at them."

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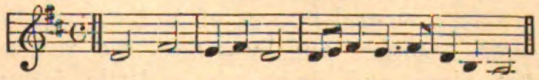
Indian Music of South America

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST
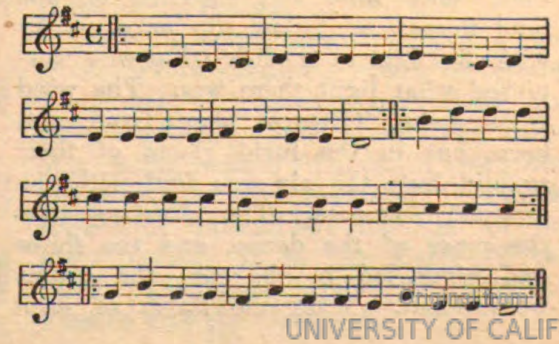
IN the remains of the vast Indian nation shattered by Pizarro, the Empire of the Incas, every man and boy, almost from the age when he can walk, is an adept on their simple reed flutes and Pandean pipes. They are a musical race; there are songs and airs for each season, for the planting, for the harvest, for the valorous deeds of the vanished caciques, for their gods of old to whom a new significance has been imposed by a pious Church, and the long-drawn chants by means of which, at their yearly gatherings, they pass down the history of their race. As there is no written language, there is no written music; it is handed down from generation to generation by the ear alone.

Their national instruments are but three in number: the flute—a reed about eighteen inches in length, with six holes, and a square slit at the end for a mouthpiece, played after the manner of a clarionet; the Pandean pipes—a series of seven reed tubes that, in the large ones, are four feet in length, and in the smaller ones scarcely as many inches; and the drum. The last is the universal instrument of all peoples; there are few races so low in the scale of human society as not to possess it. The Pandean pipes are in a double row, and, at the time of preparation for the Indiads, or the intertribal wars, the outer series is filled with cañassa, the native liquor, and the player receives the benefit of the intoxicating fumes without the delay incidental to drinking from the bottle. Only the men play, the women and girls never; their part is in the chanting and in the hand-clapping that measures the weird rhythm, although before marriage the girls are allowed to join in the dances and the drinking that goes with them.

In the cities and in the villages there are the constant beating of the drums and the sound of the flutes. Every community or group has its special festival days. Now it is a wedding or a christening with the hosts of "compadres"—godfathers,—or the Church day of some obscure saint celebrated by the mission padre, then a village fiesta or house-raising, and from day to day the sounds of the barbaric strains stretch in an endless chain throughout the year. In riding over the high plains in the Indian country one is seldom beyond the sound of the thin flutes. Every llama and sheep herder passes the monotonous hours with his playing. In the still air it carries for miles and softens in the long distances with a weird pleasing effect. The strain is short, but one bar, and for hours it is repeated with unvarying exactness:



Even in the bitter cold and snow of the trails of the high passes the presence of the Indians is announced long before their appearance by the echoing flutes. They plod along in single file, muffled in their ponchos, driving the llamas or burros before them; one of them supplies the music, but as the air is thin in these high altitudes and breath is precious, they relieve each other at frequent intervals. There is no marked cadence to the music; it is a weary minor air unlike the sturdy measures we associate with marching-music, but it undoubtedly stimulates its audience in some mysterious way with an inspiring effect.



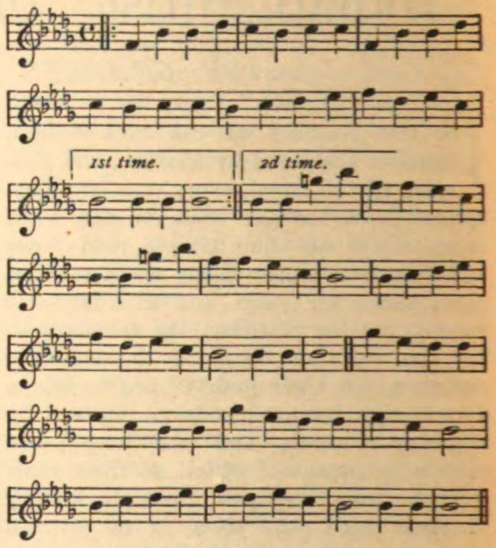
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But it is in the great fiestas that one has the best opportunity of hearing the Indian music. I was waiting in the Indian town of Achicachi for the arrival of my mule to carry me over the pass to the village of Sorata. It is one of the old mud-walled cities on the southern shores of Lake Titicaca. The fiesta was for the birthday of the town and in honor of the ancient gods of the place; at daybreak the Indians had gathered within its walls from miles.

With the light of dawn the streets began filling with dancing bands of Indians in their gaudy festival attire. They were there in thousands. The plaza was a weaving mass of brilliant ponchos and feathers; Indians with contorted masks, and jaguar-skins trailing from their shoulders, performed dances in the cramped spaces cleared for their benefit; silver and gold bullion decorations glinted in the clear atmosphere along with cheap tinsel and tin mirrors; and above all rose the sound of the Pandean pipes, the flutes, and the drums, filling the air with a confused discordant roar.

Often several groups of Indians would band together and in single file follow the pipes and drums in a little jerky dancing step. Sometimes they went through simple evolutions, figures eight and circles, or divided and came together in the pattern of the "grand march" of the East Side balls. The players would dance as well, and occasionally some inspired individual would halt the line while he whirled dizzily around in one spot to his own music. The others would watch these performances with approval, chanting in a high wailing key and clapping their hands in accompaniment.

With the darkness of the night the dancing and playing in the plaza became less and less. The groups withdrew to their 'dobe huts and squatted on the mud floors. A tallow dip or a smoky wick floating in a dish of grease furnished what light there was. The wind from Lake Titicaca blew fresh and keen, but in the lurid gloom of their squalid huts the air was foul with the crowded Aymaras. The chanting took the place of the dance, and the flutes and pipes led in the air; the drums were silent. With the finish of each verse or section the note ended in a prolonged maudlin wail that continued until it became the opening note of the succeeding stanza.



This song is also popular with the cholos—the half-breeds. They hate the whites, and sing it with either Spanish or Aymara words of foul denunciation. In Sorata one time they marched past below my window, singing it for my benefit. Between verses they cursed the "gringos" in vulgar Spanish.

It was in this same village of Sorata that I was present at its greatest Indian fiesta. It is the fiesta of the harvest, and generally lasts for an entire week. The mission padre pronounces it the feast of Todos Santos, but to the Indians that is a matter of indifference. The maize and the "choque" (potatoes) have been gathered, and the "chalona" (frozen mutton) prepared for the ensuing season; the year has ended; it is the fiesta of the harvest. They go to confession on the morning of the first day, but the remainder of the time is spent in their own customs.

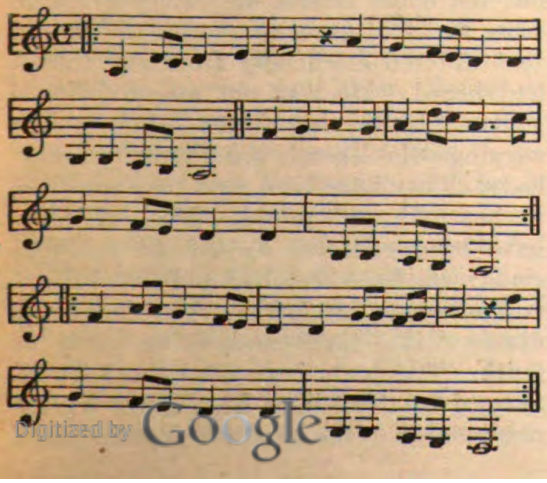
Upon this occasion there is much honor for the Indian who will act as a host. For this purpose he will save the whole year and lavish it on the one fiesta. He invites his friends, provides them with the new gaudy ponchos and feather decorations. There must be plenty of cañassa and a banquet each night. The fee of one hundred bolivianos, or forty

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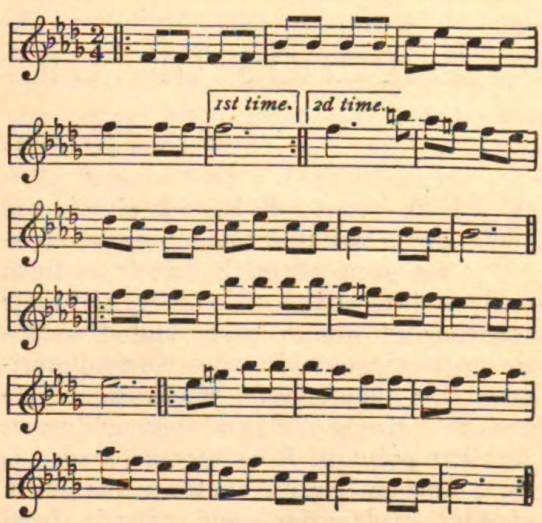
dollars, gold, that the local government exacts for the privilege of parading the streets of the village and dancing in the plaza, he must also pay. Upon the degree of these preparations does his social standing among the Aymaras depend. Sometimes at this fiesta are presented rude pantomimic dramas drawn from the legends of their past.

The little parties organized themselves after the early-morning visit to the 'dobe church and paraded with their odd trotting dance-steps through the lanes of the town. There was the usual collection of thin drums and shrill flutes, with here and there the mellower tone of a Pandean pipe. One band stood out conspicuously in the crowding throngs. This band had been carefully trained by its host, who did not play himself, but with a proud dignity directed its evolutions. A huge Aymara headed the party; he played Pandean pipes with tubes four feet in length. A great drum swung by a rawhide thong from his shoulders. Its shell was from a log, the core of which had been burned out. Following him was the line of Indians in a reducing scale, each with a smaller set of pipes and a smaller drum.

Each Indian contributed but a few notes to the air; the range of the pipe was limited. The drums never rested; they marked the sonorous rhythm of the measures. The training was perfect; there was never a break in the succession of notes; the effect was much like that of a calliope, but more mellowed and pleasing. They played but two airs, and these seemed to be reserved for that peculiar form of orchestra.



This they would play for hours before changing to the other, as follows:



White squares of cloth hung from the shoulders of the players like the capes of the old Crusaders, and with their brilliant new ponchos and the bright green of the parrot-feather decorations they made a most picturesque effect. The weird and barbaric music was rather attractive at first as it rose from the distance and swelled in volume while the procession came nearer, but after eight or ten hours it palled, and the prospect of a week more of it was not cheerful. But an outbreak in the Indian town of Illabaya, ten miles off over the mountains, brought it to a close much earlier.

To Mrs. Arthur T. Jackson, of Boston, the wife of a prominent rubber-dealer in Bolivia, who was in Sorata at the time, the only white woman within hundreds of miles, I am indebted for the transcript of the Indian music. An accomplished musician, she was much interested in the subject, and at different times during her months on the Indian frontiers she had gathered and noted the airs as she heard them in the fiestas.

These airs comprise practically the whole of the popular Aymara repertoire. There are, of course, many others, but they are heard more rarely, and often only in the remote villages. Those given above are the ones that echo in endless reiteration throughout the land of the high plains. It is the music of the Incas, unchanged from the days of Pizarro and the Conquest.

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Legends of the City of Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

VERY often folk-legends simply are historical traditions gone wrong—the germ of truth that is in them being so intermixed with fancy, and their sequence of events being stated so inconsequently and with such contradictoriness, that they become wholly incredible and are thrown offhand out of court. Another point of legendary departure is some curious matter that appeals for a popular explanation—and gets it from various imaginative people: whose varying explanations finally crystallize into a story that, while usually at odds with itself on essential points, after a fashion does give the explanation that is required. On one or the other of these two lines almost all folk-legends have been developed: leaving only a very small residuum which, starting out boldly by perverting some entirely commonplace occurrence into a marvel, are cut from the whole cloth.

The legends here collected relating to the City of Mexico—a few of the many that I have picked up in the course of my mousings during the past twenty years—fall into all three of these classes. The legend of Don Juan Manuel relates to a real historical personage: who lived stately in a great house, still standing, in the street that in his time was called the Calle Nueva and that since his time has been called the Calle de Don Juan Manuel; who pretty certainly did murder one man, and probably two men, at eleven o'clock at night; and who certainly was found hanging on the gallows one morning, probably in October, 1641, without any explanation ever being forthcoming as to how he got there. The heroine of the pretty legend of the Green Cross also was a real person, as is proved by the recorded inscription on a tombstone (in either the church of San Miguel or the church of San Pablo) that read: "Doña María de Aldarafuente Lara y Segura de Manrique. Agosto 11 de 1573." And below this inscription was carved "a great Latin cross." The legends of the Mulata de Córdoba, of the Callejón del Armado, of the Puente del Clérigo, of the Calle de los Parados, of the Calle del Padre Lecuona, and of the Calle de la Joya, presumably have been built up from some odd and mysterious happening in which were alluringly vivid touches of romance. The legends of the Mujer herrada (the Iron-shod Woman) and of the Obedient Dead Nun, fall into the category of minor remainders. In the first, conceivably, a highly moral story has been raised on the foundation of some old-time scandal; in the second, presumably, the single scrap of truth is that the tall nun's coffin was too short. As for the legend of La Llorona, I am disposed to class it as an aboriginal survival: so entirely is it in keeping with the folk-growths of barbarous and semibarbarous races, and so universally among the common people—in whom the Indian strain is dominant—is it known and relishingly told.

These stories, and many more of the same sort, are the common property of all the people of the City of Mexico. When I was searching for the house popularly believed to be that in which Padre Lecuona confessed the man long dead, I fell in with a kindly old boy of sixty or thereabouts—who at once pointed out the house to me, and who started at score and told me a version of the legend that differed essentially from any that I had heard. He was not an exceptional person. In varying forms—often widely varying—the legends are known to everybody. They have been, and they continue to be, told and retold. Most of them have been collected by serious antiquarians: who have searched and sifted them, and who have set forth—when they could discover it—their underlying germ of truth. The poets have used them freely. Several of them have been taken by the playwrights as the bases for popular plays.

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They are stock material for the filling in of odd corners in the queer publications which in Mexico are called newspapers.

The retelling of the legends among the common people, by heightening always their note of the marvellous, has tended to improve them; but the bandying about in print to which they have been subjected has worked a change in their essence that distinctly is for the worse. In their written form they have acquired a literary flavor that is foreign to their natural simplicity; and that especially has weakened the qualities—abruptness, reiteration, inconsequence, contradictoriness—which give to a genuine folk-story its peculiar quality and its peculiar charm.

Therefore the best of the current versions (the versions which I have tried to reproduce here in phrase and in spirit) are those which the common people still preserve: beginning sharply, abounding in repetitions, lacking structural continuity, defiant of all logic—being the versions which have passed from lip to heart and from heart to lip again through the centuries, and so have retained the subtle pith that distinguishes a genuine folk-growth from a story made at one melting by a single mind.

I must add, to make clear the geography of the legends, that in the City of Mexico what is called a street (calle) rarely is a continuous thoroughfare. Usually, it is a single block bearing a distinct name. A little street, or alleyway, is called a callejón.

The Legend of Don Juan Manuel

This Don Juan Manuel, Señor, was a rich and worthy gentleman who had the bad vice of killing people. Every night at eleven o'clock, when the Palace clock was striking, he went out from his magnificent house—as you know, Señor, it still is standing in the street that has been named after him—all muffled in his cloak, and under it his dagger in his hand.

Then he would meet one, in the dark street, and would ask him politely: "What is the hour of the night?" And that person, having heard the striking of the clock, would answer: "It is eleven hours of the night." And Don Juan Manuel would say to him: "Señor, you are fortunate, above all men, because you know precisely the hour at which you die!" Then he would thrust with his dagger—and then, leaving the dead gentleman lying in the street, he would come back again into his own home. And this bad vice of Don Juan Manuel's of killing people went on, Señor, for a great many years.

Living with Don Juan Manuel was a nephew whom he dearly loved. Every night they supped together. Later, the nephew would go forth to see one or another of his friends; and, still later, Don Juan Manuel would go forth to kill some man. One night the nephew did not come home. Don Juan Manuel was uneasy because of his not coming, fearing for him. In the early morning the city watch knocked at Don Juan Manuel's door, bringing there the dead body of the nephew—with a wound in the heart of him that had killed him. And when they told where his body had been found, Don Juan Manuel knew that he himself—not knowing him in the darkness—had killed his own nephew whom he so loved.

Then Don Juan Manuel saw that he had been leading a bad life: and he went to the Father to whom he confessed and confessed all the killings that he had done. Then the Father put a penance upon him: That at midnight he should go alone through the streets until he was come to the chapel of the Espiración (it faces upon the Plazuela de Santo Domingo, Señor; and, in those days, before it was a gallows); and that he should kneel in front of that chapel, beneath the gallows; and that, so kneeling, he should tell his rosary through. And Don Juan Manuel was pleased because so light a penance had been put upon him, and thought soon to have peace again in his soul.

But that night, at midnight, when he set forth to do his penance, no sooner was he come out from his own door than voices sounded in his ears, and near him was the terrible ringing of a little bell. And he knew that the voices which troubled him were those of the ones whom he had killed. And the voices sounded in his ears so wofully, and the ringing of the little bell was so terrible, that he could not keep onward. Having gone a little way, his stomach was tormented by the fear that was upon him and he came back again to his own home.

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Then, the next day, he told the Father what had happened, and that he could not do that penance, and asked that another be put upon him. But the Father denied him any other penance; and bade him do that which was set for him—or die in his sin and go forever to hell! Then Don Juan Manuel again tried to do his penance, and that time got a half of the way to the chapel of the Espiración; and then again turned backward to his home, because of those woful voices and the terrible ringing of that little bell. And so again he asked that he be given another penance; and again it was denied to him; and again—getting that night three-quarters of the way to the chapel—he tried to do what he was bidden to do. But he could not do it, because of the woful voices and the terrible ringing of the little bell.

Then went he for the last time to the Father to beg for another penance; and for the last time it was denied to him; and for the last time he set forth from his house at midnight to go to the chapel of the Espiración, and in front of it, kneeling beneath the gallows, to tell his rosary through. And that night, Señor, was the very worst night of all! The voices were so loud and so very woful that he was in weak dread of them, and he shook with fear and his stomach was tormented because of the terrible ringing of the little bell. But he pressed on—you see, Señor, it was the only way to save his soul from blistering in hell through all eternity—until he was come to the Plazuela de Santo Domingo; and there, in front of the chapel of the Espiración, beneath the gallows, he knelt down upon his knees and told his rosary through.

And in the morning, Señor, all the city was astonished, and everybody—from the Viceroy down to the cargadores—went running to the Plazuela de Santo Domingo: where was a sight to see! And the sight was Don Juan Manuel hanging dead on the gallows—where the angels themselves had hung him, Señor, because of his sins!

The Legend of the Puente del Clerigo

This priest who was murdered and thrown over the bridge, Señor, was a very good man, and there was very little excuse for murdering him. Moreover, he belonged to a most respectable family, and so did the gentleman who murdered him, and so did the young lady; and because of all that, and because at the best of times the killing of a priest is sacrilege, the scandal of that murder made a stir in the whole town.

At that time—it was some hundreds of years ago, Señor—there lived in the street that now is called, because of it all, the street of the Puente del Clérigo, a very beautiful young lady who was named Doña Margarita Jáuregui. And she, being an orphan, dwelt with her uncle, this priest: who was named Don Juan de Nava and was a person of rank, being a caballero of the orders of Santiago and Calatrava. In those days there were few houses upon that street, which was the causeway between the city and the Indian town of Tlaltelolco; and for the greater safety of the Spaniards dwelling in the city there was a wide ditch, that this bridge crossed, between them and the Indian town. Long ago, Señor, Tlaltelolco became part of the city; and the ditch, and the bridge over it, are gone.

Now it happened that at the court of the Viceroy was a noble young Portuguese gentleman, who had great riches and two titles, named Don Duarte de Sarraza; and the Viceroy, who was the Conde de Salvatierra, very much esteemed him because he was of a loyal nature and of good heart. Therefore this noble young gentleman fell in love with Doña Margarita, and she with him; but her uncle, the Padre Don Juan, knowing that Don Duarte was a vicious young man—a gambler, and in other ways what he should not have been—forbade his niece to have anything to do with him. So things rested for a while on those terms, and Don Duarte did not like it at all.

Well, it happened on a night, Señor, that Don Duarte was at the window of Doña Margarita, telling his love for her through the grating; and while he was so engaged he saw Padre Don Juan coming home along the causeway by the light of the stars. Then that wicked young man went to where the bridge was; and when the Padre was come to the bridge he sprang upon him and drove his dagger deep into his skull. The dagger was nailed so fast there, Señor, that he

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EL PVENTE DEL CLÉRIGO

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could not drag it loose again; and so he bundled the dead priest over the wall of the bridge and into the water with the dagger still sticking in the skull of him; and then he went his way to his home.

Not wishing to have it thought that he had committed that murder, Don Duarte did not go near Doña Margarita for almost a whole year. And then—because his love for her would not suffer him to wait away from her longer—he went in the night-time to meet her once more at her window; and he had in his heart the wicked purpose to make her come out to him, and then to carry her off.

That did not happen—and what did happen is a terrible mystery. All that is known about it is this: Very early in the morning the neighbors living thereabout found Don Duarte dead on the Bridge of the Cleric; and holding him fast, a bony knee on his breast and two bony hands at his throat strangling him, was a skeleton. And the skeleton, Señor, was dressed in a black cassock, such as only clerics wear, and in the skull of it a rusty dagger was nailed fast. Therefore it became generally known that Don Duarte had murdered the Padre Don Juan; and that the skeleton of the Padre Don Juan had killed Don Duarte in just revenge.

The Legend of the Obedient Dead Nun

It was after she was dead, Señor, that this nun did what she was told to do by the Mother Superior, and that is why it was a miracle. Also, it proved her goodness and her holiness—though, to be sure, there was no need for her to take the trouble to prove those matters, because everybody knew about them before she died.

My grandmother told me that this wonder happened in the convent of Santa Brígida when her mother was a little girl; therefore you will perceive, Señor, that it did not occur yesterday. In those times the convent of Santa Brígida was most flourishing—being big, and full of nuns, and with more money than was needed for the keeping of it and for the great giving of charity that there was at its doors. And now, as you know, Señor, there is no convent at all and only the church remains. However, it was in the church that the miracle happened, and it is in the choir that Sor Teresa's bones lie buried in the coffin that was too short for her—and so it is clear that the story is true.

The way of it all, Señor, was this: The Señorita Teresa Ysabel de Villavicencio—so she was called in the world, and in religion she still kept her christened name—was the daughter of a very rich hacendado of Vera Cruz. She was very tall—it was her tallness that made the whole trouble—and she also was very beautiful; and she went to Santa Brígida and took the vows there because of an undeceiving in love. The young gentleman whom she came to know was unworthy of her was the Señor Carraza, and he was the Librarian to the Doctors in the Royal and Pontifical University—which should have made him a good man. What he did that was not good, Señor, I do not know. But it was something that sent Sor Teresa in a hurry into the convent: and when she got there she was so devout and so well-behaved that the Mother Superior held her up to all the other nuns for a pattern—and especially for her humility and her obedience. Whatever she was told to do, she did; and that without one single word.

Well, Señor, it happened that the convent was making ready, on a day, for the great festival of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe; and in the midst of all the whirling and buzzing Sor Teresa said suddenly — and everybody was amazed and wonder-struck when she said it—that though she was helping to make ready for that festival she would not live to take part in it, because the very last of her hours on earth was almost come. And a little later—lying on her hard wooden bed and wearing beneath her habit the wired shirt of a penitent, with all the community sorrowing around her—Sor Teresa died just as she said she would die: without there being anything the matter with her at all!

Because of the festival that was coming, it was necessary that she should be buried that very night. Therefore they made ready a comfortable grave for her; and they sent to the carpenter for a coffin for her, and the coffin came. And it was then, Señor, that the trouble began. Perhaps, because she was so very tall a lady,

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the carpenter thought that the measure had not been taken properly. Perhaps, being all so flurried, they really had got the measure wrong. Anyhow, whatever may have set the matter crooked, Sor Teresa would not go into her coffin: and as night was near, and there was no time to make another one, they all of them were at their very wits' end to know what to do. So there they all stood, looking at Sor Teresa; and there Sor Teresa lay, with her holy feet sticking straight out far beyond the end of the coffin; and night was coming in a hurry; and next day would be the festival—and nobody could see how the matter was going to end!

Then a wise old nun came to the Mother Superior and whispered to her: telling her that as in life Sor Teresa had been above all else perfect in obedience, so, probably, would she be perfect in obedience even in death; and advising that a command should be put upon her to fit into the coffin then and there. And the old nun said, what was quite true and reasonable, that even if Sor Teresa did not do what she was told to do, no harm could come of it—as but little time would be lost in making trial with her, and the case would be the same after their failure as it was before. Therefore the Mother Superior agreed to try what that wise old nun advised. And so, Señor—all the community standing round about, and the candle of Nuestro Amo being lighted—the Mother Superior said in a grave voice slowly: "Daughter, as in life thou gavest us always an example of humility and obedience, now I order and command thee, by thy vow of obedience, to retire decorously within thy coffin: that so we may bury thee, and that thou mayest rest in peace!"

And then, Señor, before the eyes of all of them, Sor Teresa slowly began to shrink shorter—to the very letter of the Mother Superior's order and command! Slowly her holy feet drew in from beyond the end of the coffin; and then they drew to the very edge of it; and then they drew over the edge of it; and then they fell down briskly upon the bottom of it with a sanctified and most pious little bang. And so there she was, shrunk just as short as she had been ordered to shrink, fitting into her coffin as cozily as you please! Then they buried her, as I have told you, Señor, in the comfortable grave in the choir that was waiting for her—and there her blessed shrunken bones are lying now.

The Legend of the Callejon del Armado

This Alleyway of the Armed One, Señor, got its name because long ago—before it had any name at all—there lived in it an old man who went always clad in armor, wearing also his sword and his dagger at his side; and all that was known about him was that his name was Don Lope de Armijo y Lara, and that—for all that he lived so meanly in so mean a street in so mean a quarter of the city—he was a rich merchant, and that he came from Spain.

Into his poor little house no one ever got so much as the tip of his nose, and he lived alone there in great mystery. In spite of his riches, he had not even one servant; and he himself bought his own victuals and cooked them with his own hands. Always he was seen armed to the teeth [armado hasta los dientes] when he went abroad. Under his mean robe was a full suit of armor, and in his belt was a long dagger and a broad and very long sword; also, when at night he went out on strange errands, he carried a great pike. Therefore, presently, people spoke of him not as Don Lope but as El Armado—and so he was called.

That he was a wicked person was known generally. He was very charitable to the poor. Every morning he went to pray in the church of San Francisco; and he remained praying there for hours at a time, kneeling upon his knees. Also, at the proper seasons, he partook of the Sacrament. Some said that through the shut windows of his house, in the night-time, they had heard the sound of scourgings as he made penance for his sins.

In the darkness of the darkest of nights—when there was no moon, and especially when a dismal drizzling rain was falling—he would be seen to come out from his house in all his armor and go stealing away in the direction of the Plazuela de Mixcalco. He would disappear into the shadows, and not come back again until midnight had passed. Then he would be heard, in his shut house, counting his money. For a long while

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EL CALLEJÓN DEL ARMADO

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that would go on—counting, counting, counting—there was no end to the clinking of silver coin. Then, when all his money was counted, would be heard the sound of scourging together with most lamentable and complaining groanings. And, at the end of all, would come a heavy clanking—as of a great iron cover falling heavily upon a chest of iron. After that there would be no sign of life about the house until the morning—when the Armed One would come forth from it and go to San Francisco to pray.

The life of that man was a bad mystery, Señor, that many wished to uncover by denouncing him to justice; but the uncovering came of its own accord, and was a greater mystery still! On a morning, all the neighbors saw the Armed One hanging dead—hanging dead from his own balcony by a cord! No one knew what to think; but most thought that he had hung himself there in fear that denouncement of his crimes would be made and that justice would have its hold upon him. When the Alcalde came, and made search in his house, a very great sum of money was found; and, also, were found many skulls of men who certainly must have perished at his hands.

It is a most curious matter, Señor. I cannot see my way through it. But the house is gone.

Broceliande

BY ERNEST RHYS

WITHIN the wood of Broceliande,
Enwrapt in smoke and thinnest air,—
Fine as the fume that quivers where
The sun-motes dance on the molten sand,—
Slept Merlin fast in Nimuë's hand.
But Merlin's dream she never knew:
There time drew back, while the white-owl flew
Unheard in the leaves of Broceliande,—
Broceliande!
Could we, though late in time, come there!

The children still bid Barenton
To laugh,—still look for Merlin's stair,
Where he stept down thro' the water there:
They call him back; but he sails far on
In his ship of glass to Avalon:
There, not a cry of earth comes through;
But every tear is a drop of dew,
Clear as the water of Barenton:
Oh Barenton,
Could we but sail with Merlin there!

Your leaves are green, Broceliande:
And Barenton, your well is clear
For all to drink; and for all that dare,
Another world lies below your sand,—
Another sea and another strand,—
Another sky; a White Isle too,
Where is no death, and dreams come true,
Past Barenton and Broceliande,—
Broceliande!
Could we but dream with Merlin there!

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The Road to Europe

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THEY sat against their high-backed chairs and gazed at each other across the maps and guide-books with which the fine old mahogany was littered—if it were possible to conceive of litter in connection with anything belonging to Miss Isabel and Miss Luella.

The light of the perfectly tended lamp (they considered gas vulgar and electricity "crude") shone on polished surfaces of teak-wood and mahogany, on the brasses of tall andirons and candelabra, and was reflected from the long mirror before it was given back again to the beautifully waxed wood floor. As if unconsciously, Miss Luella took out her pocket-handkerchief and softly wiped the table where a speck of dust had fallen.

"We must hope for the best," she faltered.

"We must," assented Miss Isabel, in a tone which implied the worst.

"Dorothy is very well-meaning," said Miss Luella, still more uncertainly; "I —I am sure she will take every pains."

"She is very well-meaning," assented Miss Isabel, once more. She added slowly, "But she is young,—and the things are not *her* family things," — as one grudgingly admitting two detracting circumstances.

"But they are Paul's," suggested Miss Luella, brightening.

"Paul is a man," replied Miss Isabel, with a finality of statement which Miss Luella accepted. She sighed heavily, and then added hastily, with genuine accent of regret,

"Our poor uncle!"

"Yes,—our poor uncle," echoed Miss Isabel. Their eyes met with a certain contrition, as if conscious of something belated in the mourning.

Both ladies wore that tempered black which speaks of bereavement, happily chastened by time or occult removes of relationship until it has the gravity without the gloom of loss. Miss Isabel wore her grayer hair with greater severity above her mild George Washington features, while Miss Luella betrayed her character of younger sister in her mathematically crimped hair and the mild abandonment to superfluous folds of crêpe, bespeaking a more frivolous temperament. The distinct aristocracy of New England looked out of both faces, made itself visible in the movements of their slender hands and bodies, and audible in their pleasant, neatly cut voices. College professors, judges, and governors had gone to the making of these cameo-finished ladies; "family" proclaimed itself as softly clear in them as from every article in the room about them.

The door opened and a sudden atmospheric change took place. It admitted a young man and a young woman, out of whose eyes looked many kinds of radiances, including that of youth. Each bestowed a kiss upon the thin cheek of either lady, and while the young woman drew another high-backed chair into the lamplight circle, the young man threw gayly down upon the table two little green-covered, many-leaved booklets.

"Well," he exclaimed, joyously, "I've got them; here they are!"

The two elder ladies bent forward, tingling with excitement.

"Dear me," said Miss Luella, fluttering, "are those really tickets?"

"They really are. Look here,"—he rippled the leaves,—"Naples,—Rome,—Genoa,—Florence,—Milan,—Lucerne,—Como! Doesn't it stir your blood to hear the very names, Aunt Luella? Think of it,—blue skies, snow mountains, the Alps, Italy, the lakes, glaciers, cathedrals. Oh my!" He drew a long sigh.

"My dear Paul," deprecated Miss Isabel—but she smiled, with a reflected glow in her own cheeks,—"does it really take us to all those places?" she added, and her head and Miss Luella's drew together.

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Over them their nephew shot a tender, humorous glance at the smiling eyes beyond.

"The Rhine, Isabel!" exclaimed Miss Luella, in an awed whisper. "We must stop off at Cologne,—you remember Professor Grace's description of the Cathedral?"

"Lucerne, Luella," responded Miss Isabel. "We must ascend the Rigi. Dr. Mackintosh spoke of that as memorable. You are sure our tickets allow us to stop off, Paul?"

"Anywhere between New York and London,—on land, that is. You'd better do it all."

"We certainly ought to improve the opportunity to the utmost," said Miss Isabel, firmly.

"I only wish we were better prepared to do so." Miss Luella sighed a little, softly.

"Why, what else have you been doing but preparing for the last six months? Aunt Isabel and you have bodily assimilated the entire Athenæum and the Tabard Inn to boot."

"Six months is a very short time in which to master whole civilizations and histories," replied Miss Isabel. "I hope we have been in a manner preparing all our lives."

"We have read all the standard works," said Miss Luella, eagerly, "and the list Professor Grace and Dr. Mackintosh were so kind as to prepare for us,—and Mommsen (who, I must confess, is somewhat abstruse),—and Hare's *Walks*, and studied our Baedekers very faithfully, but there is still so much in which we are deficient."

"It has made the winter most interesting," conceded Miss Isabel, graciously, "for we have made a point of attending all the lectures in any way bearing upon our trip. It has been like a course in Chautauqua."

They turned again to the little books with kindling faces.

"Chamounix,—think of Chamounix, sister! 'Hast thou a charm—'" breathed Miss Luella, softly.

"Mont Blanc, Luella! Jura, Monte Rosa!" admonished Miss Isabel.

"Yes,—oh dear me, yes! Switzerland, —Geneva!" the fine hands fluttered tremulously and the mild eyes brightened above the delicately flushed cheeks. Youth in a moment seemed to have returned to both.

"After all," exclaimed Miss Isabel, sitting back in her chair and taking off her glasses, "I wonder if we should not have done better to choose the other route?"

Their nephew's eyes twinkled.

"Too late,—the die is cast!" he said, with an irrepressible note of exultation, revealing much past history.

"Yes," said Miss Isabel, her eye and Miss Luella's encountering in furtive avoidance.

"Yes,—there is nothing left but to pack you two blessed souls off as fast as possible. Dorothy and I are ready to move in at the word of command."

"We have a week yet," said Miss Isabel, hastily, and then added with even hastier compunction: "No doubt it is all right, and we fully appreciate all your kindness, my dear Paul,—and that of our uncle. We were, indeed, just saying when you came in how truly thoughtful and kind it was in your great-uncle to leave us this money to carry out our long-deferred desire."

"Yes, indeed,—we have always wished to go," chimed in Miss Luella, wistfully.

"I can't imagine why you didn't—years ago."

"There never was a time—" began Miss Isabel.

"No," repeated Miss Luella, "there never was a time—"

"While our parents lived, we should have felt it unfilial to leave them in their declining years,—and since their death we have never felt we could rightly afford it."

"You might have rented the house,—I could have found you any number of professors' families."

Miss Isabel drew herself up with an entirely unconscious stateliness.

"We have never contemplated that," she said, quietly.

"Oh no,—never," murmured Miss Luella, with gentle reproach.

"That makes it all the kinder," said Dorothy, laying a warm young hand on Miss Luella's, and darting a warning glance at her husband, "to trust it to me. I am so glad you feel you can."

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Luella,

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pressing the hand, "you are quite one of the family, of course." She said it with guilty warmth and avoided looking at Miss Isabel.

"Well,—I shall do my best," said Dorothy, cheerfully.

"And I promise not to smoke indoors," added Paul, gayly.

"My dear Paul!—nobody has ever smoked here," Miss Isabel answered, with gentle finality.

Her nephew laughed. He had risen and was standing beside his wife, looking at the others with amused eyes, but stroking, as if unconsciously, his wife's rounded chin. Presently he slipped one hand beneath it, and remained thus, holding her face in the hollow of his caressing hand while he talked. Dorothy merely smiled. It was one of those little unconscious revelations which always stirred Miss Luella's pulses and brought the color softly to her faded cheeks,—suggesting the sweetness of an intimacy which set her maidenly heart to beating,—opening a vista on worlds more foreign than Europe. She wondered always at Paul's boldness, and whether Dorothy *quite* liked it. And she always decided that she did.

"Well, remember," said Paul,—"the *Prinzessin Irene* sails in just ten days."

"You will come over, Dorothy, daily," said Miss Isabel, anxiously. "There are so many things I can explain to you better on the spot."

"I have been wondering," she said, abruptly, when Miss Luella, returned from seeing the young people out of the door, found her standing before the sideboard, "whether— Do you think Dorothy would mind if I put this away?" She held up a cut-glass bowl, green as a beryl. "General Washington was served with punch from it, you know," she added, hastily.

Miss Luella caught her breath. "Do you think it would be quite — *nice*, Isabel?"

"Perhaps not." Miss Isabel put the dish back abruptly. "After all—she is not an Adams, you know."

"No," admitted Miss Luella. She added hopefully, "But she is a Windus."

"But *not* an Adams," Miss Isabel underlined, with emphasis.

"I am so glad I am not an Adams," Dorothy was exclaiming at that very moment in the safe seclusion of the studio where Paul and she had found sanctuary since their marriage. "Poor dear things! I believe if the truth were known they look upon us as two ramping dragons whom they are turning loose in their sacred precincts,—and they are *so* polite."

"Oh, it will do them good," said Paul, with masculine brutality. "They'll come back with all that nonsense knocked out of them."

"I can't imagine it," Dorothy replied. "I thank Heaven I didn't have any ancestry to speak of. You should have seen Aunt Isabel blush when she apologized for covering the parlor furniture; she said she knew men were sometimes unthoughtful (fancy her knowing *anything* about man, poor dear!), and it would save me responsibility. And when I found Aunt Luella polishing up the old Blue with a special cloth, she mentioned timidly, *casually*, that no servant had ever been allowed to touch it,—their mother always used to wipe it with her own hands, and Isabel and she had always done the same. And then she begged my pardon for mentioning it."

Paul threw back his head and laughed heartily, checking himself suddenly.

"Well, you know," he said, with unconscious complacency, "it *is* a pretty nice old place,—and when it comes to mahogany and china—and glass,—well, it beats New England."

Dorothy eyed him critically. "If you hadn't happened to be an artist, you would have been exactly like them. I can see it in your eyes and your way of fingering things. *That* saved you;—in you the personal has become the artistic; but if I thought you were *going* to be like that when you inherit them—"

"I'm not,—don't worry," said her husband, so hastily that Dorothy laughed.

"But, oh, Paul!" she exclaimed the next moment, with a sharply tragic note. "In a world so full of *other* things—than *things*—! Oh, were they ever young!"

She asked herself the question often in the succeeding days, as she followed the aunts about the house, asking directions and watching their minute previsions. They belonged to that class of

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"WE MUST HOPE FOR THE BEST," MISS LUELLA FALTERED

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gentlewomen whose clothes travel stuffed with tissue-paper and neatly stitched in every plait,—but at present their clothes were as nothing to them. Graver anxieties preoccupied them.

"On the 1st of April," said Miss Isabel, "we are accustomed to have the storm-door taken down and the storm-windows. Do you think Paul will remember?"

"And on the first *Monday* the man comes to clean the vines and set the bulbs and rake the beds," said Miss Luella.

"Every Saturday the rugs are taken out for the extra cleaning," continued Miss Isabel. "Mary is very good; she has been with us twelve years, but all servants need following up."

"These are the silver-cloths, and these the glass, and these are the coarse dusters, and these the fine; we have always been in the habit of dusting the dining-room ourselves—"

"On account of the Old Blue," put in Miss Luella.

"And the mahogany is *rubbed* every day,—not dusted merely, but *rubbed*," said Miss Isabel.

"And waxed weekly," added Miss Luella.

"Father's study and mother's sewing-room up-stairs we have never let any strange hand touch," Miss Isabel remarked, wistfully. "I suppose it seems foolish,—but Luella and I have had a feeling—"

"Yes, we have had a—feeling," murmured Miss Luella.

"You must try not to think of mine as a strange hand," said Dorothy, sweetly. The twofold look she received was her reward.

"It is so sweet of you to make it all so"—Miss Isabel's New England conscience hesitated at the word "easy" and compromised with—"possible. But for you we could not consider going at all. I am afraid it will take a great deal of your time."

"I have plenty of time," said Dorothy, "now that—" She turned abruptly aside and examined the construction of the refrigerator.

"Yes,—yes," Miss Luella covertly pressed her hand; "it will be an occupation for you;—it—it will help to distract your mind."

"The butter"—Miss Isabel resumed her instructions—"is always kept on the second right-hand shelf of the built-in refrigerator; nothing *but* the butter and milk on these two shelves. Even Mary is apt to be careless about that; you will have to keep an oversight."

"It is lucky they go soon," said Dorothy, wearily, that night. "My mind is one chaos of things to do and not to do, and dates on which to do and not to do them."

"What is going to happen if you mix them up?" inquired Paul, with interest.

"That is what I am wildly impelled to know. I suppose it is just that they are wearing themselves out," she added, thoughtfully, "but it seems to me Aunt Isabel has lost ten pounds, and Aunt Luella looks fairly transparent. They don't eat; I wonder if they sleep."

"Oh, it's the excitement," said her husband. "Think of a trip to Europe at their age! Why—*nothing* has ever happened to them before. When they get on the boat they can lie still for ten days and rest up."

In fact, the two sisters stole about the house like shadows. They had fallen to speaking in lowered voices, as if there were a death in it, and to this the shrouded furniture and darkened rooms lent a verisimilitude. Miss Isabel spent much time filling sheets of foolscap with closely written direction in her fine sloping hand, and a series of "Memoranda of Most Important Things" for Dorothy. Miss Luella went noiselessly about, sewing things up and putting them away in camphor and tears.

"If anything should happen to us, Isabel," she explained, tremulously, one day when caught in the act.

"What *should* happen, Luella?" Miss Isabel cut her short, rebukingly. "And in any case we leave all our affairs in order."

It was true; they had made their wills and taken every precaution usually preceding suicide or a duel. Nevertheless, Miss Isabel's face, too, looked stricken as she turned away.

Paul himself was moved by their peaked expression on the last night of all. The young people had come to see if all was ready. The ship was to sail on a Saturday; the aunts were going to New York on Thursday; the chances of

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a quicker connection would have seemed to them a tempting of Providence. Dorothy was to arrive in the morning and receive the keys and the last charges, Paul escorting the aunts even to the final drawing of the gangplank. He had hinted at Dorothy's companionship, excursions counting as blue roses to the young pair; and then he had not left Dorothy since the baby— But with one glance at the faces of the elder ladies Dorothy had promptly rebuffed the scheme.

"I should not think of leaving the house," she said.

There was something touching in the expression of the aunts' faces.

"We do not mean to be selfish," said Miss Isabel, "but—in fact, we should go off more happily knowing that the house was *not* left."

"We never *have* left it," explained Miss Luella, wistfully apologetic, "just with the servants. When we have gone to the White Mountains we have always had Cousin Clara—or some one—to stay here."

"*I* sha'n't leave it, either," said Dorothy, manfully.

Her husband pressed her arm tenderly on the way home.

"Cheer up," he said, encouragingly. "It 'll only be for three months, and think what Europe means for them! Oh, Dorothy, think what it would mean to us!" he exclaimed, with involuntary wistfulness.

For reply, Dorothy patted his arm softly.

Meanwhile that enviable pair, the aunts, were fulfilling their nightly office of "closing the house." It had all the sacredness of a traditionary rite and was performed with a ritual deliberateness and precision.

For "the last time"—giving the words their heavy significance—they performed the rite now, in silence, with a slow reluctance. One by one Miss Isabel tried every window and door and put up the door-chain. Miss Luella, following in her track, slipped the brass hair-pins over every turned key. Proceeding to the kitchen, Miss Isabel made a brief housewifely inspection, seeking for maculacy in the immaculate, and turned out the gas, while Miss Luella possessed herself of the silver-basket, neatly arranged in counted rows within by Ellen.

The library was invariably left to the last, and on its threshold both sisters paused, looking about with dim eyes.

"It is the last time, Isabel," faltered Miss Luella.

Miss Isabel said nothing. She adjusted with the touch of love and reverence the inkstand, and moved fractionally the book which had lain in one particular spot for fourteen years. To both sisters the room was full of a presence stately and benignant. The man of letters, the distinguished college professor, the man not without honor anywhere in his country, but who had attained its climax in his own household, had never been dead to them.

"I hope," said Miss Luella, with a little gulp, "he approves what we are doing."

"Luella," replied Miss Isabel, sternly, "you *know* he would approve. He always held it a duty to improve ourselves."

"I know, sister—" Miss Luella struggled with her emotions. "But he always thought so much of his—his study; and when I think that all these"—she swept a tremulous hand vaguely about—"will be only chairs—and tables—and—and books to others, and that we are the only ones who know—who really care,—it seems like forsaking a trust."

Miss Isabel did not immediately answer. She moved across the room to a little round, polished table, worn beautiful in the manner of fine old things with use. Presently she took out her pocket-handkerchief and rubbed something away.

"There was a spot," she said, hastily.

"A spot," repeated Miss Luella; "why, how could that be!" She drew near and peered closely, putting her finger on the damp smooch, then she looked up with a sudden apprehension of dismay; but Miss Isabel's eye held her with a stern defiance. Miss Luella looked down again in confusion.

"Somehow,—I don't know why it is, but I can't help remembering everything to-night," she said, softly, with another little gulp. "All the games we used to play around this table when we were children,—and all the whist games with our parents. Our mother always sat here—I can tell by the little scratch (you remember, Isabel, it would never polish

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away),—it was the diamond ring on her left hand that did it. And our father—always sat *there* by you— Oh dear," Miss Luella turned away with a gasp, "I—I am very childish, I'm afraid."

"You are," said Miss Isabel, sternly. "You would better take some hot cocoa and go to bed; I told Mary to leave some."

They halted once more in the hall before the tall clock.

"I explained to Dorothy that it has always been wound at eight o'clock precisely every Sunday morning," said Miss Luella, "just as when our father was alive;—but who knows if she will remember?" There was silence.

"He—he was always very particular about it," faltered Miss Luella again.

Miss Isabel said nothing. She waited at the foot of the stair, a hand on the gas-burner, till Miss Luella, obedient to the stony hint, had safely mounted with her burden of silver. At the head of the stairs the sisters parted without a word, each retiring to her own room and bed.

To bed—but not to sleep. Miss Luella, turning on hers in an agony of feverish distresses, counted the hours as the tall clock, which had seen so many generations of Adamses in and out, struck them, always with a preliminary whir-r-r of announcement; and in between she listened to the tick-tock of its stately pendulum. How would it be when she would lie awake in strange cities, trying to hear that ticking and realizing that between it and her stretched inexorable days and nights of land and sea? The homesickness which came upon her left her gasping on her pillow.

"It will kill me!" she said, aloud. "I shall die over there!"

And a still deeper horror smote her with the vision of that foreign death, away from all that had ever surrounded the dying Adamses, bereft of every dear sight, of every familiar, homely object the dim eye would choose to close upon, and in that awful, alien stillness where no clock-tick could ever reach. An insanity of loneliness came upon her; she sprang from her bed, and putting on her gray bedgown and slippers, stole across the hall to Miss Isabel's room. She stepped cautiously to the bedside and stretched a furtive hand, then recoiled with dismay:—*Isabel was not there.*

"She is dead!" thought Miss Luella, in the grasp of her nightmare. "This is the end of everything,—and Isabel is dead! It has killed her;—I knew it!"

She struck a match with shaking hands and lighted the candle. Isabel had *not been to bed at all.* Her clothes, neatly folded in accordance with life-long practice, in readiness for the hypothetical "man" whom chances of fire, burglary, or sudden death might introduce unforeseen into a maidenly chamber, lay on the chair; the bedclothes were turned back with the precision of years, but there was not a line on the smooth surface of the bed, and the pillow was undented. Miss Luella, seizing the candle, fled through successive rooms—bath-room, spare room, their mother's room, she found the doors of all open,—but no Isabel. Then she staggered down the stairs.

"I never had Isabel's strength of character," she thought. "She has been shutting everything up in herself,—but it has been killing her!"

She wasted no time on the hall or parlor; instinct told her where to look now; and there in the library a candle burned low in the socket, guttering in a manner in which no candle had ever guttered in Miss Isabel's presence before, and in the depths of their father's chair sat a gray figure, in bedgown and slippers the twin of Miss Luella's, its hands folded on its knees. It turned two age-sleepless eyes upon Miss Luella, but said not a word; and as if no word were necessary, Miss Luella set her candle down beside the other, and flinging herself beside Miss Isabel, buried her head on her knees.

Half an hour later, in the gray dawn, as Mary came down the back stairs two thin figures stole with guilty noiselessness up the front ones, carrying with them their extinguished candles.

"This," said Paul, some hours later still, "is the limit!"

Dorothy and he had come to a halt on the threshold of the breakfast-room. The two ladies at table therein turned serenely smiling faces towards them. They were a trifle dark under the eyes, and Miss Luella's hands fluttered more than usual, but nothing in their immaculate

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OUT ON THE GRAVEL WALK THEY CAME TO A STANDSTILL

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array indicated the haste of travellers, nor was there hurry or confusion anywhere about them. Oatmeal was being served in the blue Nankin, over which they seemed to be lingering with an epicurean fineness of delay. The table wore its finest damask, and through the unshuttered windows the sun streamed on the uncovered old mahogany, and Mary stole about with no more than her usual well-trained, noiseless briskness. Dorothy all but rubbed her eyes.

"I have heard," remarked Paul, "of the repose of Vere de Vere, but that of the Adamses 'lays over.' Have you forgotten you are going to Europe to-day?"

"We are so glad you have come, my dear Paul," replied Miss Isabel, suavely. "Pray sit down,—there is something we wish to say to you and Dorothy."

Something in the air rather than in the words caused the young people to sink meekly into the designated chairs, exchanging one quick glance.

"Your aunt Luella and I," began Miss Isabel,—and her nephew could admire the even tones, even while marvelling at her rising flush and Miss Luella's hands fluttering more and more,—"have been thinking it all over, and we have decided that we feel unequal to such a trip,—that we—do not really wish to go. In fact," she wound up with sudden energy, "we have quite decided *not* to go."

Dorothy and Paul exchanged stupefied glances.

"It has gone to their heads!" said Dorothy's.

"They are stark, staring mad!" said Paul's.

"We fully appreciate your great-uncle's intention," continued Miss Isabel. "We are not ungrateful;—but we feel he could not wish us to go if he knew how we feel about it, and that the spirit of his legacy will be carried out just as completely if *you* go."

Paul gasped. His eye began to glow; he turned it—an almost pathetic question in its light—upon Dorothy, and was met by an indignant shake of the head. He drew a long breath.

"You dear, self-abnegating souls! What kind of brutes do you take us for? As if we would—! Why, we'd *far* rather have you go than even go ourselves."

"And we would far rather have *you* go," replied Miss Isabel, with unsuspected emphasis. She stopped and looked at Miss Luella.

Miss Luella's hands were working wildly; she was very pale, and now she half rose suddenly from her chair.

"Sister—we cannot allow them to think it is a sacrifice!" She turned to the young people. "It would be a sacrifice to go. There are—things you could not understand. We—are no longer young. And we feel," she added, hastily, catching Paul's eye, "that we have in great measure obtained the benefit of the trip in the course of our reading and preparation."

"But you haven't," replied her nephew, harshly. "You know nothing about it,—you've seen nothing, you've been nowhere,—you haven't the faintest notion what you are giving up, and if you don't go now you never *will* have." His voice rang with exasperation and indignation. "But *I* know, and I tell you—it is your *duty* to go."

"Dear Paul,—you see it from your point of view," replied Miss Luella. "To *you* such a trip would have real value, I dare say." She spoke with a gentle condescension, at which her nephew stared again.

"I dare say it would," he answered, dryly; then his exasperation redoubled. "Aunt Isabel—" he turned with desperation to that lady.

"My dear Paul"—she met him with decision,—"*we* are not going; that is final. The only question, then, to discuss is—can you and Dorothy go? It seems a pity to waste the tickets. On the other hand—can you get ready in twelve hours?"

Paul exchanged a third glance with his wife.

"In one," he said.

"In two," said Dorothy.

"Then," said Miss Isabel, rising, "that is settled."

"Not quite." It was Dorothy who spoke. She leaned forward on the table, fronting with her young gravity each of the flushed faces in turn. Under her direct gaze the elder ladies winced slightly. "It is not settled," said Dorothy, quietly, "until Paul and I know why you are really giving up such a beautiful, helpful thing,—until we know

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what you really have in your hearts and that you are never going to regret it. Aunt Isabel—Aunt Luella,—what is it that is really keeping you?"

The two pairs of eyelids fluttered helplessly and fell. Miss Luella's hands went nervously to her throat. Dorothy continued to gaze at them remorselessly.

"Is it the house?" she asked, clear but low; and as she saw the color deepen in both faces, her own flushed suddenly with a kind of indignant shame. "It *is* the house," she exclaimed.

Miss Isabel looked up. In the faces bent almost sternly opposite she read youth's whole arraignment; there was something august on those young foreheads and in their kindling eyes. She felt pathetically ashamed, and her eyes wandered uncertainly about the room for a justification.

"There are—there are *ties*," she murmured,—"there are things you could not understand."

"*Things!*" echoed her nephew, with indignant scorn. "Yes, that is just it,—there are *things*. Aunt Isabel, you and Aunt Luella are joined to your idols."

"Perhaps we are," faltered Miss Isabel, with unexpected meekness. Then she added, with equally unexpected mingling of religion and blasphemy, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Paul merely gasped. It was Dorothy—no Adams, but a mere Windus—who seemed struck chiefly by the remark. She remained a moment considering Miss Isabel with a new expression; then rising, moved suddenly towards where she stood, gray-haired and defiant, behind her chair. Slipping one hand over the fine, wrinkled one lying like carved ivory along the lustrous mahogany, she sank forever the last racial inferiority in one straight glance of a yet deeper kinship. Older than family is sex and the understanding of sex.

"We will go, Aunt Isabel!"

"Thank you, my dear."

There was a moment of embarrassment, broken by Miss Isabel's ringing the bell for Mary.

"You will have a great deal to do," she said, quite in her usual manner. "Come back and dine with us to-night; Ellen can telephone for a carriage to take you to the station. Your aunt Luella and I have a great many things to attend to—" Through a momentary hesitation a rising note of liberation began to find its way. "We have decided"—and now the note rang out irrepressible—"that it will be wise to take advantage of the condition of the house and give it a thorough spring cleaning *now*."

"Yes, dear Paul,—dear Dorothy," echoed Miss Luella, pressing their hands, "we shall see you to-night," and in her eyes, too, there was a light of emancipation, before which the young people, rendered dumb again, beat a quick retreat.

Out on the gravel walk in front of the house they came to a dazed standstill. Paul mechanically held his hat in his hand, and Dorothy's eyes blinked unseeingly. The sunlight, the spring grass, and the early crocuses were full of promises. The little gravelled path led straight to Europe, yet they stood fast-rooted. Presently Mary, her head bound in a handkerchief, flung wide the parlor windows and began vehemently pounding cushions. Up-stairs, the shapes of Miss Isabel and Miss Luella flitted actively back and forth, bearing strange burdens. From the rear of the kitchen came a noise of beaten carpets. Out of its body of a living death the house had arisen and clothed itself with new vitality.

Mechanically Paul put on his hat; the eyes of the young people met—solemnly.

"But when they *have* to die—?" said Dorothy.

Her husband shivered slightly in the sunlight, and moving together with a common impulse, they started away—down the little path that led to Europe.

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The Net-making Caddis-Worm

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

ACCURATE accounts of insect architecture, especially if written with vivacity, are and always have been interesting. Not only students of entomology, but the general public have taken rare pleasure in noting the structures reared by the more gifted and better-known representatives of the insect world. Doubtless this interest and this pleasure result largely from the contrast between the insignificant size and limited powers of these creatures and their comparatively vast and ingenious creations.

The architecture of such social insects as ants, bees, and wasps is wrought by the adult, or imago. The immature individuals are helpless charges upon the community, and upon them centre its chief concern, labor, and skill. In this respect they resemble human infants; and the question arises whether to this fact may not be due the development of those striking suggestions of human communal methods which many observers note in their behavior? Not until they have passed their pupal state and gained maturity do they enter upon an active career and begin to contribute to the general achievements of their race. The architectural instinct awakens with that sense of communal responsibility which comes with the adult stage.

There are, however, many families of insects with whom this quality is reversed. The architectural instinct is inborn with the larvæ and is wanting or quiescent in adults. While the former give some rare examples of skill in sheltering and caring for themselves, the latter live uninteresting lives; except in the maternal act of perpetuating their species, which for a brief period excites the female to interesting activity ere the spark of life expires. As the larvæ of these insects are solitary, and nature thrusts upon them responsibility for their own nurture and preservation, the possession of an adequate instinct is essential. It is the purpose of this article to give a record, with illustrations, of that instinct as shown in the life of a single example of one of these species—the Net-making Caddis-worm.

There are few familiars of American and English fresh-water streams who do not know something of the case-making caddis-worm. It has the curious habit of covering the silken case in which it encloses its soft body with minute pebbles, or grains of sand and tiny shells, or bits of grass and leaves, and walking about with it on the bottom of running brooks and creeks, until ready to pass from the larval stage. Then it fixes its case to a convenient rock or pebble and shuts itself in to pupate. A score or more of such cases may be found upon a stone as big as one's fist. To the oddity of its appearance is due its wide popularity; and certainly it is a curious object as it slowly plods along beneath its mosaic-work armor of tiny stones, ever and anon thrusting its head and the upper part of its body out of its artificial shell.

But one rarely hears of the net-weaving caddis. The writer confesses that until recently he knew it only from the books. While collecting a few specimens of the familiar armor-plated species from Brookcamp Run, a stream that passes through an open wood on his country place, he drew from the water many of the peculiar domiciles of a net-making species, probably *Macronema rebratum Hagen*. His interest in them grew, and led to prolonged studies, some of which he hopes the reader will be glad to share with him.

Let us remove from this short stretch of riffle some of the stones that line the bottom. Our tray contains not only the compact pellet-covered tubular cases of the familiar caddis-fly just mentioned, but many others of a quite different structure. They are little piles of peb-

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LARVAL CAIRNS OR DOMICILES OF NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM

bles held loosely together by silken threads; yet they adhere to one another and to their stone "host" firmly enough to resist the action of the current and the strain of removal. A number of specimens gathered three months ago show the little cairns unbroken.

They are made up of pebbles from the bigness of a pea to that of a peanut. Some lie upon the bottom in separate masses; most are attached to small stones of various sizes. Some of the pebbles are flat, and cover the others like a roof; indeed, one or more pieces of goodly size, leaned up one against the other, may usually be found in every group. All are so arranged as to form a rude sort of den or hut. In fact, they are the larval homes of the net-making caddis-worm—an insect which belongs to the same order as the case-making caddis (Trichoptera), but to a different family (Hydropsychidæ).

Let us pull apart one of these stone domiciles. Here within the den, and commonly within a small tube, or a cavity, sometimes sparsely, sometimes thickly silk-lined, is the inhabitant. It is an active larva about three-fourths of an inch long, and one finds others of various shorter lengths, but few larger. The old name of "worm" clings to it, for in the early usage of the English tongue the scientific difference between a true worm and an insect larva was not regarded, and the habit persists. The larva is not stout or "chunky," but is rather elongated and narrow, and not uncomely in appearance, at least to the nature-lover's eye. Some specimens (collected in April) are tawny yellow, the head and two succeeding joints being dark brown. Others and younger specimens (taken July 27) have the middle and terminal joints pale green. The head is flat and snakelike in appearance, the eyes small but prominent.

To the end of the body are attached two anal appendages, which terminate in bunches of flaring bristles. Just beneath each appendage is a tiny hook, by which the larva anchors itself to some point within its nest, or to any other object, and can thus swing free beyond its tube and cairn without being carried away by the current. When from any cause it is set adrift, or ventures out of its bounds, these anchor-hooks must be of great use in aiding it to control its course and destination. When it wishes to stop, it has simply to "cast anchor" and hold on with its grapnels. When it wants to move on, it "hoists anchor" and drifts away. When forced out of its domicile,

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it can move about with much freedom; but in its native waters it probably keeps close to its own castle.

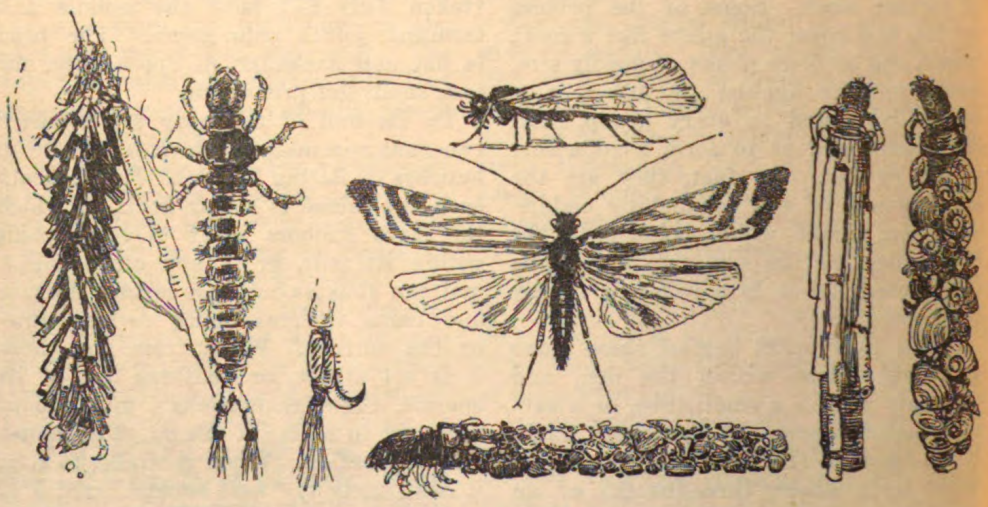
Net-making caddis-worms are numerous in Brookcamp Run, as they doubtless are in most American streams. Nearly every stone within the riffles, or parts where the brook runs rapidly—which are the favorite sites for caddis settlements,—has one or more caddis-cairns upon it. As one looks down into the water he sees that many of the rocks, pebbles, sunken twigs, and other objects are covered with threadlike streamers, one end of which is free and floats downward with the current. Most of these are hydropsychid threads, and are covered with fine sediment. When taken from the water they collapse into a mass of slime. Other objects, as the trailing leaves of water-grasses, are similarly covered.

It is interesting to think how this habit of the caddis to fasten its threads upon rocks, and the habit of the threads to pick up sediment, may have contributed to affect the course of nature. Surfaces thus clogged by this and by other means gradually accumulate refuse of soil, of leaves, of chippage and decaying matter. Germs of water-plants lodge therein; a rock-garden is formed; more and bulkier matter is assembled. The bed of the stream, the foot of the bank, and even the channel are affected. Little islets appear, and these slowly increase. Thus the changes go on, those minute and ceaseless changes by which, in the slow movement of ages, the face of nature is varied and renewed. One always must count upon the value of seemingly trifling forces and phenomena in the processes of world-building.

As one looks at these rude dens, he naturally asks, how were the pebbles that compose them assembled? Does the little cairn-builder collect, select, and arrange them? Are they chance accumulations? It may be that many of the pieces drift before the current when detached from the bed of the brook by the action of the stream, or by the movements of the multitude of water denizens, such as small fish, frogs, water-snakes, crabs, and sundry insect larvæ, and become entangled in the sticky threads which caddises fasten to their lodging-rock. Thus their great variety of form may be partly due to the chance action of the riffle.

But the builders certainly have control over the position of the several pieces. This appears from the general design of the structures, which, with all their irregularity, are plainly intended for dwelling-places, and admirably serve their end. The pebbles are so adjusted that the silken tubes, above referred to as occupying the cavities formed within the heaps, have sufficient room, with free points of entrance and exit.

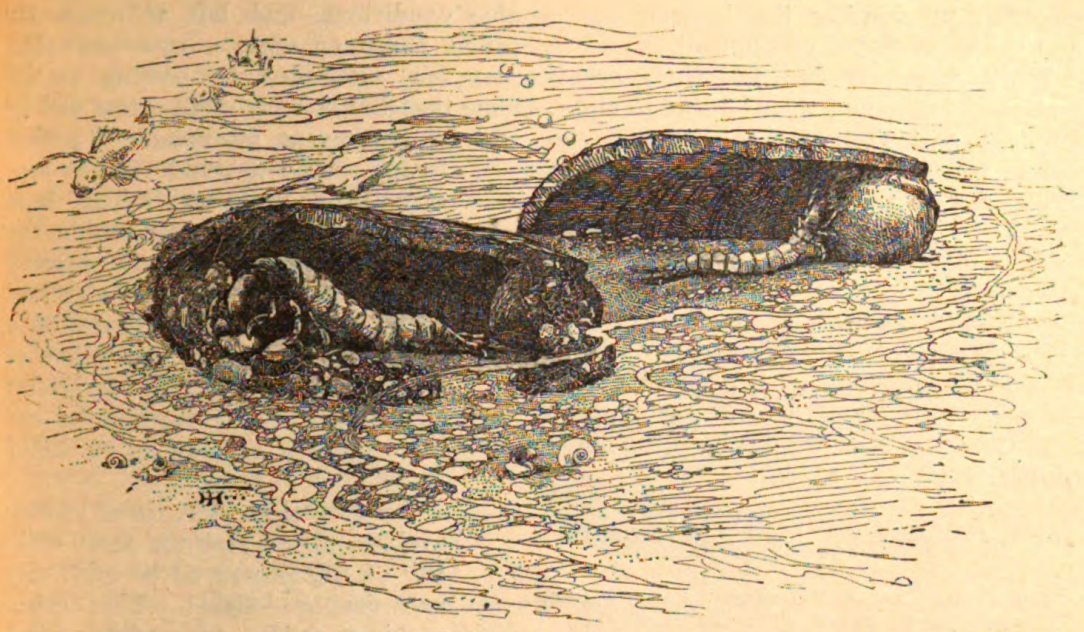
However, one likes to bring personal observation to determine such a point. To lie or crouch for hours upon the



NET-MAKING CADDIS-FLY, IMAGO, LARVA, AND HOOK

Also case-making caddis-worms

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NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM BUILDING ITS UNDER-WATER CAIRN
The upper figure shows an earlier stage, the lower the pebble wall further advanced

sloping bank of a brook and watch the movements of water-larvæ is not just now possible to the writer, although he has spent many pleasant hours in such studies in earlier years. Let us see what can be done by creating for our net-making caddis an artificial environment that may tempt it to show its methods. A long shallow pan filled with water was transformed for the nonce into a miniature brook, and in it were placed several stones with hydropsychid cairns built upon them. The collection was taken to the house and put under observation. Soon the larvæ, who easily knew that something out of the way had befallen them, crawled from their dens. Then the stones were removed, and over the bottom of the pan, which had been covered with sand, were strewn pebbles like those of which the cairns are composed, and the long watch for building operations began.

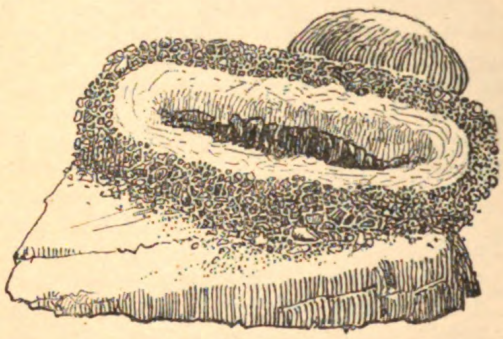
Let us follow the behavior of one nearly full-grown larva, as typical of all others. It had found refuge, after much wandering, against one side of a waterlogged bit of wood, one end of which rested against a pebble as big as a filbert. The chip was so shaped that it sloped upward from the bottom, forming a projection like the eaves of a roof. A number of sand pellets as large as rice grains, and some as big as a pea, lay beside it.

The larva began work by clearing away the sand in the angle formed by the chip where it rested against the pebble, and made a snug corner that promised to be the nucleus of a den. It bored into the underlying sand until a small cavity was formed, almost large enough to contain its body. Then it turned to the pellets in front. It moved its jaws—the under part of its head—many times over them, smearing them with a viscid secretion from its silk-glands. The pieces were thus glued together in a loose bunch, and ere one could make out exactly the process, were lifted and "butted" up against the pebble buttress. There they dangled, in the fashion of a bead necklace, and formed the beginning of a wall that was planned to enclose the angle made by the upward slant of the chip. When the wall was formed (by the same method) a circular space was cleared away near its union with the pebble, apparently the beginning of a tubular case of which this would be the door. The chief instruments in these acts were the head and fore paws; but undulatory movements of the body, kept up with almost rhythmic regularity, seemed to be

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effective in shaping the interior space and the general line of the wall.

While thus engaged the little architect would now and then be lost to sight. But the agitation of the sand and the palpitation of the chip showed that it was at work underneath. At times it would reappear, to add to or strengthen its outer wall. Often it would thrust out the fore part of the body alone, and move it about, weaving threads to tie or cement together the sand grains with which it was building. Meanwhile it seemed to be anchored by its anal hooks to some point within.



PUPAL CASE OF A NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM, OPENED TO SHOW DEAD PUPA WITHIN

Having thus been permitted to uncover the secrets of its craft, I was loath to disturb the little mason and destroy its work. But hardening my heart "in the interest of science," I lifted up the brown water-logged chip which had been the background of the larva's operations. Down fell the wee protecting wall of threaded sand pellets; the builder wriggled its protest and fled; and, as expected, there appeared a tubular space which had been cleared away by pushing and packing the sand to either side. This was meant to be the refuge and home den, and in due time would have been hung and carpeted with silken tapestry, and so have become the tubular pupal case of a net-making caddis-fly. Later in the season the mode of building here described was confirmed by observations fortunately made upon a half-grown larva working in natural site within the run itself.

Curiosity having been satisfied, the ingenious builder was replaced in favorable conditions, and left to restore its fallen house or erect a new one. The pan was covered with netting in the hope that the larva would pupate, and by and by emerge as an imago or perfect hydropsychid fly, and thus be captured and identified. This hope was disappointed; but within the pan was found, beneath a small cairn, a tough silken tubular case which held the dead body of a pupa. This marked the failure of some larva to attain its perfect life. It was the remains of our little builder, or mayhap of one of its fellows.

Another characteristic of hydropsychid cairns, and the most striking of all, is now to be told: they are fishing-lodges! This cairn-making caddis is a fisher-worm, and earns its title of "net-making" or "net-building" by taking its prey in a woven net which is spread against some part of its cairn, or annex thereto, usually near the circular door of the tube. As the cairns are placed on the edge or facing the course of the current, such small-fry larvæ as it feeds upon drift into and are stopped by or entangled within the net, and thus are captured.

While noting the structure and arrangement of several of these nets grouped upon a plate, my thoughts, by that strange power of association which puzzles philosophers, were carried back through half a century to boyhood fishing-days in eastern Ohio. I seemed to see a dam of loosely placed boulders, built across a clear running stream at the point where the riffle is most marked. A square wooden frame, wedged tightly into an open space in the dam, holds the wide mouth of a funnel-shaped fishing-net which is stretched backward against the current, and is fastened to a stake at the tapering point. Midway, the net narrows to a small circular opening that leads into the meshed pouch at the net's end which forms the trap. The fish, swimming up against the stream, as is their wont, enter the large square frame, and pass through the small inner circular door, and so are bagged. The farmer lads, who mostly practised this sort of fishing in those days, called the contrivance a "set-net."

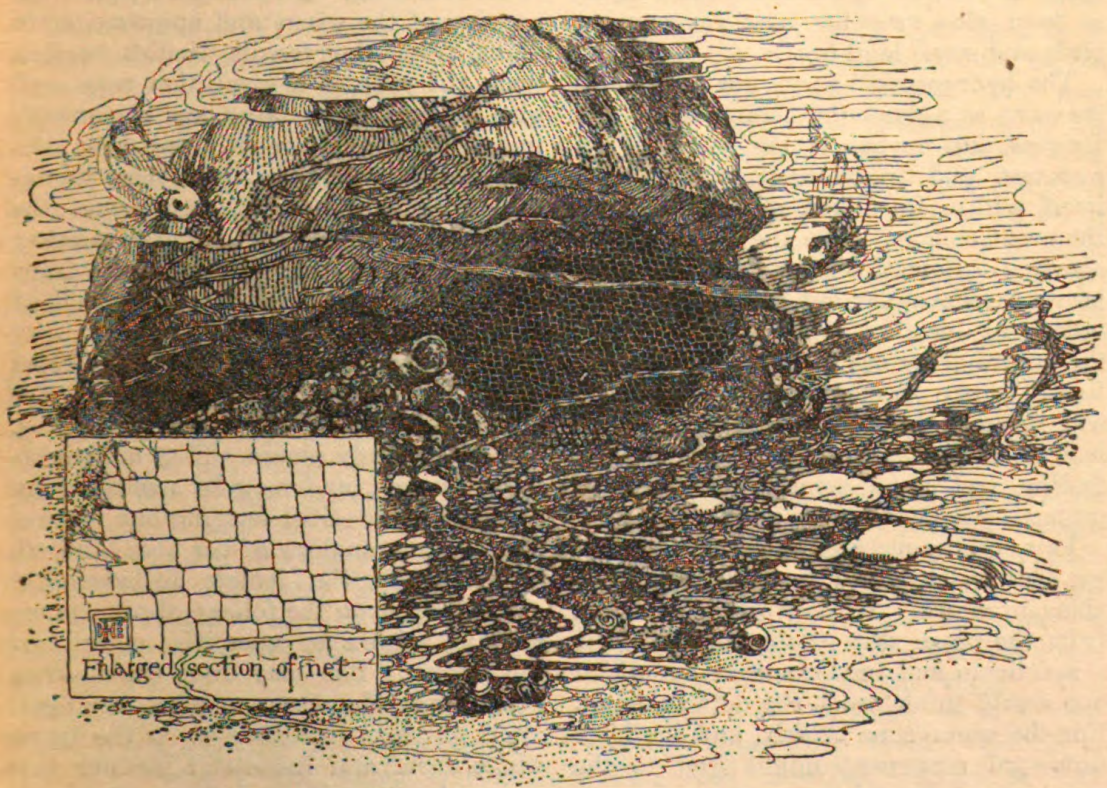
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How like the method of our Hydropsychid larva!—only, it reverses the position of the net, and traps its prey as they move with the current, not against it. Is it strange that these structures should have suggested the set-net fishing of boyhood experience? Here is one before me, placed at the end of a conical basketlike frame whose bowed ribs are tiny sprays of grass bent and lashed together by silken ropelets. It is rarely human in its style!—as though it might have been the work of veritable fairies.

The nets are irregular in shape, the average of several measured being one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch long and wide. The minute meshes are as regularly shaped as those of our own hand-knitted fishing-nets, and are of the same form. One net numbered about 800 within the above space. Perhaps one may appreciate the delicacy of touch and the machinelike accuracy shown in weaving this dainty lacelike work if he will mark off a block a quarter of an inch square and draw within it twenty-six vertical lines crossed by thirty parallel ones, keeping the interspaces of equal size. He will thus have well-nigh copied the caddis-worm's product.

It is interesting to note that the same peculiarity marks the meshes of the inner section of an orb-weaving spider's snare, and doubtless is produced in the same way. When a thread is spun across the series of radiating lines, the cross-line adheres to the radius; and when it is passed to the next radius the pull upon the one just left draws it a little out of line. This gives the meshes the form of rectangles some of whose corners have been slightly trimmed off. The whole effect is that of a highly artificial and man-made implement. Doubtless the form of the meshes in our caddis-worm's set-net is produced in the same way.

It is suggestive of the unity of thought pervading nature that a contrivance of Man the Manufacturer and head of animate creation to capture water food and an implement wrought for the same purpose by a caddis-larva which holds so low a grade in the scale of being should be wrought upon the same general plan and in nearly the same form. And further, that a spider, another animal



CAIRN OF NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM, SHOWING ITS NET AND SILKEN TUBE

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A MINIATURE FISHING-LODGE

A basketlike frame to the net of a Hydropsychid Caddis-worm. Net one-fourth inch square

of low grade, should use to capture its insect food a tool of much the same style; as man also uses his nets for snaring birds and small land beasts.

The hydropsychid larva not only holds its cairn as a domicile, fishing-lodge, and fortress, but makes it the scene of its pupation and transformation. It seals itself within its silken case and awaits the great change, while the brook ripples above it. Sometimes its case proves to be its sarcophagus; but if it survive the ordeal, in due time it awakens, and with the nature-given consciousness that a new life in a new element awaits it, cuts its way through the self-woven swathements, mounts to the surface of the water, and finding rest upon some water-plant or projecting rock, casts its pupal skin.

This and the succeeding history have not yet been written, and are facts of reasonable inference. Perhaps it may break from the pupal skin at the surface itself —a delicate and instantaneous act which one would think needs the deftest doing. For the water runs briskly, and the least untoward movement might lead to the wrecking of the dainty craft, or the wetting of the expanding wings, which would hinder escape from the turbulent element it is forsaking. This instantaneous expansion of the wings and upspringing in flight from the fragile boatlet tossing upon the riffle is a scene that may well give play to poet's fancy and romancer's imagination. One readily sees how men and women who have lived close to nature have caught from such scenes the inspiration which has peopled meadow and brookside and grove with fairy folk, and woven about them the spell of fairy lore.

Once launched upon the air, the brief imago life begins. The perfect flies are often seen about the margins of streams. They love shady places. They are night-flying insects, and may be assembled by a bright light. Still forming our natural history from analogy of her near kindred, we may see the female hydropsychid ovipositing upon the foliage of some plant growing within or upon the margin of the stream. She may even crawl down a stem into the water to place her eggs. From these in due time come the larvæ whose form and industrial manner this paper aims to tell; and thence the cycle of life recommences and runs endlessly on.

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A Doll

BY ALICE MACGOWAN

EVERY time the wagon went to Antelope from Three Sorrows ranch the little girl had been promised a doll. The promise was freshly made when came the journey to the larger and more distant town of Amarillo—a business trip, but father would find time to look up the biggest doll there and bring it to her. And again the childish hope was disappointed; again the careless, irresponsible, doting father, who would not for the world have struck his motherless child or allowed any pain to come near her which he could himself prevent, unconsciously pierced her to the heart.

But now the long-talked-of pilgrimage to Fort Worth was at hand. And now father was actually off; and now the beautiful doll was certain to come home with him!

The evening of Van Brunt's departure —and every evening after that till the momentous one which brought the traveller back—Hilda crept up into the lap of old Hank Pearsall, the ranch boss, to tell him over and over how long the doll was to be, how blue its eyes, how golden its hair, and what pretty tan shoes and white kid hands it should have, what dainty garments it should wear. The old cattleman had taken the forlorn pair—the small child and the father, a New York club-man, almost as helpless as she—into his big, fond, empty heart. Of Hilda he had made an especial pet, teaching her a new name for himself, and adopting the title of Petty as his own designation for her. "So long, Uncle Hank—oh, every bit this long! See? And blue eyes—like yours, Uncle Hank; not black, like mine and papa's," she would urge.

And Uncle Hank's admired blue eyes would dwell upon her a little anxiously. His last words to the young employer as he handed up his valise at the train (he had driven Van Brunt sixty miles to Antelope himself) were, "And, Charley, whatever you do, for the love o' goodness don't forget Petty's doll." Now, shrinking in mind from the thought of that possibility, but absolutely incapable of communicating his dread to the child, he would say:

"Um—Petty—w'y, Fort Worth, ye know—Fort Worth ain't New York. Hit ain't gwine to be no stavin' big doll; no such doll as you had before you come out to Texas. I don't reckon hit 'll be—"

Hastily she would interrupt him, declaring, vehemently, "Oh, Uncle Hank, it's goin' to be very beautiful!" And once more the eager, excited, childish tones would catalogue the list of the coming doll's charms.

When Charley Van Brunt got to Fort Worth, it was the history of his New York life over again—that life from which the young wife had thought to save him when she fled with him to the big Texas Panhandle ranch. And now there was the added pressure upon his weakness of a bereaved and forlorn condition—for his life since her death at Denver, on the way out, had been a thing unsupported; moreover, there went with him the depressing knowledge that he was making failure after failure at the ranch. He was to have been gone four days; it was ten, and he had not returned. There had been an address left, that of the hotel where he should stop. The ranch boss wrote again and again; even Hilda, with Uncle Hank guiding her little brown fingers, struggled through a small, soiled sheet of hieroglyphics. And when there was no answer, the old man sent Shorty, one of the cowboys, to Antelope with a telegram prepared, entreating an immediate reply. But none came. No message of any kind came back from Fort Worth. Old Hank, smiling and cheerful, carried a very anxious heart.

At the end of two weeks Van Brunt

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came home. A gentleman—oh, most certainly a gentleman, always; never less than that; but looking strangely shabby and out of countenance. He was much thinner than when he went away, and much less sunburnt, and he had forgotten most of the matters which had taken him to Fort Worth.

The child, who for days back had scouted continually the long box-elder avenue leading up from the main trail to the low stone ranch-house, met the buckboard far down below the big gate. The father stopped the galloping ponies with an arm thrown out across the driver's hands, caught up the little figure and hugged her warmly to his heart, covering her small face with kisses.

"Did she think daddy had just run away and left them all? Well, daddy was very busy; he—he had such a lot of tiresome business." And reaching down into his vest pocket, Van Brunt brought out and gave to the child a five-dollar gold piece.

In silence and in some apprehension Hilda looked at the coin lying in her little brown palm—as unavailable to her, as valueless in her eyes, as a yellow button. He had given it as though it were a precious thing; and Hilda just glimpsed the terrible thought that it might be meant to supersede the doll. No, no—that could not be—that was intolerable! She pushed the idea away from her as she sat (so quiet-seeming to the careless eye, but in truth in such a tumult of choking emotion) upon her father's knee.

Shyly and unobserved, she examined the contents of the buckboard. There was nothing whatever but her father's valise; not a big valise, either, and her hopes and expectations shrank. It would be a small doll; she saw that she must bring her desires down to that, and she did so. But she asserted passionately to herself that it was there—it was in the valise. No doll at all!—oh, it was impossible—it was not conceivable! She shrank in panic from the suggestion. Heaven would not permit such a cruel thing as that.

Poor little girl! The Providence of neglected children had found it necessary to deal unto Hilda's lot many things which the unthinking would readily call cruel; yet it was characteristic of her trusting, hopeful nature that she believed unfalteringly in the goodness of Heaven, the potency of her star.

Headquarters reached, old Hank came, and Shorty and Buster—all the masculine household; there was a good deal of hesitating, embarrassed conversation; questions, with answers eagerly hasty and voluble, or hesitant and awkward; long pauses, covered by an uneasy laugh or some irrelevant statement or inquiry.

While this was going forward, the child stood about, in one obscure corner and another, watching, longing for the moment when that wonderful valise should be opened; amazed that all this delay, this waste of time and talk, should be indulged in, when The Important Things of Life were waiting in that mysterious casket. During one of these uncomfortable pauses her father's troubled eye caught sight of the little figure lingering at the door. He reached for her and lifted her high in his strong arms, saying, laughingly:

"What is it now, my small daughter? Did you want to ask daddy something? Is there something Hilda wants to know of father?"

This was a strange, an ominous sort of inquiry; and Hilda could barely choke out the two words, "The doll," in such a little, whispering, flatted voice as failed to make its way across the short distance from her trembling lips to her father's ear, and he had to ask her over more than once.

His face fell, almost comically. A look of pain and shame flashed over it. It was plain (at least to everybody there except poor Hildegarde, who still clutched tightly a tiny shred of hope) that he had never thought of the matter since the moment of uttering his careless promise.

"Why, dear," he faltered, painfully, setting her gently down, "I completely for—"

Old Hank Pearsall's eyes were watching her in deep concern. This was what he had dreaded. Now he shook his head warningly at his employer, over the little girl's, and interrupted in a curiously significant tone:

"W'y, ye see, honey, hit 'll be a-comin' along with the freight stuff when—"

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Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

DIDA CREPT UP INTO THE LAP OF OLD HANK

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"No, Hank," broke in young Van Brunt, in fresh distress, not perceiving the innocent fiction, but supposing that the old man was expecting those articles which Charley was to have purchased and shipped to the ranch—"no, Hank, there aren't any things coming by freight. I—forgot it completely. I'll get—"

It was too late. Hank could cover nothing now; the bitter truth was evident, even to poor Hilda's incredulity, that there was no doll. Her father drew her to him, saying:

"There, there, dear, don't cry! Oh, Hildegarde, love, don't cry! I can't—" His face was very white, and he looked near to tears himself.

"No, papa—no, papa," she whispered, —"no, papa, I won't cry;" then crept away like a timid, gentle, self-respecting child, to have her agony alone. And hidden in her own private nook, in an unused room up-stairs, the spare little body was shaken by paroxysms of sobs, until there finally fell upon her the kind sleep of exhaustion. The affairs of the house went on; supper was served and passed, the father inquiring anxiously of the child's whereabouts, and being diplomatically diverted by Uncle Hank.

Hilda suddenly opened her eyes upon the darkness. It was night. She was lying dressed upon the lounge in the sitting-room; somebody had taken off her shoes and tucked some covering over her. She had the strange feeling which people have when they go to sleep irregularly, at some unusual time and place, not dressed for bed.

For a moment she was dazed and remembered nothing; then her sorrow came rushing back upon her in a flood. But the aftermath of grief was tearless; poor baby! she had wept the fountain dry.

Now, as she lay, inert and spent by a woe quite as real and ravaging as the more sophisticated sorrow of the older soul, she heard a murmur of voices; they were men's voices. Rising, strangely stiff and weary, she crawled to the door and peered silently through. The room into which she looked was the business office of the Three Sorrows; and the scene which met her wondering eyes was a strange one. Into the office had been carried that sewing-machine which the child's mother had purchased and prepared to take with her household supplies to the Texas ranch. Sitting before it, and beneath the strong light of the hanging lamp, was old Hank Pearsall, in full cow-puncher regalia, just as he had come in off the range that evening. The broad brim of his sombrero was swept directly up off his face, to be out of the way; the grizzled curls lay on the collar of his rough blue flannel shirt; and his trousers were tucked into the tops of cowboy boots, whose high heels clicked upon the treadles, armed with long-shanked spurs. His sinewy brown hands were twisting a thread to induce it to go through the eye of the needle. Bending anxiously over him was her father, and about the feet of both a tremendous litter of articles very foreign to that environment.

There were yards of white muslin and sheets of newspaper, cut into singular shapes; on the floor a bed-comforter—the pink silk one off the big front-room bed—rent open and with its snowy cotton bulging out; beside it an Angora goat-skin with exceptionally long fleece. As the child crouched silently at the door, the men were talking in low, guarded tones. Her father spoke first:

"Can you make it, Hank? I don't know what I did that was wrong, but it ran crooked and puckered, even before it broke the thread."

"Uh-huh!" returned the old man, genially. "She's liable to buck a little at fust; but ef ye don't spur her in the shoulder nor fight her in the face, she'll soon travel your gait. See?" For the machine had settled down to a steady purr. "Gimme somepin' to sew—anything, to try it on."

The child saw her father duck his sleek black head to pick up a scrap from the floor. Then she heard his laughing voice:

"Pearsall, I believe those long-shanked spurs of yours are what tamed down this bucking sewing-machine. I didn't have mine on."

"Sho!" whispered the old man, bending to unbuckle. "That beats my time! I plumb forgot them spurs. Don't blame ye a mite for laughin'. That's an old cow-puncher every time. Hit's a wonder I didn't try to ride in here on a cuttin' pony, with my guns on, and what you call a 'lariat' swingin'! Sho!"

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He removed the big hat, dropped the jingling spurs into its crown, and laid it back on the desk, then straightened up, a benignant figure, strangely incongruous, subduing his great bulk and strength to this little feminine employment.

While the small, anxious watcher at the door looked, in a maze of astonishment, almost doubting if she were really awake, Uncle Hank's soft voice spoke again, evidently in continuation of something that had gone before:

"H'm—promises! You promised her the time you went to Amarillo 'at you'd bring her sech a doll as ye could git there. Ye forgot it then. Ye forgot it this time. Ye see, Charley, to her ye're jest the feller that promises to bring dolls—and forgits."

Poor Charley Van Brunt! This accusation struck home to his remorseful heart much harder than the kindly speaker had meant it should. He had been all his life promising to bring his friends dolls—and forgetting. Dolls of repentance, of reformation and amendment, clad in shining garments of achievement, he promised; but the valise came ever home empty.

He spoke now: "If we fail, out and out, at this doll-factory business, you—of course she won't believe me, Hank; you're right about that—but *you* tell her, you promise her that—"

"Ain't gwine to promise her nothin', Charley. Ef you leave it to me, w'y, I say either dance up with the doll for her birthday, or don't insult the pore baby with any more promises—"

"Her birthday!" It was her father's voice that spoke, and in it there was a note of blank amaze. "Well, Pearsall! Do you know I'd forgotten absolutely that it was the child's birthday?"

Uncle Hank's blue eyes glanced up for an instant at the young father, with a look that was incomprehensible to the child.

Van Brunt, however, did not catch this glance; his attention was given elsewhere. And now he spoke in a depressed voice: "Well, this thing isn't going to do—not near. We'll have to make a long improvement over this;" and he picked up an atomy—a thing in human form—of a livid blue-white, like a leper, and of ghastly outline, warped where the ill-guided machine had wavered. The being had a small, narrow, conical head, a neck like a pipe-stem, and limbs long, attenuated, and lumpy where they had been stuffed hard with cotton rammed home by the help of penhandles, in an attempt to round out the starved proportions.

The child looked at this spectre in dismay. Truly, it did fall short of grace—even of decent seemliness. She was glad her father thought so. She did not want them to give her that creature, whose looks she could not help loathing, however good their intentions might be. She felt sure that she could never produce a grateful countenance, or bring forth any satisfactory thanks, for such a travesty of dollhood as that.

But there seemed to be no danger of such an exigency.

"She'll have a doll for her birthday," repeated old Hank.

"I don't know," deprecated her father. "You see, Hank, we haven't any of the things—"

"*Haven't* we? W'y, Charley, here's a sewin'-machine, an' cotton, an' domestic, an' all the needcessary materials. As for a pattern, w'y, you've got me to go by, an' I've got you, in sech matters as the mere number an' placin' on of arms an' legs an' sech."

He glanced at the object in young Van Brunt's hands. "I reckon ye went mostly by me—in the—the—geography o' that critter. Gosh! Charley, hit's a plumb straddle-bug, an' whopper-jawed at that! Now—here—I have went more by you." (The sentences came out in sections and irregular fragments, through many pins and needles and other small implements which Hank held in his mouth.) "We've got to cut 'em tol'able fat, or they stuff too slim; I see that. This"—he chuckled softly—"this is a purty fa'r Van Brunt, if that'n is a Pearsall—an' a Pearsall I don't want to acknowledge. She's ready for clo'es now."

"I'll bring some of my things," Van Brunt suggested.

Hank looked dubious. "Hit's lady fixin's, flubdubs, we want. I don't s'pose a man's riggin's would—"

"A man's riggin's!" echoed Van Brunt, laughingly. "You just wait a minute!" and he was gone.

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The child hung miserably watching; her already overburdened heart sank at the thought of the morrow. That she should fail to offer some sort of gratitude for these well-meant efforts on her behalf never occurred to her. That awful gulf which yawns between the child's point of view and that of the adult gaped black at her feet; yet she was loyally resolved to bridge it, when the time came, with such show of enthusiasm as she could muster.

Uncle Hank pursed up his lips, looked very fiercely at the needle which he held at considerable distance from his face, laid his head aslant, and finally threaded the needle's eye. Then he evidently propped the product which he had styled "a fa'r Van Brunt"—or so much of it as was completed—against the sliding top of the big desk, and shaking a finger at her, began to sew upon small white objects, glancing occasionally over his spectacles toward the doll, murmuring to her:

"Now ye set thar, Miss—well, what is your blessed name?—Miss Bon Ton—Miss High Stepper—Miss Tip Top—and mind how ye shoot off yer mouth to-morrow. Ye want to be mighty cl'ar on one p'int, and that is that ye came from Fort Worth. Pa was jest savin' a little surprise when he failed to mention ye to Petty to-day. You was right thar in that grip o' his'n all the time; so don't let me hear no remarks about white domestic, nor Charley's paint-box, nor Uncle Hank's 40 thread. Mind what I'm tellin' ye, Miss Tip Top; we don't want a word of and concernin' the spar'-room bed-comforter. Fort Worth's whar you come from—Fort Worth—a-bringin' the latest fashions in young-lady dolls—and Petty's not to be told things."

Such fond and foolish reckoning on her delight in the birthday doll! It was a relief to Hilda when, a moment later, her father came back, his own face that of a delighted child, his hands full of rich spoils. Old Hank put up his glasses, and together the men examined, commented, planned.

"Look, Pearsall—here are the petticoats and such like," spreading out handkerchiefs of exquisite linen cambric. "And these"—unfurling two brocaded white satin mufflers a yard or more square—"these two are exactly alike; there's enough stuff in 'em to make her a frock. And"—he put down several four-in-hand ties—"there are two of these blue ones alike, enough of a kind to make the dolly a sash."

"Yes, that's right, Charley; I'll make her a surcingle of these blue ones—the Fort Worth doll was to have had a blue surcingle."

Suddenly a look of perplexity, almost of consternation, spread over old Hank's face. "Great Scott! Charley. D'ye know that that there doll was a-goin' to have white kid hands and tan shoes on its feet—tan shoes! Now where in all Texas—"

With a whispered "Hold on!" Van Brunt was out of the room once more, and soon back with a pair of handsome heavy tan driving-gloves in one hand, in the other a pair of white ones. Uncle Hank's eyes were fastened upon them with a pleased look; but he hesitated, glancing at their owner deprecatingly.

"Them's mighty good gloves, Charley, to—"

"I hope to Heaven they are! The Lord grant they are worthy to make good a man's broken promise—a fellow's discredited word."

Uncle Hank did not gainsay this, and the two wrought for a time silently, the small watcher at the door drawing her breath softly lest it betray her presence.

Suddenly the elder man began to speak: "Ye see, Charley, I was a widder's boy—the oldest; an' the mother she used to make doll-babies for the young ones. I have sot up o' nights before now to work this hyer sort o' racket. But mammy an' me we couldn't paint—nair one of us—not a bit. A lead-pencil or pen an' ink; eyes and nose and mouth—laid out mighty flat an' square, I'm bound to say—'twas all the face them dolls of our'n ever got. The ha'r was ginerally ink, too. The best we could do in that line would be some onravelled tow rope. This here Miss High Stepper's face an' ha'r are simply the finest ever."

"Yes, she's all right," agreed Charley, thankfully.

"You bet she is!" repeated the other. As he spoke the old man moved aside a little, and Hilda caught her breath in a

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THE CHILD'S HEART SANK AT THE THOUGHT OF THE MORROW

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gasp of incredulous rapture. What radiant creature was this Uncle Hank held forth, turning his head to look at it aslant, half questioning, half pleased?

Muslin had furnished the ground tone for its delicate complexion. Charles Van Brunt's color-box and brushes, guided by his clever brain and fingers, had placed thereon not the inane countenance of the store doll, but the laughing, roguish face of a gay soubrette. Heavily black-fringed blue eyes looked out at you with delightful significance. The lips smiled saucily. The long-fleeced Angora goat-pelt had yielded a head of streaming crinkled tresses, which (after an interview with the color-box) showed a lovely gamboge tint. Head and body were fairly proportioned and well-shapen; any slight inaccuracies were more than compensated for by her *beauté du diable*.

"Why, what's the matter with that?" cried the young father, boyishly. "Say, she's a corker, Hank!"

The child's fascinated eyes were dragged resolutely from the beautiful, smiling water-color face. Uncle Hank wished her to know nothing of the doll, to be surprised; and with a last doting glance which caressed its perfections she moved noiselessly back across the big dark sitting-room, shivering but ecstatic. Oh, how different a creature from the bereaved little soul that had crossed that room, leaden-footed, sore-hearted, but a few moments back! She drew her slim legs up deliciously under the warm covers that seemed to close about her like the very arms of love themselves, and with a deep sigh of perfect peace relaxed her comforted spirit to sleep.

The long hours of darkness wore away thus; Hildegarde lying in a sleep profound and dreamless; in the other room the two men, both so very masculine in their different ways, working the night through at this woman's employment—this childish task of making and dressing a doll-baby. For the most part they wrought at their strange occupation in deep silence. Occasionally upon the stillness one or the other of the big musical bass voices would rumble out some observation or some question; a tiny garment or bit of tentative anatomy would be held up with an inquiring look, regarded with anxious solicitude, and approved or condemned. Once there was a sudden laugh, as abruptly smothered.

So the night passed. The pallor of dawn was upon the open plain without when the enterprise was brought to a triumphant conclusion, both workers pretty well tired out, but happy. All traces of their nocturnal activities were carefully removed.

When, presently, the sun rose out of the straight line of eastern horizon and sent long level rays to inquire in at the windows of Three Sorrows ranch-house, it discovered the Fort Worth doll to be a fact—a thing consummate and unique. And when, some hours later, Hilda wakened—this time on her own bed in her own room, whither she had been carried and undressed in that sound sleep—she found this radiant creature sitting upon a table beside her pillow.

Save for the presence of the doll herself, the child could never have believed but that the vision of last night was a dream. When subsequently Uncle Hank explained to her, with her father's assistance, that the beautiful Fort Worth doll had been a surprise withheld from her the day before because it was to grace her birthday, she accepted the explanation with a look and manner singular even for Hilda. There was a something exultant in her bearing and in her thought. Uncle Hank was not telling her the truth. It was not so, that father had brought the doll. But her imaginative soul seized instantly upon the spirit of the thing. All statements—and they were voluminous—concerning the importation and handling of Miss High Stepper she understood to be figurative. This was not fact to which she was listening; it was poetry—parable, and she answered in parable of her own.

She kissed them both passionately, and hugged the pretty doll to her with tears and with laughter, dwelling ardently upon each personal beauty and each separate elegance of attire; the arch, lovely eyes, the dainty tan shoes—all from Fort Worth; that is to say, all found and purchased in, and brought to Hilda out of, the Country of Love and Good Faith.

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Sea Voyagers of the Northern Ocean

BY AGNES C. LAUT

"SEA Voyagers of the Northern Ocean," they styled themselves, the Cossack banditti — robber knights, pirates, plunderers,—who pursued the little sable across Europe and Asia eastward, just as the French *coureurs des bois* followed the beaver across America westward. And these two great tides of adventurers — the French voyageur, threading the labyrinthine waterways of American wilds westward; the Russian voyager exchanging his reindeer sled and desert caravans for crazy rafts of green timbers to cruise across the Pacific eastward—were directed both to the same region, animated by the same impulse: the capture of the Pacific coast of America.

The tide of adventure set eastward across Siberia at the very time (1579) Francis Drake, the English freebooter, was sacking the ports of New Spain on his way to California. Yermac, robber knight and leader of a thousand Cossack banditti, had long levied tribute of loot on the caravans bound from Russia to Persia. Then came the avenging army of the Czar. Yermac fled to Siberia, wrested the country from the Tartars, and obtained forgiveness from the Czar by laying a new realm at his feet. But these Cossack plunderers did not stop with Siberia. Northward were the ivory tusks of the frozen tundras. Eastward were precious furs of the snow-padded forests and mountains towards Kamchatka. For both ivory and furs the smugglers of the Chinese border-lands would pay a price. On pretence of collecting one-tenth tribute for the Czar, forward pressed the Cossacks: now on horseback —wild brutes got in trade from Tartars; now behind reindeer teams through snowy forests where the spreading hoofs carried over drifts; now on rude-planked rafts hewn from green firs on the banks of Siberian rivers—on and on pushed the plunderers till the Arctic rolled before them on the north and the Pacific on the east. Nor did the seas of these strange shores bar the Cossacks. Long before Peter the Great had sent Vitus Bering to America, in 1741, Russian voyagers had launched out east and north with a daredevil recklessness that would have done honor to prehistoric man. That part of their adventures is a record that exceeds the wildest darings of fiction. Their boats were called *kotches*. They were some sixty feet long, flat-bottomed, planked with green timber. Not a nail was used. Where were nails to come from six thousand miles across the frozen tundras? Indeed, iron was so scarce that at a later day, when ships with nails ventured on these seas, natives were detected diving below to pull the nails from the timbers with their teeth. Instead of nails, the Cossacks used reindeer thongs to bind the planking together. Instead of tar, moss and clay and the tallow of sea animals calked the seams. Needless to say, there was neither canvas nor rope. Reindeer thongs supplied the cordage, reindeer hides the sails. On such rickety craft, *"with the help of God and a little powder,"* the Russian voyagers hoisted sail and put to sea. On just such vessels did Deshneff and Staduchin attempt to round Asia from the Arctic into Bering Sea (1647-50).

To be sure, the first bang of the ice-floes against the prow of these rickety boats knocked them into kindling-wood. Two-thirds of the Cossack voyagers were lost every year; and often all news that came of the crew was a mast-pole washed in by the tide with a dead man lashed to the crosstrees. Small store of fresh water could be carried. Pine-needles were the only antidote for scurvy; and many a time the boat came tumbling back to the home port, not a man well enough to stand before the mast.

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Always it is what lies just beyond that lures. It is the unknown that beckons like the arms of the old sea sirens. Groping through the mists, that hang like a shroud over these northern seas, hoar frosts clinging to masts and decks till the boat might have been some ghost ship in a fog world, the Cossack plunderers sometimes caught glimpses far ahead—twenty, thirty, forty miles eastward—of a black line along the sea. Was it land or fog, ice or deep water? And when the wind blew from the east, strange land birds alighted on the yard-arms. Dead whales with the harpoons of strange hunters washed past the ship; and driftwood of a kind that did not grow in Asia tossed up on the tide wrack. It was the word brought back by these freelances of the sea that induced Peter the Great to send Vitus Bering on a voyage of discovery to the west coast of America; and when the castaways of Bering's wreck returned with a new fur that was neither beaver nor otter, but larger than either and of a finer sheen than sable, selling the pelts to Chinese merchants for what would be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each in modern money, the effect was the same as the discovery of a gold-mine. The new fur was the sea-otter, as peculiar to the Pacific as the seal, and destined to lead the Cossacks on a century's wild hunt from Alaska to California. Cossacks, Siberian merchants, exiled criminals, banded together in as wild a stampede to the west coast of America as ever a gold-mine caused among civilized men of a later day.

The little *kotches* that used to cruise out from Siberian rivers no longer served. Siberian merchants advanced the capital for the building of large sloops. Cargo of trinkets for trade with American Indians was supplied in the same way. What would be fifty thousand dollars in modern money it took to build and equip one of these sloops; but a cargo of sea-otter was to be had for the taking —barring storms that yearly engulfed two-thirds of the hunters, and hostile Indians that twice wiped Russian settlements from the coast of America,—and if these pelts sold for one hundred and fifty dollars each, the returns were ample to compensate risk and outlay. Provisions, cordage, iron, ammunition, firearms—all had to be brought from St. Petersburg, seven thousand miles to the Pacific coast. From St. Petersburg to Moscow, Kasan, the Tartar desert, and Siberia, pack-horses were used. It was a common thing for caravans of four or even five thousand pack-horses employed by the Russian fur-traders of America to file into Irkutsk of a night. At the head waters of the Lena, rafts and flat-boats, similar to the old Mackinaw boats of American fur-traders on the Missouri, were built and the cargo floated down to Yakutsk, the great rendezvous of Siberian fur-traders. Here exiles acting as packers and Cossacks as overseers usually went on a wild ten days' spree. From Yakutsk, pack-horses, dog trains, and reindeer teams were employed for the remaining thousand miles to the Pacific; and this was the hardest part of the journey. Mountains higher than the Rockies had to be traversed. Mountain torrents tempestuous with the spring thaw had to be forded—ice-cold and to the armpits of the drivers; and in wintertime the packs of timber-wolves following on the heels of the cavalcade could only be driven off by the hounds kept to course down grouse and hare for the evening meal. If an exile forced to act as transport-packer fell behind, that was the last of him. The Russian fur-traders of America never paused in their plans for a life more or less. Ordinarily it took three years for goods sent from St. Petersburg to reach the Pacific; and this was only a beginning of the hardships. The Pacific had to be crossed, and a coast lined with reefs like a ploughed field traversed for two thousand miles among Indians notorious for their treachery.

The vessels were usually crammed with traps and firearms and trinkets to the water-line. The crews of forty, or seventy, or one hundred were relegated to vermin-infected hammocks above-decks, with short rations of rye bread and salt fish, and such scant supply of fresh water that scurvy invariably ravaged the ship whenever foul weather lengthened the passage. Having equipped the vessel, the Siberian merchants passed over the management to the Cossacks, whose pretence of conquering new realms and collecting

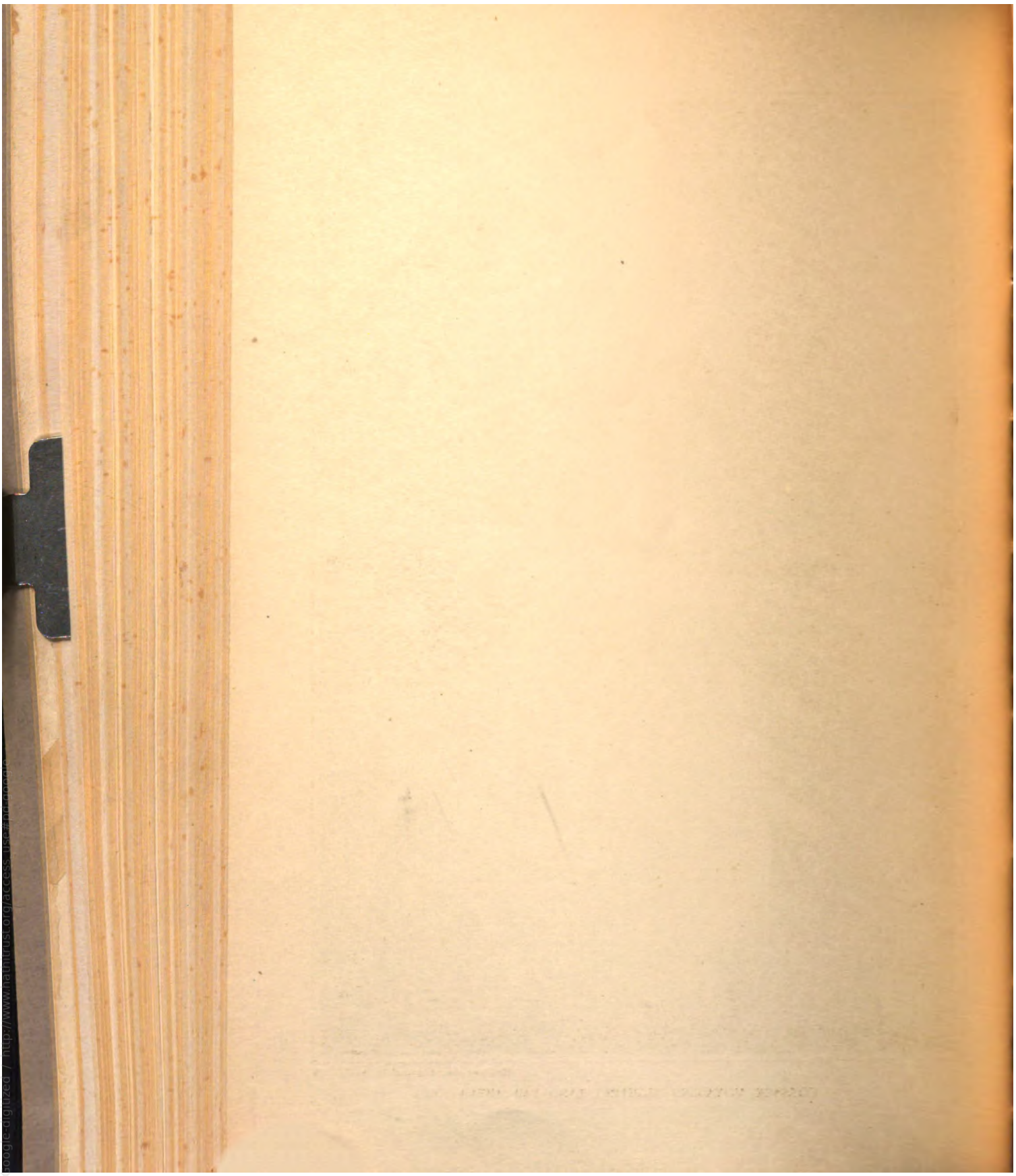
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Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

COSSACK VOYAGERS SIGHTING LAND FAR AHEAD

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tribute for the Czar was only another excuse for the same plunder in gathering sea-otter as their predecessors had practised in hunting the sable. Landsmen among Siberian exiles were enlisted as crew of their own free will at first; but afterwards, when the horrors of wreck and scurvy and massacre became known, both exiles and Indians were impressed by force as fur-hunters for the Cossacks. If the voyage were successful, half the proceeds went to the outfitter, the remaining half to Cossacks and crew.

The boats usually sailed in the fall, and wintered on Bering Island. Here stores of salted meat, sea-lion and sea-cow, were laid up; and the following spring the boat steered for the Aleutians, or the main coast of Alaska, or the archipelago round the modern Sitka. Sloops were anchored offshore, fully armed, for refuge in case of attack. Huts were then constructed of driftwood on land. Towards the east and south, where the Indians were treacherous, and made doubly so by the rum and firearms of rival traders, palisades were thrown up around the fort, a sort of balcony being erected inside with brass cannon mounted, where a sentry paraded day and night, ringing a bell every hour in proof that he was not asleep. Westward towards the Aleutians, where driftwood was scarce, the Russians built their forts in one of two places: either a sandy spit where the sea protected them on three sides, as at Captains Harbor, Oonalaska, and St. Paul, Kadiak; or on a high, rocky eminence only approachable by a zigzag path, at the top of which stood cannon and sentry, as at Cook Inlet. Chapel and barracks for the hunters might be outside the palisade, but the main house was inside; if a single story with thatch roof, a door was at one end, a rough table at the other. Sleeping-berths with fur bedding were on the side walls; and every other available piece of wall space bristled with daggers and firearms ready for use. If a double-decker, as Baranoff Castle at Sitka, powder was stored in the cellar. Counting-rooms, mess-room, and fur stores occupied the first floor. Sleeping-quarters were up-stairs, and, above all, a powerful light hung in a cupola to guide ships into port at night.

But these arrangements concerned only the Cossack officers of the early era, or the governors, like Baranoff, of a later day. The rank and file of the crews were off on the hunting-grounds with the Indians; and the hunting-grounds of the sea-otter were the storm-beaten kelp-beds of the rockiest coast in the world. Going out in parties of five or six, the *promyshleniki*, as the hunters were called, promised implicit obedience to their foreman. Store of venison would be taken in a preliminary hunt. Indian women and children would be left at the Russian fort as hostages of good conduct; and at the head of as many as five hundred, even a thousand Aleut Indian hunters who had been bludgeoned, impressed, bribed by the promise of firearms to hunt for the Cossacks, the six Russians would set out to coast a tempestuous sea for a thousand miles in frail boats made of parchment stretched on whalebone. Sometimes a counter-tide would sweep a whole flotilla out to sea, when never a man of the hunting crew would be heard of more. Sometimes, when the hunters were daring a gale, riding in on the back of a storm to catch the sea-otter driven ashore to the kelp-beds for rest, the back-wash of a billow, or a sudden hurricane of wind raising mountain seas, would crash down on the brigade. When the spray cleared, the few panic-stricken survivors were washing ashore, too exhausted to be conscious that half their comrades had gone under. Absurd as it seems to us that these plunderers of the deep always held prayers before going off on a hunt, is it any wonder they prayed? It was in such brigades that the Russian hunters cruised the west coast of America from Bering Sea to the Gulf of California, and the whole northwest coast of America is punctuated with saints' names from the Russian calendar; for, like Drake's freebooters, they had need to pray.

Fur companies the world over have run the same course. No sooner has game become scarce on the hunting-grounds than rivals begin the merry game of slitting one another's throat, or instigating savages to do the butchering for them. That was the record of the Hudson Bay Company and Nor'westers in Canada, and the Rocky Mountain men and American Company on the Missouri

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Four years after Bering's crew had brought back word of the sea-otter in 1742, there were seventy-seven different private Russian concerns hunting sea-otter off the islands of Alaska. Fifty years later, after Cook, the English navigator, had spread the authentic news of the wealth in furs to be had on the west coast of America, there were sixty different fur companies on the Pacific coast, carrying almost as many different flags. John Jacob Astor's ships had come round the Horn from New York, and sailing right into the Russian hunting-grounds, were endeavoring to make arrangements to furnish supplies to the Russians in exchange for cargoes of the fur-seals, whose rookeries had been discovered about the time sea-otter began to be scarce. Kendrick, Gray, Ingraham, Coolidge, a dozen Boston men, were threading the shadowy, forested waterways between New Spain and Alaska. Ships from Spain, from France, from London, from Canton, from Bengal, from Austria, were on the west coast of America. The effect was twofold: sea-otter were becoming scarce from being slaughtered indiscriminately, male and female, young and old; the fur trade was becoming bedevilled from rival traders using rum among the savages. The life of a fur-trader on the Pacific coast was not worth a pin's purchase fifty yards away from the cannon-mouths pointed through the netting fastened round the deck-rails to keep savages off ships. Just as Lord Selkirk indirectly brought about the consolidation of the Hudson Bay fur-traders with the Nor'westers, and John Jacob Astor attempted the same ends between the St. Louis and New York companies, so a master mind arose among the Russians, grasping the situation and ready to cope with its difficulties.

This was Gregory Ivanovich Shelikoff, a fur-trader of Siberia, accompanied to America and seconded by his wife Natalie, who succeeded in carrying out many of his plans after his death. Shelikoff owned shares in two of the principal Russian companies. When he came to America with his wife, Baranoff another trader, and two hundred men, in 1784, the Russian headquarters were still at Oonalaska in the Aleutians. Only desultory expeditions had gone eastward. Foreign ships had already come among the Russian hunting-grounds of the north. These Shelikoff at once checkmated by moving Russian headquarters east to Three Saints, Kadiak. Savages warned him from the island, threatening death to the Aleut Indian hunters he had brought. Shelikoff's answer was a load of presents to the hostile messenger. That failing, he took advantage of an eclipse of the sun as a sign to the superstitious Indians that the coming of the Russians was blessed of Heaven.

The unconvinced Kadiak savages responded by ambushing the first Russians to leave camp and showering arrows on the Russian boats. Shelikoff gathered up his men, sallied forth, whipped the Indians off their feet, took four hundred prisoners, treated them well, and so won the friendship of the islanders. From the new quarters hunters were despatched eastward under Baranoff and others as far as what is now Sitka. These yearly came back with cargoes of sea-otter worth two hundred thousand dollars. Shelikoff at once saw that if the Russian traders were to hold their own against the foreign adventurers of all nations flocking to the Pacific, headquarters must be moved still farther eastward and the prestige of the Russian government invoked to exclude foreigners. There were, in fact, no limits to the far-sighted ambitions of the man. Ships were to be despatched to California setting up signs of Russian possession. Forts in Hawaii could be used as a mid-Pacific arsenal and halfway house for the Russian fleet that was to dominate the North Pacific. A second Siberia on the west coast of America, with limits eastward as vague as the Hudson Bay Company's claims westward, was to be added to the domains of the Czar. Whether the idea of declaring the North Pacific a *closed sea*, as Spain had declared the South Pacific a *closed sea* till Francis Drake opened it, originated in the brain of Shelikoff or his successors is immaterial. It was the aggrandizement of the Russian-American Fur Company as planned by Shelikoff from 1784 to 1795 that led to the Russian government trying to exclude foreign traders from the North Pacific twenty-five years later, and which in turn

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led to the declaration of the famous Monroe doctrine by the United States in 1823—that the New World was no longer to be the happy hunting-ground of Old-World nations bent on conquest and colonization.

Like many who dream greatly, Shelikoff did not live to see his plans carried out. He died in Irkutsk in 1795; but in St. Petersburg, when pressing upon the government the necessity of uniting the independent traders in one all-powerful company to be given exclusive monopoly on the west coast of America, he had met and allied himself with a young courtier, Nikolai Rezanoff. When Shelikoff died, Rezanoff it was who obtained from the Czar in 1799 a charter for the Russian-American Fur Company, giving it exclusive monopoly for hunting, trading, and exploring north of 55° in the Pacific. Other companies were compelled either to withdraw or join. Royalty took shares in the venture. Shareholders of St. Petersburg were to direct affairs, and Baranoff, the governor, resident in America, to have power of life and death, despotic as a Czar. By 1800 the capital of Russian America had been moved down to the modern Sitka, called Archangel Michael, in the trust of the Lord's anointed protecting these plunderers of the sea. Shelikoff's dreams were coming true. Russia was checkmating the advance of England and the United States and New Spain. Schemes were in the air with Baranoff for the impressment of Siberian exiles as peasant farmers among the icebergs of Prince William Sound, for the remission of one-tenth tribute in furs from the Aleuts on condition of free service as hunters with the company, and for the employment of Astor's ships as purveyors of provisions to Sitka, when there fell a bolt from the blue that well-nigh wiped Russian possession from the face of America.

It was a sleepy summer afternoon towards the end of June in 1802. Baranoff had left a guard of twenty or thirty Russians at Sitka, and, confident that all was well, had gone north to Kadiak. Aleut Indians, impressed as hunters, were about the fort; for the fiery Kolosh or Sitkans of this region would not bow the neck to Russian tyranny. Safe in the mountain fastnesses behind the fort, they refused to act as slaves. How they regarded this invasion of their hunting-ground by alien Indians—Indians acting as slaves—may be guessed. Whether rival traders—deserters from an American ship, living with the Sitkan Indians—instigated the conspiracy cannot be known. I have before me letters written by the fur-trader of a rival company at that time, declaring if a certain trader did not cease *his* methods that "*pills would be bought at Montreal with as good poison as pills from London*"; and the sentiment of the writer gives a true idea of the code that prevailed among American fur-traders.

The fort at that time occupied a narrow strip between a dense forest and the rocky water-front a few miles north of the present site. Whether the renegade American sailors living in the forests with the Kolosh betrayed all the inner plans of the fort, or the squaws daily passing in and out with berries kept their countrymen informed of Russian movements, the blow was struck when the whites were off guard. It was a holiday. Half the Russians were outside the palisades, unarmed, fishing. The remaining fifteen men seem to have been upstairs about midday in the rooms of the commander, Medvednikoff. Suddenly the sleepy sentry parading the balcony noticed Michael, chief of the Kolosh, standing on the shore, shouting at sixty canoes to land quickly. Simultaneously the patter of moccasined feet came from the dense forest to the rear—a thousand Kolosh warriors, every Indian armed and wearing the death-mask of battle. Before the astounded sentry could sound an alarm such a hideous uproar of shouts arose as might have come from bedlam let loose. The Indian always imitates the cries of the wild beast when he fights—imitates or sets free the wild beast in his own nature. For a moment the Russians were too dumfounded to collect their senses. Then women and children dashed for refuge up-stairs in the main building, huddling over the trap-door in a frenzy of fright. Russians outside the palisades ran for the woods, some to fall lanced through the back as they raced, others to reach shelter of the dense forest, where they lay for eight days

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under hiding of bark and moss before rescue came. Medvednikoff, the commander, and a dozen others seem to have hurled themselves down-stairs at the first alarm; but already the outer doors had been rammed. The panels of the inner door were slashed out. A flare of musketry met the Russians full in the face. The defenders dropped to a man, fearless in death as in life, though one wounded fellow seems to have dragged himself to the balcony, where he succeeded in firing off the cannon before he was thrown over the palisades, to be received on the hostiles' upturned spears. Meanwhile wads of burning birch bark and moss had been tossed into the fort, on the powder-magazines. A high wind fanned the flames. A terrific explosion shook the fort. The trap-door where the women huddled upstairs gave way. Half the refugees fell through, where they were either butchered or perished in the flames. The others plunged from the burning building through the windows. A few escaped to the woods. The rest—Aleut women, wives of the Russians—were taken captive by the Kolosh. Ships, houses, fortress—all were in flames. By nightfall nothing remained of Sitka but the brass and iron of the melted cannon. The hostiles had saved loot of some two thousand sea-otter skins.

All that night and for eight days and nights the refugees of the forest hid under bark and moss. Under cover of darkness, one—a herdsman—ventured down to the charred ruins of Sitka. The mangled, headless bodies of the Russians lay in the ashes. At noon of the eighth day the mountains suddenly rocked to the echo of two cannon-shots from the bay. A ship had come. Three times one Russian ventured to the shore, and three times was chased back to the woods; but he had seen enough. The ship was an English trader under Captain Barber, who finally heard the shouts of the pursued man, put off a small boat and rescued him. Three other Russians were saved from the woods in the same way, but had been only a few days on the ship when Michael, the Kolosh chief, emboldened by success, rowed out with a young warrior and asked the English captain to give up the Russians. Barber affected not to understand, lured both Indians on board, seized them, put them in irons, and tied them across a cannon mouth, when he demanded the restoration of all captives and loot; but the Sitkan chief probably had his own account of who suggested the massacre. Also it was to the English captain's interests to remain on good terms with the Indians. Anyway, the twenty captives were not restored till two other ships had entered port and sent some Kolosh canoes to bottom with grape-shot. The savages were then set free, and hastening up to Kadiak, Barber levelled his cannon at the Russian fort and demanded thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars salvage for the rescue of the captives and loot. Baranoff haggled the Englishman tired, and compromised for one-fifth the demand.

Two years passed, and the fur company was powerless to strike the avenging blow. Wherever the Russians led Aleuts into the Kolosh hunting-grounds, there had been ambush and massacre; but Baranoff bided his time. The Aleut Indian hunters, who had become panic-stricken, gradually regained sufficient courage again to follow the Russians eastward. By the spring of 1804, Baranoff's men had gathered up eight hundred Aleut Indians, one hundred and twenty Russian hunters, four small schooners, and two sloops. The Indians in their light boats of sea-lion skin on whalebone, the Russians in their sail-boats, Baranoff set out in April from St. Paul, Kadiak, with his thousand followers to wreak vengeance on the tribes of Sitka. Sea-otter were hunted on the way; so that it was well on in September before the brigades entered Sitka waters. Meanwhile aid from an unexpected quarter had come to the fur company. Lieutenant Krusenstern had prevailed on the Russian government to send supplies to the Russian-American Company by two vessels around the world instead of by caravans across Siberia. With Krusenstern went Rezanoff, who had helped the fur-traders to obtain their charter, and was now commissioned to open an embassy to Japan. The second vessel, under Captain Lisiansky, proceeded at once to Baranoff's aid at Sitka.

Baranoff was hunting when Lisiansky's man-of-war entered the gloomy wilds of Sitka Sound. The fur company's two

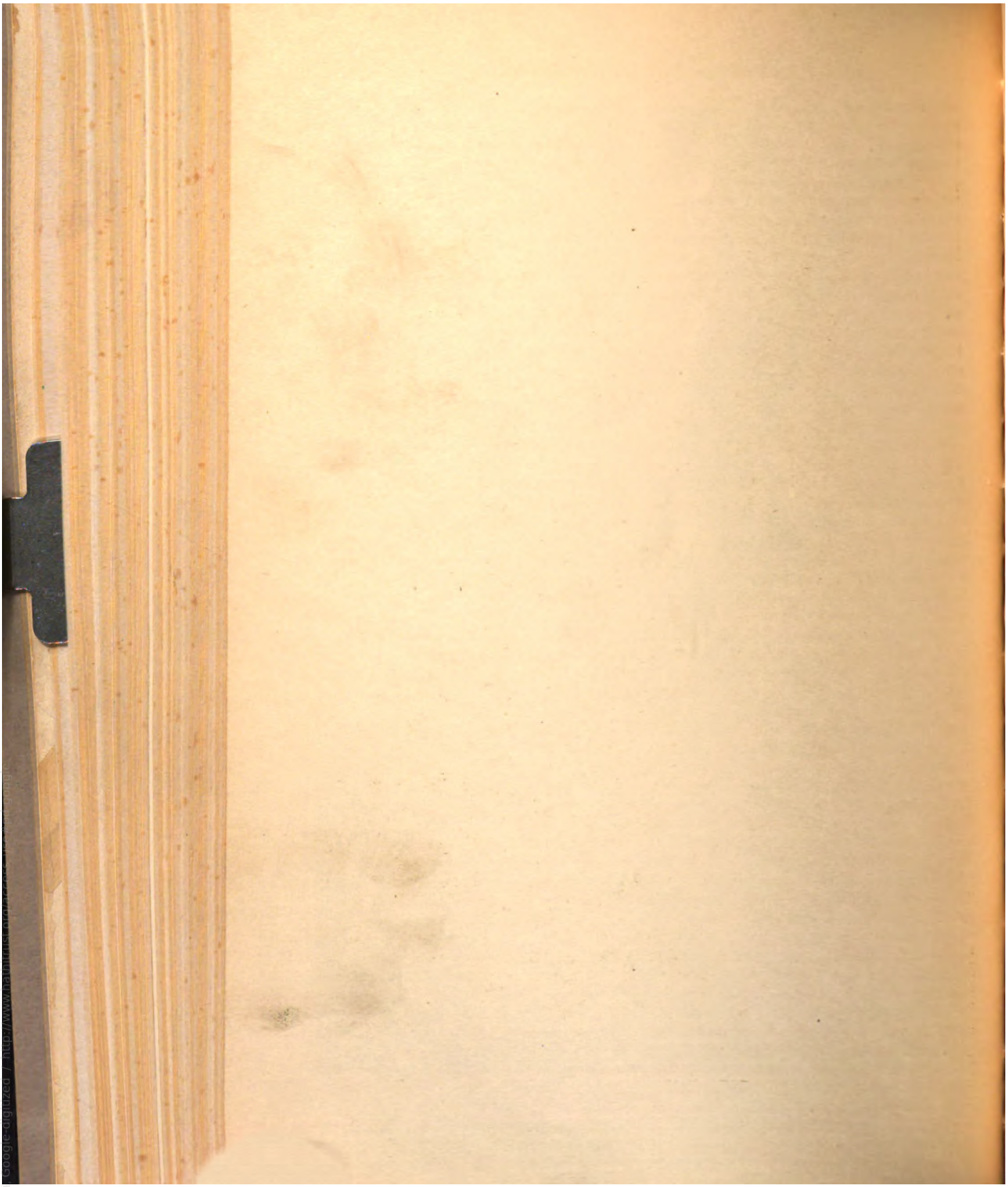
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KOLOSHES PUTTING OUT AFTER A NIGHT IN HARBOR

Halftone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

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sloops lay at anchor, with lanterns swinging bow and stern to guide the hunters home. The eight hundred hostiles had fortified themselves behind the site of the modern Sitka. Palisades the depth of two spruce logs ran across the front of the rough barricade, loopholed for musketry, and protected by a sort of *cheval-de-frise* of brushwood and spines. At the rear of the enemy's fort ran sally-ports leading to the ambush of the woods; and inside were huts enough to house a small town. By the 28th of September, Baranoff's Aleut Indian hunters had come in and camped alongshore under protection of cannon sent close inland on a small boat. It was a weird scene that the Russian officers witnessed—the enemy's fort, unlighted and silent as death; the Aleut hunters alongshore dancing themselves into a frenzy of bravado; the spruce torches of the coast against the impenetrable forest like fireflies in a thicket; an occasional fugitive canoe from the enemy attempting to steal through the darkness out of the harbor, only to be blown to bits by a cannon-shot.

The ships began to line up and land field-pieces for action, when a Sitkan came out with overtures of peace. Baranoff gave him a gay coat, told him the fort must be surrendered and chiefs sent to the Russians as hostages of good conduct. Thirty warriors came the next day, but the whites insisted on chiefs as hostages, and the braves retired. On October 1 a white flag was run up on the ship of war. No signal answered from the barricade. The Russian ships let blaze all the cannon simultaneously, only to find that the double logs of the barricade could not be penetrated. No return fire came from the Sitkans. Two small boats were then landed to destroy the enemy's stores. Still not a sign from the barricade. Raging with impatience, Baranoff went ashore, supported by one hundred and fifty men, and with a wild halloo led the way to rush the fort. The hostile Sitkans husbanded their strength with a coolness equal to the famous thin red line of British fame. Not a signal, not a sound, not the faintest betrayal of their strength or weakness, till in the dusk Baranoff was within gun-shot of the [illegible] when his men were met by a solid wall of fire. The Aleuts stopped, turned, stampeded. Out sallied the Sitkans, pursuing Russians and Aleuts to the water's edge, where the body of one dead Russian was brandished on spear-ends. In the sortie fourteen of the Russian forces were killed, twenty-six wounded, among whom was Baranoff, shot through the shoulder. The guns of the war-ship were all that saved the retreat from a panic.

Lisiansky then undertook the campaign, letting drive such a brisk fire the next day that the Sitkans came suing for peace by the afternoon. Three days the cunning savages stayed the Russian attack by pretence of arranging hostages. Hailing the fort on the morning of the 6th and securing no answer, Lisiansky again played his cannon on the barricade. That night a curious sound, that was neither chant nor war-cry, came from the thick woods. At daylight carrion-crows were seen circling above the barricade. Three hundred Russians landed. Approaching cautiously in case of ambush, they clambered over the palisades and looked. The fort was deserted. Naught of the Sitkans remained but thirty dead warriors, and all their children murdered during the night to prevent cries betraying the retreat.

New Archangel, as it was called, was built on the site of the present Sitka. Sixteen short and forty-two long cannon mounted the walls. As many as seven hundred officers and men were sometimes on garrison duty. Twelve officers frequently dined at the governor's table; and here, in spite of bishops and priests and deacons, who later came on the ground, the revellers of the Russian fur-hunters held high carnival. Thirty-six forts and twelve vessels the Russian-American fur-hunters owned twenty years after the loss of Sitka. New Archangel became more important to the Pacific than San Francisco. Nor was it a mistake to move the capital so far south. Within a few years Russian traders and their Indians were north as far as the Yukon, south hunting sea-otter as far as Santa Barbara. To enumerate but a few of the American vessels that yearly hunted sea-otter for the Russians southward of Oregon and California, taking

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in pay skins of the seal islands, would fill a coasting-list. Rezanoff, who had failed to open the embassy to Japan and so came across to America, spent two months in Monterey and San Francisco, trying to arrange with the Spaniards to supply the Russians with provisions. He was received coldly by the Spanish governor, till a love-affair sprang up with the daughter of the don so ardent that the Russian must depart post-haste across Siberia for the Czar's sanction to the marriage. Worn out by the mid-winter journey, he died on his way across Siberia.

Later, in 1812, when the Russian coasters were refused watering privileges at San Francisco, the Russian-American Company bought land at Bodega and settled their famous Ross or California colony, with cannon, barracks, arsenal, church, workshops, and sometimes a population of eight hundred Kadiak Indians. Here provisions were gathered for Sitka and hunters despatched for sea-otter of the south. The massacres on the Yukon and the clashes with the Hudson Bay traders are a story by themselves. The other doings of these "Sea Voyagers" became matters of international history when they tried to exclude American and British traders from the Pacific. The fur-hunters in the main were only carrying out the far-reaching ambitions of Shelikoff, who planned the charter for the company; but even Shelikoff could hardly foresee that the country which the Russian government was willing to sell to the United States in 1867 for seven million dollars would produce more than twice that in gold during a single year. To-day all that remains to Russia of these Sea Voyagers' plundering are two small islands—Copper and Bering in Bering Sea.

Egypt Land

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

ALL day, my master Life, I threshed your corn,
Yet I am hungered, now that night is nigh;
I prest your grapes, made wine for days unborn,
And lo, here in the dusk, athirst am I.

Have I not watched your flocks? Tended your sheep?—
Now, when the sun is set, I stand alone;
I pray you, bid this wage be mine,—to sleep
Awhile where yonder meadow-flowers are sown.

Down that dim valley, shadowed all so sweet,
No grinding stone, and no taskmaster's rod
May find me, nor urge on my lagging feet,
Only a star above and somewhere,—God.

I pray you, master Life, where winds yon stream,
Methinks there blooms the balm that now I lack;
Pay me this wage,—though nevermore I dream,—
That thither I shall fare, and turn not back.

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His Claim

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"I COULDN'T let any one know. After Mr. Hungerford's business came up, there was only time to come, and be delighted at the chance. You were so near I sent you word at once. I thought you might tell me the best way out to Natalie Palmer's. Of course I supposed you saw her occasionally. It's lovely of you to be taking me."

"Not at all. I shall enjoy seeing her. The idea of my not knowing she lived in B——"

"And she's been here ever since her marriage. How many years? Twenty, fully. Dear me, yes, — she has eight children."

"Eight? The ethereal Natalie Palmer!"

"I asked her once if she thought it was wise. We've kept up occasional letters. She said she certainly would not venture to doubt its wisdom, though it wasn't a question of her judgment: it was all in the dear Lord's hands."

"Some people shirk a good deal on the dear Lord," Mrs. Talcott reflected. "They might as logically eat green apples for hunger and send the bills to Him."

"Well, for Natalie it wouldn't seem exactly an easy way of shirking."

"Dear no; if it had been, she would have thought something harder her duty. The most conscientious girl I ever knew. And the daintiest. And eight!"

"When she wrote me of her engagement to Dan Maddox, she said she had been slow coming to it; she had been afraid she was not worthy of nor equal to a tie which, once formed, was as indissoluble as that between God and His creature, or parent and child; but at last she was sure she could give Mr. Maddox the obedience and indestructible love that were vicariously duty."

Mrs. Talcott laughed. "Can't you just see Natalie Palmer saying that!"

"That's the charm of her letters; they are so like her. She still uses that fine round script that we were taught, my dear, as regular and carefully spaced to the line as print. You can fairly hear Natalie's voice rippling across the pages, soft and sprightly. Natalie was always such a *lady*. You know, I adored her. We had the most soulful of intimacies. We wouldn't have dreamed of discussing clothes or lovers. Our confidences were all of duty, influence, aspiration. For a while after we left school we both kept diaries and wrote out our innermost yearnings to each other. My youngsters soon got me into a different atmosphere, but Natalie has never changed the fashion of her hair nor her sentiments. As we both grew busy, we settled down to a couple of letters a year. And I have never destroyed one of hers: they are the most delightful serial story I ever read,—the unconscious portrayal of an exquisite nature, utterly happy in a perfect home life."

"Slow there, slow now!" Mrs. Talcott checked her. "You will exhaust the superlatives."

Mrs. Hungerford's smile was absent politeness. "But it has been ideal."

"Fortunate for her convictions."

"Now my life has been about as satisfactory as most people's. Mr. Hungerford's a dear, if he does make it a point of the simple life and democratic independence not to wear a dinner coat. And our children are as good and clever as *our* children could well be in this age without miracles. And I'm sure we all enjoy our home as much as is possible, considering the servant problem. But Natalie doesn't seem to have married a character, only a half-human, half-divine relationship; nor to have borne little heirs to whooping-cough and tempers; and, judging from her obliviousness to such

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details, she must have a tribe of fairies to do her housework. I asked her not long ago if anything disagreeable had ever happened to her; certainly nothing commonplace ever has. Her pictures of their life remind you of a Fra Angelico—everything is so smooth, delicate, clear, buoyant; a troop of rapturous little angels 'piping to the spirit ditties of no tone.' When they took this house at 3420 M Street— Dear me, isn't it far! It will be noon before we get there. I hope the conductor hasn't forgotten where we want to go."

"I hope not. It's a part of the city entirely strange to me."

"It's well out, I fancy. They have these electrics now, but then it was almost country. When they took the place she wrote that they did not expect to make their permanent home of it; but they have never moved. She said, as they waited, the world came to them, and meanwhile 'their little home came to seem a sort of inseparable body of their life.' She always calls it 'our little home'—there never was the least pretentiousness about Natalie. She wrote once that Mr. Maddox would never corner a market, she knew; *that* wasn't his claim on love. She always refers to him with that note of modest affection and pride. Just what his claim is she doesn't mention: Natalie Palmer would no more discuss her husband than an illness. 'And then, of course,' she added, 'we have had to break up our investments into a good many *small ventures*'—six of them there were at that time; and unfailing humor and poetry for every addition to the clan. She writes entirely without stress; evidently there's neither lack nor luxury. Can't you just tell how Natalie Palmer would live—simple, dainty? Do you remember how beautiful her hands were? And how little her head was for her height and large frame? The way she fluffed her yellow hair made the head look bigger, but the face smaller still."

"And she's as romantically pious as ever?" Mrs. Talcott remembered.

"More so. It has grown on her, and rather surprisingly, to me. Natalie always was the most literal Gospel Christian I ever knew. You know what I mean. My husband is a Pauline Christian, and my father-in-law is an Old Testament Christian, and I'm a modern adjustment of one. But Natalie incarnates the Beatitudes. At the same time she has a great deal of human passion and ideality. And religion doesn't, as a rule, become a mania with people whose lives are so happy as hers. Positively her religion at times has the ecstasy of the nun or martyr. The mystical doctrine of the Fatherhood and Brotherhood of God is to her as literal and personal a relation as it ever was to the most primitive mind. And unconsciously, in her polytheistic monotheism, the idea of the personality of the Son of Man has taken precedence of the other conceptions of God, so that *The Christ* has become her particular patron deity. She writes of *Him* in the intimate, tender way other women speak of their husbands, and with none of the reserves about the spiritual relation that a woman like her has about the earthly. I used to be confused by some of her references to *Him*. But Mr. Maddox, it seems, is always respectfully and admiringly *Mr. Maddox*. It is her God who is in perfection all the relations the most perfect human being could be only partially, defectively, — Lover, Friend, Master. . . . With her temperament she was bound, I suppose, to be a little disappointed even in the best, and equally bound to love and adore something. So, in spite of a happy marriage, she has gotten up—how shall I express it?—a love-affair with God. And as He is simply the ideal man, her ideal and pattern, and as she considers love the highest human attribute, He is personified love, and her whole aim is to be all pity, self-sacrifice, forgiveness.—How I run on! I have been so interested in it.—The conductor is motioning us.—Is this where we get off?—It *is* suburbs."

The two women were left on a corner, looking up an unshaded and unpaved street, with two irregular rows of vacant lots and cottages—working-men's cottages—facing each other across it. The street looked like a child's mouth before the first set of teeth is completely deposed or the second installed.

"I declare, he has put us down at the wrong place!" Mrs. Hungerford was disgusted.

But Mrs. Talcott looked at the lamp-

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post. "M Street." The first few houses were not numbered. "3410. 3418." A vacant lot, and next a cottage older than the rest, of the country style, and blotched with gray and peeling whitewash.

"It can't be--!" Mrs. Hungerford stopped short.

Half the palings were off the dingy fence. The board walk was loose and treacherous. The broken gate stood open. And in a yard greened in spots by clumps of weeds a cherub and a puppy wrestled over a tin can.

"Young man, who lives here?" Mrs. Talcott called.

The boy was absorbed, but her voice brought to the cottage door a girl of eighteen or so—a tall, slight girl, with a small head and a little face in a mist of fair hair.

"Natalie!" The girl's look was acknowledgment and interrogation. "Natalie Palmer!"

"Oh no," she began; then: "Oh, are you looking for my mother, Mrs. Maddox? Oh, come in. Muddie, here are two old friends of yours who took me for you!" Her voice was a crescendo of laughter.

The door let directly into the front room, and Mrs. Hungerford, following, stupid with bewilderment, caught her patent-leather toe in a snag in a strip of rag carpet across the sill. Natalie's steadying hand was quick, but her laughter ended abruptly in a sharp staccato.

For a moment there was no sound in the room except the purr of Mrs. Talcott's silk skirts as she stepped in.

From an old horse-hair armchair, one of whose legs was a stick of kindling-wood, rose a long thin figure in a purple print wrapper, from which the print was mostly obliterated. The little face was too little, shrunken; the light hair scant and faded; the body under the full dress seemed loose and bony. But there was distinction in the mere movement with which she rose and turned. Then she saw them. "Why, Nellie Hungerford!" She swept across to her motionless caller and caught her up. "Nellie! You darling!" Laughter and tears were in the voice. She gave a more ceremonious but no less gracious hand to Anne Talcott. "When did you two come to B——? Why didn't you let me know? How did you find me? Come, sit down and *talk*. Take that rocker, Nellie. *Careful!*" Warning and amusement. "It has a trick of tilting back too far," which Mrs. Hungerford had discovered. "It's a mischievous tease, but all what my boys would call a 'bluff,'—or is it a 'muff'? I can't learn this modern slang. Natalie, bring your bed-pillow for Mrs. Talcott. This soap-box isn't comfortable without." Natalie came, with downcast eyes and inexpressive face.

Mrs. Maddox herself resumed the armchair cautiously. And therein is the reason why she resumed the apparently best seat. But she would no more have thought of explaining that than of publicly reproving the children. Now she looked at her guests, with pleasure welling over her face. "You dear girls! This is sweet of you. Did you have trouble finding me? *We* feel in the very heart of the city now. When we moved here there wasn't another house in sight, and nothing could have been prettier than these prairielike commons early on a spring morning, when the mist and sunlight and tender green gave an effect like the down on a plum. There's always a bloom on the world if one looks. In summer the prettiest time used to be following an afternoon thunder-storm, when the sun was low and the light came level through the wet grass." She drooped in her chair; her body seemed to collapse. She sat gazing through the window on the barrenness of nature and the crudeness of man with eyes from which looked that unfailing wonder which is the secret of immortal youth. The two strangers looked at her and her surroundings with different expressions. "Then in the fall there's a red-brown grass; a pest to the farmers, they say; and the cattle won't touch it; but it's a pretty impressionistic bit for us. And in winter our snow was white and smooth much longer than in town. But of course"—she recalled herself—"now we have the human interest to watch."

"There were no trees even when you first came?" Mrs. Talcott exclaimed.

"No; we always had a full sweep of God's fields and sky."

"And sun and wind," Mrs. Talcott added, mentally.

Mrs. Maddox pulled her body together

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and up. "You won't mind my going on with my knitting? A cotton wash-rag!" She held it up gayly. "A dealer in the city gives me fifty cents a dozen for them. And I am so glad to do what I can to help in my spare time." Mrs. Hungerford was still looking out of the window, at which the shade was rent half across, and which framed the small Olympian wrestler in the yard, through whose torn and buttonless shirt-waist showed patches of browned skin and whiter recesses. Mrs. Maddox followed her glance and laughed softly. "You're right. I never have had much spare time. But now that I'm obliged to keep still—" She hesitated with a sort of maidenliness, at once embarrassed and reticent. "I will never be able to be very active again," she explained, and passed on in unchallengeable privacy. "So it's fortunate I can add my little grain of sand so easily. It's very sweet to me to be able to help. Mr. Maddox"—she spoke the name "as if it meant not much, indeed, but something"—"Mr. Maddox has a harder infirmity than mine to bear, inherited and increasing. And besides, it is not always so simple as it sounds for a man to get the work he will—can—do." She ran on happily, like a child talking to herself. "I don't know any more beautiful mission for a woman than to fulfil the original destiny that the Master assigned her—being a help-meet. Wash-rags seem rather trifling, I admit," she smiled. "But nothing is trifling." And she kept on, smiling absently at the work in her hands; long hands, thin now to boniness, hardened and drawn, but unpervertibly shapely and psychic.

A clattering of the board walk announced otherwise noiseless footsteps, and a barefoot boy of twelve or thirteen swung into the doorway, and stopped short, checking so a small avalanche of cherub and puppy following. "Boys!" cautioned the mother—the gentlest reproach, with laughter in it. Off came both hats. "Down, Rex, down! We are considering rechristening the dog," she told her guests. "He's at the destructive age, and, as Natalie said the other day, there are too many wrecks in the house." Did she know she was skimming dangerous ice over deep water? Was she unconscious of double meaning? or so conscious she chose this way of italicizing the meaning she preferred? "Speak to mother's friends, boys." They came across, embarrassed but sturdy. The cherub was an animated Raphael Bambino; the elder, too, still kept the endearing chubbiness of babyhood. "This is Mrs. Hungerford, and Mrs. Talcott. And this is Dan—" She drew the newcomer toward her, but he twisted in her arm so that her lips found only an ear-tip, and slipped free. "Dan, who is at once too old and too young for kisses." She smiled, but looked at him keenly. And Mrs. Talcott reflected that she would not have needed to prostitute the forms of affection to detect the cigarettes. "And this is Harry, my baby. Harry is past four and my baby. Natalie was over seventeen before I had a baby older than two! It makes one's arms feel empty." Harry did not evade the arm. He leaned against her, rubbing her cheek with his in answer to the lingering wistfulness of her touch on his curls. "There's nothing in life so sweet as a baby, is there?"

But this one had something on his mind. He squirmed around and put his mouth to her ear for a stage whisper. "Muddie, I'm hungry."

"Bless his heart! Of course he is. It must be luncheon-time. Natalie?—No, Nellie, you and Anne are not going to get off now. We don't make a bit of difference for guests. And they are always welcome to what we have. You came too far and got here too late to go right away. We haven't talked at all! Run along with Natalie, son, and set the table for her. And, Harry, ring the bell out front for the girls; they are all somewhere in the neighborhood. Mr. Maddox," she explained, with that dignity with which she always spoke his name, "is seldom home to luncheon. And my seventeen-year-old, Will, and Dave, who comes next to him, are in business and take their sandwiches with them. Natalie's in an office, too, you know—"

"I remember you wrote several times about her taking a business course," Mrs. Hungerford murmured, "because you thought every girl should be equipped for self-help."

"Oh, I think so, indeed. And it's one-

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Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

MRS. HUNGERFORD TOOK EACH SHY, COURTEOUS LITTLE HAND

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of the most glorious gains of the nineteenth century that women *can*. In our day there was nothing for us but to be teachers or companions or dependents, or"—her face rippled with the mere shimmer of humor that was so frequent in it—"or, in an emergency, to knit washrags. My three little daughters are in the Manual Training School.—Natalie's having her vacation"—she remembered the thread of her story,—"and like the dear girl she is, she has spent it here with me, giving me a vacation, and house-cleaning."

"I thought I smelled kerosene," Mrs. Talcott said.

Mrs. Hungerford looked at her warningly, but Mrs. Maddox acknowledged it pleasantly.

"Yes,—hasn't house-cleaning a nice fresh odor?—How slow Natalie is! I have let her spend her holiday so because I know the best rest is simply change of occupation; and I never did think either business or college should be allowed to interfere with domestic training. After all, home-making is the woman's chief work, and I want my daughters to have every opportunity to develop the talent. Oh, ready? Just come through, girls. This is my room, and this the boys'." She led with the flowing grace of her faded purple, and indicated the rooms like the custodian of a palace. "We eat in the kitchen. It saves steps where one has to take and count all one's own. And here are Julie, and Madge, and Bess, whom you haven't seen."

Mrs. Hungerford took each shy, courteous little hand, and stood looking around the circle of faces. "Natalie," she said, "where did you get these children? You never were pretty, and I've seen Mr. Maddox's picture."

Mrs. Maddox turned on her such a look as Moses might have brought from the Mount. "Isn't it a marvel? When I was first married I didn't dare hope for even one child; I couldn't believe myself good enough to be trusted so by the Children's Friend." Mrs. Talcott reflected how and where the great mass of humanity comes into the world. "Do you know, I like to fancy that sometimes the Redeemer gives the angels a chance to be incarnated, and, by living the human life, to know the enrichment of temptation and sorrow, the rapture of salvation."

Mrs. Hungerford found herself still holding Harry's warm little fist.

"Do you think I'm a syrup, too?" he asked, suddenly, in his babbling baby voice.

"A what, dear?"

"A syrup."

Mrs. Hungerford looked to the mother, who looked to the child.

"A lady said I was, the other day; she said we all were; she said we were *just too sweet!*"

"Evidently a new celestial order," Mrs. Talcott commented, "a hybrid, a cross between a seraph and a cherub. Your angels are very slightly disguised, Natalie."

It was a kitchen table covered with brown oilcloth blotched with stains and heat-rings. "Oh, we *do* make some difference for guests, it seems!" Mrs. Maddox smiled festively over the board. In the centre was a tumbler of field-daisies. "Did Harry pick them while we waited? Thank you, son. Posies on the table and posies all around. Will you ask the blessing, Nellie?—Anne?" Neither ventured, so the sweet voice of the hostess invited the Dearest of All Friends to be their Guest as always, and to supply their spirits as their bodies.

Then Natalie, with a pot from the stove, went from plate to plate, scooping out for each with a long-handled iron spoon a mound of mushy gray rice. The butter was rancid, the cistern-water lukewarm and slightly acrid, the bread like dried mortar. "Dan's bread," his mother said, proudly. "I congratulate you, son." And Dan looked as if he wished she wouldn't. "Dan does all he can to help mother, especially when Natalie is not here. He has made it only a few times, and it isn't so light as it will be when he gets his hand in thoroughly; but isn't it splendid for an amateur? He has never had a bit of instruction; is just learning from a newspaper recipe. It's an accomplishment I never could boast; but every house ought to make its own bread,—then you know what you're getting."

There was nothing more on the table except a yellow crock of stewed dried apples. Oh yes, one thing more. "Tea for luncheon?" Mrs. Maddox smiled in-

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dulgently. "The housekeeper is generous to-day, isn't she, children?" The children dimpled, but Natalie drew her brows together and shook her head at her mother. "This is a real tea-party!—We live very simply"—she mentioned it as a casual bit of information,—"and I understand that rice is the most nutritious as well as inexpensive food for the little folks."

At the head of the table she sat overlooking the company, delicately aglow with hospitality and satisfaction. "I don't know when anything has given me more pleasure. If only Mr. Maddox and the boys were here. I would so love you all to know each other." She did the honors with all the air of apples of gold and pitchers of silver. When Harry called for "more," Natalie started to get up, but her mother, sitting with her back to the stove, turned and reached for the pot, evidently according to custom, and reheaped the outheld plate. "I have learned to use all the labor-saving devices." It was merely a matter of remark, not of apology. "I've never been very strong, you know, and I had, of course, first of all to do the work cut out for me. The Head always gives us strength for everything He requires of us, only He expects us to have common sense enough to know that He doesn't require of us what He hasn't given us strength to do. So the children came first as His direct assignment—and favor." She never looked at them that an exquisite tenderness did not touch eyes and lips. "Mr. Maddox"—that tone as usual that made him, in your thought, august—"had almost as close a claim, as the choice into which He led, or which He at least allowed. Then the house—" She looked around in tranquil amusement. "It looks as if it had come last, doesn't it? Each day I do all I can; I can't do more. I used to make a great deal of fuss about perfection in material things, but that was when I had a mother and sister to fuss at and let do the rest. I care just as much now, but when it all fell on me, and I realized my limitations, I had to choose the most important things,—and they are not the material. And I had to learn not to let what went undone jar me, nor be discouraged. It's all part of the Plan."

How much method was there in her simplicity, Mrs. Talcott wondered. She rippled on, as limpid as a shallow stream, with both lights and shadows subdued. Her guests rose to the occasion. They talked of old friends and old times—Mrs. Maddox with unaffected gayety, Mrs. Talcott with laughter it was hard to keep in bounds, Mrs. Hungerford with smiles it was hard to keep from tears.

Mrs. Hungerford noticed that her old chum ate nothing, hardly even made pretence. Once she caught Natalie's eyes on her mother from the other end of the table, solicitous and inquiring. This time it was the mother who shook her head, and she smiled. But again when the table was particularly lively Mrs. Hungerford saw the hands clench in the lap until the knuckles whitened.

"Natalie, you're in pain!" she cried.

Instantly the loose bony body straightened to its height. "Oh, a trifle. I have it now and then." An involuntary twinge contracted the fingers again.

"Do you know what the trouble is? Are you having proper attention? Are—" Then, at something in her hostess's look, suddenly Mrs. Hungerford feared to tread.

But Mrs. Talcott rushed in. "Surely, with so many busy bees in the hive—"

Was it only a sense of futility that checked her on the threshold, or was it a glimpse that arrested her with wonder?

"You must remember," Mrs. Maddox replied, patiently, since she *must* speak of the distasteful subject, "that a growing family means growing needs. The typewriter and the weaver"—the wonted flicker across her face—"can cast in their last farthing. But a man has inevitable expenses to keep his place among men, and the boys have their friends and must do their share with them. I wouldn't rob them of their youth." Mrs. Talcott looked at Natalie's straightened lips and wondered about *her* friends and *her* youth. "Now don't grudge me my little aches! It's the generations of them that have spared us women the temptations of hot blood, that have—made—a Natalie possible." She smiled gratitude and petition at her daughter, and Natalie gave her one tremulous, retreating glimpse of wet eyes that invalidated the rebel mouth. "As for my lacks,—they

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Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"YOU'VE DONE YOUR SHARE, MOTHER," SAID NATALIE

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are opportunities from a loving Teacher to grow in His likeness. Do you remember Clara Hughes's invalid mother—?"

The table grew lively again. Now and then the children chirped in. Rex was greedy and intrusive; so much so, in fact, that at last Mrs. Maddox gave judgment. "You'll have to put him out, Harry dear." The child's face clouded; there was one look of appeal; then obedience: his lip trembled, but there was no pouting. And Rex seemed equally mystified and subdued by such unusual suppression. The children were fearless without being forward, obedient without constraint. They seemed to run by a long tether, light as a strand of cobweb, but live as an electric wire,—vibrant to the gentlest signal of look, gesture, intonation.

They grew restless at the prolonged reminiscences of their elders and fell to fidgeting and whispering.

"To be sure," Mrs. Maddox remembered, "we can finish our talk outside. Let's set the young people free." At the word, five pairs of bare feet slipped to the floor and stood. The guests rose, following their hostess, and, as they looked inquiringly, all the voices joined in a trailing attempt at a tuneful grace. Then bare feet scampered to the sink, where napkinless mouths and fingers were washed. And they pelted out-of-doors.

"What lovely children!" Mrs. Hungerford breathed. The mother looked after them with visionary eyes. "Are they always like that?"

"We make no difference for guests," she reminded her.

"And all of them?"

Modesty hesitated. "Oh, the Giver of all Good Things has been very generous in both quantity and quality." She turned in going through the door, to see Dan's hand in the match-box. "Son," she said, in a low tone, "remember in trying to imitate father and brother that there is a difference between the mannerisms and the man."

"Do you know, Natalie," Mrs. Hungerford was saying, "that they seem more like the children of your spirit than of your body. And you— No don'ts, no nagging, no argument, no 'control'; simply response. How do you accomplish so much without letting the machinery show?"

"Oh, it's love that makes the wheels go round, and that oils them, too." Mrs. Maddox smiled, then sobered. "Love rules the world." She fell to musing. "Only by love can we succeed or conquer, cure or save. He *is* love—love so strong that He gave His whole life for the sinner; condemning the sin, but loving the sinner."

A shambling step sounded on the plank walk. Did a shadow "darken her face with white"? "It's Mr. Maddox!" she said, brightly, and crossed to a big man leaning in the doorway with one hand on the jamb. "Dan dear, here are two old school friends of mine; Mrs—"

He shoved her aside and lurched through the room, so close to Mrs. Talcott that his foot dragged her skirt. An unmistakable stale, sourish odor drifted after him.

Natalie had sprung to her feet; she stood rigid, bent forward, listening, ready, even after the door of the next room slammed behind him.

The two strangers shrank and froze. For a moment the Gorgon head turned them all to stone.

Then Mrs. Maddox crossed to her seat with her regal deliberation. "I am sure you will not be offended," she said, gently. "Mr. Maddox's infirmity makes him strange at times. Poor Dan!" Then her face was suddenly transfigured with sweetness and light. "*Dear* Dan!"

Abruptly in the next room rose sounds of demolition. And instantly the tense bow of Natalie shot her like an arrow to the door.

"Yes, dear, go. He must be dizzy again. See if you can help him."

Two pairs of big eyes appeared in the outer doorway, or, rather, three pairs and one drooping tail. "What is it, boys? You don't think it's supper-time already, do you? Go play till then."

Dan turned off with a bit of swagger, and, as Rex leaped on him, he pushed him aside, lurched a step or two, then, with a whoop, turned to romp. But Harry ran across to his mother and flung a passionate arm around her. "Nobody shall hurt my muddie!"

For the second time the hands clutched each other till they whitened. She caught him up. "Muddie's knight!" Then she laughed. "What a brave man!" Then

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gravely: "No one *can* hurt muddie, dear. He is here."

The callers exchanged glances.

But at sight of it Mrs. Maddox expanded again in that way peculiar to her. "You were telling me about Lillie Weatherford," she reminded them, ignoring the next room. "Did you say she was happy in her marriage?"

In Mrs. Hungerford the essence of friendship answered to meet that call with whatever compliance or evasion would gratify it most. She signalled *no* to Mrs. Talcott. But when it came to speech, she stammered, "I have—always—thought so." This was no day for assurance.

"She was a girl of whom I would have expected it. Happiness is an art, you know, and a happy marriage a life-work." She took up her knitting, and voice and hands ran on smoothly. "In spite of this advantage or that misfortune, married or unmarried, happiness is an accomplishment, and depends on the individual. You hear people talk of this or that ruining their dispositions. Why, that's the test of a disposition, its proof of any value. Something is as wrong with the person himself as with circumstances if they *can* annoy and antagonize. One must learn to let evil slide off, and unfailingly to radiate love." Her work dropped absently. "'Go rather unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' When effort and argument only make the offender more set,"—her curious mixture of simplicity and secretiveness again; the obsession, the oblivious bravado of the child playing with fire,—"there is nothing more but to go on loving and waiting, as He does. Let the past go; trust the future—"

"And yield to the present?" Mrs. Talcott challenged her.

But Natalie was coming from the next room. The noise had quieted. She came out straight and stern. Her mother looked at her with an affectionate smile, reaching out a hand toward which the girl swerved. "He's resting? Poor father! There, dear, don't fret. He'll be better in the morning. All things work together for good."

But the girl halted. "Don't you suppose we are expected to help along?" she demanded.

"Oh, we must help, surely; never give up, never lose patience, and never worry."

"Somebody has to do the worrying, mother!" Then she ran across to her with little sounds of repentance and protection. "But not you, muddie. You've done your share, goodness knows. If you had fretted besides, where would our sweetness have come from?"

And now Mrs. Talcott would go.

Their hostess swept her royal rags to the gate with them, full of blithe appreciation of the day and warm invitation for future ones. She stood smiling after them even through their wait on the corner. She waved the symbolic wash-rag as they boarded the car. Then—she went in and shut the door.

It was some time before the travellers spoke. At last Mrs. Talcott shrugged her shoulders uncomfortably:

"Well, I don't know but that she'd drive me to drink, too.—The exquisite Natalie Palmer!—'Mr. Maddox will never corner a market, I know; that isn't his claim on love.' 'Just what his claim is—'"

"I know now." Mrs. Hungerford was crying behind her veil.

"What? The claim of a cancer that you can't get away from, and so conceal and ignore, or draw high moral conclusions from?"

"It goes even deeper than that. Don't, don't be satirical. How can you? Don't you understand?"

Mrs. Talcott laughed and groaned. "Oh yes, I understand perfectly. 'A tie as indissoluble as that between Creator and creature.' 'Go rather unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' It's her idea of the attitude of God, her model."

"Well," Mrs. Hungerford sighed, "there's one comfort in it,—it shows what religion can do for one, make of one."

"*Do for one*, yes," Mrs. Talcott agreed; "but *make of one?* It seems to me the individual makes his religion more than the religion makes the individual. Nevertheless"—her hand dropped kindly to her old friend's. "'Nevertheless do not pity (her) too much.'

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN his very entertaining autobiography Dr. Moncure D. Conway from time to time recurs to the question whether it would not have been better if the Civil War of 1861-1865 had never been fought. With him indeed it is no question, for he remains, what he was in 1861, a firm believer in the policy of acquiescing in the secession of the Slave States, and allowing them to found a confederacy of their own, secure that in a few years their confederacy would have fallen apart, and its members would have severally asked to be taken back into our Union, without slavery, and without the spirit which had made them impossible in it. His belief was that of a far greater number of patriotic men before the war began than the present generation can realize. It is the nature of wars to sweep with them at last those who opposed their course at first; and in the Civil War there were very large minorities, if they were minorities at all, both at the North and at the South, strongly adverse to it. At the South, these delayed secession, at the North they delayed coercion, until the first shot being fired by the more violent partisans of disunion, they disappeared on either side under the wave of hostile feeling which swept the sections together in battle.

The answer to their contention, from the conscientious and devoted men whose opinion prevailed in the North, was that if "the erring sisters" were bidden "go in peace," as it was then sentimentally phrased, they would not stay in peace, and would not come back at all, but would absorb the Northern States in a great slaveholding oligarchy. After well-nigh fifty years Dr. Conway maintains that nothing of the kind would have happened; that the abolition of slavery would have been the consequence of peaceable secession, not perhaps so prompt as in the historic event, but without the rancor toward the North which the war left in the South. This belief is that of a Virginian who as a very young man had thought himself out of sympathy with the peculiar institution of the South. He left his early home, for which his love never ceased, and became one of the most fervent of those abolitionists at the North who classed war and slavery together. Most of these when war seemed to threaten slavery, no longer classed it with slavery, but Dr. Conway is still eager to record himself as of a faith unchanged by the course of events.

We confess that interested as we have been by the expression of an opinion which many once held and few or none hold now, we have been more taken with a notion suggested by Dr. Conway's avowal of his position. If he could, he would imaginably read backwards the annals of those four years of blood, and would arrive at that period of suspense when it was still doubtful whether the South would secede and the North would coerce. There is a kind of charm in this sort of thing which we think the reader will perhaps feel more if the facts form no part of his autobiography, and it is to the impersonal, almost to the irrelevant, phase of the affair which we should preferably invite him to summon his fancy. If all history were reversible, possibly we should not like it; we should have conditions to rearrange, we should have characters to reconstruct, we should have motives to difference, we should have actions to annul, and a thousand details to adjust in the order of events, for a fresh reading, and we should no doubt find the task burdensome and at last tedious. But once in a way, with a shy at the facts here and there, and with a wholly irresponsible relation to results, we do not see how the mind could more harmlessly amuse itself. The eternal *If* which stands challengingly before us in the history which we are still to make would lose all its terror in the history we should unmake, and would be merely the sign to which we should recur again and again in the fascinating game.

The memory of the many who laid down their lives for a righteous cause, as they believed, on both sides, in the Civil War, still survives so tenderly in the reverence of their kindred, that one must not venture to recast the fact in

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any idle or curious wise; but one can hardly forbear to inquire what sort of eventuation there would have been for such a character as Lincoln's, for instance, if there had been no war. His high fate is now so much a part of what is most precious to us in our national consciousness that we are scarcely willing to ask what he would have been if he had not suffered through those four years of black care, of corroding anxiety, all penetrated with flashes of very tragical mirth, and all ending in his most meaningless murder. We know, from the annals of the few bright days which followed those years, that he had in him the wisdom of the peacemaker, and the forbearance that was too much forgotten afterwards in the dramatic endeavors of reconstruction; so that if there had been no coercion of secession, but only the tacit acquiescence which Dr. Conway still imagines best, Lincoln would have known how to deal with the situation as statesmanly, as Christianly, as with the situation to which the war left him. We call everything that happens the order of Providence, and perhaps there are not only no accidents, but no perversities, no traverses of the divine intention, and we may confirm ourselves in the pious custom because of the good which comes out of evil. It is of course venturesome to say that even if we had not had the Civil War we might have had Lincoln, but if that is too venturesome then we may still ask if we might not have had, in the reconciliation of the peacefully parted North and South, types of character and facts of statesmanship as great as those developed in the period of reconstruction following the forcible reunion of the sections.

One wonders whether, if we had fought no war of aggression and dismemberment with the Republic of Mexico, we might not have acquired California by some act of amicable cession, and whether we might not profitably read backward that disgraceful chapter of our history to the opening sentences where we were yet unstained by its bloodshed. The last war with Great Britain was fought upon issues which were entirely ignored in the terms of the peace concluding it, and if we could correct the episode to the beginning, we should not have the heritage of mutual injury which fell to both sides from it. The kind of statesmanship which that inconclusive passage developed in its greatest hero, Andrew Jackson, gave us primarily the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils in party politics, and ultimately the aggressive temper in which we made war on Mexico for the extension of slavery.

But the civic potentialities of retroacted history can never be so interesting as its personal implications, in which passion and character are more immediately appreciable. If we imagine Benedict Arnold, with all his great qualities, unvexed to treason by the injustices of the Continental Congress, or if we imagine him successful in his treasonable attempt, what a series of tremendous situations present themselves! In the one case, the bravest and best of our generals, after Washington, goes on from victory to victory, and shortens by years the struggle for independence, while giving his country a hero whom she must cherish in honorable remembrance forever. André is not hanged, but survives, a generous enemy, like Burgoyne, to go home and plead our righteous cause in Parliament, having married Honora Sneyd, and settled down in civil life. In the other case, the revolution is a failure; Washington, with all his forces, falls into the hands of the British, is sent for trial to England, and is condemned for treason and put to death. The mind revolts from such a possibility, but it is what may very easily happen, if we reverse the course of history in this instance.

Suppose we turn back the pages of a later chapter, and come to the hour at Waterloo when the balance of victory trembled toward Napoleon: a little prompter action on his part gives the field to the French, and immediately we have a Europe-wide empire enduring to this day under the rule of the Corsican and his line. Or suppose Aaron Burr to have carried into effect his designs against the Spanish domination in Mexico, and to have founded a vast empire in our West and Southwest, with himself on the throne: we should not then have been celebrating, last year, the cession of

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Louisiana to this Republic, but should have been rejoicing with the subjects of Aaron III. or Aaron IV. in the extension of their territory from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and from the Red River of the North to the Isthmus of Darien, as it would still have been called; or we might have been an acquiescent witness of their ceremonies in opening the Panama Canal. It is not impossible but the mighty state, militarized as Burr would have known how to militarize the warlike populations of our border, would have carried its arms eastward and we be now forming part of a continental empire under the rule perhaps of an Empress Theodosia. Hamilton should not have earlier fallen in a duel with her implacable ancestor, but should be living still; or that at least is the implication to the fancy of all the reversals of the lamentable past to the point where events might have taken a different course. But it is not really so. The dead who wrongfully suffered in the past must in any event be dead, and our grief for them would not have been enriched by the memory of their heroism or martyrdom, if they had died peaceably and justly.

How often, with those whose loss has stricken us to the heart, do we go back to a point where if we had done this or not done that, it seems that they might have lived! For a while the uttermost bitterness of death dwells in that vain fancy, but after another while that too passes, and the sorrow that dreams of being joy resigns itself to be sorrow on the terms of the final oblivion which awaits every human emotion. It is an intolerable thought from which the mind flies again to those lighter interests of states and peoples whose griefs are general, and have not the poignancy of personal anguish. One thinks, for instance, of the Spanish invasions of Mexico and Peru, and muses upon the possibilities of developed Aztec and Inca civilizations which seemed in their flower when Cortes and Pizarro struck them down. It is not too bold to imagine a socialistic state of the supreme type which has been the ideal of generous minds ever since Sir Thomas More invented Utopia developing from the communistic polity which the Peruvians had carried so far. All along the shores of the vast ocean of accomplished fact lie the wrecks of thrones, principalities, and powers, which we might similarly reconstitute for a happier destiny. Everywhere those coasts are strewn with broken and dismantled ships of state in which the fancy laboriously repairs and sets sail for the tranquil haven of their departure, there to trim and provision them for a new and prosperous venture into the future which has so long been the past.

The question which constantly oppresses the panting breath is whether what has happened was really inevitable. At the moments when we seemed to choose, when we hesitated and faltered, "dividing the swift mind," now this way and now that, was there really no choice at all? Were we still the helpless slaves of a blind determinism, and never the children of a loving Father, who held us too tenderly in his heart to cross us in an erring will; who respected our freedom, even when we used it for our undoing, rather than force us to a right decision? Must we accept some such soulless creed, and bid conscience sleep in peace, since to-morrow we die, whether we fast or whether we feast? Or must we reject it, and go back to the old beginning, whither science herself now seems to be leading the way, and hope for better effects from the righteous causes than have hitherto flowed from them? Whatever we say, or whatever we think, there is an eternal ache in us for the irretrievable, an undying remorse for the thing that, if we had been better advised or better willed, we might or might not have done. The sick man recasts the years or days before his mortal malady began, and suffers a keener despair in the phantom shape in which he haunts the happier time; the victim of his own mischoice, or of a mischoice not his own, antedates in imagination the present misery and dwells in a vain past where the error is yet a potentiality.

Probably in any attempt to resolve results into their origins and start from these on a different course, we should always be deceived by the light of our own knowledge. Probably it is still better for the world to grope in darkness towards the future than to push confidently forward in a direction opposite from that of experience. What evils may

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not lie that way! At the moment Cæsar felt those killing thrusts of the republican caucus he must have keenly regretted the passage of the Rubicon; and yet if he had not crossed that fated stream, would there have been no Roman empire? Or would there have been some Cæsar of another name, who would have had the imperial bee in his helmet, and would have led on the course of like events from like causes? It comes back to the old question whether the accomplished facts were inevitable. Must we believe that all the evil and sorrow in the world were ordained to happen, that error is as strictly an implication of life as death is? If Gladstone had been at the head of affairs when Kruger threatened a resistance to English aggression that would "stagger humanity," would there now be a Transvaal Republic? But this supposition would imply that all the lives flung away in the struggle which actually ensued from Kruger's menace, would now have been recovered from the viewless winds, and set again to serve and use the world. From this implication the boldest fancy recoils, just as the mind shrinks from providing in another state for the innumerable spirits of men momently dying into eternity.

One of the themes with which romance is fond of playing is a life which has no earthly close, and Hawthorne, in *Septimius Felton,* that most perfect of his incompleted schemes, delicately toys with the notion, only to perceive not so much its physical as its moral impossibility. Men must not live here forever, because through their vaster experience and deeper wisdom they would make advance impossible for the emulative generations to come, and with the egotism bred of innumerable years of self-preservation would tread their weaker fellows underfoot. He does not quite touch upon a point which we hope may interest the youthful reader rather more than the general drift of our discourse, and it remains for some future inquirer to employ his invention with the case of a lover, young on the terrestrial terms, meeting in rivalry a lover immortally young. We should hope that the romancer who took up this theme would not fail to discover in the course of his study that the greatest charm of love lies in the lovers' ignorance of each other's nature. The youth thinks that the simple young girl toward whom his melting heart flows is a being mysteriously gifted, whose

> —lightest thought is worth
> The experience of the wise.

To this girl the youth whom his parents and friends are accustomed to look upon as a promising boy, rather lazy if clever, and rather stupid if good, appears a mature and accomplished being who has only to make a sign of his willingness in order to have the sceptre of the globe laid at his feet. Very likely neither is either, but that is no reason why they should not live together in a fair degree of happiness. Their danger lies not so much in the possession of a common present, as in the want of a common past. Each has a past which separates them in ideal when they attempt to read their lives back into it. They are never each other's first loves; and in their progress toward their beginnings, each encounters a nature which renews the broken promise of a perfect felicity.

We fear indeed that the world must remain what we have made it, both on the general and on the personal scale. The book of life is not printed for us like a Japanese volume to be read from the last page to the first, but it is told once for all from the beginning to the ending, and its sense remains forever unchanged. The event, whatever it is, is so irretrievable, that after a little play with it, the mind, which was at first amused, shrinks baffled and almost appalled from the effort to recast it. In this world at least we have no second choice, and there is a great probability that we shall have none hereafter. It seems hard, but it seems the condition. The lesson is that we had better choose wisely once, or as wisely as we know, and let the reasons have as much, and the passions as little, to do with our choice as possible. Our experience must be for the future, not the past, and we shall have abundant use for it, since we not only are continually offered some choice, but have no choice but to choose.

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Editor's Study.

WHATEVER we may have been saying about unnecessary foregrounds in literary construction, there can be no question of the necessity and importance of backgrounds. The painter can have no foreground other than the action itself; if he were to attempt such an excrescence, the absurdity would be at once apparent to the eye, which, within its own field, has, even without special training, an unerring sense of perspective, as it has of harmony. The reader's eye is that of his mind, which without cultivation is easily hoodwinked or confused; and often its complex culture makes it tolerant of another kind of confusion, elaborately and deliberately contrived for its oversubtle appreciation, but which would only bewilder any simple intelligence.

A background in a piece of art is so much of it as directly or indirectly enhances the interest of its theme. In a painting, the point upon which the beholder's interest is meant to be concentrated may, in position, be removed to any distance by an interval occupied by elements—atmosphere, etc.—which are not only harmonious with, but by way of approach distinctly lend something to, the central effect. This interval is logically part of the background. The preparation for a like purpose in fiction equally belongs to the background; but the writer lacks the advantage which the painter has, of the whole effect conveyed in a single view, gathered within one continuous sense-impression, and he must make up for this lack, in so far as he can, by the mastery of his art. Obviously he should not exaggerate his disadvantage by the introduction of impertinent details. Whatever is essential to the atmosphere of his story—to those effects which have as much to do with determining its quality as his style has, and which are hardly indicated in the word "atmosphere"—he patiently elaborates, with due regard also to the reader's patience. So long as he delights us, making it a pleasure for us to halt with him as he lingers with detail and analysis, we do not complain—we willingly submit ourselves to a master.

Some of the finest stories are nearly all background, the scanty events often only serving for accentuation and sharper definition. It is a distinctively modern accomplishment in the art of fiction—this making of a background, the artistic effect of which is secured also in history and in the essay. The fact that masters in this field narrow their audience through neglect of dramatic effect does not lessen the delight they give to their limited circle of readers.

There is always the danger of excessive elaboration. Fancy, whose exploits are sometimes pushed to the verge of weariness, takes the place of imagination which never tires. Too often a speculation as relentless as it is unconvincing occupies undue space, as, for example, that concerning heredity, the writer being falsely persuaded that the record of his hero's or heroine's ancestors must reinforce and illuminate the waiting drama. We may forgive this diversion in a powerful novel like Mrs. Thurston's *The Gambler*, but in the short story it is difficult, upon a restricted canvas, to restore due proportion after the fateful disorder has run its course.

Then, too, the writer should bear in mind that far the larger part of his background is already existing in the mind of his readers.

Impressionism has its place in literature as in painting. It is that advanced stage of modern subjectivism, in which the contours, relations, and logical meanings of things, whether of the world or of the mind, seem to disappear in the interests of pure æstheticism, which lays stress upon tone, color, atmosphere, mood, and all those aspects which immediately—that is, without the intervention of any mental consideration—appeal to a specially refined sensibility. It has its values—those of a formless world—marvellous disclosures of the hues of objects and of their very shadows, also of unsuspected possibilities in our temperaments and sensibilities, and it has seemed to bring us to the verge of a mystic region, wherein we were promised com-

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munion with the souls of things. This stage of development reached its natural limit in painting a few years ago, when, if we could not tell whether a picture was right side up, or it made no difference which side up it was, that picture was, on the face of it, a supreme example of impressionistic art. That was the time of the prose pastel.

In this extreme impressionism the picture was all background. These dissipations in shadow-land, where one was nourished on flavors, lived intensively, and perhaps

Died of a rose, in aromatic pain,

could be of only brief duration. Human sensibility could not bear the strain. The mists of this alien world were swept away, but the real values of impressionism survived for all they were worth to art and literature, consistently with the recognition and resumption of form, substance, and meaning, and with the reserve indispensable to sane operation.

The quest for the "souls of things" came to have a new meaning, looking beyond quintessential emanations to intimate truths. The emphasis upon the background remains, for intellectual even more than for merely æsthetic satisfaction. As an excellent illustration of the story which is all background, we have in this number one by Mr. Howells, with the interlocutory device which gives it the dramatic interest and entertainment of a play. But the background—how far away it is from that of the impressionist scheme! Finely spun as the web is, with the delicacy of gossamer, elusive as is the haunting question which is its main *motif*, shifting in form at every turn, but remaining to the end piquant and of doubtful determination, yet every line of the texture is firm; every situation, however feigned, is clearly depicted; every one of the *dramatis personæ* is a living character, challenging our interest in the particular film he contributes to this glinting fabric. But it is in the theme—the attitude of the modern girl in courtship — that the reader's predominant interest lies, though this theme is nowhere pressed upon the reader, latent behind the whole representation but, at every point, the persistent implication, and, after all, left undetermined. It ends as it begins, a question—of such interest in the reader's mind that it matters nothing to him whether all that lies between beginning and end is actuality or pure invention, since it has served its purpose in heightening the interest of the speculation, while it has all along its charming course served also for his entertainment.

Such a story is justified in its tricksiness, which is so germane to its theme and to all the flitting fancies associated with it. Tricksiness of this sort, and delighting the reader after this fashion, is something quite distinct from an outright trick perpetrated upon the reader—as in the case of the story that turns out in the end to have been only a dream, and the reader is simply befooled, or of that other kind of story, equally hoodwinking, gulling the reader by the easily contrived device of mistaken identity or condition. The dénouement may prove a pleasant surprise, though it is not art so much as artifice, and is not so despicable as the contrived shock, whether comic or tragic, which upon the victim has the effect of a practical joke.

The story which depends upon its soul rather than upon its body, and whose raiment is spiritual rather than material, did not grow out of impressionism, though it may be said in a way to have grown up with it and, perhaps, to have been helped by the association. The effects of tone, color, and mood belong to the very temperament of genius. But this story we have been considering has something beyond these; though like the products of impressionism it eludes plot and the hard and fast features of actuality, it has a focussed meaning—and it is especially for that reason that we have adduced it.

The meaning in this kind of story does not reach to anything beyond itself, has no ulterior intention as to an effect upon the mind or morals of the reader, and while it takes the form of a question, it involves no casuistry, and is not a problem capable of mental solution. The question is concerned with life and, therefore, has no logical term or determination; it is a continuous question with no limit to the variation of its ever-changing facets, and it is continuously answered, suggestively, in the light

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radiant at each successive turn, but never definitely or finally answered—wherein it is like all the questions which life puts to us. Such stories we cannot expect to convey absolute conviction; they are convincing only as life itself is convincing. Life does not offer problems taking the shape of mathematical or logical propositions; it presents mysteries, which, according to our vision, are partially illuminated in its own terms, yet forever hiding in elusive implications.

So remote are these stories from those which depend for their interest upon contrivance or invention, and which, after the exhaustion of the writer's ingenuity, become suddenly obvious and explicable, through their exclusion of every essentially vital element,—so remote, too, from what we know as the "problem" story, which deals with the entanglements and complications of institutional life,—that they seem to retire into a region quite apart from physical contact and even from merely mental apprehension, and to naturally demand an insubstantial fabric as flexible as our spiritual moods and humors and our poetic fancies—wherein they are allied to impressionistic work; and they demand a fine quality of imagination for the achievement of effects which are at once entertaining and accordant to their high questioning.

Mastery in this kind of fiction is not accorded to virile strength as in stories which have, as we say, a grip on the reader—the bold seizure and pressure paralyze the delicate fancy essential to this fine speculation; mysticism tends too much toward vague symbolism; pure æstheticism lacks the necessary quickness and piquancy and too readily inclines to languor. It is here that Prospero, with all his magic, needs the service of his Ariel.

In our last Study we had something to say about stories which resolved themselves into interrogations, and mentioned Mr. Arthur McEwen's "One Artist or Two?" in which, as our readers remember, the novelist Warburton relentlessly insists upon the hypocrisy of John Bromley, the preacher, whom in earlier days he had known as a man wholly selfish and devoid of moral sense, and afterward had rescued from jail on the condition that he should assume the rôle of an evangelist. At a later stage, Bromley, from a conscious and confessed hypocrite, becomes, in the esteem of others and in his own conviction, a sincere believer in what he publicly professes; but his friend the novelist, while admitting the possibility of self-deception on Bromley's part, maintains that this is only the final stage consummating his hypocrisy. At the end, the question which has all along haunted the reader's mind suddenly changes its shape, without any determination on the writer's part, and, no longer confined to the case presented, transcending indeed all casuistry, embraces in its challenge the whole conduct of life. Is it all a masquerade? Is all the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players, in some deeper sense than in Jaques's portrayal? The whole story is a background, with this immense speculation occupying a central but hidden position, and finally occupying the reader's mind and soul to the exclusion of the story itself, which has served its fine purpose. A mystery of life has eclipsed one of its particular problems.

What interests us most in this kind of short story is that it is of so recent emergence in the evolution of fiction, though it is but one of a number of distinctly new variations, all independent of outworn devices, and all disclosing fresh fields of imaginative activity — also novel features of human interest in intimate truths of life, not hitherto so frankly met and so hospitably entreated, made the most of through close acquaintance which breaks up many of our old feuds with them due to our shyness and timidity. Not only has the art of fiction thus gained a larger scope, but, with the correspondingly wider culture of sensibility and sympathy, a new species of humor has been generated, due precisely to that expansion, allied, as humor always is, to generous tolerance and charity.

Our hopes and our fears have made friends with each other—the hopes tempered through the surrender of vain illusions, the more readily yielded because no longer needed, since the fears, more

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nearly entertained, have been transformed into safer and more helpful friends than the hopes ever seemed to be: the kind of disillusionment that happened to the gods of Asgard when on friendly terms they visited the lower-world giants.

It was the old custom in drama and fiction to represent what was called good and what was called evil as embodied in separate hosts, or separate individual champions, meeting in hostile conflict, completely visored and disguised. Thus was given an opportunity for Virtue to triumph with immunity. Now the barriers are down, and whatever disguises there may be are for the most part transparent; good and evil lie side by side in the same soul, or in every rising of one the other also is entanglingly present; in a conflict an absolute victory, if that were possible, would involve peril, so that we are wisely enjoined to suffer the tares with the wheat; and our passive sufferance, through deeper comprehension, becomes a positive tolerance. It is no small part of our wisdom that we have a judicious mistrust and dread of immaculateness. If the waters of life could by some special distillation attain absolute purity, we should, for lack of reaction, come into an anæmic estate, such an one as we would have been born to in a world made after what some would deem a wiser fashion than that of the Creator—a world aseptic and atoxic and without interchange of light with darkness.

The story of to-day is remarkable not for its exclusion of evil traits, but for its truer perspective of human failures and excellences, its wiser mingling of these. This new temperament of fiction began as a notable feature with George Eliot, and has been steadily developed, until now the polite reader has no relish for the unmixed type of saint or sinner. If there is any bright cherub sitting up aloft that takes care of the poor editor, it is one who restrains his hand when he would accept a story in which pure malice has any part or one in which pharisaism wins any favor.

We have in our new literature, as in our new life, come upon gospel ground at the same time that we have established a true democracy in the world of letters. Puritanism began with a crude iconoclasm which, but only after the abatement of its fanaticism and fierce intolerance, is seen to have been beneficent, since we have gained by it for the English-speaking race what has not yet been fully realized for any other—the triumph of individualism. A man of no other race stands so wholly for himself and not for a class, pledged to no form of communal idolatry or specious symbolism. It does not follow that in literature he excels writers of other races in art, but that, in so far as the gospel and democracy have done their best for him, certain qualities should distinguish his work. For one thing, it should have greater psychical meaning; for another thing, it should illustrate the emancipation of the human spirit—not merely in a negative way as having divested itself of the outward trappings and insignia with which the literature of the past has been associated and from which it has gained an imposing distinction, but positively, as clothed in the garments of living truth. If our contemporary fiction, as represented in the work of the best masters, does not show these qualities, then it is a failure, unworthy of its time and opportunity.

We do not ask of these masters that they shall have the striking eminence of the greatest writers of the past. The conditions of that kind of eminence do not exist in the present. It is enough, in this more level world we live in, that the servant should be as the master, on the gospel and democratic principle that mastery is service.

Our writers are making a new literature, especially a new prose literature, which, if not more eminent than that of the past, yet is in advance of it in the line of evolutionary tendencies. It has widened and deepened the currents of human sympathy and enlarged the scope of a rational appreciation of the truths of life, and it has done this without any dependence upon the devices, whether contrived or ready at hand, which helped an older literature to a more imposing grandeur. In the simplest way, without gloss or pretence, it meets the demands of a deeply cultivated sensibility. In a word, it serves.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Where there's a Will there's a Way

BY GEORGE T. WESTON

I THOUGHT so when the Peapack courthouse bell struck eight, and when it brazenly clanged the hour of nine I mentioned it.

"What's the matter with the bell?" I asked the Chief of Police.

"What!" cried the Chief. "Haven't you heard how Lem's rich uncle turned up, and how we simultaneously lost the Judge, married the Widow, and cracked the bell?"

Whereupon he smacked his lips, and cried in a loud voice as one who is telling history:

"Lemuel Waller struck this town three years ago, dreamy-eyed and softly smiling. He said he liked the sylvan beauty of the place and its chances of becoming the metropolis of all the region hereabouts. But particularly he remarked about the Youth and Beauty of the female population that so adorned and graced our rustic habitations. Strange to say, the Youth and Beauty got to hear about it, and Lem was made more of in a week than most strangers would be in a year.

"It leaked out that Lem was the favorite nephew of old Joshua Waller, who owned the Lucky Strike mine out in Deadwood. Jim Mullins, the popular groceryman, sitting one day full of curiosity among his butter-tubs and cheeses, spoke up and asked Lemuel if rumor had it right. Lem admitted it under protest, and included a statement that the ladies of these here regions were Venuses in looks and Circes in all the adorable arts of the sex. The Widow Perkins set her cap for Lem the very next night, at an ice-cream and strawberry festival for the benefit of the chapel down in Jockey Hollow, and when Lem gracefully responded, all this vicinity, except the Judge, just sat back and smiled encouragement at them.

"And why was the Judge forlorn? And why didn't he smile in happy harmony? Because he had his eye on the Widow him-



"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?" SAID THE CHIEF

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self. The Judge was our leading citizen at that time—owned the bank and nominated the Mayor—but his popularity was waxing pale on account of his foreclosing tricks. He had a mortgage on the Widow's farm that was overdue, and he was foreclosing the mortgage and courting the Widow at the same time—an able man. One night when he called Lem was there, and the Judge flung down the gauntlet of war, while Lemuel sternly picked it up, with Beauty sitting there a-looking on, and the crickets chirping, and the gold and purple clouds banking up over the river in the west.

"'Once upon a time,' said Lem, dreamy-eyed and softly smiling as he advanced towards the Judge, who had been making ribald references to folks that lived off their rich relations—'Once upon a time, out West where I was raised, there was a lawyer who foreclosed a mortgage on a widow. Next night the boys they up and hung him.'

"And as Lem had almost reached the Judge at the same time that he reached the climax of his stirring chapter of Western history, the Judge saw fit to make his bow and so departed. After that he only called on the Widow when he knew for sure that Lem had duties that called him elsewhere.

"Meanwhile Lem talked about starting in business, but he didn't. Lem's business opportunities kept us merry and at our ease. His schemes for amassing wealth pleased us. He generally started talking a month before his remittance was due, but he always changed the subject just as soon as he signed for his registered letter. His last idea was a window-ventilator which he told us he could make for fifty cents and sell for five dollars. He had circulars printed and formed a stock company, fifty thousand dollars capital, but his remittance came the following week, and he gave all the stock to Jim Mullins, who had advanced the printing and incorporating expenses. Jim took the stock around to the bank to see if he could borrow anything on it, but the Judge didn't see it that way at all.

"Right at this point Gene Carrell, who keeps the United States Hotel, was almost paralyzed by a carriage driving up to his place with a very old invalid and a doctor in it. The doctor and the driver carried the invalid up-stairs, where his moanings sounded through the whole house, and when the doctor came down and paid for the whole second floor a week in advance and registered, 'Joshua Waller and physician, Deadwood,' Gene's paralysis was complete and nearly turned chronic.

"'Who's the leading citizen around here?' asked the doctor.

"'Judge Pierson,' said Gene, still dazed and numb, and the doctor had written a note to the Judge and sent it off by the driver, and the Judge had appeared and gone up-stairs quite some time, before Gene came out of his trance. So then he did the next best thing. He went up-stairs, too, and gently let himself into the next room and gummed his eye to the transom that was opened a crack. After listening a minute Gene perceived that the Judge was writing the old man's will, and also that the old gentleman was feeling anything but kindly towards Lem—a feeling which the Judge was helping along.

"'After providing for my debts,' the old man was saying, 'I want— Is that wuthless nephew of mine still engaged in that ventilator business he wrote me about?' he suddenly asked.

"'Yes,' laughed the Judge in his nasty way, 'as much as he was ever engaged in anything.'

"'I'll teach him,' groaned the old gentleman. 'Put it down that I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal property to the charitable institutions throughout the country, amounting in all to six hundred and ten thousand dollars, according to schedule annexed, providing that each such institution shall only receive enough to equip its windows with ventilators, and that these ventilators must be bought from the Waller Ventilator Company, of New Jersey. That 'll make the wuthless scamp work for a living!'

"Such was the scene that Gene looked down upon: The patient tossing on the pillows, the doctor occasionally raising him to give him a stimulant, the Judge solemnly scratching on the paper, the light dim like a church, and the sounds of this teeming township sounding faint and hushed through the shuttered windows.

"At this interesting point Gene heard some one fumbling at the lock of the door of the room he was in, and he only just jumped down in time when the two hired girls came tiptoeing in. One had already climbed up to the crack before the other caught sight of Gene behind the bureau. Gene was sitting at his desk down-stairs half an hour later, feeling full of virtue because of the lecture he had given the help, when the doctor and the Judge came down, looking pale and upset. The doctor told Gene he must keep the house very quiet, because the invalid had relapsed and would never recover consciousness again. 'And put this in the safe,' said the doctor. 'It's his will. He just signed it before he went off.' Gene said afterwards that he couldn't for the life of him guess what made his help so high and lofty the following week till he found that they had been the witnesses.

"The next morning, as Jim Mullins was sitting in his grocery contemplating life among his butter-tubs and cheeses, in walked the Judge and said that the weather was improving. From that the talk turned to fresh air, and then to ventilation, until at last the Judge broke out with that nasty laugh of his.

"'Jim,' said he, 'I understand that you still own the stock of that wuthless ventilator company.'

"'Wuthless!' sniffed Jim. 'Ho! Here I've got a hundred dollars of wuthless

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orders this morning, and I've just refused a wuthless offer of ten thousand dollars for the stock. I always said that Lem would bring me luck at last.'

"'Refused ten thousand?' asked the Judge. 'Who offered it?'

"'That man across the street,' said Jim, 'there behind that tree. And from the way he's looking, I think he's coming back as soon as you're gone. Not that I want to hurry you, Judge.'

"But the Judge was over the street before Lem had fairly finished, because he had seen that the man was the doctor. The doctor walked away as fast as he could when he saw the Judge approaching. Peapack lost sight of them going up the steps of the hotel, and from there on Gene Carrell took up the chase and followed them up-stairs as soon as he could, and glued his ear to the transom crack again.

"'All right,' the doctor was whispering; 'I've got ten thousand dollars. I'll give you my check, and if you can raise the other forty thousand, I think he'll sell the stock. And I'll—I'll keep the patient from recover—'

"'Sh!' said the Judge. 'Come outside.'

"And out they went."

Here the Chief paused and sorrowfully shook his head as he looked over the dark, mysterious valley, to the jet-black hills beyond.

"Next morning," he continued, "Jim Mullins had fifty thousand dollars, and the two conspirators had the stock. And then—"

Once more the Chief paused, this time turning to me, putting his hand on my knee and lowering his voice till he spoke in a tone that dripped with the essence of tragedy.

"And then—Uncle Joshua got better. All at once he got entirely better. Arose from his couch like a giant refreshed. That night there was a select party of four in his rooms—himself, Lemuel, Jim Mullins, and the doctor. There was some talk of taking Gene's license away, it was such a powerful party, but everybody who came around to complain was invited up-stairs and joined the party. That *was* a party. I nearly arrested a man that night. Before they got through the only strictly sober man in these here regions was the Judge, who dropped around while the festivities were at their height. Eyes like hat-pegs. Foaming at the mouth.



"LEM CAME OUT WITH THE WIDOW ON HIS ARM"

"'What's all this?' he asked the doctor, after he had beckoned him out into the hall, Gene keeping his ear in.

"'Most surprising thing!' cried the doctor. 'Patient has recovered! Most interesting case! Astonishing!'

"'Dods!' snarled the Judge, 'and I thought you were the man who was going to keep him from recovering!'

"'Didn't I try?' cried the doctor, speaking with a professional dignity. 'Laudanum. Two bottles. *And* a box of Paris green. It seemed to revive him!'

"''Sh!' said the Judge; 'do you want to tell the whole neighborhood?'

"'And after he had been revived by the Paris green,' cried the doctor, 'I went out and got a telephone-pole and broke it over his head. And, Judge, he looked up in my face and smiled like a child. Like a child. Most touching thing. So out I went to get an axe—'

"But the Judge didn't wait to hear any more. From all accounts he saw a great white light at last and out he went, waving

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his hands most despairingly, and making gurgling little noises to the stars.

"This progressive community was aroused to throes of the most titillating excitement when the story came out, and while everybody was discussing how the Judge had lost his forty thousand, and how Lem's rich uncle wasn't his uncle at all (which they only guessed at), and when it seemed as if excitement couldn't go any higher, we were all aroused to fresher and mightier throes by Lemuel up and marrying the Widow. That's the night the boys broke into jail and sneaked off with the court-house bell to serenade Lem and his proud and happy bride. I was up there on the lawn, and I remonstrated with Gene for his conduct, Gene being the ringleader, ringing the bell till it cracked.

"'Gene,' said I, 'I'm surprised at you. You're under a cloud anyhow, you are, from your own story. For why is it that you didn't warn the authorities that afternoon when you heard this diabolical plot a-hatching through the crack? We might have arrested the Judge. Hasn't the Police Department got any functions?'

"'Chief,' said he, 'I'll tell you. I was just getting down from the crack to do my duty as a citizen and a friend of Lem's when the doctor came back into the room, and if you'd seen the way that unconscious invalid le'pt out of bed and how he and the doctor cake-walked about the room and punched each other with sly and roguish punches till they had to stuff my pillows in their mouths to refrain from rousing the house with their uproarious merriment—if you'd seen all that,' said he, 'you'd know right well why I didn't warn this law-abiding community of the diabolical plot I heard a-hatching through the crack.'

"And just then Lem came out on the front piazza, dreamy-eyed and softly smiling, with the Widow on his arm, and he burned the Judge's mortgage that had been paid off with the Judge's own good money. Then he kissed the bride, and they *all* went *plumb* crazy, and *that* was when they cracked the bell."

A Strenuous Experience

From the Adventures of a Bookworm

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"EGAD!" the Bookworm cried, as he emerged
From out a bold romance whose hero splurged
About right carelessly with sword and lance—
A tale it was of former days in France—
"I'm mighty glad that by some hook or crook
I have escaped from that most awful book!
Three times I've stumbled into pools of gore
That nearly drowned me ere I could withdraw.
Five times the doughty hero's rapier hissed
So close unto my neck it barely missed,
And by the villain flying, short of breath,
Four times was I nigh trampled unto death;
And once, on page six hundred forty-three,
Where Gaston grapples with the Comte de Brie,
And flings him down the yawning oubliette,
I bored right through into the dank and wet,
And as the dying Comte let forth his shriek
I nearly set the horrid thing aleak.
A millionth of an inch along that way
And there'd have been the very deuce to pay.
A page or two beyond I sprained my teeth
Upon a dungeon wall, the moat beneath,
And when I thus this barrier did note,
I bored a trifle higher in the moat;
And, on my honor, I was just about
Six weary mortal weeks in getting out.
Thrice was I lost in trackless forests dense;
Twice was I locked in some château immense;
And once I bored into a cabaret
Just where the flowing bowl of punch was set—
And oh the stuff that gurgled down my throat—
The ooze was better drinking in the moat!
And finally when Chapter Last came by
I vow I thought that then and there I'd die—
The hero and the Princess with her blush
Filled page on page with such confounded mush.

. . . . . .

Hereafter I intend to show more care
In the selection of my bill of fare.
On cyclopædias and things like that,
On hymn-books, sermons, joke-books stale and flat,
On ledgers and account-books e'en I'll dine:
No more historical romance for mine."

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A Love Match

BY BURGES JOHNSON

'TWAS at the races that they met; the Jungle A. A. U.
Had opened an athletic field upon the upper Nile.
Beneath her frank, admiring gaze he strove the best he knew,
And won a two-mile handicap against the crocodile.
It was a contest fine to see!—the crowd grew boisterous
And madly shouted Hip, hip hip, hip, Hipp—opotamus!

Though Miss Rhinoceros's beaux referred to him with scorn,
'Twas plain she'd eyes for no one else. "That brow! Those manly feet!"
"I'm glad he won!" she cried again, and tooted on her horn,—
And so her friend Miss Lioness contrived to have them meet.
"Such graceful *embonpoint!*" he sighed, his hand upon his heart;
'Twas clear to all who stood about he loved her from the start.

The Jungle felt no great surprise when soon their cards were out;
The wedding was a fine affair, the sourest critics grant.
Though Dean Giraffe is higher Church, there's very little doubt
That all were better satisfied with Bishop L. E. Phant.

And now, if Heaven send them twins, 'twill save a lot of fuss
To name them Hipporoceros and Rhinopotamus.

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His Florist

PUBLIC-SCHOOL teachers in Little Italy are constant recipients of presents of various kinds from admiring scholars. The presents vary all the way from ripe tomatoes to five-dollar bills. When the intrinsic value of an offering is beyond a certain limit the teacher usually institutes an inquiry as to its original source. One boy made frequent gifts of flowers. As long as they were somewhat faded the teacher accepted them unquestioningly, but when Tony appeared on a certain morning with a large bunch of expensive white roses she felt constrained to ask the boy where he got them. Heaven and earth and the Madonna were called upon to witness that the flowers had been purchased, later that they had been a gift, and finally that Tony's mother had sent them as a token of her regard. The teacher grew more stern in her demand for particulars in regard to Tony's getting the flowers. There was a flower-stand on the Bowery, two blocks west, which she feared might have been looted.

"Tony," she persisted, "tell me the truth. Did you steal those roses? Then where did you get them?"

"Teacher, gracious lady," wept Tony, at the end of his inventive powers, "I gotta from da church on Brooma Street. Da man, he no care—he dead."

Too Literal

AUNT MAHALY, an old negress with a worthless husband, was relating her troubles to her minister. The usual condolences were offered by the latter and remedies suggested, but at each one Aunt Mahaly shook a doubting head—she had tried them all without avail.

The minister sighed and pondered, and at last had an inspiration. He leaned to Aunt Mahaly, who brightened visibly.

"Sis' Mahaly," he said, "hab you eber tried heapin' coals er fire on his haid?"

The gleam of hope faded from Aunt Mahaly's face.

"No, Bre'r Jackson, I ain't never done dat, but I's tried po'in' hot water ovuh him."

The Reason

HELEN was playing one day, when a little girl with a dirty face stopped to look on. Helen, being of an analytical turn of mind, thought she would ascertain the cause of this facial defect, and asked:

"Do you wash your face with your dirty hands, or do you wash your hands first and then wash your face in the dirty water?"

"Don't do neither," came the reply. "I ain't no idiot."



An Ocean Liner

Where Needles Came High

BEFORE the locomotive had penetrated into our great Western Territories the supply of troops at the advance posts was exceedingly expensive.

One day the post trader's new stock had arrived, and Mrs. B—— was invited to the opening. A display of common prints at seventy-five cents a yard, and other goods at similar values, did not tempt her to buy. However, as she was about to leave the store, she remembered that she needed some needles. Asking for a paper, a clerk handed them to her. Inquiry about the price brought the reply, "One dollar." For a moment she was rendered speechless, but recovering herself, she simply repeated, "One dollar!" By this time the trader himself, who had noticed the transaction, had approached and came to the rescue of the clerk: "Yes, madam, one dollar; it may appear high to you, but you must remember the *freight!*"

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An Impressionist

NOT long ago the son of a well-known college professor was trotting across the campus, when he was hailed by one of the students, who walked along with him and entered into friendly chat.

"Well, John, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I am goin' to be a painter," declared the youngster.

"Oh, are you? What are you going to paint—pictures?"

"No," scornfully. "I am goin' to paint the inside of houses and the outside of houses."

"I see. And what color are you going to have your houses?"

John reflected a moment. This was a point to which he had given no previous consideration. Then he announced: "I am goin' to have them the color of the paint."

Costly Discipline

A POPULAR Eastern doctor tells this story of a bright boy, another doctor's son, who had reached the mature age of ten after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks.

His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said, "I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't do it," said the boy.

The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"'Cause he charges two dollars a visit," said the scamp.

New Logic

AUNT CHLOE CARTER and Verbena Washington, two colored women, met on the street on their way home from work. The compliments of the day were exchanged, and on separating each importuned the other to come to see her. So insistent, indeed, was Verbena in her hospitality that Aunt Chloe was moved to say:

"I'll tell you de trufe, Verbena Washington, ef I didn't live no furder from you den you does from me, I'd come to see you ev'y day."

A Nice Distinction

AUNT RHODY was very proud of the achievements of her daughter, who attended the public school, and one day confided to her mistress that Rosanna had learned to write, and had actually written a letter to Vicksburg. The lady was so interested that, about a month later, she inquired again concerning Rosanna's progress. Aunt Rhody beamed.

"Lawsee, Mis' Polly! Rosanna is 'way erhaid er what she was las' mont'. She kin write er letter ter New York now."



Close to Nature

A FROWSY old maid went adrift in the tropics,
To scatter some tractlets on various topics.
But so it transpired, while she walked in the jungle,
A boa-constrictor, too practised to bungle,
Embraced her slim waist, and quite ardently squeezed her;
And would you believe it?—it actually pleased her!

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A Fancy-dressed Ball

Correct

THE captain of an Ohio steamer ordered two iron chairs from a German dealer named Schmidt. When the chairs were delivered it was found that only one filled the captain's requirements and the other was returned. When the German presented his bill, however, it read thus, much to the amazement of the captain, who supposed Schmidt to be an honest and capable man:

Cincinnati April the 16 1860

Capting J S Neal

to Fred Schmidt

To 2 Iron Chairs—7	$14 00
1 Wooden Do	7 00
1 Wood Do	7 00
balance due	$7 00

The captain sent for the German, who arrived in due course. "You remember," said he to Schmidt, "that I told you to bring aboard two chairs, and you did so?"

"Yaw," said Schmidt.

"Well, afterwards I told you that one wouldn't do and one would do, and I kept but one."

"Dat shust so," said Schmidt, "and shust as te pill say"—whereupon he pointed to the last items, "'1 wooden do' and '1 wood do.' You owes seven tollars." And the captain acknowledged that the bill was correct.

Treasure-Trove

IF you should find a squirrel's hoard,
One winter day, what would you do?
Ransack the nook discreetly stored,
And search his little treasures through?
Or would you leave it safe and sound,
That frugal garner underground?

If I should find a squirrel's hoard
I know quite well what I would do:
I would not rob his scanty board,
But add some trifles more thereto,
Brown Barcelonas and Brazils,
Or chestnuts from the Spanish hills.

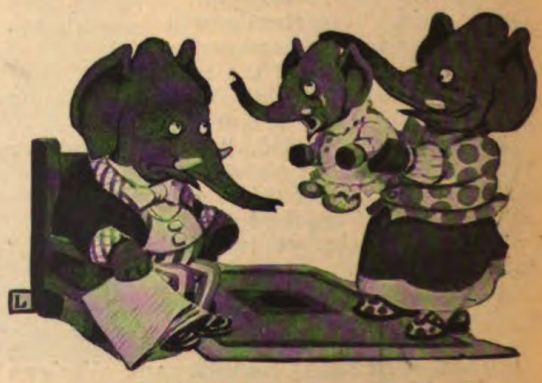
Then when his winter doze is done,
When warm winds wake the humblebees,
When clouds play peep-bo round the sun,
And Spring comes laughing through the trees,
And daisies peer demure and prim,
Then I shall have the laugh of him.

When impudent and gay he goes
In flying leaps from tree to tree,
With flirted tail and tilted nose,
So far too proud to play with me—
"Observe my light fantastic toe!
You who must trudge it down below."

Then I shall call to him and say:
"I also know a thing or two—
Although I may not look so gay
Or climb as far and fast as you—
I saw your store, O sleepyhead,
When you were sound asleep in bed.

"These scornful airs are quite absurd,
That haughty tail is flashed in vain,
Your secret hangs upon a word,
A word of *mine*, dear Lord Disdain.
I found your *cache*, and, what is more,
I most distinctly heard you snore!"

ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON.



"Hooray! Little Elly's cut a tusk."

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35 Cents a Copy. Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class matter. **$4.00 a Year.**

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Harper's Magazine

for MARCH

A Night's Ride in the Desert

A stirring narrative by Mr. CHARLES W. FURLONG, telling of his experiences with treacherous native guards and their confederates on a night ride from Khoms to Kussabat. A remarkable true story of real adventure and a vivid picture of a night of danger.

A Bishop in the West

Bishop TALBOT, now of the Episcopal Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, was for some years missionary bishop of Idaho and Wyoming. He writes of the humors and the ups and downs of his life in the West. An amusing picture of life in the mining towns.

PART III.

Mrs. Deland's Great Novel "THE AWAKENING"

The Bible of Mani

An article which must interest every reader. It tells of the discovery in Chinese Turkestan of hundreds of ancient manuscripts which have been translated and proved to be portions of the long-lost Manichean bible.

Henry James on New York

In this paper Mr. JAMES revisits the New York of his childhood — the old Washington Square neighborhood. A delightful bit of philosophizing over what is left of the old town and what has gone.

8 COMPLETE SHORT STORIES BY MARIE MANNING, THOMAS A. JANVIER, ALICE BROWN, PASCHAL COGGINS, GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD, LILY LONG, ELIZABETH MOORHEAD, ETC., ETC.

The University of Geneva

President CHARLES F. THWING, of Western Reserve University, writes of the famous Swiss seat of learning at Geneva, and of some of the famous men who have worked there.

Ibex Hunting

An account of a remarkable ibex hunt, in which the author, Mr. JOSEPH CLARK GREW, participated, in the Himalaya Mountains in India. Illustrated with many striking photographs. A stirring story of good sport in a wild country.

Honey Ants of Colorado

An extremely interesting paper on these curiously active and industrious little insects of Colorado who use some of their own number as living honey-jars to be held as sources of supply in the inactive season.

The Anatomy of a Steel Rail

An article of the most practical scientific interest. It explains the manufacture of the steel railroad rail in all its processes, and analyzes the faults in manufacture which have been the cause of many of our most terrible accidents.

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CHRISTINE

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXII FEBRUARY, 1906 No. DCLXIX

The Slave-Trade of To-day

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

CONCLUSION—THE ISLANDS OF DOOM

THEY stand in the Gulf of Guinea —those two islands of San Thomé and Principe where the slaves die, —about 150 miles from the nearest coast at the Gaboon River in French Congo. San Thomé lies just above the equator, Principe some eighty miles north and a little east of San Thomé, and a hundred and twenty miles southwest of Fernando Po. San Thomé is about eight times as large as Principe, and the population, which may now be reckoned considerably over 40,000, is also about eight times as large. It is difficult to say what proportion of these populations are slaves. The official returns of 1900 put the population of San Thomé at 37,776, including 19,211 serviçaes, or slaves, with an import of 4572 serviçaes in 1901. And the population of Principe was given as 4327, including 3175 serviçaes. But the prosperity of the islands is increasing with such rapidity that these numbers have now been probably far surpassed.*

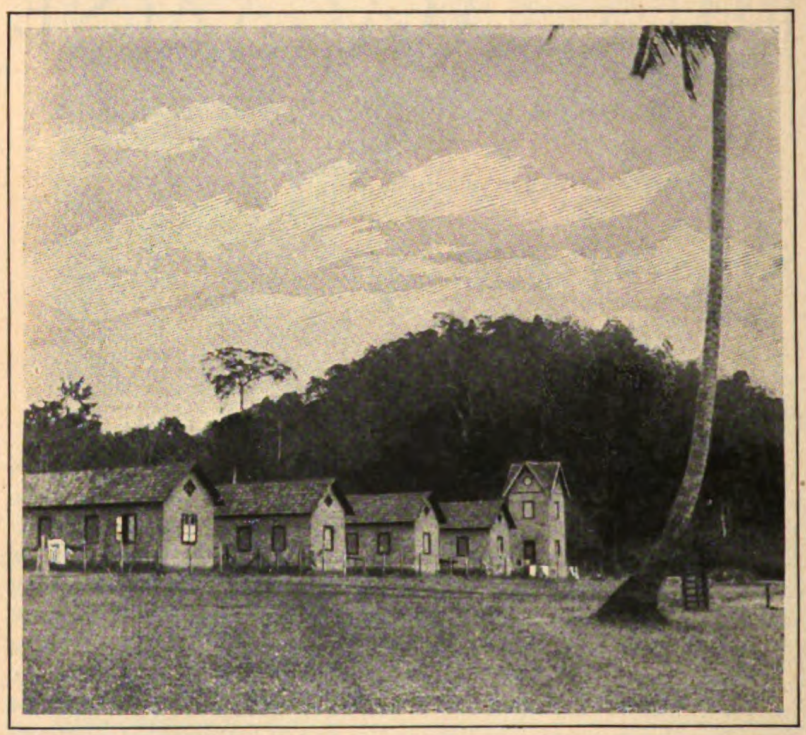
It is cocoa that has created the prosperity. In old days the islands were famous for their coffee, and it is still perhaps the best in Africa. But the trade in coffee sank to less than a half in the ten years 1891 to 1901, while in that time the cocoa trade increased fourfold—from 3597 tons to 14,914,—and since 1901 the increase has been still more rapid. The islands possess exactly the kind of climate that kills men and makes the cocoa-tree flourish. It is, as I have described, a hothouse climate—burning heat and torrents of rain in the wet season, from October to April; stifling heat and clouds of dripping mist in the season that is called dry. In such an air and upon the fine volcanic soil the cocoa-plant thrives wherever it is set, and continues to produce all the year round. Nearly one-third of the islands is now under cultivation, and the wild forest is constantly being cleared away. In consequence, the value of land has gone up beyond the dreams of a land-grabber's avarice. Little plots that could be had for the asking ten years ago now fetch their hundreds. There is a story, perhaps mythical, that one of the greatest owners—once a clerk or carrier in San Thomé—has lately refused two million sterling for his plantations there. In 1901 the export trade from San Thomé alone was valued at £764,830, having more than doubled in five years, and by this time it is certainly over £1,000,000. There are probably about 230 plantations or "roças" on San Thomé now, some employing as many as 1000 slaves. And on Principe there are over fifty roças, with from 300 to 500 slaves working upon the largest. All these evidences of increasing prosperity must be very satis-

*An English resident at San Thomé estimates the serviçaes alone at 40,000.

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factory to the private proprietors and to the shareholders in the companies which own a large proportion of the land. For the most part they live in Lisbon, enjoying themselves upon the product of the cocoa-tree and the lives of men and women.



MODEL SLAVE-QUARTERS IN SAN THOME

One early morning at San Thomé I went out to visit a plantation which is rightly regarded as a kind of model—a show-place for the intelligent foreigner or for the Portuguese shareholder who feels qualms as he banks his dividends. There were four hundred slaves on the estate, not counting children, and I was shown their neat brick huts in rows, quite recently finished. I saw them clearing the forest for further plantation, clearing the ground under the cocoa-trees, gathering the great yellow pods, sorting the brown kernels, which already smelt like a chocolate-box, heaping them up to ferment, raking them out in vast pans to dry, working in the carpenters' sheds, superintending the new machines, and gathering in groups for the midday meal. I was shown the turbine engine, the electric light, the beautiful wood-work in the manager's house, the clean and roomy hospital with its copious supply of drugs and anatomical curiosities in bottles, the isolated house for infectious cases. To an outward seeming, the Decree of 1903 for the regulation of the slave labor had been carried out in every possible respect. All looked as perfect and legal as an English industrial school. Then we sat down to an exquisite Parisian déjeuner under the bower of a drooping tree, and while I was meditating on the hardships of African travel, a saying of another of the guests kept coming back to my mind: "The Portuguese are certainly doing a marvellous work for Angola and these islands. Call it slavery if you like. Names and systems don't matter. The sum of human happiness is being infinitely increased."

The doctor had come up to pay his official visit to the plantation that day. "The death-rate on this roça," he remarked, casually, during the meal, "is twelve or fourteen per cent. a year among the serviçaes." "And what is the chief cause?" I asked. "Anæmia," he said. "That is a vague sort of thing," I answered; "what brings on anæmia?" "Unhappiness [tristeza]," he said, frankly.

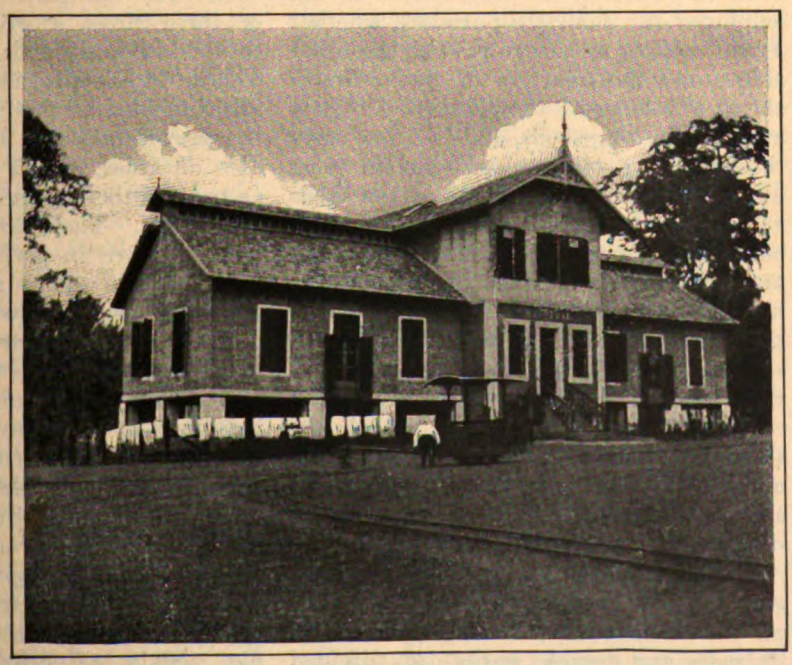
He went on to explain that if they could keep a slave alive for three or four years from the date of landing, he generally lived some time longer, but it was very difficult to induce them to live through the misery and homesickness of the first few years.

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This cause, however, does not account for the high mortality among the children. On one of the largest and best-managed plantations of San Thomé the superintendent admits a children's death-rate of 25 per cent., or one-quarter of all the children, every year. Our latest consular reports do not give a complete return of the death-rate for San Thomé, but on Principe 867 slaves died during 1901 (491 males and 376 females), which gives a total death-rate of 20.67 per cent. per annum. In other words, you may calculate that among the slaves on Principe one in every five will be dead by the end of the year.*

No wonder that the price of slaves is high, and that it is almost impossible for the supply from Angola to keep pace with the demand, though the government calls on its agents to drive the trade as hard as they can, and the agents do their very utmost to encourage the natives to raid, kidnap, accuse of witchcraft, press for debts, soak in rum, and sell. A manager in Principe, who employs 150 slaves on his roça, told me that it is impossible for him fully to develop the land without 200 more, but he simply cannot afford the £6000 needed for the purchase of that number.

The common saying that if you have seen one plantation you have seen all, is not exactly true. I found the plantations differed a good deal according to the wealth of the proprietor and the superintendent's disposition. Still there is a general similarity in external things from which one can easily build up a type. Let us take, for instance, a roça which I visited one Sunday after driving some six or seven miles into the interior from the port of San Thomé. The road led through groves of the cocoa-tree, the gigantic "cotton-tree," breadfruit, palms, and many hard and useful woods which I did not know. For a great part of the distance the wild and untouched forest stood thick on both sides, and as we climbed into the mountains we looked down into unpenetrated glades, where parrots, monkeys, and civet-cats are the chief inhabitants. The sides of the road were thickly covered with moss and fern, and the high rocks and tree-tops were from time to time concealed by the soaking white mist which the people for some strange reason call "flying-fish milk." High up in the hills we came to a filthy village, where a few slaves were drearily lying about, full of the deadly rum that hardly even cheers. A few hundred yards farther up was the roça which owns the village and runs the rum-shop there for the benefit of the slaves and its own pocket. The buildings are arranged in a great quadrangle, with high walls all



A MODEL SLAVE-HOSPITAL IN SAN THOME

*London's death-rate in 1903 was 15.7 per 1000 against Principe's 206.7 per 1000. Liverpool had the highest death-rate of English cities. It was 20.5 per 1000, or almost exactly one-tenth of the death-rate among the serviçaes in Principe. The total death-rate for England and Wales in 1902 was 16.2 per 1000.

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SLAVES WAITING FOR RATIONS ON SUNDAY

round and big gates that are locked at night. On one side stands the planter's house, and attached to it are the dwellings of the overseers, or gangers, together with the quarters of such slaves as are employed for domestic purposes, whether as concubines or servants. On the other side stand the quarters of the ordinary slaves who labor on the plantation. They are built in long sheds, and in a few cases these are two stories high, but in most plantations only one. Some of the sheds are arranged like the dormitories in our barracks; sometimes the homes are almost or entirely isolated; sometimes, as in this roça, they are divided by partitions, like the stalls in a stable. At one end of the quadrangle, besides the magazines for the working and storage of the cocoa, there is a huge barn, which the slaves use as a kitchen, each family making its own little fire on the ground and cooking its rations separately, as the unconquerable habit of all natives is. At the other end of the quadrangle, sunk below the level of the fall of the hill, stands the hospital, with its male and female wards duly divided according to law.

The centre of the quadrangle is occupied by great flat pans, paved with cement or stones, for the drying of the cocoa beans. Within the largest of these enclosures the slaves are gathered two or three times a week to receive their rations of meal and dried fish. At six o'clock on the afternoon of my visit they all assembled to the clanging of the bell, the grown-up slaves bringing large bundles of grass, which they had gathered as part of their daily task, for the mules and cattle. They stood round the edges of the square in perfect silence. In the centre of the square at regular intervals stood the whity-brown gangers, leaning on their long sticks or flicking their boots with whips. Beside them lay the large and savage dogs which prowl round the buildings at night to prevent the slaves escaping in the darkness. As it was Sunday afternoon, the slaves were called upon to enjoy the Sunday treat. First came the children one by one, and to each of them was given a little sup of wine from a pitcher. Then the square began slowly to move round in single file. Slabs of dried fish were given out as rations, and for the special Sun-

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SLAVES BRINGING IN FODDER FOR CATTLE

day treat each man or woman received two leaves of raw tobacco from one of the superintendent's mistresses, or, if they preferred it, one leaf of tobacco and a sup of wine in a mug. Nearly all chose the two leaves of tobacco as the more lasting joy. When they had received their dole, they passed round the square again in single file, till all had made the circuit. From first to last not a single word was spoken. It was more like a military execution than a festival.

About once a month the slaves receive their wages in a similar manner. By the Decree of 1903, the minimum wage for a man is fixed at 2500 reis (something under ten shillings) a month, and for a woman at 1800 reis. But, as a matter of fact, the planters tell me that the average wage is 1200 reis a month, or about one and twopence a week. In some cases the wages are higher, and one or two slaves were pointed out to me whose wages came to fifteen shillings a month. I am told that in the islands, unlike the custom on the mainland, these wages are really paid in cash and not by tokens, but the planters always add that as the money can only be spent in the plantation store, nearly all of it comes back to them in the form of profit on rum or cloth or food.

According to the law, only two-fifths of the wages are to be paid every month, the remaining three-fifths going to a "Repatriation Fund" in San Thomé. In the case of the slaves from Angola this is never done, and it is much to the credit of the Portuguese that, as there is no repatriation, they have dropped the institution of a Repatriation Fund. They might easily have pocketed three-fifths of the slaves' wages under that excuse, but this advantage they have renounced. They never send the slaves home, and they do not deduct the money for doing it. Neither do they deduct a proportion of the wages which, according to the law, might be sent to the mainland for the support of a man's family till the termination of his contract. They know a contract terminates only at death, and from this easy method of swindling they also abstain. It is, as I said, to their credit, the more because it is so unlike their custom.

For some reason which I do not quite understand—perhaps because they come

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under French government — the Cape Verde serviçaes receive a higher wage (3000 reis for a man and 2500 for a woman); about a third is deducted every month for repatriation, and in many cases, at all events, the people are actually sent back. So the planters told me, though I have not seen them on a returning ship myself.

According to the law, the wages of all slaves must be raised 10 per cent. if they agree to renew their contract for a second term of five years. With the best will in the world, it would be almost impossible to carry out this provision, for no slave ever does agree to renew his contract. His wishes in the matter are no more consulted than a blind horse's in a coal-pit. The owner or agent of the plantation waits till the five years of about fifty of his slaves have expired. Then he sends for the Curador from San Thomé, and lines up the fifty in front of him. In the presence of two witnesses and his secretary the Curador solemnly announces to the slaves that the term of their contract is up and the contract is renewed for five years more. The slaves are then dismissed and another scene in the cruel farce of contracted labor is over. One of the planters told me that he thought some of his slaves counted the years for the first five, but never afterward.

Some planters do not even go through the form of bringing the Curador and the time-expired slaves face to face. They simply send down the papers for signature, and do not mention the matter to the slaves at all. At the end of June, 1905, a planter told me he had sent down the papers in April and had not yet received them back. He was getting a little anxious. "Of course," he said, "it makes no difference whatever to the slaves. They know nothing about it. But I like to comply with the law."

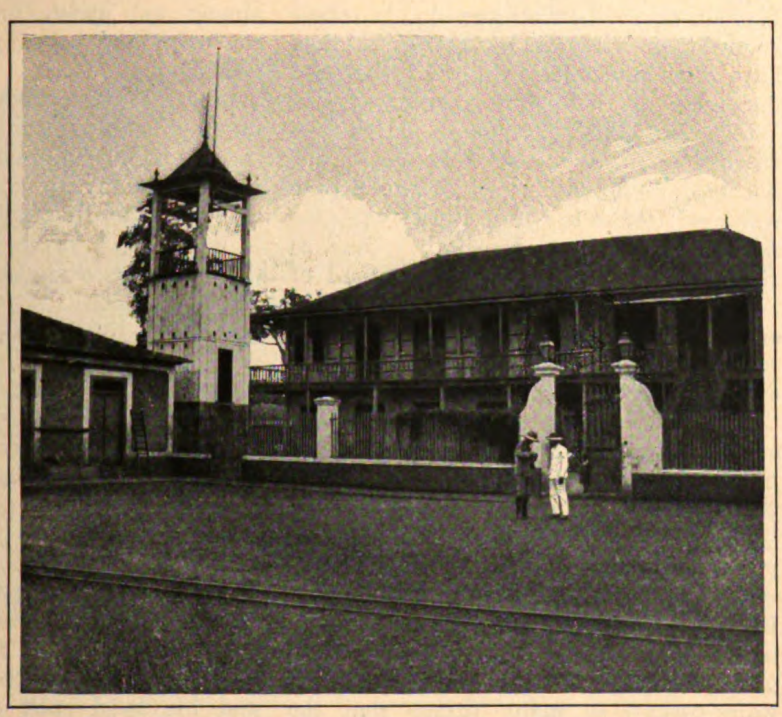
In one respect, however, that well-intentioned citizen did not comply with the law at all. The law lays it down that every owner of fifty slaves must set up a hospital with separate wards for the sexes. This man employed nearly 200 slaves, and had no hospital at all. The official doctor came up and visited the sick in their crowded huts twice a month.

The law lays it down that a crèche shall be kept on each plantation for children under seven, and certainly I have seen the little black infants herding about in the dust together among the empty huts while their parents were at work. Children are not allowed to be driven to work before they are eleven, and up to fourteen they may be compelled to do only certain kinds of labor. From fourteen to sixteen two kinds of labor are excluded—cutting timber and trenching the coffee. After sixteen they become full-grown slaves, and may be forced to do any kind of work. These provisions are only legal, but, as I noticed before, the children born on a plantation, if only they can be kept alive to maturity, ought to make the most valuable kind of slaves. Their keep has cost very little, and otherwise they come to the planter for nothing, like all good gifts of God. This is what makes me doubt the truth of a story one often hears about San Thomé, that a woman who is found to be with child after landing is flogged to death in the presence of the others. It is not the cruelty that makes me question it. Give a lonely white man absolute authority over blacks, and there is no length to which his cruelty may not go. But the loss in cash would be too considerable. At landing, a woman has cost the planter as much as two cows, and no good business man would flog a cow to death because she was in calf.

The same considerations tend, of course, to prevent all violent acts of cruelty such as might bring death. The cost of slaves is so large, the demand is so much greater than the supply, and the death-rate is so terrible in any case that a good planter's first thought is to do all he can to keep his stock of slaves alive. It is true that in most men passion easily overcomes interest. For an outsider it is impossible to judge of such things. When a stranger is coming, the word goes round that everything must be made to look as smooth and pleasant as possible. No one can realize the inner truth of the slave's life unless he has lived many years on the plantations. But I am inclined to think that for business reasons the violent forms of cruelty are unlikely and uncommon. Flogging, however, is common if not universal, and so are certain forms of vice. The

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prettiest girls are chosen by the agents and gangers as their concubines—that is natural. But it was worse when a planter pointed me out a little boy and girl of about seven or eight, and boasted that like most of the children they were already instructed in acts of bestiality, the contemplation of which seemed to give him a pleasing amusement amid the brutalizing tedium of a planter's life.



A Planter's House and Bell-tower

In spite of all precautions and the boasted comfort of their lot, some of the slaves succeed in escaping. On San Thomé they generally take to highway robbery, and white men always go armed in consequence. The law decrees that a recaptured runaway is to be restored to his owner, and after the customary flogging he is then set to work again. Sometimes the runaways are hunted and shot down. On one of the mountains of San Thomé, I am told, you may still see a heap of bones where a party of runaway slaves were shot, but I have not seen them myself. For some reason, perhaps because of the greater wildness of the island, there are many more runaways on Principe, small as it is. The place is like a magic land, the dream of some wild painter. Points of cliff run sheer up from the sea, and between them lie secret little bays where a boat may be pushed off quietly over the sand. In one such bay, where the dense forest comes right down to the beach, a long canoe was gradually scooped out in January (1905) and filled with provisions for a voyage. When all was ready, eighteen escaped slaves launched it by night and paddled away into the darkness of the sea. For many days and nights they toiled, ignorant of all direction. They only knew that somewhere across the sea was their home. But before their provisions were quite spent, the current and the powers of evil that watch over slaves bore them to the coast of Fernando Po. Thinking they had reached freedom at last, they crept out of the boat on to the welcome shore, and there the authorities seized upon them, and, to the endless shame of Spain, packed them all on a steamer and sent them back in a single day to the place from which they came.

That is one of the things that make us anarchists. Probably there was hardly any one on Fernando Po, though it is a slave island itself, who would not willingly have saved those men if he had been left to his own instincts. But directly the state authority came in, their cause was hopeless. So it is that wherever you touch government you seem to touch the devil.

The eighteen were taken back to Principe, flogged almost to death in the

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jail, returned to their owners, and any of them who survive are still at work on the plantations, with but the memory of that brief happiness and overwhelming defeat to think upon.

When escaping slaves have reached the Kameruns, the Germans resolutely refuse to give them back, and by that refusal they have done much to cover the errors and harshness of their own colonial system. What would happen now to slaves who reached Nigeria or the Gold Coast, one hardly dares to think. There was a time when we used to hear fine stories of slaves falling on the beach when they touched British territory and kissing the soil of freedom. But that was long ago, and since then England has grown rich and fallen from her high estate. Her hands are no longer clean, and when people think of Johannesburg and Queensland and western Australia, all she may say of freedom becomes an empty sound, impressing no one.

Last April (1905) another of the planters discovered a party of eight of his own slaves just launching a canoe in hopes of escaping with better success. They had crammed the canoe with provisions—slaughtered pigs, meal, and water-casks — so many things that the planter told me it would certainly have sunk and drowned them all. To prevent this lamentable catastrophe he took them to the jail, had them flogged almost to death by the jailer there, and brought them back to the huts which they had so rashly attempted to leave in spite of their legal contract and their supposed willingness to work on the plantations.

In the interior, the island of Principe rises into great peaks, not so high as the mountains of San Thomé, but very much more precipitous. There is one peak especially where the rock falls so sheer that I think it would be inaccessible to the best climber on that side. I have not discovered the exact height of the mountains, but I should estimate them as something between 4000 feet and 5000 feet, and they, like the whole island, are covered with forest and tropical growth, except where the rock is too steep and smooth to give any hold for roots. But, as a rule, one sees the mountains only by glimpses, for when I have passed the island or landed there they have always been wrapt in slowly moving mist, and I believe they are seldom clear of it. The mist falls in a soaking drizzle, and it seems to rain heavily, besides, almost every day, even in the dry season. Perhaps the moisture is almost too great, for I noticed more rot upon the cocoa pods here than at San Thomé.

Into these dripping forests and almost inaccessible mountains the slaves are constantly trying to escape. A planter told me that many of them do not realize what an island is. They hope to be able to make their way home on foot. When they discover that the terrible sea foams all round them, they turn into the forest and build little huts, from which they are continually moving away. Here and there they plant little patches of maize or other food with seed which they steal from the plantations or which is secretly conveyed to them by the other slaves. Some kind of communication is evidently kept up, for it is thought the plantation slaves always know where the runaways are, and sometimes betray them. I saw one man who had been living with them in the forest himself and had come back with his hand cut off and his head split open, probably for treachery. We asked him the reason; we asked him to tell us something of the life out there; but at once he assumed the native's impenetrable look and would not speak another word.

Women as well as men escape from time to time and join these fine vindicators of freedom in the woods, but, chiefly owing to the deadly climate and the extreme hardship of their life, the people do not increase in numbers. About a thousand was the highest figure I heard given for them; about two hundred the lowest. The number most generally quoted was six hundred, but, in fact, it is quite impossible to count them at all, for they are always changing their camps and are rarely seen. The cotton cloths in which they escape go to pieces very soon, and they all live in entire nakedness, except when the women take the trouble to string together a few plantain leaves as aprons. Among them, however, they have some clever craftsmen. They make good bows and arrows for hunting the civet-cats and other animals that

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SLAVE-QUARTERS ON A PLANTATION

form their chief food, and I have seen a two-handled saw made out of a common knife or matchet—a very ingenious piece of work. It was found in the hands of one of them who had been shot.

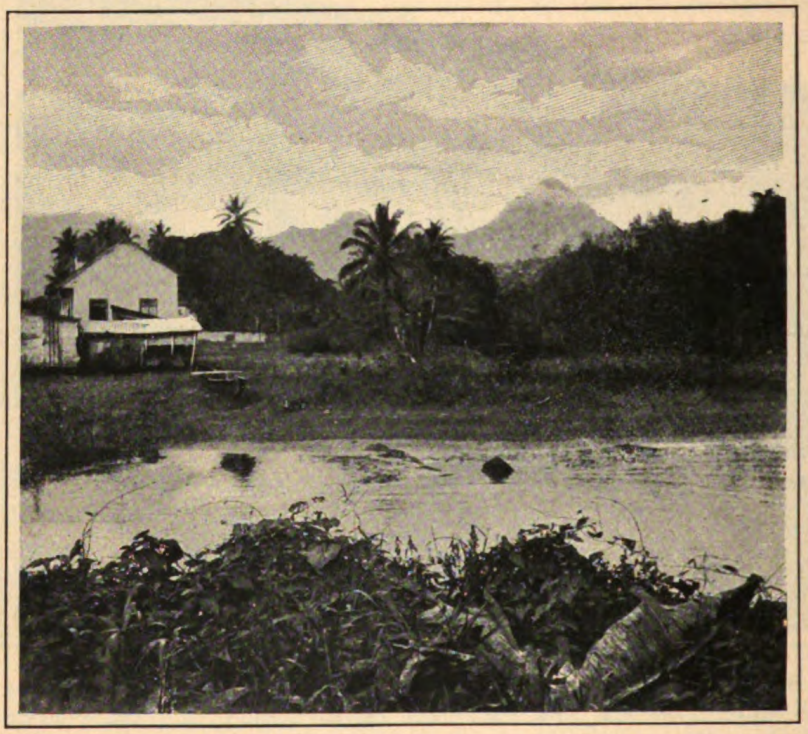
For the most part they live a wandering and hard, but I hope not an entirely unhappy, existence in the dense forest around the base of that precipitous mountain of which I spoke. Every now and again the Portuguese organize man-hunts to recapture or kill them off. Forming a kind of cordon, they sweep over parts of the island, tying up or shooting all they may find. But the Portuguese are so cowardly and incapable in their undertakings that they are no match for alert natives filled with the recklessness of despair, and the massacre has never yet been complete. In fact, the hunting parties are often broken up by dissensions among rival strategists, and sometimes they appear to degenerate into convivial meetings, at which drink is the object and murder the excuse.

Recently, however, there was a very successful shoot. The sportsmen had been led by guides to a place where the escaped slaves were known to be rather thick in the forest. They came upon huts evidently just abandoned. Beside them, hidden in the grass, they found an old man. "We took him," said the planter who told me the story, with all a sportsman's relish, "and we forced him to tell us where the others were. At first we could not squeeze a word or sign out of him. After a long time, without saying anything, he lifted a hand towards the highest trees, and there we saw the slaves, men and women, clinging like bats to the under side of the branches. It was not long, I can tell you, before we brought them crashing down through the leaves on to the ground. My word, we had grand sport that day!"

I can imagine no more noble existence than has fallen to those poor and naked blacks, who have dared all for freedom, and scorning the stall-fed life of slavery,

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have chosen rather to throw themselves upon such mercy as nature has, to wander together in nakedness and hunger from forest to forest and hut to hut, to live in daily apprehension of murder, to lurk like apes under the high branches, and at last to fall to the bullets of the Christians, dead, but of no further service to the commercial gentlemen who bought them and lose thirty pounds by every death.



A View in Principe

Even to the slaves who remain on the plantations, not having the courage or good fortune to escape and die like wild beasts, death, as a rule, is not much longer delayed in coming. Probably within the first two or three years the slave's strength begins to ebb away. With every day his work becomes feebler, so that at last even the ganger's whip or pointed stick cannot urge him on. Then he is taken to the hospital and laid upon the boarded floor till he dies. An hour or so afterwards you may meet two of his fellow slaves going into the forest. There is perhaps a sudden smell of carbolic or other disinfectant upon the air, and you take another look at the long pole the slaves are carrying between them on their shoulders. Under the pole a body is lashed, tightly wrapped up in the cotton cloth that was its dress while it lived. The head is covered with another piece of cloth which passes round the neck and is also fastened tightly to the pole. The feet and legs are sometimes covered, sometimes left to dangle naked. In silence the two slaves pass into some untrodden part of the forest, and the man or woman who started on life's journey in a far-off native village with the average hope and delight of childhood, travels over the last brief stage and is no more seen.

Laws and treaties do not count for much. A law is never of much effect unless the mind of a people has passed beyond the need of it, and treaties are binding only on those who wish to be bound. But still there are certain laws and treaties that we may for a moment recall: in 1830 England paid £300,000 to the Portuguese provided they forbade all slave-trade — which they did and pocketed the money; in 1842 England and the United States agreed under the Ashburton Treaty to maintain joint squadrons on the west coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade; in 1858 Portugal enacted a law that every slave belonging to a Portuguese subject should be free in twenty years; in 1885, by the Berlin General Act, England, the United States, and thirteen other powers, including Portugal and Belgium, pledged themselves to suppress every kind of slave-trade, especially in

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the Congo and the interior of Africa; in 1890, by the Brussels General Act, England, the United States, and fifteen other powers, including Portugal and Belgium, pledged themselves to suppress every kind of slave-trade, especially in the Congo and the interior of Africa, to erect cities of refuge for escaped slaves, to hold out protection to every fugitive slave, to stop all convoys of slaves on the march, and to exercise strict supervision at all ports so as to prevent the sale or shipment of slaves across the sea.

If any one wanted a theme for satire, what more deadly theme could he find?

To which of the powers can appeal now be made? Appeal to England is no longer possible. Since the rejection of Ireland's home-rule bill, the abandonment of the Armenians to massacre, and the extinction of the South-African republics, she can no longer be regarded as the champion of liberty or of justice among mankind. She has flung away her only noble heritage. She has closed her heart of compassion, and for ten years past the oppressed have called to her in vain. A single British cruiser, posted off the coast of Angola, with orders to arrest every mail-boat or other ship having serviçaes on board, would so paralyze the system that probably it would never recover. But one might as soon expect Russia or Germany to do it as England in her recent mood. She will make representations, perhaps; she will remind Portugal of "the old alliance" and the friendship between the royal families; but she will do no more. What she says can have no effect; her tongue, which was the tongue of men, has become like sounding brass; and if she spoke of freedom, the nations would listen with a polished smile.

From her we can turn only to America. There the sense of freedom still seems to linger, and the people are still capable of greater actions than can ever be prompted by commercial interests and the search for a market. America's record is still clean compared to England's, and her impulses to compassion and justice will not be checked by family affection for the royalties of one out of the two most degraded, materialized, and unintellectual little states of Europe. America may still take the part that once was England's by right of inheritance. She may stand as the bulwark of freedom against tyranny, and of justice and mercy—those almost extinct qualities—against the restless greed and bloodthirsty pleasure-seeking of the world. Let America declare that her will is set against slavery, and at her voice the abominable trade in human beings between Angola and the islands will collapse as the slave-trade to Brazil collapsed at the voice of England in the days of her greatness.

I am aware that, as I said in my first letter, the whole question of slavery is still before us. It has reappeared under the more pleasing names of "indentured labor," "contract labor," or the "compulsory labor" which Mr. Chamberlain has advocated in obedience to the Johannesburg mine-owners. The whole thing will have to be faced anew, for the solutions of our great-grandfathers no longer satisfy. While slavery is lucrative, as it is on the islands of San Thomé and Principe, it will be defended by those who identify greatness with wealth, and if their own wealth is involved, their arguments will gain considerably in vigor. They will point to the necessity of developing rich islands where no one would work without compulsion. They will point to what they call the comfort and good treatment of the slaves. They will protect themselves behind legal terms. But they forget that legal terms make no difference to the truth of things. They forget that slavery is not a matter of discomfort or ill treatment, but of loss of liberty. They forget that it might be better for mankind that the islands should go back to wilderness than that a single slave should toil there. I know the contest is still before us. It is but part of the great contest with capitalism, and in Africa it will be as long and difficult as it was a hundred years ago in other regions of the world. I have but tried to reveal one small glimpse in a greater battle-field, and to utter the cause of a few thousands out of the millions of men and women whose silence is heard only by God. And perhaps if the crying of their silence is not heard even by God, it will yet be heard in the souls of the just and the compassionate.

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They Who Lose at Love

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

AND old Khalil Khayyat, simulating courage, went out, that the reconciliation of Yusef Khouri with the amazing marriage might surely be accomplished, . . . and returning in dread and bewildered haste, he came again to the pastry-shop of Nageeb Fiani, where young Salim Awad, the light of his eyes, still lay limp over the round table in the little back room, grieving that Haleema, Khouri's daughter, of the tresses of night, the star-eyed, his well-beloved, had of a sudden wed Jimmie Brady, the jolly truckman. The smoke hung dead and foul in the room; the coffee was turned cold in the cups, stagnant and greasy; the coal on the narghile was grown gray as death: the magic of great despair had in a twinkling worked the change of cheer to age and shabbiness and frigid gloom. But the laughter and soft voices in the outer room were all unchanged, still light, lifted indifferently above the rattle of dice and the aimless strumming of a canoun; and beyond was the familiar evening hum and clatter of New York's Washington Street, children's cries and the patter of feet, drifting in at the open door; and from far off, as before, came the low, receding roar of the Elevated train rounding the curve to South Ferry.

Khayyat smiled in compassion: being old, used to the healing of years, he smiled; and he laid a timid hand on the head of young Salim Awad.

"Salim, poet, the child of a poet," he whispered, "grieve no more!"

"My heart is a gray coal, O Khalil!" sighed Salim Awad. "For a moment it glowed in the breath of love. It is turned cold and gray; it lies forsaken in a vast night."

"For a moment," mused Khalil Khayyat, sighing, but yet smiling, "it glowed in the breath of love. Ah, Salim," said he, "there is yet the memory of that ecstasy!"

"My heart is a brown leaf: it flutters down the wind of despair; it is caught in the tempest of great woe."

"It has known the sunlight and the tender breeze."

Salim looked up; his face was wet and white; his black hair, fallen in disarray over his forehead, was damp with the sweat of grief; his eyes, soulful, glowing in deep shadows, he turned to some place high and distant. "My heart," he cried, passionately, clasping his hands, "is a thing that for a moment lived, but is forever dead. It is in a grave of night and heaviness, O Khalil, my friend!"

"It is like a seed sown," said Khalil Khayyat.

"To fail of harvest!"

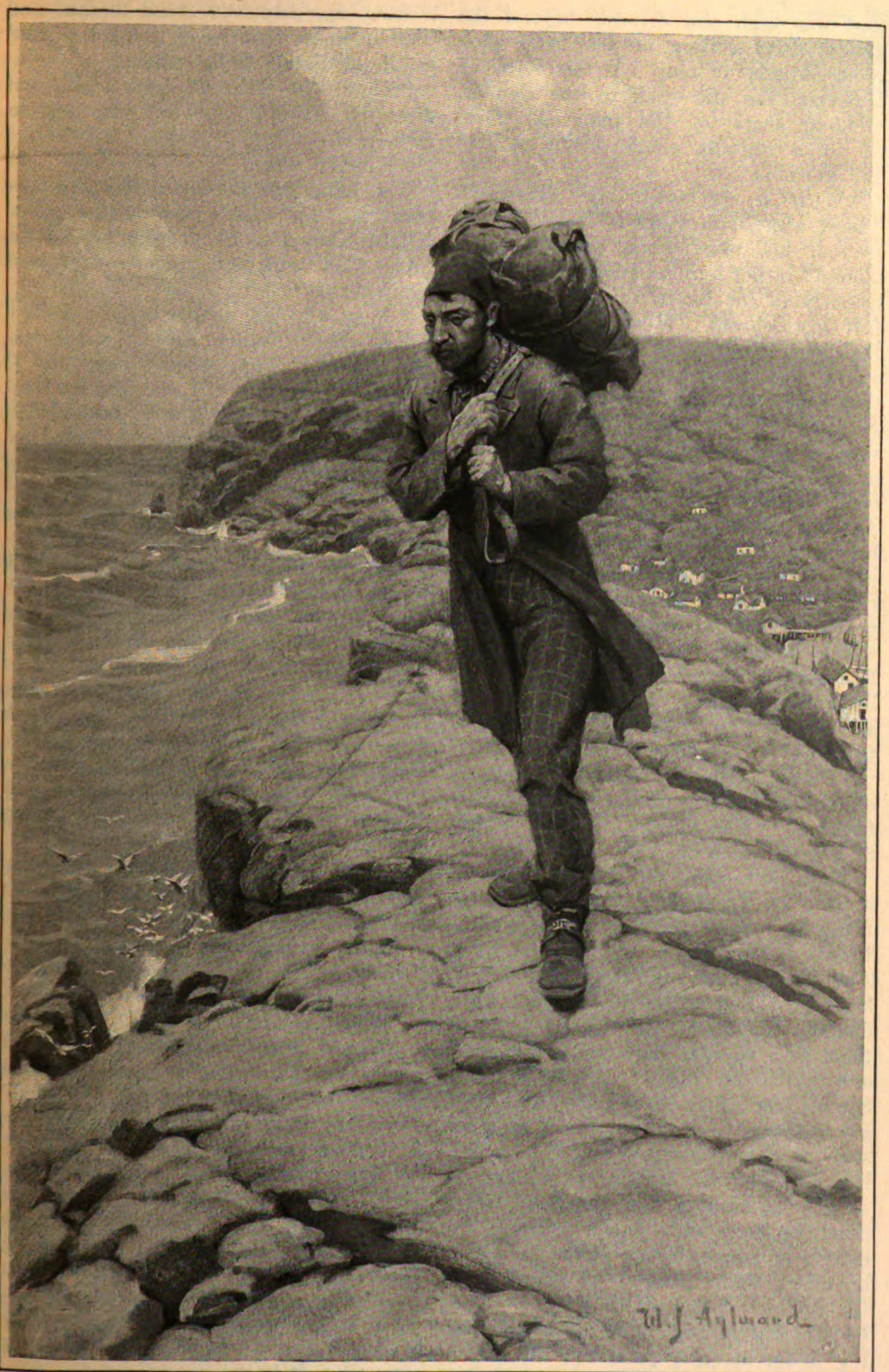
"Nay; to bloom in compassionate deeds. The flower of sorrow is the joy of the world. In the broken heart is the hope of the hopeless; in the agony of poets is their sure help. Hear me, O Salim Awad!" the old man continued, rising, lifting his lean brown hand, his voice clear, vibrant, possessing the quality of prophecy. "The broken heart is a seed sown by the hand of the Beneficent and Wise. Into the soil of life He casts it that there may be a garden in the world. With a free, glad hand He sows, that the perfume and color of high compassion may glorify the harvest of ambitious strife; and progress is the fruit of strife, and love the flower of compassion. Yea, O Salim, poet, the child of a poet, taught of a poet, which am I, the broken heart is a seed sown gladly, to flower in this beauty. Blessed," Khalil Khayyat concluded, smiling, "oh, blessed be the Breaker of Hearts!"

"Blessed," asked Salim Awad, wondering, "be the Breaker of Hearts!"

"Yea, O Salim," answered Khalil Khayyat, speaking out of age and ancient pain; "even blessed be the Breaker of Hearts!"

Salim Awad turned again to the place

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SALIM WENT NORTH TO CARRY A PACK FROM HARBOR TO HARBOR

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that was high and distant—beyond the gaudy, dirty ceiling of the little back room—where, it may be, the form of Haleema, the star-eyed, of the slender, yielding shape of the tamarisk, floated in a radiant cloud, compassionate and glorious.

"What is my love?" he whispered. "Is it a consuming fire? Nay," he answered, his voice rising, warm, tremulous; "rather is it a little blaze, kindled brightly in the night, that it may comfort my beloved. What is my love, O Haleema, daughter of Khouri, the star-eyed? Is it an arrow, shot from my bow, that it may tear the heart of my beloved? Nay; rather is it a shield against the arrows of sorrow—my shield, the strength of my right arm: a refuge from the cruel shafts of life. What are my arms? Are they bars of iron to imprison my beloved? Nay," cried Salim Awad, striking his breast; "they are but a resting-place. A resting-place," he repeated, throwing wide his arms, "to which she will not come! Oh, Haleema!" he moaned, flinging himself upon the little round table. "Haleema! Jewel of all riches! Star of the night! Flower of the world! Haleema . . . Haleema . . ."

"Poet!" Khalil Khayyat gasped, clutching the little round table, his eyes flashing. "The child of a poet, taught of a poet, which am I!"

They were singing in the street—a riot of Irish lads, tenement born; tramping noisily past the door of Nageeb Fiani's pastry-shop to Battery Park. And Khalil Khayyat sat musing deeply, his ears closed to the alien song, while distance mellowed the voices, changed them to a vagrant harmony, made them one with the mutter of Washington Street; for there had come to him a great thought—a vision, high, glowing, such as only poets may know—concerning love and the infinite pain; and he sought to fashion the thought: which must be done with tender care in the classic language, lest it suffer in beauty or effect being uttered in haste or in the common speech of the people. Thus he sat: low in his chair, his head hanging loose, his eyes jumping, his brown, wrinkled face fearfully working, until every hair of his unshaven beard stood restlessly on end. And Salim Awad, looking up, perceived these throes: and thereby knew that some prophetic word was immediately to be spoken.

"They who lose at love," Khayyat muttered, "must . . . They who lose at love . . ."

"Khalil!"

The Language Beautiful was for once perverse. The words would not come to Khalil Khayyat. He gasped, tapped the table with impatient fingers—and bent again to the task.

"They who lose at love . . ."

"Khalil!" Salim Awad's voice was plaintive. "What must they do, O Khalil," he implored, "who lose at love? Tell me, Khalil! *What must they do?*"

"They who lose at love . . . They who lose at love must . . . They who lose at love must . . . seek . . ."

"Speak, O Khalil, concerning those wretched ones! And they must seek?"

Khayyat laughed softly. He sat back in the chair—proudly squared his shoulders. "And now I know!" he cried, in triumph. He cleared his throat. "They who lose at love," he declaimed, "must seek . . ." He paused abruptly. There had been a warning in the young lover's eyes: after all, in exceptional cases, poetry might not wisely be practised.

"Come, Khalil!" Salim Awad purred. "They who lose at love? What is left for them to do?"

"Nay," answered Khalil Khayyat, looking away, much embarrassed. "I will not tell you."

Salim caught the old man's wrist. "What is the quest?" he cried, hoarsely, bending close.

"I may not tell."

Salim's fingers tightened; his teeth came together with a snap; his face flushed—a quick flood of red, hot blood.

"What is the quest?" he demanded.

"I dare not tell."

"The quest?"

"I *will* not tell!"

Nor would Khalil Khayyat tell Salim Awad what must be sought by such as lose at love; but he called to Nageeb Fiani, the greatest player in all the world, to bring the violin, that Salim might hear the music of love and be comforted. And in the little back room of the pastry-shop near the Battery, while the trucks rattled over the cobblestones and the

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songs of the Irish troubled the soft spring night, Nageeb Fiani played the Song of Love to Lali, which the blind prince had made, long, long ago, before he died of love; and in the sigh and wail and passionate complaint of that dead woe the despair of Salim Awad found voice and spent itself; and he looked up, and gazing deep into the dull old eyes of Khalil Khayyat, new light in his own, he smiled.

"Yet, O Khalil," he whispered, "will I go upon that quest!"

Now, Salim Awad went north to the bitter coasts—to the shore of rock and gray sea—there to carry a pack from harbor to harbor of a barren land, ever seeking in trade to ease the sorrows of love. Neither sea nor land — neither naked headland nor the unfeeling white expanse—neither sunlit wind nor the sleety gale in the night—helped him to forgetfulness. But, as all the miserable know, the love of children is a vast delight: and the children of that place are blue-eyed and hungry; and it is permitted the stranger to love them. . . . On he went, from Lobster Tickle to Snook's Arm, from Dead Man's Cove to Righteous Harbor, trading laces and trinkets for salt fish; and on he went, sanguine, light of heart, blindly seeking that which the losers at love must seek; for Khalil Khayyat had told him that the mysterious Thing was to be found in that place.

With a jolly wind abeam—a snoring breeze from the southwest—the tight little *Bully Boy,* fore-and-after, thirty tons, Skipper Josiah Top, was footing it through the moonlight from Tutt's Tickle to the Labrador: bound down north for the first fishing of that year. She was tearing through the sea—eagerly nosing the slow, black waves; and they heartily slapped her bows, broke, ran hissing down the rail, lay boiling in the broad, white wake, stretching far into the luminous mist astern. Salim Awad, the peddler, picked up at Bread-and-Water Harbor, leaned upon the rail—staring into the mist: wherein, for him, were melancholy visions of the star-eyed maid of Washington Street. . . . At midnight the wind veered to the east—a swift, ominous change,—and rose to the pitch of half a gale, blowing cold and capriciously. It brought fog from the distant open; the night turned clammy and thick; the *Bully Boy* found herself in a mess of dirty weather. Near dawn, being then close inshore, off the Seven Dogs, which growled to leeward, she ran into the ice—the first of the spring floes: a field of pans, slowly drifting up the land. And when the air was gray she struck on the Devil's Finger, ripped her keel out, and filled like a sieve; and she sank in sixty seconds, as men say,—every strand and splinter of her. . . .

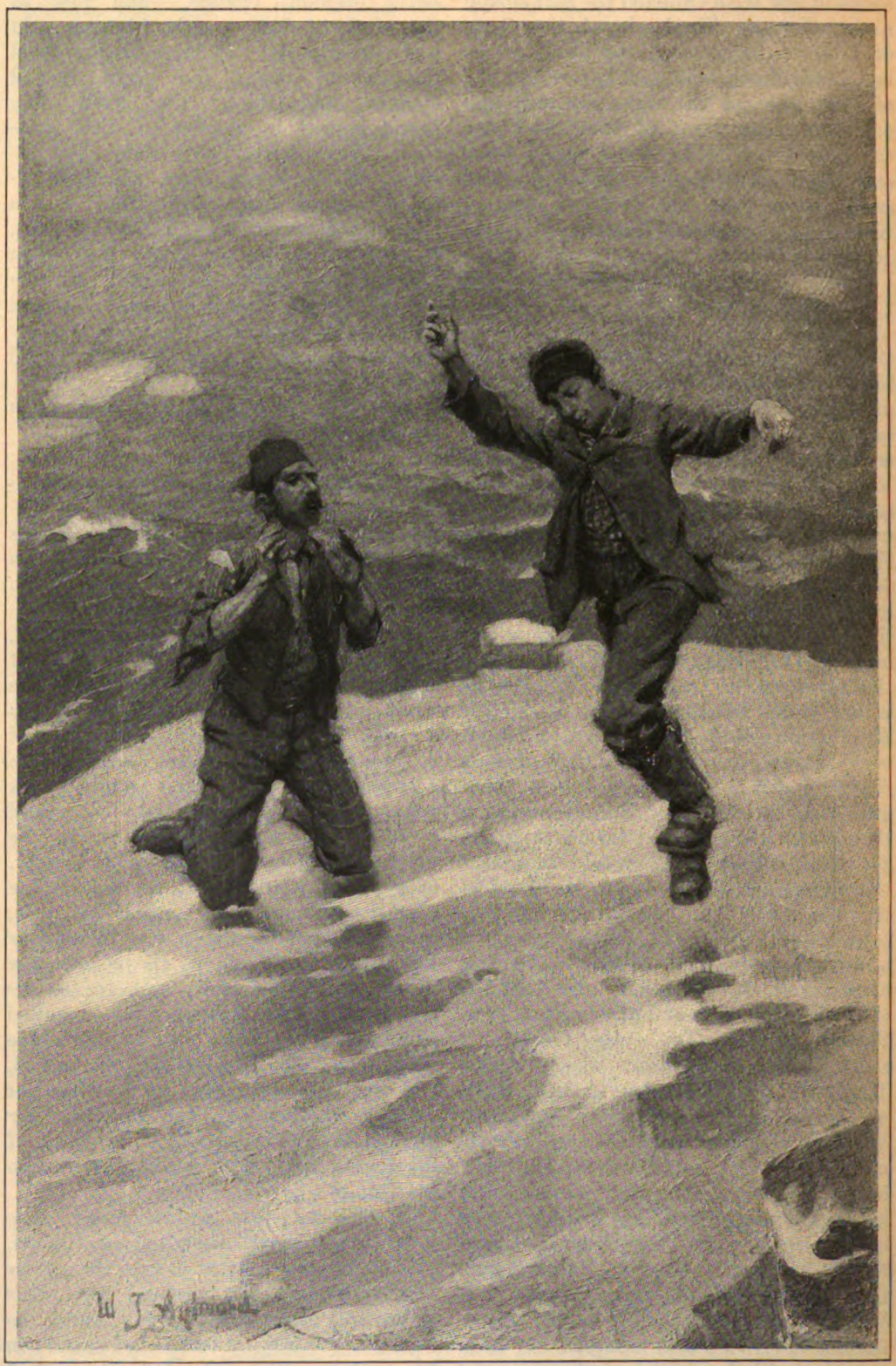
But first she spilled her crew upon the ice. . . .

The men had leaped to port and starboard, fore and aft, in unthinking terror, each desperately concerned with his own life; they were now distributed upon the four pans which had been within leaping distance when the *Bully Boy* settled: white rafts, floating on a black, slow-heaving sea; lying in a circle of murky fog; creeping shoreward with the wind. If the wind held—and it was a true, freshening wind,—they would be blown upon the coast rocks, within a measurable time, and might walk ashore; if it veered, the ice would drift to sea, where, ultimately, in the uttermost agony of cold and hunger, every man would yield his life. The plight was manifest, familiar to them, every one; but they were wise in weather lore: they had faith in the consistency of the wind that blew; and, in the reaction from bestial terror, they bandied primitive jokes from pan to pan—save the skipper, who had lost all that he had, and was helplessly downcast: caring not a whit whether he lived or died; for he had loved his schooner, the work of his hands, his heart's child, better than his life.

It chanced that Salim Awad, who loved the star-eyed daughter of Khouri, and in this land sought to ease the sorrow of his passion—it chanced that this Salim was alone with Tommy Hand, the cook's young son,—a tender lad, now upon his first voyage to the Labrador. And the boy began to whimper.

"Dad," he called to his father, dis-

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

TOMMY LEAPED HIGH AND FAST

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consolate, "I wisht — I wisht — I was along o' you—on *your* pan."

The cook came to the edge of the ice. "Does you, lad?" he asked, softly. "Does you wisht you was along o' me, Tommy? Ah, but," he said, scratching his beard, bewildered, "you isn't."

The space of black water between was short, but infinitely capacious; it was sullen and cold—intent upon its own wretchedness: indifferent to the human pain on either side. The child stared at the water, nostrils lifting, hands clenched, body quivering: thus as if at bay in the presence of an implacable terror. He turned to the open sea, vast, gray, heartless: a bitter waste—might and immensity appalling. Wistfully then to the land, upon which the scattered pack was advancing, moving in disorder, gathering as it went: bold, black coast, naked, uninhabited—but yet sure refuge: being greater than the sea, which it held confined; solid ground, unmoved by the wind, which it flung contemptuously to the sky. And from the land to his father's large, kind face.

"No, b'y," the cook repeated, "you isn't. You sees, Tommy lad," he added, brightening, as with a new idea, "you *isn't* along o' me."

Tommy rubbed his eyes, which were now wet. "I wisht," he sobbed, his under lip writhing, "I was—along o' you!"

"I isn't able t' swim t' you, Tommy," said the cook; "an', ah, Tommy!" he went on, reproachfully, wagging his head, "you isn't able t' swim t' me. I tol' you, Tommy—when I went down the Labrador las' year—I *tol'* you t' l'arn t' swim. I tol' you, Tommy—don't you mind the time?—when you was goin' over the side o' th' ol' *Gabriel's Trumpet,* an' I had my head out o' the galley, an' 'twas a fair wind from the sou'east, an' they was weighin' anchor up for'ard—don't you mind the day, lad?—I tol' you, Tommy, you *must* l'arn t' swim afore another season. Now, see what's come t' you!" still reproachfully, but with deepening tenderness. "An' all along o' not mindin' your dad! 'Now,' says you, 'I wisht I'd been a good lad an' minded my dad.' Ah, Tommy — shame! I'm thinkin' you'll mind your dad after this."

Tommy began to bawl.

"Never you care, Tommy," said the cook. "The wind's blowin' we ashore. You an' me 'll be saved."

"I wants t' be along o' you!" the boy sobbed.

"Ah, Tommy! *You* isn't alone. You got the Jew."

"But I wants *you!*"

"You'll take care o' Tommy, won't you, Joe?"

Salim Awad smiled. He softly patted Tommy Hand's broad young shoulder. "I weel have," said he, slowly, desperately struggling with the language, "look out for heem. I am not can," he added, with a little laugh, "do ver' well."

"Oh," said the cook, patronizingly, "you're able for it, Joe."

"I am can try eet," Salim answered, courteously bowing, much delighted. "Much 'bliged."

Meantime Tommy had, of quick impulse, stripped off his jacket and boots. He made a ball of the jacket and tossed it to his father.

"What you about, Tommy?" the cook demanded. "Is you goin' t' swim?"

Tommy answered with the boots; whereupon he ran up and down the edge of the pan, and, at last, slipped like a reluctant dog into the water, where he made a frothy, ineffectual commotion; after which he sank. When he came to the surface, Salim Awad hauled him inboard.

"You isn't goin' t' try again, is you, Tommy?" the cook asked.

"No, zur."

Salim Awad began to breathe again; his eyes, too, returned to their normal size, their usual place.

"No," the cook observed. "'Tis wise not to. You isn't able for it, lad. Now, you sees what comes o' not mindin' your dad."

The jacket and boots were tossed back. Tommy resumed the jacket.

"Tommy," said the cook, severely, "isn't you got no more sense 'n that?"

"Please, zur," Tommy whispered, "I forgot."

"Oh, *did* you! *Did* you forget? I'm thinkin', Tommy, I hasn't been bringin' of you up very well."

Tommy stripped himself to his rosy skin. He wrung the water out of his soggy garments and with difficulty got into them again.

"You better be jumpin' about a bit by

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times," the cook advised, "or you'll be cotchin' cold. An' your mamma wouldn't like *that*," he concluded, "if she ever come t' hear on it."

"Ay, zur, please, zur," said the boy.

They waited in dull patience for the wind to blow the floe against the coast. . . .

It began to snow—a thick fall, by and by: the flakes fine and dry as dust. A woolly curtain shut coast and far-off sea from view. The wind, rising still, was charged with stinging frost. It veered; but it blew sufficiently true to the favorable direction: the ice still made ponderously for the shore, reeling in the swell. . . . The great pan bearing Salim Awad and Tommy Hand lagged; it was soon left behind: to leeward the figures of the skipper, the cook, the first hand, and the crew turned to shadows—dissolved in the cloud of snow. The cook's young son and the lovelorn peddler from Washington Street alone peopled a world of ice and water, all black and white: heaving, confined. They huddled, cowering from the wind, waiting — helpless, patient: themselves detached from the world of ice and water, which clamored round about, unrecognized. The spirit of each returned: the one to the Cedars of Lebanon, the other to Lobster Cove; and in each place there was a mother. In plights like this the hearts of men and children turn to distant mothers; for in all the world there is no rest serene—no rest remembered—like the first rest the spirits of men know. . . .

When dusk began to dye the circumambient cloud, the pan of ice was close inshore; the shape of the cliffs—a looming shadow—was vague in the snow beyond. There was no longer any roar of surf; the first of the floe, now against the coast, had smothered the breakers. A voice, coming faintly into the wind, apprised Tommy Hand that his father was ashore. . . . But the pan still moved sluggishly.

Tommy Hand shivered.

"Ah, Tom-ee!" Salim Awad said, anxiously. "Run! Jump! You weel have —what say? — cotch seek. Ay — cotch thee seek. Eh? R-r-run, Tom-ee!"

"Ay, ay," Tommy Hand answered. "I'll be jumpin' about a bit, I'm thinkin', t' keep warm—as me father bid me do."

"Queek!" cried Salim, laughing.

"Ay," Tommy muttered; "as me father bid me do."

"Jump, Tom-ee!" Salim clapped his hands. "Hi, hi! Dance, Tom-ee!"

In the beginning Tommy was deliberate and ponderous; but as his limbs were suppled—and when his blood ran warm again—the dance quickened; for Salim Awad clapped strangely inspiring encouragement, and with droning "la, la!" and sharp "hi, hi!" excited the boy to mad leaps—and madder still. "La, la!" and "Hi, hi!" There was a mystery in it. Tommy leaped high and fast. "La, la!" and "Hi, hi!" In response to the strange Eastern song the fisher-boy's grotesque dance went on. . . . Came then the appalling catastrophe: the pan of rotten, brittle salt-water ice cracked under the lad; and it fell in two parts, which, in the heave of the sea, at once drifted wide of each other. The one part was heavy, commodious; the other a mere unstable fragment of what the whole had been: and it was upon the fragment that Salim Awad and Tommy Hand were left. Instinctively they sprawled on the ice, which was now overweighted—unbalanced. Their faces were close; and as they lay rigid—while the ice wavered and the water covered it—they looked into each other's eyes. . . . There was not room for both.

"Tom-ee," Salim Awad gasped, his breath indrawn, quivering, "I am—mus' —go!"

The boy stretched out his hand—an instinctive movement, the impulse of a brave and generous heart—to stop the sacrifice.

"Hush!" Salim Awad whispered, hurriedly, lifting a finger to command peace. "I am — for one queek time — have theenk. Hush, Tom-ee!"

Tommy Hand was silent. . . .

And Salim Awad heard again the clatter and evening mutter of Washington Street, children's cries and the patter of feet, drifting in from the soft spring night,—heard again the rattle of dice in the outer room, and the aimless strumming of the canoun,—heard again the voice of Khalil Khayyat, lifted concern-

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ing such as lose at love. And Salim Awad, staring into a place that was high and distant, beyond the gaudy, dirty ceiling of the little back room of Nageeb Fiani's pastry-shop near the Battery, saw again the form of Haleema, Khouri's star-eyed daughter, floating in a cloud, compassionate and glorious. "'The sun as it sets,'" he thought, in the high words of Antar, spoken of Abla, his beloved, the daughter of Malik, when his heart was sore, "'turns toward her and says, "Darkness obscures the land, do thou arise in my absence." The brilliant moon calls out to her, "Come forth, for thy face is like me, when I am in all my glory." The tamarisk-trees complain of her in the morn and in the eve, and say, "Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel!" She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft, fresh cheeks. Graceful is every limb; slender her waist; love-beaming are her glances; waving is her form. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away!'" . . . They who lose at love? Upon what quest must the wretched ones go? And Khalil Khayyat had said that the Thing was to be found in this place. . . . Salim Awad's lips trembled: because of the loneliness of this death—and because of the desert, gloomy and infinite, lying beyond. . . .

"Tom-ee," Salim Awad repeated, smiling now, "I am—mus'—go. Goo'-by, Tom-ee!"

"No, no!"

In this hoarse, gasping protest Salim Awad perceived rare sweetness. He smiled again—delight, approval. "Ver' much 'bliged," he said, politely. Then he rolled off into the water.

One night in winter the wind, driving up from the Battery, whipped a gray, soggy snow past the door of Nageeb Fiani's pastry-shop in Washington Street. The shop was a cozy shelter from the weather; and in the outer room, now crowded with early idlers, they were preaching revolution and the shedding of blood—boastful voices, raised to the falsetto of shallow passion. Khalil Khayyat, knowing well that the throne of Abdul-Hamid would not tremble to the talk of Washington Street, sat unheeding in the little back room; and the coal on the narghile was glowing red, and the coffee was steaming on the round table, and a cloud of fragrant smoke was in the air, . . . and in the big, black book, lying open before the poet, were to be found, as always, the thoughts of Abo Elola Elmoarri.

Tanous, the newsboy — the son of Yusef, the father of Samara, by many called Abosamara — threw *Kawkab Elhorriah* on the cook's counter.

"News of death!" cried he, as he hurried importantly on. "*Kawkab!* News of death!"

The words caught the ear of Khalil Khayyat. "News of death?" mused he. "It is a massacre in Armenia." He turned again, with a hopeless sigh, to the big black book.

"News of death!" cried Nageeb Fiani, in the outer room. "What is this?"

The death of Salim Awad: being communicated, as the editor made known, by one who knew, and had so informed an important person at St. Johns, who had despatched the news south from that far place to Washington Street. . . . And when Nageeb Fiani had learned the manner of the death of Salim Awad, he made haste to Khalil Khayyat, holding *Kawkab Elhorriah* open in his hand.

"There is news of death, O Khalil!" said he.

"Ah," Khayyat answered, with his long finger marking the place in the big black book, "there has been a massacre in Armenia. God will yet punish the Murderer."

"No, Khalil."

Khayyat looked up in alarm. "The Turks have not shed blood in Beirut?"

"No, Khalil."

"Not so? Ah, then the mother of Shishim has been cast into prison because of the sedition uttered by her son in this place; and she has there died."

"No, Khalil."

"Nageeb," Khayyat demanded, quietly, "of whom is this sad news spoken?"

"The news is from the north."

Khayyat closed the book. He sipped his coffee, touched the coal on the narghile and puffed it to a glow, con-

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templated the gaudy wall-paper, watched a spider pursue a patient course toward the ceiling; at last opened the big black book and began to turn the leaves with aimless, nervous fingers. Nageeb stood waiting for the poet to speak; and in the doorway, beyond, the people from the outer room had gathered, waiting also for words to fall from the lips of this man; for the moment was great, and the poet was great.

"Salim Awad," Khayyat muttered, "is dead."

"Salim is dead. He died that a little one might live."

"That a little one might live?"

"Even so, Khalil,—that a child might have life."

Khayyat smiled. "The quest is ended," he said. "It is well that Salim is dead."

It is well? The people marvelled that Khalil Khayyat should have spoken these cruel words. It is well? And Khalil Khayyat had said so?

"That Salim should die in the cold water?" Nageeb Fiani protested.

"That Salim should die—the death that he did. It is well."

The word was soon to be spoken; out of the mind and heart of Khalil Khayyat, the poet, great wisdom would appear. There was a crowding at the door: the people pressed closer that no shade of meaning might be lost; the dark faces turned yet more eager; the silence deepened, until the muffled rattle of trucks, lumbering through the snowy night, and the roar of the Elevated train were plain to be heard. What would the poet say? What word of eternal truth would he speak?

"It is well?" Nageeb Fiani whispered.

"It is well."

The time was not yet come. The people still crowded, still shuffled — still breathed. The poet waited, having the patience of poets.

"Tell us, O Khalil!" Nageeb Fiani implored.

"They who lose at love," said Khalil Khayyat, fingering the leaves of the big black book, "must patiently seek some high death."

Then the people knew, beyond peradventure, that Khalil Khayyat was indeed a great poet.

The Masterpiece

BY GRACE NORTON

YEAR in, year out, he wrought,
Arduous, of himself taught:
From far and near, from deep and high,
He learning got.

Each work in prayer he brought;
"Lord, let my work lack nought!"
Still lore and toil, desire and sigh
Availèd not.

One day in play he wrought
A little thing unthought.
Lo, 'neath his hand did beauty lie!
It came unsought.

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The Awakening

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER V

"SO that's the youngster we're going to adopt, is it?" Mr. Pryor said; then he looked at Helena through his curling brown lashes with open amusement. Her eyes were full of tears.

"It has been—so long," she said faintly.

"I've been very busy," he explained.

She nodded and smiled. "Anyhow, you are here now! But, oh, Maggie has a sore throat. I don't know what we're going to have for dinner. Oh, how glad I am you are here!" Her face was glowing, but her chin trembled.

"Why, this is very flattering, I'm sure; I thought you were so taken up with your orphan that you wouldn't care whether I came or not."

"You know that isn't true," she said, gayly, brushing her cheek against his arm; "but isn't he a dear little fellow?—though I'm sorry his hair isn't curly." Then her face changed. "What did he mean about Alice being nineteen?"

"Oh, Alice? Why, he asked me in the stage if I had any children, and I put Alice's age as a sum in mental arithmetic for him. And he asked me if my name was Goliath."

But she had forgotten David. "Lloyd! To think you are here—"

"Yes; I'm here, and a hamper is here, too. I hope the stage will bring it up pretty soon. I don't believe I could stand an Old Chester bill of fare. It's queer about women; they don't care what they eat. I don't believe you've got anything but bread and jam and tea on hand?"

"I care a great deal!" she assured him laughing, and then looked worried. "Yes, I really have been living on bread and jam." She was hanging on his arm, and once she kissed his hand. "Will you go up-stairs? And I'll see what we can do about food. That dreadful Maggie! She's sick in bed."

Mr. Pryor looked annoyed. "Can't she get us something to eat? Ask her, Nelly; I don't believe it will hurt her. Here; give her that—" and he took a crumpled bill out of his waistcoat pocket.

She did not take the money, but her eyes shone. "You are the most generous being!" she said. Then, sobering, she thought of Maggie's throat—hesitated—and Maggie was lost. For when she opened the woman's door, and in her sweet appealing voice declared that Mr. Pryor had come unexpectedly, and was so hungry — what *should* they do!—Maggie, who adored her, insisted upon going down to the kitchen.

"Oh, Maggie, you oughtn't to! I oughtn't to let you. Maggie, look here: you will be careful, won't you?"

"Now, you go right along back to your brother," the woman commanded smiling. "I'm goin' to get into my clothes; 'twon't do me a bit of harm."

And Helena, protesting and joyous, fled to her room and to her mirror. She flung off her cambric morning dress, and ran to hunt in her wardrobe for something pretty. With girlish hurry, she pulled her hair down, braided it afresh and fastened the burnished plats around her head like a wreath; then she brushed the soft locks in the nape of her neck about her finger, and let them fall into loose curls. She dressed with breathless haste, and when she finished, stood for a minute, her lip between her teeth, staring at herself in the glass. And as she stared her face fell; for as the color and sparkle faded a little, care suddenly looked out of the leaf-brown eyes—care and something like fright. But instantly drawing in her breath, she flung her head up as one who prepares for battle. When she went down-stairs and found Mr. Pryor waiting for her in the parlor, the sparkle had all come back.

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She had put on a striped silk dress, faint rose and green, made very full in the skirt; her flat lace collar was fastened by a little old pin—an oval of pearls holding a strand of hair like floss-silk.

"Why, Nelly," her visitor said, "you look younger every time I see you!"

She swept him a great courtesy, making her dress balloon out about her; then she clasped her hands at her throat, her chin resting on the fluff of her white under-sleeves, and looked up at him with a delighted laugh. "We are not very old, either of us; I am thirty-three and you are only forty-six—I call that young! Oh, Lloyd, I was so low-spirited this morning; and now—*you are here!*" She pirouetted about the room in a burst of gayety.

As he watched her through half-shut eyes, the bored good humor in his face sharpened into something keener; he caught her hand as she whirled past, drawing her close to him with a murmured caress. She, pausing in her joy, looked at him with sudden intentness.

"Have you heard anything of—*Frederick?*"

At which he let her go again and answered curtly, "No; nothing. Perfectly well, the last I heard; in Paris, and enjoying himself in his own peculiar fashion."

She drew in her breath and turned her face away; they were both silent. Then she said dully, that she never heard any news. "Mr. Raynor sends me my accounts every three months, but he never says anything about—Frederick."

"I suppose there isn't anything to say. Look here, Nelly, hasn't that stage-driver brought the hamper yet? When are we going to have something to eat?"

"Oh, pretty soon," she said impatiently.

They were standing at one of the long windows in the parlor; through the tilted slats of the Venetian blinds the April sunshine fell in pale bars across her hair and dress, across the old Turkey carpet on the floor, across the high white wainscoting and half-way up the landscape-papered walls. The room was full of cheerful dignity; the heavy, old-fashioned furniture of the Stuffed Animal House was unchanged, even the pictures hanging rather near the ceiling had not been removed—steel-engravings of Landseer's dogs, and old and very good colored prints of Audubon's birds. The mantelpiece of black marble veined with yellow was supported by fluted columns; on it were two blown-glass vases of decalcomanie decoration, then two gilt lustres with prisms, then two hand-screens of woolwork, and in the middle an ormolu clock—"Iphigenia in Aulis"—under a glass shade. In the recess at one side of the fireplace was a tall bookcase with closed doors, but a claw-foot sofa stood out from the wall at an angle that prevented any access to the books. "I can't read Stuffed Animal books," Helena had long ago confided to Lloyd Pryor. "The British Classics, if you please! and Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, and *The Lady of the Manor*." So Mr. Pryor made a point of providing her with light literature. He pulled a paper-covered volume out of his pocket now, and handed it to her.

"Not improving, Nelly, I assure you; and there is a box of candy in the hamper."

She thanked him, but put the book down. "Talk to me, Lloyd! Tell me—everything. How are you? How is Alice? Are you very busy with politics and things? Talk to me!"

"Well," he said, "where am I to begin? Yes; I'm very well. And very busy. And unusually poor. Isn't that interesting?"

"Oh, Lloyd! Are you in earnest? Lloyd, you know I have a lot of money, and of course, if you want it, it is yours!"

He smiled through his curling lashes. "It isn't as bad as that. It is only that I have shouldered the debts of the old Pryor-Barr Co., Limited—you know my grandfather organized it, and my father was president of it, and I served my prenticeship to business in it."

"But I thought," she said puzzled, "you went out of it long ago, before—before—"

"The flood? Yes, my dear, I did. I've only been a silent partner for years—and that in a very small way. But I regret to say that the young asses who have been running it have got into trouble. And they propose going into bankruptcy, confound them! It is very annoying," Lloyd Pryor ended calmly.

"But I don't understand," she said; "what have you to do with it?"

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"Well, I've got to turn to, and pay their damned debts."

"Pay their debts! But why? Does the law make you?"

"The law?" he said, looking at her with cold eyes. "I suppose you mean Statute Law? No, my dear, it doesn't."

"Then I can't understand it!" she declared laughing.

"It's nothing very abstruse. I can't have stockholders who trusted our old firm cheated by a couple of cousins of mine. I've assumed the liabilities; that's all."

"But you don't *have* to, by law?" she persisted, still bewildered.

"My dear Nelly, I don't do things because of the *law*," he said dryly. "But never mind; it is going to give me something to do. Tell me about yourself. How are you?"

"I'm—pretty lonely, Lloyd," she said.

And he answered sympathetically, that he had been afraid of that. "You are too much by yourself. Of course it's lonely for you. I am very much pleased with this idea of the little boy."

She shook her head. "I can't take him."

"Why not?" he protested, and broke off. "Nelly, look! You are going to have company."

He had caught sight of some one fumbling with the latch of the green gate in the hedge. Helena opened her lips in consternation.

"Lloyd! It's old Mr. Benjamin Wright. He lives in that big house with white columns, on the top of the hill. Do you suppose he has come to *call*?"

"Tell your woman to say you are out."

But she shook her head, annoyed and helpless. "Don't you see how tired he is?—poor old man! Of course he must come in. Go and help him, Lloyd." She put her hands on his arm. "Please!" she said.

"No, thank you; I have no desire to help old gentlemen." And as she left him and ran impetuously to open the door herself, he called after her, "Nelly, don't have dinner held back!"

Mr. Benjamin Wright stood, panting, at the foot of the porch steps; he could hardly lift his head to look up at the figure in the doorway. "You — Mrs. Richie?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir," she said. "May I help you? These steps are so steep."

"No," he snarled. "Do you think I'm so decrepit that I have to have a female help me up-stairs?" Then he began toiling up the steps. "My name is Wright. You know my grandson? Sam? Great fool! I've come to call on you." On the porch he drew a long breath, pulled off his mangy old beaver hat, and, with a very courtly bow, held out his hand. "Madam, permit me to pay my respects to you. I am your neighbor. In fact, your only neighbor; without me,

> 'Montium domina ut fores
> silvarumque virentium
> saltuumque reconditorum
> amniumque sonantum.'

Understand that? No? Good. I don't like learned females."

She took his hand in a bewildered way, glancing back over her shoulder at Mr. Pryor, uncertain what she ought to do. Mr. Wright decided for her.

"I know this house," he said, pushing past her into the dusky hall; "friend of mine used to live here. Ho! This is the parlor. Well; who's this?" He stood, chewing orange-skin and blinking up at Lloyd Pryor, who came forward reluctantly.

"My name is Pryor, sir. I—"

"Oh! Yes. *I* know. *I* know. The lady's brother. Here! Push that chair out for me."

And Mr. Lloyd Pryor found himself bringing a chair forward and taking the hat and stick from the trembling old hand. Helena had gone quickly into the dining-room, and came back with a decanter and glass on a little tray. She gave a distressed glance at her other guest as though to say, "I can't help it!"

Benjamin Wright's old head in its brown wig was still shaking with fatigue, but under the prickle of white on his shaven jowl the purplish color came back in mottled streaks. He sipped the sherry breathlessly, the glass trembling in his veined and shrunken hand. "Well," he demanded, "how do you two like this God-forsaken place?"

Mr. Pryor, looking over their visitor's head at Helena, shrugged his shoulders. "It is very nice," she said vaguely.

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"Well," he said—"sit down; sit down, good people. I'll take some more sherry. My grandson," he went on, as Helena filled his glass, "is always talking about you, madam. He's a great jackass. I'm afraid he bothers you with his calls?"

"Oh, not at all," Helena said nervously. She sat down on the other side of the big rosewood centre-table, glancing with worried eyes at Lloyd Pryor.

"Move that lamp contraption," commanded Mr. Wright. "I like to see my hostess!"

And Helena pushed the astral lamp from the centre of the table so that his view was unobstructed.

"Is he a nuisance with his talk about his drama?" Mr. Wright said, looking across at her with a glimmer of eagerness in his melancholy eyes.

"Why, no indeed."

"Do you think it's so very bad, considering?"

"It is not bad at all," said Mrs. Richie.

His face lighted like a child's. "Young fool! As if he could write a drama! Well, madam, I came to ask you to do me the honor of taking supper with me to-morrow night, and then of listening to this wonderful production. Of course, sir, I include you. My nigger will provide you with a fairly good bottle. Then this grandson of mine will read his truck aloud. But we will fortify ourselves with supper first."

His childlike pride in planning this distressing festivity was so ludicrous that Lloyd Pryor's disgust changed into involuntary mirth. But Helena was plainly nervous. "Thank you; you are very kind; but I am afraid I must say no."

Lloyd Pryor was silently retreating towards the dining-room. As for the visitor, he only had eyes for the mistress of the house.

"Why should you say no?"

She tried to answer lightly. "Oh, I like to be quiet."

"Quiet?" cried Benjamin Wright, rapping the table with his wine-glass. At your age? Nonsense!" He paused, cleared his throat, and then sonorously:

"'Can you endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon?'

Give me some more sherry. Of course you must come. No use being shy—a pretty creatur' like you! And you said you liked the play," he added with childlike reproach.

Helena, glad to change the subject, made haste to reassure him. "I do, I do!" she said, and for a few minutes she kept the old face beaming with her praise of Sam and his work. Unlike his grandson, Mr. Wright was not critical of her criticism. Nothing she could say seemed to him excessive. He contradicted every statement, but he believed it implicitly. Then with a sigh of satisfaction, he returned to his invitation. Helena shook her head decidedly.

"No; thank you very much. Mr. Pryor couldn't possibly come. He is only here over Sunday, and—" She looked towards the dining-room for protection, but the door had been gently closed.

"Hey?" Benjamin Wright said blankly. "Well, I won't insist; I won't insist. We'll wait till he goes. Come Monday night."

"Oh," she said, her voice fluttering, "I am sorry but I really can't."

"Why can't you?" he insisted. "Come, tell the truth! The advantage of telling the truth, young lady, is that neither God nor the devil can contradict you!" He laughed, eying her with high good humor.

"Oh, it's merely—" she hesitated, and he looked affronted.

"What! Some female airs about coming to an unmarried man's house?" Her involuntary mirth disarmed him. "No? Well, I'm glad you've got some sense. Then you'll come?"

"If I went to your house, it would seem unfriendly not to go to other houses."

"Why shouldn't you go to other houses? Done anything you're ashamed of?" He laughed uproariously at his own wit. "Come now; don't be finikin and ladylike!"

"I don't make visits," she explained, the color rising angrily in her cheeks.

"Gad-a-mercy! Why not?" he interrupted. "Do you think you're too good for us here in Old Chester?"

"Oh, Mr. Wright!"

"Or perhaps Old Chester is too good for you?"

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark Half-tone plate engraved by F. E. Pettit

HE PUT HIS FACE CLOSE TO HERS, AND STARED INTO HER EYES

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His face had softened wonderfully; he was looking at her with the same quizzical delight with which he would look at one of his canaries when he caught it, and held it struggling in his hand. "Are we too good for you?" he jeered, "too—"

He stopped abruptly, his laugh breaking off in the middle. Then his mouth fell slowly open in blank amazement; he leaned forward in his chair and stared at her without a word.

"I don't care for society," she said in a frightened way, and rose as if to bring the visit to an end.

But Benjamin Wright sat still, slowly nodding his head. "You don't care for society? I wonder why?"

"Oh, because I am—a very quiet person," she stammered.

The dining-room door opened and Sarah came in, looked about, found the decanter, and withdrew.

"Where is—that gentleman?" the old man demanded.

"Mr. Pryor went in to dinner," she said faintly. "Please excuse him; he was tired."

The silence that fell between them was like a blow. . . . Mr. Wright pulled himself to his feet, and with one veined and trembling hand on the table felt his way around until he stood directly in front of her; he put his face close to hers and stared into her eyes, his lower lip opening and closing in silence. Then, without speaking, he began to feel about on the table for his hat and stick.

"I will bid you good day," he said.

Without another word he went shuffling into the dark hall. At the front door he turned and looked back at her; then, slowly, shook his head.

CHAPTER VI

POOR Maggie paid for her good nature. On Sunday morning she was so decidedly worse that William King, to the disgust of his Martha, was summoned from his breakfast-table.

"Women who can't look after a simple sore throat without bothering their doctors, are pretty inefficient creatures," she said coldly.

William thought of women who were so efficient that they did not hesitate to advise their doctors; but he only agreed with proper seriousness to Martha's declaration that it was too bad, for he would be late for church—"unless you hurry, William!" she called after him.

Perhaps he hurried when he was with Maggie, but certainly he displayed no haste when giving his directions to Mrs. Richie, nor even later when just as he was about to drive off, Mr. Pryor hailed him from the garden.

"How's your patient, doctor?"

"Pretty sick. She didn't obey your sister's orders and keep in bed yesterday. So, of course, she's worse to-day."

Mr. Pryor leaned a comfortable elbow on the green gate. "That's a nice prospect! What am I going to have to eat?" he said good-humoredly.

Yet behind the good humor there was annoyance. It came into William King's mind that this fellow would not spare his sister his irritation, and with a sudden impulse of concern for her, he said, "Well now, look here; why don't you and Mrs. Richie come in this evening and take tea with us? I don't know what you'll get, but come and take pot-luck?"

"Thank you," Lloyd Pryor said, "but—"

"Oh, come now," interrupted the doctor, gathering up his reins; "you good people are not neighborly enough. We'll expect you both at six."

"You are very kind, but I think—"

But William would not listen. He was in great spirits. "It will be pot-luck, and my wife will be delighted—" then, his voice dragged—"I hope you'll come," he said uncertainly.

Mr. Pryor began to protest, but ended with a laugh. "Well, we'll come! Thank you very much."

"That's good," the doctor said, a little less cordially. Indeed, as he drove away he looked distinctly less cordial, and once he sighed. . . . Now, how should he put it? "Oh, Martha, by the way, Mr. Pryor and his sister will drop in to tea to-night. I suggested it, and—" No, that would not do. . . . "Martha, it occurred to me it would be neighborly—" No. "Confound it," William King muttered to himself, "what did I do it for, anyhow? 'Martha, my dear, I know you like to do a kindness, so I asked Mrs. Richie and

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her brother'"—that was better. But William drew a long breath, and set his lips as a man may who is about to face the domestic cannon's mouth.

After he had driven on, screwing up his courage, it appeared that Mr. Pryor also had a cannon to face.

Helena Richie came out into the garden, and found him sitting on a bench built round a great silver poplar. Her face was worried. "I ought not to have made poor Maggie get up yesterday," she said; "but I was so distressed not to have a good dinner for you."

"Well, at least you need have no anxieties about supper; we've had an invitation."

"An invitation! From Dr. King? Well, that's very nice in him. But, of course—"

"I told him we would come."

"You told him we would come!"

"I couldn't help it, Nelly. People who invite you face to face are perfect nuisances. But, really, it's no great matter—for once. And I knew it would be a convenience for you. Besides, I wanted a good supper."

"Well, we must make some excuse."

"There isn't any excuse to make. I tried to find one and couldn't. We've got to go."

"*I* sha'n't go."

He looked at her from under his heavy eyelids; then blew two smoke wreaths slowly. "You're a queer creature."

She turned on him hotly. "Queer? Because I won't go out to supper with you? I'd be queer if I did! I'm entirely satisfied with myself, Lloyd; I consider that I have a perfect right to be happy in my own way. You know I don't care a copper for what you call morality! it's just cowardly conventionality. But I won't go out to supper with you."

"Please don't let us have a tirade," he said. "I thought it would be more convenient for you. That's always the way with your sex, Helena—you do a thing to help them out, and they burst into tears."

"I haven't burst into tears," she said sullenly, "but I won't go."

"Don't be a fool. I wouldn't make a practice of accepting their invitations; but for once, what does it matter?"

"Can't you understand?" she said passionately; "*they are kind to me!*"

She turned and ran back into the garden, leaving him to call after her. "Well, you've got to go to-night, because I've accepted."

"I won't go to-night!" she flung back, her voice breaking.

Lloyd Pryor shook his head. "And she wonders I don't come oftener," he said to himself.

So the sleepy Sunday morning passed. Mr. Pryor roamed about the garden, looking furtively over his shoulder now and then—but Helena had disappeared. "Sulking in her room, I suppose," he thought.

He had come at some inconvenience, to spend Sunday and talk over this project of the child; "for I'd like to see her happier," he told himself; and now, instead of sitting down, sensibly, to discuss things, she flared out over this invitation to supper. Her intensity fatigued him. "I must be getting old," he ruminated, "and Helena will always be the age she was ten years ago. Ten? It's thirteen! How time flies; she was twenty. How interested I was in Frederick's health in those days!"

He stretched himself out on the bench under the poplar, and lit another cigar. "If *I'm* willing to go, why is she so exercised? Women are all alike — except Alice." He smiled as he thought of his girl, and instantly the hardness in his face lifted, as a cloud shadow lifts and leaves sunshine behind it. Then some obscure sense of fitness made him pull himself together, and put his mind on affairs that had nothing in common with Helena; affairs in which he could include his girl without offending his taste.

After a while he got up and wandered about between the borders, where the clean bitter scent of daffodils mingled with the box. Once he stood still, looking down over the orchard on the hillside below him, at the bright sheen of the river edged with leafless maples; on its farther side were the meadows, and then the hills, smoky in their warm haze. Over all was the pale April sky, with skeins of gray cloud in the west. He wondered what Alice was doing at this moment, and looked at his watch. She must be just coming back from church. When he was at home Mr. Pryor went to church himself, and watch-

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ed her saying her little prayers. This assumption of the Pryor-Barr liabilities would be a serious check to the fortune he was building up for her; he set his jaw angrily at the thought, but of course it couldn't be helped. Furthermore, Alice took great pride in the almost quixotic sense of honor that had prompted the step; a pride which gave him a secret satisfaction, quite fatuous and childlike and entirely out of keeping with certain other characteristics, also secret.

Thinking of his girl, and smiling to himself, he lounged aimlessly about the garden; then it occurred to him to go into the stable and look at Helena's pony. After that he strolled over to the carriage-house, where were stored a number of cases containing stuffed creatures—birds and chipmunks and small furry things. Some larger animals were slung up under the beams of the loft to get them out of the way; there was a bear in one corner, and a great crocodile, and a shark—possessions of the previous owner of the Stuffed Animal House, stored here by her executor, pending the final settlement of the estate.

Lloyd Pryor stood at the doorway looking in. Through a grimed and cobwebbed window at the farther end of the room the light filtered down among the still figures; there was the smell of dead fur and feathers, and of some acrid preservative. One box had been broken in moving it from the house, and a beaver had slipped from his carefully bitten branch, and lay on the dusty boards—a burst of cotton pushing through the splitting seam along his belly. Lloyd Pryor thrust it into its case with his stick and started as he did so. Something moved, back in the dusk.

"It's I, Lloyd," Helena Richie said.

"You? My dear Nelly! Why are you sitting in this gloomy place?"

She smiled faintly, but her face was weary with tears. "Oh, I just—came in here," she said vaguely.

She had said to herself when, angry and wounded, she left him in the garden, that if she went back to the house, he would find her. So she had come here to the dust and silence of the carriage-house, and sitting down on one of the cases had hidden her face in her hands. Little by little anger ebbed. Just misery remained. But still she sat there, looking absently at these dead creatures about her, or at a thin line of sunshine falling through a heart-shaped opening in a shutter, and moving noiselessly across the floor. A mote dipped into this stream of light, zigzagged through it, then sank into the darkness. She followed it with dull eyes, thinking, if she thought at all, that she wished she did not have to sit opposite Lloyd at dinner. But, of course she would have to; the servants would think it strange if she did not come to table with him. Suddenly the finger of sunshine vanished, and all the motes were gone. Raising her head with a long sigh she saw him in the doorway, his tall figure black against the smiling spring landscape outside. Her heart came up into her throat with a rush of affection. He was looking for her!

He put his arm around her with careless friendliness, and helped her to her feet. "What a place this will be for your boy to play. He can be cast away on a desert island and surrounded by wild animals every day in the week." His voice was so kind that the anger of two hours ago seemed impossible—a mistake, a misunderstanding! She tried in a bewildered way to get back to it in her own mind; but he was so matter-of-fact about the stuffed animals and the little boy and the desert island, that she could only say vaguely, "Yes, it would be nice; but of course I'm not going to take him."

"Well now, that's just what I want to talk to you about," he said, watching her through his long, curling eyelashes. "That's why I came down to Old Chester—"

"Oh, is it?"

He checked an impatient exclamation, and then went on: "When I got your letter about this boy, I was really delighted.—Let's go out into the sunshine; the smell of this place is very disagreeable. I think you'd find the child company—I really hope you will take him." His voice was sincere and she softened.

"It's kind of you, Lloyd, to urge it. But no; it won't do."

"My dear, of course it will do! You'll give him a good home, and—"

"No, no, I can't; you know I can't."

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"My dear Nelly! What possible harm could you do the child?"

She drew away from him sharply. "*I* do him any harm! I! Oh—you wouldn't have said such a thing, once!" She put the back of her hand against her lips, and Lloyd Pryor studiously looked in another direction.

"What have I said? That you wouldn't do him any harm! Is there anything unkind in that? Look here, Nell, you really mustn't be so unreasonable. There is nothing a man hates so much as a fool. I am merely urging something for your pleasure. He would be company for you; I thought him quite an attractive youngster."

"And you wouldn't have me so much on your mind? You wouldn't feel you had to come and see me so often!"

"Well, if you want to put it that way," he said coldly. "I'm a very busy man. I can't get off whenever I feel like it."

"And you can't leave your beloved Alice."

He shot a blue gleam at her from under his heavy eyelids. "No; I can't."

She quivered. But he went on quietly; "I know you're lonely, Helena, and as I can't come and see you quite so often as I used to, I want you to take this little fellow, simply to amuse you."

She walked beside him silently. When they reached the bench under the poplar, she sat looking into the April distance without speaking. She was saying to herself, miserably, that she didn't want the child; she didn't want to lessen any sense of obligation that brought him to her;—and yet, she did not want him to come from a sense of obligation!

"You would get great fun out of him, Nelly," he insisted.

And looking up, she saw the kindness of his face and yielded. "Well, perhaps I will; that is, if Dr. Lavendar will let me have him. I'm afraid of Dr. Lavendar somehow."

"Good!" he said heartily; "that's a real weight off my mind."

Her lip curled again, but she said nothing. Lloyd Pryor yawned; then he asked her whether she meant to buy the house?

"I don't know; sometimes I think there is less seclusion in the country than there is in town." She drew down a twig, and began to pull at the buds with aimless fingers. "I might like to come to Philadelphia and live near you, you know," she said. The sudden malice in her eyes was answered by the shock in his; his voice was different when he spoke, though his words were commonplace.

"It's a pleasant enough house."

Then he looked at his watch, opening the case under the shelter of his hand—but she saw the photograph in the lid.

"Is that a good picture of Alice?" she said with an effort.

"Yes," he answered, hastily snapping the lid shut. "Helena, what are we going to have for dinner?"

"Oh, nothing very much, I'm afraid," she told him ruefully. Then rising, she held out her hand. "Come! We mustn't quarrel again. I don't know why we always squabble!"

"I'm sure I don't want to," he said. "Nelly, you are prettier every time I see you." He put a finger under one of the curls in the nape of her neck, and she looked up at him, her lip trembling.

"And you do love me?"

"Of course I do!" he declared, slipping his arm around her waist. And they walked thus between the box borders, back to the house.

CHAPTER VII

BUT she would not go to the Kings' to tea.

"No," she said, her eyes crinkling with fun; "I'm not going; but you've got to; you promised! And remember, I have 'a very severe headache.'"

"Why did I say yes to that confounded doctor?" Lloyd Pryor grumbled. "I'd like to wring your cook's neck, Nelly!"

"You'll have a good supper," she consoled him, "and that's what you want. They say Mrs. King is a great housekeeper. And besides, if you stayed at home you would probably have to entertain Mr. Sam Wright."

"I'll be darned if I would," he assured her amiably, and started off.

He had the good supper, although when the doctor broke to his wife that company was coming, Mrs. King had protested that there was nothing in the house to eat.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

SHE SAT LOOKING INTO THE APRIL DISTANCE

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"Just give them what we were going to have ourselves."

"Now, William! I must say flatly and frankly, that considering—"

"There's the office bell," murmured the doctor, sidling away and hearing the reproachful voice lessening in the distance—"how hard I—nothing fit—"

The office door closed; the worst was over. There would be a good supper—William had no misgivings on that point. Mrs. Richie would talk to him, and he would tease her and make her laugh, and laugh himself. The doctor did not laugh very much in his own house; domestic virtue does not necessarily add to the gayety of life. During the afternoon Willy tried on three different neckties, and twice put cologne on his handkerchief. Then appeared Mr. Pryor to say that Mrs. Richie had one of her headaches! He was so sorry, but Mrs. King knew what a bad headache was?

"Indeed I do," Martha said, "only too well. But *I* can't give way to them. That's what it is to be a doctor's wife; the patients get all the prescriptions," Martha said, and William observed out of the corner of his eye, that she was smiling! Well, well; evidently Mrs. Richie's defection did not trouble her; the doctor was glad of that. "But I didn't bargain on entertaining the brother," he said to himself crossly; and after the manner of husbands, he left the entertaining to Martha.

Martha, however, did her duty. She thought Mr. Pryor a very agreeable gentleman; "far more agreeable than his sister," she told William afterwards. "I don't know why," said Martha, "but I sort of distrust that woman. But the brother is all right; you can see that—and a very intelligent man, too. We discussed a good many points, and I found we agreed perfectly."

Mr. Pryor also had an opinion on that supper-table talk. He said to himself grimly, that Nelly's bread and jam would have been better. But probably bread and jam, followed by young Sam Wright, would have seemed less desirable than Mrs. King's excellent supper.

It was about seven when the boy appeared at the Stuffed Animal House. Had Mr. Pryor been at home, Helena would, no doubt, have found some way of dismissing him; as it was, she let him stay. He was bareheaded; he had seen a bird flapping painfully about in the road, and catching it in gentle hands had discovered that its wing was broken, so put it tenderly in his cap and brought it to Mrs. Richie's door.

"Poor little thing!" she cried, when he showed it to her. "I wish Mr. Pryor would come back; he would tell us what to do for it."

"Oh, is he here?" Sam asked blankly.

"Well, not at this moment. He has gone to take tea at Dr. King's."

Sam's face lightened with relief.

"You mustn't tell anybody you saw me this evening," she charged him gayly. "I didn't go to Mrs. King's because—I had such a very bad headache!"

"Is it better?" he asked, so anxiously that she blushed.

"Oh, yes, yes. But before tea I—didn't want to go."

"I'm glad you didn't," he said, and forgot her in caring for the bird. He ordered a box and some cotton batting—"and give me your handkerchief." As he spoke, he took it from her surprised hand and tore it into strips; then, lifting the broken wing with exquisite gentleness, he bound it into place. She looked at the bandages ruefully, but Sam was perfectly matter-of-course. "It would have been better without lace," he said; "but it will do. Will you look at him sometimes? Just your touch will cure him, I think."

Mrs. Richie laughed.

"Well, you can laugh, but it's true. When I am near you I have no pain and no worry; nothing but happiness." He sat down beside her on the old claw-footed sofa near the fire, for it was cool enough these spring evenings to have a little fire. He leaned forward, resting his chin on his fist, and staring into the blaze. Once he put his hand out and touched her dress softly, and smiled to himself. Then abruptly, he came out of his reverie, and faced her excitedly.

"Why! I forgot what I came to tell you about—something extraordinary has happened."

"Oh, what?" she demanded, with a sweet eagerness that was as young as his own.

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"You could never guess," he assured her. "To-night, at supper, grandfather suddenly told me that he wanted me to go and travel for a while—go away from Old Chester. I was perfectly amazed. 'Go hunt up a publisher for your truck,' he said. He always calls the drama my 'truck,'" Sam said snickering; "but the main thing, evidently, was to have me get away from home. To improve my mind, I suppose. He said all gentlemen ought to travel. I told him I hadn't any money, and he said he'd give me some. He said, 'anything to get you away.' It wasn't very flattering, was it?"

Helena's face flashed into suspicion. "Why did he want you to go?" she asked coldly. There was an alarmed alertness in her voice that made the boy look at her.

"He said he wanted me to 'be able to know cakes and ale when I saw them,'" Sam quoted. "Isn't that just like grandfather!"

"Know cakes and ale!" she stammered, and then looked at him furtively. She took one of the little hand-screens from the mantel, and held it so that he could not see her face. For a minute the pleasant firelit silence fell between them.

"Oh, listen," Sam said in a whisper; "do you hear the sap singing in the log?" He bent forward with parted lips, intent upon the exquisite sound—a dream of summer leaves rustling and blowing in the wind. He turned his limpid brown eyes to hers to feel her pleasure.

"I think," Mrs. Richie said with an effort that made her voice hard, "that it would be an excellent thing for you to go away."

"And leave you?"

"Please don't talk that way. Your grandfather is quite right."

The boy smiled. "I suppose you really can't understand? It's part of your loveliness that you can't. If you could, you would know that I can't go away. I told him I was much obliged, but I couldn't leave Old Chester."

"Oh—please! you mustn't be foolish. I don't like you when you are foolish, Sam. Will you please remember how much older I am than you? Let's talk of something else. Let's talk about the little boy who is coming to visit me—his name is David."

"I would rather talk about you, and what you mean to me—beauty and poetry and good—"

"Don't!" she said sharply.

"Beauty and poetry and goodness—"

"I'm not beautiful, and I'm not—poetical."

"And so I worship you," the young man went on in a low happy voice.

"Do please be quiet! I won't be worshipped."

"I don't see how you are going to help it," he said calmly. "Mrs. Richie, I've got my skiff—it came yesterday. Will you go out on the river with me some afternoon?"

"Oh, I don't think I care about boating," she said.

"You don't!" he exclaimed blankly; "why, I only got it because I thought you would go out with me!"

"I don't like the water," she said firmly.

Sam was silent; then he sighed. "I wish I'd asked you before I bought it. Father is so unreasonable."

She looked puzzled, for the connection was not obvious.

"Father always wants things used," Sam explained. "Do you really dislike boating?"

"You absurd boy!" she said laughing; "of course you will use it; don't talk nonsense!"

Sam looked into the fire. "Do you ever have the feeling," he said in an empty voice, "that nothing is worth while? I mean, if you are disappointed in anything? A feeling as if you didn't care, at all, about anything? I have it often. A sort of loss of appetite in my mind. Do you know it?"

"Do I know it?" she said, and laughed so harshly that the boy drew back. "Yes, Sam; I know it."

Sam sighed; "I hate that skiff."

And at that she laughed again, but this time with pure gayety. "Oh, you foolish boy!" she said. Then she glanced at the clock. "Sam, I have some letters to write to-night—will you think I am very ungracious if I ask you to excuse me?"

Sam was instantly apologetic; "I've stayed too long! Grandfather told me I ought never to come and see you—"

"*What!*"

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"He said I bothered you."

"You don't bother me," she protested; "I mean when—when you talk about your play you don't bother me. But to-night—"

"Of course," said Sam simply, and took himself off after one or two directions about the bird.

When the front door closed behind him, she went back to her seat by the lamp, and took up her novel; but her eyes did not see the printed page. Suddenly she threw the book down on the table. It was impossible to read; Sam's talk had disturbed her to the point of sharp discomfort. What did old Mr. Wright mean by "knowing cakes and ale"? And his leer yesterday had been an offence! Why had he looked at her like that? Did he—? Was it possible—! She wished she had spoken to Lloyd about it. But no! it couldn't be; it was only his queer way; he was half crazy, she believed. And it would do no good to speak to Lloyd. The one thing she must not do was to let any annoyance of hers annoy him. Yet below her discomfort at Sam's sentimentality and his grandfather's strange manner lay a deeper discomfort—a disturbance at the very centres of her life. . . . *She was afraid.*

She had been afraid for a long time. Even before she came to Old Chester she was a little afraid, but in Old Chester the fear was intensified by the consciousness of having made a mistake in coming. Old Chester was so far away. It had seemed desirable when she first thought of it; it was so near Mercer where business very often called him. Besides, New York, with its throngs of people, where she had lived for several years, had grown intolerable; in Old Chester she and Lloyd had agreed she would have so much more privacy. But how differently things had turned out! He did not have to come to Mercer nearly so often as he had expected. Those visions of hers —which he had not discouraged — of weekly or certainly fortnightly visits, had faded into lengthening periods of three weeks, four weeks—the last one was almost two months ago. "He can't leave his Alice!" she said angrily to herself; "*I* remember the time when he did not mind leaving her." As for privacy, the great city, with its hurrying indifferent crowds, was more private than this village of insistent friendliness.

She leaned back in her chair and pressed her hands over her eyes; then sat up quickly — she must not cry! Lloyd hated red eyes. But oh, *she was afraid*—afraid of what? She had no answer; as yet her fear was without a name. She picked up her book again hurriedly; "I'll read," she said to herself; "I won't think!" For a long time she did not turn a page.

However, by the time Mr. Pryor came back from the tea-party, she was outwardly tranquil, and looked up from her novel to welcome him and laugh at his stories of his hostess. But he was instant to detect the troubled background of her thoughts.

"You are lonely," he said, lounging on the sofa beside her; "when that little boy comes, you'll have something to amuse you;" he put a caressing finger under her soft chin.

"I didn't have that little boy, but I had another," she said ruefully.

"Did your admirer call?"

She nodded.

"What!" he exclaimed, for her manner told him.

"He tried to be silly," she said. "Of course I snubbed him. But it makes me horribly uncomfortable somehow."

Lloyd Pryor got up and slowly scratched a match under the mantelpiece; he took a long time to light his cigar. Then he put his hands in his pockets, and standing with his back to the fire regarded his boots. Helena was staring straight ahead of her with melancholy eyes.—("Do you ever have the feeling," the boy had said, "that nothing is worth while?")

Lloyd Pryor looked at her furtively and coughed. "I suppose," he said—and knocked the ashes from his cigar with elaborate care—"I suppose your adorer is a good deal younger than you?"

She lifted her head sharply, "Well, yes—what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing at all. In the first place, the health of our friend, Frederick, is excellent. But if this fellow were not—younger; and if apoplexy or judgment should—well; why, perhaps—"

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"Perhaps what?"

"Of course, Helena, my great desire is for your happiness; but in my position I—I am not as free as I once was to follow my own inclinations. And if—"

"Oh, my *God!*" she said violently.

She fled out of the room with flying feet. As he followed her up the stairs he heard her door slam viciously and the bolt slip. He came down, his face flushed and angry. He stood a long while with his back to the fire, staring at the lamp or the darkness of the uncurtained window. By and by he shook his head and set his jaw in sullen determination; then he went up-stairs, and knocked softly at her door. There was no answer. Again, a little louder; silence.

"Nelly," he said; "Nelly, let me speak to you—just a minute?"

Silence.

"Nelly!"

Silence.

"Damn," said Lloyd Pryor; and went stealthily back to the parlor where the fire was out and the lamp flickering into smoky darkness.

A quarter of an hour later he went up-stairs again.

"How *could* you say it!"

"I didn't mean it, Nelly; it was only a joke."

"A joke! Oh, a cruel joke, a cruel joke!"

"You know I didn't mean it. Nelly, I didn't mean it."

"You do love me?"

"I love you. . . ."

CHAPTER VIII

"WELL, now," said Dr. Lavendar that Sunday evening when he and David came into the study after tea; "I suppose you'd like me to tell you a story before you go to bed?"

"A Bible story?"

"Why, yes," Dr. Lavendar admitted, a little taken aback.

"No, sir," said David.

"You don't want a Bible story!"

The little boy shook his head.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar chuckling, "I think I like you."

David made no response; his face was as blank as an Indian's. He sat down on a stool by the fire, and once he sighed. Danny had sniffed him, slowly, and turned away with a bored look; it was then that he sighed. After a while he got up and wandered about the room, his hands gripped in front of him, his lips shut tight. Dr. Lavendar watched him out of the tail of his eye, but neither of them spoke. Suddenly David climbed up on the sofa, and looked fixedly at a picture that hung between the windows.

"A friend of mine gave me that picture," said Dr. Lavendar pleasantly. "She used to teach the school you are going to, David—Mrs. Spangler. She was a good teacher, but you'll like Miss Rose Knight. She's good, too. It is a Bible picture," Dr. Lavendar explained.

"Who," said David, "is the gentleman in the water?"

Dr. Lavendar blew his nose before answering. Then he said that that was meant to be our Saviour when He was being baptized. "Up in the sky," Dr. Lavendar added, "is His Heavenly Father."

There was silence until David asked gently, "Is it a good photograph of God?"

Dr. Lavendar puffed three times at his pipe; then he said, "If you think the picture looks like a kind Father, then it is. And David, I know some stories that are not Bible stories. Shall I tell you one?"

"If you want to, sir," David said. Dr. Lavendar began his tale rather doubtfully; but David fixed such interested eyes upon his face that he was flattered into enlarging upon his theme. The child listened breathlessly, his fascinated eyes travelling once or twice to the clock, then back to the kind old face.

"You were afraid bedtime would interrupt us?" said Dr. Lavendar, when the tale was done. "Well, well; you are a great boy for stories, aren't you?"

"You've talked seven minutes," said David thoughtfully, "and you've not moved your upper jaw once."

Dr. Lavendar gasped; then he said, meekly, "Did you like the story?"

David made no reply.

"I think," said Dr. Lavendar, "I'll have another pipe."

He gave up trying to make conversation; instead, he watched the clock. Mary

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had said that David must go to bed at eight, and as the clock began to strike, Dr. Lavendar, with some eagerness, opened his lips to say good night—and closed them. "Guess he'd rather run his own rig," he thought. But to his relief, at the last stroke David got up.

"It's my bedtime, sir."

"So it is!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Well, it will be mine after a while. Good night, my boy!" Dr. Lavendar blinked nervously. Young persons were generally kissed. "I should not wish to be kissed," he said to himself, and the two shook hands gravely.

Left alone, he felt so fatigued he had to have that other pipe. Before he had finished it, his Senior Warden looked in at the study door.

"Come in, Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar. "Samuel, I feel as if I had been driven ten miles on a corduroy road!"

Mr. Wright looked blank; sometimes he found it hard to follow Dr. Lavendar.

"Sam, young persons are very exciting."

"Some of them are; I can vouch for that," his caller assured him, grimly.

"Come, come! They are good for us," said Dr. Lavendar. "I wish you'd take a pipe, Sam; it would cheer you up."

"I never smoke, sir," said Samuel, reprovingly.

"Well, you miss a lot of comfort in life. I tell you, I've seen a good many troubles go up in smoke."

Mr. Wright sat down heavily and sighed.

"Sam been giving you something to think about?" Dr. Lavendar asked cheerfully.

"He always gives me something to think about. Dr. Lavendar, my son is beyond my comprehension. I may say candidly, that I cannot understand him. What do you think he has done now?"

"Nothing wicked."

"I don't know how you look at it," Samuel said, "but from *my* point of view, buying prints with other people's money is dangerously near wickedness. This present matter, however, is just imbecility. I told him one day last week to write to a man in Troy, New York, about a bill of exchange. Well, he wrote. Oh, yes—he wrote. Back comes a letter from the man, enclosing my young gentleman's epistle, with a line added"—Mr. Wright fumbled in his breast pocket to find the document—"here it is: '*Yours received. Accompanying remarks about ships not understood by our House.*' Will you look on the back of that, sir, for the 'accompanying remarks about ships'?"

Dr. Lavendar took the sheet stamped "Bank of Pennsylvania," and hunted for his spectacles. When he settled them on his nose, he turned the letter over, and read in young Sam's sprawling hand:

> "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

"What's this? I don't understand."

"Certainly you do not; no sensible person would. I showed it to my young gentleman, and requested an explanation. 'Oh,' he said, 'when you told me to write to Troy, it made me think of those lines.' He added that, not wishing to forget them, he wrote them down on a sheet of paper, and that probably he used the other side of the sheet for the Troy letter —'by mistake.' 'Mistake, sir!' I said, 'a sufficient number of *mistakes* will send me out of business.'"

"Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar thoughtfully, "do you recall whose face it was that 'launched the thousand ships' on Troy?"

Samuel shook his head.

"*Helen's*," said Dr. Lavendar.

The Senior Warden frowned, then suddenly understood. "Oh, yes, I know all about that. Another evidence of his folly!"

"I've no doubt you feel like spanking him," Dr. Lavendar said sympathetically, "but—" he stopped short. Sam Wright was crimson.

"I! *Spank* him? I?" He got up, opening and shutting his hands, his face very red. The old minister looked at him in consternation.

"Sam! what on earth is the matter with you? Can't a man have his joke?"

Mr. Wright sat down. He put his hand to his mouth as though to hide some trembling betrayal; his very ears were purple.

Dr. Lavendar apologized profusely. "I was only in fun. I'm sure you know that I meant no disrespect to the boy. I only wanted to cheer you up."

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"I understand, sir; it is of no consequence. I—I had something else on my mind. It is of no consequence." The color faded, and his face fell into its usual bleak lines, but his mouth twitched. A minute afterwards he began to speak with ponderous dignity. "This love-making business is, of course, most mortifying to me; and also, no doubt, annoying to Mrs. Richie. To begin with, she is eleven years older than he—he told his mother so. He added, if you please! that he hoped to marry her."

"Well! Well!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"I told him," Mr. Wright continued, "that in my very humble opinion, it was contemptible for a man to marry and allow another man to support his wife."

Dr. Lavendar sat up in shocked dismay. "Samuel!"

"I, sir," the banker explained, "am his father, and I support him. If he marries, I shall have to support his wife. According to my poor theories of propriety, a man who lets another man support his wife had better not have one."

"But you ought not to have put it that way," Dr. Lavendar protested.

"I merely put the fact," said Samuel Wright. "Furthermore, unless he stops dangling at her apron-strings, I shall stop his allowance. I shall so inform him."

"You surely won't do such a foolish thing!"

"Would you have me sit still? Not put up a single barrier to keep him in bounds?"

"Samuel, do you know what barriers mean to a colt?"

Mr. Wright made no response.

"They mean something to jump over."

"Possibly," said Mr. Wright with dignity, "you are, to some extent, correct. But a man cannot permit his only son to run wild and founder."

"Sam won't founder. But he may get a bad strain. You'd better look out. He is his father's son."

"I do not know, sir, to what you refer."

"Oh, yes, you do," Dr. Lavendar assured him easily; "and you know that no man can experience unforgiving anger, and not be crippled. You didn't founder, Sam, but you gave yourself a mighty ugly wrench. Hey? Isn't that so?"

The Senior Warden looked perfectly deaf; then he took up the tale again.

"If he goes on in his folly he will only be unhappy, and deservedly so. She will have nothing to do with him. In stopping him, I shall only be keeping him from future unhappiness."

"Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar, "I never begrudge unhappiness to the young."

But Mr. Wright was too absorbed in his own troubles to get any comfort out of that.

"By the way," said Dr. Lavendar, "speaking of Mrs. Richie—do you think she'd be a good person to take this little David Allison?"

"I don't know why she shouldn't be, sir," Samuel said. "I have no fault to find with *her*. She pays her rent and goes to church. Yes; a very good person to take the boy off your hands."

"The rent is important," Dr. Lavendar agreed nodding; "but going to church doesn't prove anything."

"All good people go to church," the Senior Warden reproved him.

"But all people who go to church are not good," Dr. Lavendar said dryly.

"I am afraid she lets Sam talk poetry to her," Sam's father broke out. "Stuff! absolute stuff! His mother sometimes tells me of it. Why," he ended piteously, "half the time I can't understand what it's about; it's just bosh!"

"What you don't understand generally *is* bosh, isn't it, Sam?" said Dr. Lavendar thoughtfully.

"I am a man of plain common sense, sir; I don't pretend to anything but common sense."

"I know you don't, Samuel, I know you don't," Dr. Lavendar said sadly; and the banker, mollified, accepted the apology.

"On top of everything else, he's been writing a drama. He told his mother so. Writing a drama, instead of writing up his ledgers!"

"Of course, he ought not to neglect his work," Dr. Lavendar agreed; "but play-writing isn't one of the seven deadly sins."

"It is distasteful to me!" Sam Senior said hotly; "most distasteful. I told his mother to tell him so, but he goes on writing—so she says." He sighed, and got up to put on his coat. "Well;

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I must go home. I suppose he has been inflicting himself upon Mrs. Richie this evening. If he stays late, I shall feel it my duty to speak plainly to him."

Dr. Lavendar gave him a hand with his coat. "Gently does it, Samuel, gently does it!"

His Senior Warden shook his head miserably. "He will go his own gait! I don't know where he gets his obstinacy from. I asked his mother if any such case had been known in her family, and she assured me it had not. Certainly Eliza herself has no will of her own. I don't think a good woman ever has. And I never insisted upon my own way in my life—except, of course, in matters where I knew I was right."

"Of course," said Dr. Lavendar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Princely Gift

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE King of Persia used to say
'Twas no less royal to accept
Small boons, than 'twas to give away
Whole provinces his sword had swept.

Once, journeying through his realm he went,
Splendid with scimitars and glaives,
With flowing banner, scarlet tent,
And golden vases borne by slaves.

And princes with their tribute came,
With turquoise, webs of purple cloth,
And horses all but breathing flame,
Tossing bright manes, and flecked with froth.

Singers, flower-crowned, these brought, and those
Laid at his feet their diadems,
Armfuls of myrtle and of rose
These others who had never gems.

They halt beneath the burning sky,
Dismounting for the noon's repose,—
What chance if half the brook were dry?
They served him fruit in mountain snows.

Then a poor tribesman of the sands
Longing to give, and having naught,
Scooped up the water in his hands,
Cuplike, and running swift as thought.

The spearmen started from their place,
But the King, lingering on the bank,
Looked in the dark imploring face,—
And the King smiled, and stooped, and drank.

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Julius Cæsar

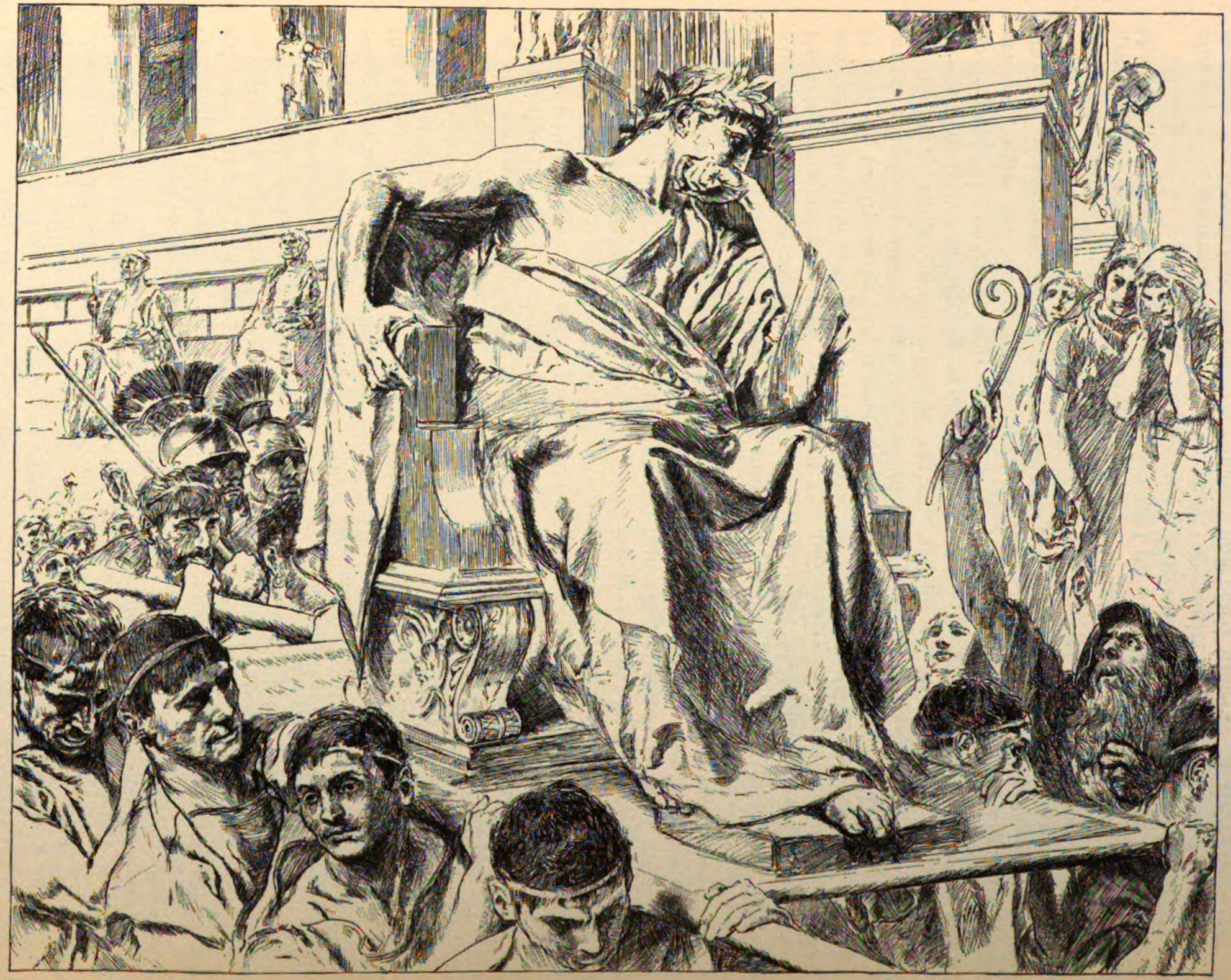
CRITICAL COMMENT BY HAROLD HODGE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

TO write another word on Julius Cæsar, whether the man be the subject or Shakespeare's play, is almost to make oneself one of those who scratch their miserable names on antique statues, on the face of the rock, on "the lone and level sand." Calvary alone can surpass in awe the murder of Julius Cæsar, which is the tragedy of time, as the Crucifixion is the tragedy of eternity. So tremendous an event is too full of compelling human interest to need the finger-mark of the commentator. I certainly would not dare to shoot my rubbish-heap at the door of Shakespeare, as once Mr. Swinburne brilliantly described a certain editor's introduction to Dickens, were there not one commonplace, one convention, of the crowd of commentators that seems to me to be an injury to Shakespeare. It is not a desecration to try to wash off hand-prints obscuring the figure's true proportions.

We are accustomed to be told that the Marcus Brutus of Shakespeare's play is not only an honorable man, but an ideal hero, an unsullied patriot, a lofty character, struggling greatly and ultimately overborne by evil fortune. This reading, right or wrong, does not at any rate agree well with the conception of the play as the march of nemesis on crime. If Brutus was right, he committed no crime that nemesis should overtake. Poetic justice is irremediably violated by the climax of the play, which at one blow crushes Brutus and his whole cause, crushes him by the hands of the mere man of the world which the godlike reading of Brutus makes of Antony. The situation leaves the spectator unsatisfied: a deed which abstractly is a great crime has been committed; it has been followed surely, inevitably, by the vengeance that ought to attend on crime; yet the doer of the deed is a man that has no fault in him, who sacrifices himself for his country, while the sacrifice brings about only his friend's murder, his own and in his view his country's ruin. This is a strange tangle; noble motives working nothing but disaster, a splendid sacrifice absolutely in vain, wrong everywhere triumphant. A tragedy indeed; a modern might think it exactly the tragedy of real life, but the modern view is not dramatic. The novelist may take life as "all a muddle," but the dramatic poet must find some meaning in the muddle, some end to which all moves. The novelist may look only on the surface; the poet must look beyond. Life is ordinarily quite undramatic, and therefore fails as a theme for drama; the dramatist has to read much into it, or, it may be, to see in it what is there but invisible to the common eye. One thing is certain: a passage in life or history capable of an intensely dramatic reading the poet will never represent as undramatic. And that, as it seems to me, the idealist reading of Marcus Brutus and of the murder of Cæsar makes Shakespeare do. Taken as the march of nemesis on crime, as the righteous punishment of a wicked deed, as the avenging of a noble life, the play of *Julius Cæsar* moves swiftly and consistently to its appointed end; but it excludes the conception of Brutus as a single-minded patriot. In order to get over this difficulty the idealizers of Brutus have suggested as the motive of the play not nemesis, its natural and obvious theme, but the failure of ideals in practical politics. That is a very modern, a very subjective, way of looking at life; still it is a possible dramatic theme, though the murder of Cæsar is very ill-suited for its setting. To make it fit, wrong has to be made right; murder abstractly is always wrong. That in itself is no small obstacle to get over, no small

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ACT III: SCENE I

CÆSAR. *"The ides of March are come."*
SOOTHSAYER. *"Ave, Cæsar; but not gone."*

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hindrance to appreciating the intended motive. It is difficult, too, to conceive that a dramatist who turned to Roman history for the groundwork of this theme would have taken the murder of Julius Cæsar rather than the death of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. The aims and end of the Gracchi illustrate the failure of ideals in public life without any of the difficulties raised by the career of the republican conspirators. No crime has to be explained away; the misdeeds of the Gracchi, if allowed to be misdeeds, are splendid mistakes: they are not against nature. If it is held that the Gracchi justly paid with their lives for aspirations dangerous to the state, still their dreams were noble; if they were true reformers murdered by those who feared the effect of these reforms upon themselves, still more powerfully does their career show forth the failure of ideals in practical politics. Either way the fate of the Gracchi would serve that theme: while the history of the murderers of Cæsar will fit only on a great assumption, with difficulty accepted.

That a dramatic genius should have tried to find such a motive in the murder of Cæsar, while it lay ready to hand, waiting for him, in the death of the Gracchi, is to me incredible. It is true, however, that the theme might be there in the play, whether Shakespeare meant it or not. Probably Shakespeare had no subjective aim, no thesis to illustrate at all: he merely wanted to dramatize an intensely impressive and obviously dramatic episode in history. Either way, what a writer means is usually small evidence as to what he has said; it could not be conclusive evidence even in the case of a genius such as Shakespeare. We must exclude Shakespeare's intention, which for one thing we cannot know, as an illegitimate argument. We must take the words as they are and see what is in them.

It is hard to believe that but for the character of Brutus any other than the nemesis interpretation would ever have been mooted. But Brutus of the play has imposed on Shakespeare's readers and on his actors as did Marcus Brutus of history on Cæsar and on the Roman public. They have taken him at his own description of himself. A great tribute this is to the truthfulness of Shakespeare's portrait. Indeed, it is probably only too faithful, as not flattering, to those who have eyes to see. Brutus is very fond of bearing testimony to his own impeccability, the singleness of his eye, the loftiness of his motives:

> Let the gods so speed me as I love
> The name of honour more than I fear death.

> There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
> For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
> That they pass by me as the idle wind.

> No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
> That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
> He bears too great a mind.

These testimonies to his own nobility, so natural a habit of thought with him that they come out from time to time even to the end on the battle-field, fall on the ear first with a sound of persuasive rotundity; but thought over, they leave an unpleasant impression. There is rather too much protesting. It is perhaps hardly an impression of "swagger," but one does feel very strongly that this man was deeply impressed with his own goodness; he had become an ideal to himself: so much so that anything that jarred on this conception was simply put aside as incredible, a thing not to be considered. Evidently, too, this was the popular conception of Brutus. The man that has unbounded regard for himself, and expresses it often enough and loudly enough, will in the end get the vulgar mind to take him at his own measure. It was, as it were, a settled thing that Brutus was immaculate. That was the character he had to play to—and behind:

> O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
> And that which would appear offence in us,
> His countenance, like richest alchymy,
> Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

This pose of Marcus Brutus, by which I do not mean that he was an intentional deceiver—he really believed that he was supereminently good, and assiduously cherished himself in that capacity,—lets us into the secret of his whole character. It is a character we of this day should find it easy to appreciate; for we have had one or two striking examples of it. Profoundly convinced of his own rectitude, such a man finds a righteous motive for his every desire. What he does he

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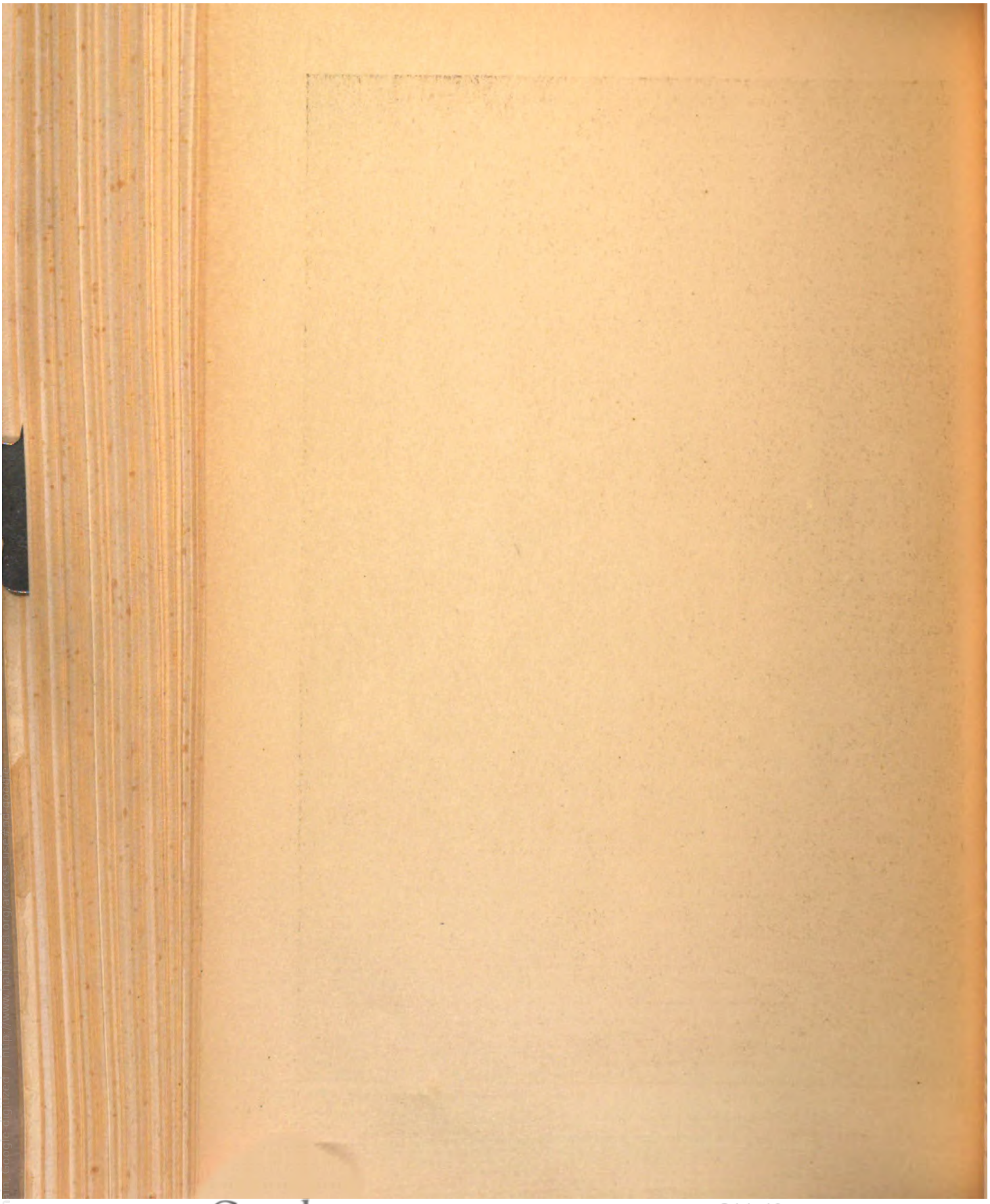
ACT IV: SCENE III

BRUTUS. "*Well; then I shall see thee again?*"

GHOST. "*Ay, at Philippi.*"

[*Ghost vanishes*

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believes to be right, but he can always persuade himself that that is right which he wants to do. He tests his motives by his own character, and reasons infallibly that such a man cannot wish for anything that is wrong; therefore what he desires is right. Thus he never violates his own conscience, and his conscience in return never stands in his way. Nothing but a very cataclysm of soul can stir this man into seeing himself; hence a magnificent calmness about him. It may be urged that this analysis might dissolve the goodness of an archangel. Truly it might be applied fallaciously; mortals have no magic crucible: but the test of a man's deeds, of the influences that move him, of the impression he leaves on strong men who are his intimates, is a fairly good corrective.

Try Brutus by it. The record of Marcus Brutus is this: he accepts mercy at the hands of his conqueror Cæsar (his Roman soul is not too proud for that), receives from him special favors and marks of love, is willing to bask in Cæsar's sun: then when the opportunity comes, and he is offered the leadership of a conspiracy to assassinate his benefactor, he takes it; he takes part in a bloody and cowardly murder, some twenty armed men setting on one unarmed; and by this means becomes the first man in Rome. These are the unvarnished facts about Marcus Brutus: these are his spontaneous acts: to all that follow he is compelled, so they do not help in the understanding of his character.

What did other men think of him? The crowd took him at his word; Antony, the "plain blunt man," necessarily is imposed on, arch-enemy though he was. It would have been strange indeed had the careless soldier seen through such a character: so one is not at all surprised that Antony, with a generosity that does him credit, pronounces Brutus "the noblest Roman of them all," and thinks him entirely different from all the other conspirators. That is precisely the impression such a man as we are taking Brutus to be would leave on a man like Antony, who was so little of a judge of men that he could tell Cæsar there was nothing to fear in Cassius:

> He's not dangerous:
> He is a noble Roman and well given.

Not so Cassius himself; he knows his man: he knows Brutus well. Cassius in acumen is right all through the story. He was right about the danger of leaving Antony alive: he was right about Casca; Casca did not fail them: he was right in his counsel of war; Brutus was disastrously wrong: he was right in the quarrel; Brutus was extremely unfair to him: he was probably right about Pella; to be extreme to mark the taking of a present of money by a good friend was in such critical times absurd; Cassius saw that it was just part of Brutus' pose as the impeccable man, and felt the contemptuous impatience for it of the real man of action.

And how does Cassius, who was thus right all through, handle Brutus? He wants to get him over; the plan, the initiative, comes all from Cassius: he plays Brutus like a fish. He begins by praising Brutus to his face in language that hardly falls short of rank flattery:

> It is very much lamented, Brutus,
> That you have no such mirror as will turn
> Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
> That you might see your shadow.

In other words, "you are so good that no one else is good enough to give you an idea of yourself." All through Cassius has no fear of offending Brutus by praising him unblushingly to his face. Having thus put Brutus on good terms with himself, Cassius proceeds to appeal to jealousy: "Are not you and I as good as Cæsar? Is not he human like ourselves?" Then to envy: "And now he is a god and we are nobodies."

> He doth bestride the narrow world,
> Like a Colossus.
> Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that
> "Cæsar"?
> Why should that name be minded more than
> yours?
> Write them together, yours is as fair a
> name.

And a last dexterous appeal to ambition: just a suggestion that Brutus by removing Cæsar should emulate the glory of his ancestor Lucius Junius, who drove out Tarquin.

In the whole of this great piece of advocacy Cassius lays no crime to Cæsar's charge: attempts no case against him ex-

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ACT V: SCENE III

CASSIUS. *"O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!"*

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cept that he is great: does not even suggest a single public ill beyond that Cæsar was above and they below. And that is the line of argument which the acute Cassius selects as best calculated to tell on Marcus Brutus. And he proves absolutely right. He wants Brutus to join their conspiracy: and Brutus does join it. His faith in appeals to Brutus' vanity is further shown in the device he selects to drive home what he has just been saying:

I will this night,
In several hands, in all his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure.

Cassius knew his Brutus well. Alone after Brutus had left him, Cassius gives us his impressions of their talk:*

"Well, Brutus, you have a great reputation for nobility; but I see now that with all your high character you can be perverted like other men: you should keep only with good men like yourself. You are not strong enough, after all, to stand up against men like me. I have a grudge against Cæsar: you have none. If I were in your place now, you should not turn me against Cæsar as I have turned you."

It has been pleaded that it is not Cassius' arguments that decide Brutus. But there stands the fact that certain arguments are used to produce a certain result, and that result is produced. In such circumstances denial of cause and effect requires very strict proof. Unfortunately Brutus himself later on admits that it was Cassius that moved him:

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Then we have Brutus' testimony to himself: a painfully eloquent testimony. Alone in his own house he weighs the matter of Cæsar's murder. He was determined to do this thing. "It must be by his death" are his first words. Being by no means a conscienceless man, he has to satisfy his conscience, he has to square the assassination with his high moral character. He can find nothing against Cæsar personally, nor can he say that he ever knew Cæsar to allow passion to sway him against reason. There is no charge to be founded on his past; ah! but who knows what he *may* do? Crown him and he will leave all his goodness behind. We will prevent his coronation by killing him and so save him from himself. We shall be serving a high moral purpose.*

Was ever man more easily self-persuaded? Conceive a really honest man justifying assassination solely on the plea of what the victim might do, his past admittedly giving no ground for evil foreboding? If he is crowned? Cæsar had just refused to be crowned; and it was purely conjectural that there was any intention even to offer him a crown again. The whole soliloquy is the sophistic device of a man squaring his moral character with his intention. The situation is clinched by the eagerness with which Brutus snatches at the papers thrown in through the window. "Brutus, thou sleep'st . . . speak, strike, redress." Then comes the melodramatic apostrophe, with himself as audience:

O Rome! I make thee promise:
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

What true man, unusually philosophic too in temper, could be influenced in a tremendous enterprise, to which public necessity drove him against his will, by an anonymous scrawl thrown in at the window? Cassius knew his man.

Where again was the reality in this splendid talk?

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers.

But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds!

* Act I., Scene II., lines 313-320. These lines may be interpreted differently, I am aware, but "I see" in line 313 must surely be an inference from Cassius' recent talk with Brutus, and cannot mean that he sees Brutus can be seduced by Cæsar. The conversation and its result pointed all the other way. But he does see that Brutus can be influenced by himself.

* Act II., Scene I., lines 10-34.

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Brutus is noble when it is a question of words before the deed, but when the time comes to act on them he and his "gentle friends" forget their gentle words and turn butchers, while their "vile daggers hack one another in the sides of Cæsar," and deal their three-and-thirty wounds.

The immaculate poser shows clearer with each successive step. The murder done, Cæsar's body not yet cold, Brutus takes up Casca's pleasantry that to cut short life is merely to abridge the fear of death, and argues solemnly that therefore they are Cæsar's friends, and have conferred on him a benefit because they have lessened his time of fearing death. Such callousness will hardly be found even in an enemy; how then in a patriot who had done an awful deed, had murdered a dear friend, impelled thereto solely by a sense of duty? The next moment Brutus bids his friends bathe their hands in Cæsar's blood up to the elbows. In him this is not mere vindictive savagery, as it seems, but just his incurable posing. At this supreme moment Brutus, and even Cassius, think first of making a solemn show, by producing a theatrical effect:

> How many ages hence,
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over?

says Cassius.

> How many times [answers Brutus] shall
> Cæsar bleed in sport
> That now on Pompey's basis lies along
> No worthier than the dust?

Brutus' first thought is of the figure he will cut in history; how will he look in groups representing Cæsar's murder?

Comparing this revelation of Brutus' mind with his previous protestations and fine sentiments, we are forced to the conclusion that Marcus Brutus was a solemn humbug. A significant touch is added when Antony comes on the scene of the murder. While Brutus maunders on about their hearts being pitiful, and the general wrong of Rome and—truly a nauseating remark—his love for Cæsar when he struck him, and the brotherly love they would all bear Antony, Cassius cuts in with the straightforward practical proposition to Antony:

> Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
> In the disposing of new dignities.

The difference between Brutus and Cassius is that Cassius is frankly unscrupulous, Brutus most scrupulously so.

Instinctively one looks to the end of these men; and the end one feels is as it should be. The murder "most foul and most unnatural" is avenged. Brutus on the last great day, the day of account between him and Cæsar, is made at last to see something of his true self. Never quite happy in his inmost soul about the death of Cæsar, on the field of battle, when he sees things are going against him, Brutus cries out:

> O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our
> swords
> In our own proper entrails.

Conscience at last is allowed to speak unprompted. And, dying, Brutus says:

> Cæsar, now be still:
> I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

That is at once his confession and his absolution. By his own voluntary death he is expiating Cæsar's.

And Antony, Cæsar's avenger and representative, in his eulogy of Brutus pronounces the forgiveness which the unparalleled clemency of Cæsar would certainly have granted.



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The Second Best

BY MAY HARRIS

IT was a disappointment to popular expectation and caused besides a ripple of comment when Jack Woodbury's wife came to Madderley to visit his aunt without Jack.

Jack had spent, ever since he was old enough to remember, a portion of each year with his aunt. His father had always been too busy in his so distant and enslaving city to come himself, but he sent Jack—who, Miss Amanda's devotion had the reward of knowing, never needed sending. He was a most lovable boy, and his yearly visits—limited perforce as he grew older to shorter periods—grew to be the axes round which Miss Amanda's less fortunate days revolved.

Jack, on leaving college, went to Madderley and spent a year with his aunt. It was a very happy year for her. The world lay before Jack—she didn't read Browning, but she had the idea—for him to take and make into whatever he wished. He found it hard to decide what he wished—but Miss Amanda was sure it was because of the diversity of his talent. He read such quantities of books, she felt he might be a great writer; he had a beautiful tenor voice—though a career of that kind Miss Amanda with some prejudice excluded; and his mind was so finely analytic that the law would have been a primrose path.

Outside these gifts, Jack had his father's fortune—an income that precluded the necessity of choosing a profession. Miss Amanda and he discussed it—she took a vivid delight in considering by what approach he would conquer fame,—and by and by she became aware that the definite impetus would come from Christine Martin. The blow this could not help being to her was softened by her sweet nature, for Miss Amanda never rebelled or fought off her worries. She accepted them and trimmed off their thorns; sometimes in the process finding tiny buds she could encourage to surprising bloom. Her little face with its funny short nose and sweet, serious blue eyes had little wrinkles of sympathy and laughter, but none of vexation.

But Christine Martin stood outside Miss Amanda's comprehension, for reasons that did not individually relate to the girl herself, though they had kept her—as far as Miss Amanda was concerned — an almost unknown quantity. She was a girl with a beautiful, gipsyish face, and she lived with her grandfather—a very old man with a curiously bad temper—in a very handsome old house a little way down the street from Miss Amanda's.

Christine's childhood was passed in a loneliness and withdrawal not usual to many children. She was never sent to school, and Madderley pitied her governess—with reason. Christine studied as she pleased, and when the long-suffering Miss Smith went away, she went on with her music, solitary, and quite willing to be solitary, in the big old-fashioned house.

Old Mr. Martin was irreligious, but Christine went to Sunday-school at St. Luke's, where she had as a child her first small and sullen contact in Miss Amanda's class with Jack.

Christine had a voice. When she was sixteen she began to sing in the choir at St. Luke's. She gave it up scornfully when her grandfather commanded—she was always scornful about the things he made her give up,—she would never let him have the satisfaction of seeing that he hurt her. When they were grown up, Jack Woodbury had found one of her strongest attractions in this indolent indifference.

He had been—the phrase was that of the people who watched the affair—"dreadfully" in love with her. Her grandfather had encouraged it, without diplomacy, by his opposition, and during the year Jack spent in Madderley

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Miss Amanda made the unwelcome discovery that he and Christine were engaged. They quarrelled frequently—Jack wanted her to marry him, and she wanted to go abroad and study singing. It was during one of these temporary breaks in their engagement that Jack's bad news came. All his fortune was lost.

Jack went North immediately and wrote Miss Amanda the condition of affairs—worse, if anything, than he had imagined. The blow was as hard to Miss Amanda as it was to Jack.

It was one day during this time of anxiety and trouble that Christine Martin came to Miss Amanda with a letter in her hand. As she came up the walk from the gate to the house, Miss Amanda watched her with a sudden contraction of the heart; she said to herself it was because Jack loved her.

Though they lived so near each other, Christine had never been there before, and her manner expressed definitely the lack of a merely social intention. She followed Miss Amanda in a sort of leashed silence into the sitting-room, where the garnished stillness, the old-fashioned furniture, the smell of pot-pourri, and Jack's books, heaped just as he had left them, offered the girl an unfamiliar invitation. There were pictures of Jack, of course, in all stages of his life—the gem being an oil-painting of him at the interesting age of four.

Christine's dark eyes took in everything with a measured swiftness before she faced Miss Amanda.

"I've had a letter from Jack," she said, in her deep contralto.

"From Jack—" Miss Amanda faltered.

"He wrote to tell me he had lost his money."

"Yes—?"

"We had broken off everything. You know," she indifferently interpolated, "we were engaged? He wrote to tell me that under the circumstances he couldn't ever hope to make it up—as we'd so often done before."

"And you accept it?" Miss Amanda asked, quickly.

The girl's beautiful, mobile face hardened. "How you want me to say yes!" she cried. "Be happy! I will; but not for the reason you think. It's just because I care for him that I won't marry him now. Grandfather won't give me a penny, now or ever, if I marry Jack, so I won't hamper him, when he needs all he can do to make a beginning, with such a useless person as I am. I *am* useless—utterly useless," she went on, steadily. "I never swept a room, I never sewed a stitch,—I know nothing—nothing! If I leave him free, Jack will be able to make his life—as it ought to be—a success. So I am going to let him—be free."

"But"—Miss Amanda for once in her life was cruel, stung by a certainty of duplicity on the girl's part—"if you loved him, you wouldn't think of all these things."

"I am going to hurt him and myself—because I love him," Christine went on, with passionate emphasis, her dark eyes on Miss Amanda's face, and a solemn note in her voice that touched the older woman. "He won't mind, after a while." She went closer and put her hand on Miss Amanda's arm. "But don't think—don't *dare* to think I don't care for him," she commanded, almost with a sob, as she turned away.

That, so far as Miss Amanda had known, had been the end of everything between them. Jack never came back during the interval of eight years, and though Christine went North after her grandfather's death to study singing, she came back after a few months, with her voice definitely gone.

Her aloofness continued—even to the Probyns, who had leased from her half of the big, old-fashioned house she had inherited on her grandfather's death.

"We see almost as little of her as you do," Mrs. Probyn was in the habit of saying to various neighbors, "except if we look out-of-doors! She's out there generally, all the time. She's even built recently, as you see, a pavilion—a 'study' she calls it—for her books and piano."

Jack's wife came early in April—by herself, as business detained him.

"He is painting a series of panels for the new library in New York," Miss Amanda had explained many times to many people. For Jack Woodbury had developed in one of the directions that in the old days had scarcely seemed of

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more account than an evidence of his charming versatility. It had been proved enough, however, and the general acceptance of it echoed with no possible vagueness its authentic value.

Success and recognition had been rapid with him—there was no question of starvation in the customary garret, and the possibility of such an alternative had been happily put aside by a legacy from his mother's brother during his stay abroad. He spent five years in Paris, and, a year before his return, married in England a "little American girl whom you will love very much,"—as he wrote his aunt.

When they came over, Jack was delayed by some changes his own dissatisfaction suggested in the panels for the library. While they lingered, his wife—always delicate—had bronchitis, and on her recovery was ordered South. It was her own insistence that left Jack behind to finish his work completely before he should join her—"a free man," she buoyantly explained to the waiting aunt.

Buoyant was exactly the word to describe Jack's wife, whose resilience was wonderful when one considered the extreme delicacy of her type. She was not pretty; but one quickly forgot a disappointment in this direction in the surprising number of ways in which she transcended her more obvious lack. Miss Amanda wondered if it were the quality of her voice—tender, plaintive, wistful—that began nearly at once to endear her; or the ready, sympathetic interest in the things Miss Amanda cared for; or, indeed, if it were any particular trait. She had been prepared to love Jack's wife for his sake, but suddenly she found herself loving little Mrs. Woodbury for her own.

Mrs. Probyn was openly disappointed. "A mere child—and with the manner of one! Dressed in the simplest way! She might have been born and brought up in the country! Talked about Miss Amanda's chickens and pansies quite as if she wasn't the wife of John Littleton Woodbury!"

"But," Marjorie Glenn, to whom she happened to be speaking, objected, "how in particular should you think his wife ought to act?"

Mrs. Probyn accomplished her most successful bridling pose. "My dear Marjorie! Of course the wife of a great man must assist him in supporting the honor of his name—in keeping up. It's a pity such a notable man shouldn't have the *best* representation."

Marjorie looked wicked. "If Mr. Woodbury's satisfied—!" she murmured, and added freely, "Of course we might have chosen better for him, but she's thoroughbred and charming, and that ought to stand for the 'best.'"

"I never expect you to agree with—anybody," Mrs. Probyn settled it stiffly. "One has one's ideas nevertheless, and it would seem that a great artist would choose a wife to inspire rather than—"

"'Rather than' what?" Christine Martin asked, coming from the sitting-room, in her part of the house, out on the veranda, and joining Mrs. Probyn and her guest with unexpected suddenness.

Christine's own appearance was as pat as a scene in a play. She looked, *con amore,* the ideal "inspiration" for an artist. Her figure was slender and very graceful in every movement, and her white dress, with a draped classicity of fold, gave value to its beauty. Her face, too, had its at once evident appeal of beauty, like a clear-cut cameo, beneath dark masses of hair. Each component part — voice, gesture, expression — was typically, even to Mrs. Probyn, the illustration of what little Mrs. Woodbury was not, and never could be.

"We were speaking," Mrs. Probyn explained, "of Miss Amanda's nephew's wife. It seems a pity she should be so—commonplace."

Christine's dark eyes passed from Mrs. Probyn's face to Marjorie's with no consciousness in their expression.

"I haven't seen her," she said, negligently.

Two days later circumstances repaired this lack.

Christine, out-of-doors as usual, was standing in the door of the little pagoda-like building which was her ark of refuge from everything—including herself. She had been sketching in water-colors—a pastime she had recently taken up,—and with her brush in her hand and her eyes absently fixed on the distance, was taken unawares by a small person, who hesitated and paused, coming at last from the drive to the open door.

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"I beg your pardon," she said.

Christine looked up hastily, and something blazed up in her eyes and then died out. "Jack's wife!" she said to herself,—"Jack's wife!"

"I couldn't make any one hear," the voice, with a plaintive note in its sweetness, continued. "I rang — so many times! I really think every one must be out."

"Perhaps they are. I am, you see," Christine explained; "but then you didn't come to see me?"

"I would," little Mrs. Woodbury said, gayly, "if you'd come to see *me!* I think you must be Miss Martin? Mrs. Probyn said you never called on people. I wish you'd relax in my favor. Have you principles or convictions?" Her smile was almost infectious.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't find me interesting," Christine said, indifferently. "I don't make friends easily. I'm not at all talkative."

"I won't be driven off," Edith Woodbury said, gayly. "I *do* make friends easily, and I *adore* talking! Aunt Amanda is beautiful to me and everybody is kind. But you—somehow, I don't know why, for I've just seen you—you are *different.* I don't mean it to flatter you," she added, as Christine made a gesture of protest or distaste. "It would be no use to do *that* with you! I only say it because it is true."

Christine shrugged her shoulders.

"Different from Flo Probyn?" Her big dark eyes rested on her visitor's face curiously. "I'm eccentric—by inheritance and disposition; it makes me quite free—even of comment, for people never expect me to be normal."

She was quite at ease when she spoke of herself; quite as if, leaning on bars she would not take down, she invited attention to their solidity and strength.

Edith came a step nearer.

"Oh, please! I'll make a call on *you,* if you don't mind! I want—dreadfully—to know you."

Christine gave her a quick glance, and then stepped back and invited her by a gesture to enter. She was curious, and the psychological moment had come to satisfy her curiosity. The woman Jack had married, whom she had so often wondered about, was before her—with her—in an intimacy, if she chose, that could pluck the heart out of the mystery, could answer the questions that ceaselessly tormented her: Did he really care? Was he satisfied?

Her eyes continued to rest on her visitor's face. It was small and extremely mobile, with a sort of bright sweetness that was like a mirror to her thoughts.

"It's so charming an idea," she chattered, "to have an out-of-door 'den.' Jack—my husband—has his studio out-of-doors whenever he can manage it. He had the dearest one at Ryde. I think it's strange—you know he paints portraits?—that he shouldn't do landscape studies when he cares so for nature. Ah! you paint, too! Do you mind my looking about?"

"If there's anything you'd care to see—"

Apparently there was, and Edith went from one thing to another—the wonderful brasses of an old chest of drawers, an inlaid table, quaintly carved silver candlesticks, and small curios of a slighter value caught her eye with a rippling commentary that flowed without the need of a greater response about the detachment of Christine's monosyllabic replies.

Among others, on a desk, was a miniature of Christine's mother. It was typically Italian, but Christine did not in the least resemble it.

"There's no likeness—none!" Edith said, disappointedly. "It's strange—both of you are so beautiful."

"I suppose I'm more like my father."

"Do you remember either of them—your parents? No? You are like me. I've never had any one belonging to me—except my aunt in England—until I married."

"Well, I haven't an aunt." Christine touched her solitude coolly.

"You had a grandfather—?"

"Yes." With an impulse quite foreign to her usual lack of expansiveness Christine tumbled out the contents of an old portfolio and selected a sketch roughly outlined in charcoal.

"This is he—my grandfather," she said.

Almost as she offered it to her visitor's look she had the effect of retention, of, if it had been possible, withdrawal. All of it passed in a flash—undiscovered, in-

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deed, by Mrs. Woodbury. Her attention lingered engrossed, and evidently struck by something outside the mere portraiture of the sketch.

"It's a sort of caricature, isn't it? Phil May—Cruikshank?—that sort of thing? But there's something familiar. It reminds me—in the same way similar handwriting would do—of my husband's work."

Christine met it simply. "Naturally it would. It *is* his work."

Still holding the sketch, Jack's wife had her quick interrogation. "He did it?"

"A very long time ago—before he became a great painter."

Christine's voice had the shade—just the proper shade—of detachment, of indifference; but as Mrs. Woodbury did not respond promptly with the natural wonder, "I didn't know you knew him," she lightened the pause herself.

"Mr. Woodbury and I knew each other very well as children, but since we became really grown up—!" she shrugged her shoulders.

"Jack has spoken of Madderley so much. I've been trying to remember his speaking of you. He must have done so, of course. The things he's told me of everything and everybody here!"

If her gay little gesture covered the sharper impression of his negligence in not having mentioned Christine—one of the more than usually shining features of a not overly brilliant place,—it was with a decency of regard that would provoke no suspicion.

Christine stretched the point of frankness in her acceptance.

"And it proves — doesn't it? — how much effacement we undergo when our acquaintances lose sight of us."

But Edith gave the word-less limitation.

"Jack *always* remembers his friends. I am sure I'll find it is I who have forgotten—for of course he's mentioned you to me."

The strangeness was at the back of this—almost as if said—that the recollection if he had done so did not have its instant solvency to Jack's wife. Christine felt the wonder her guest was feeling, though its direction was not palpably clear.

Christine could visualize herself with no vanity, but with perfect understanding, as she appeared to others, and it was quite clear to her that Jack's wife was fitting the puzzle that her husband had known—more or less intimately—this splendid, foreign-princesslike creature and had never mentioned her! The knowledge gave Christine a throb like the discovery of an old treasure found by some one else, and irrevocably locked away, but on view, momentarily, behind its glass doors.

She felt the vision and gave it welcome. That, after all, he should remember, should never have been able to class her with the merely casual things of which it was easy to speak—this knowledge was sweet to her; even though it pressed deeper the fact of how greatly she herself still cared.

Something else stirred also—the primal jealousy like a keen blade ready to thrust at the interloper who held the place that might have been hers. All that was foreign in her blood, all that was combative in her inheritance, rose in an opposing flood to any friendly intercourse.

Why should she try to blind this other woman? If she suspected, let her learn that her content must have its sting. A mere butterfly flashing light wings over casual flower-beds, she would perhaps at last discover the presence, sculptured, immutable, of a statue forever sentinel in her husband's garden. It was declarative in its veiled silence of earlier, sweeter solitudes her wings had never fluttered—in which she had borne no part.

The panoramic flash filled for a moment to Christine the silence that had followed Edith Woodbury's last words. Christine with a prick of curiosity gave her a swift glance.

Edith's profile was turned toward her, but an old pier-glass, hung between the windows across from them, duplicated both their faces vividly as portraits.

There was something touching—even to Christine's half-barbaric resistance—in the contrast of the small seated figure, childlike, simply sweet; something swiftly suggestive in travesty, to Christine's quick imagination, of Queen Eleanor and Rosamond, and, as if the poisoned bowl

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had visibly been present, she had a shame for herself that made her suddenly shrink back.

Edith looked up and met her eyes in the mirror.

"What a contrast we are!" she said, springing up, and her piquant face gave a vivacious challenge to Christine's surmises of her imaginings. "The heart-burnings and envy I've known for the lack of inches! Do tall people ever guess it, I wonder? I think they must, or why should they be so patient—as you are—with inconsequent atoms? Don't protest! You know it's true. My interruption—my invasion—this afternoon has been so beautifully met that I shall have the temptation to trouble you often. And you—you'll come to see me, won't you?"

Christine saw firm ground, and at last made her advance upon it.

"Thank you, but I cannot. It's evident Miss Amanda hasn't told you what *bêtes noires* my grandfather and I were to her. She's too sweet-natured," Christine with perfect frankness continued to explain, "to speak of my heathenish grandparent unkindly, because he's dead." Edith shrank a little. "I, you see, haven't scruples. He *was* heathenish to me—to every one! As for me, I'm his grandchild, and—it's almost as bad in Madderley—I had an Italian mother."

"Nonsense!" Edith insisted. "Aunt Amanda hasn't a prejudice, and I'm sure"—her voice became wistful—"you couldn't ever be narrow."

"Don't be sure!" Christine lightly mocked. "I'm gently, or scoffingly, known as the 'eccentric Miss Martin.' However"—and her voice at last rang sincerely—"I've wanted to know you, and this glimpse of you is quite like an answer to my want. Good-by, and thank you very much."

It was so nearly a dismissal—courteous, most gracious, as from a princess at the close of an audience; but Jack's wife equalled it with a poise of sweetness and dignity.

"It's I who must thank *you*," she said, as they shook hands.

Christine in the days that followed went over their brief interview with the care one gives in retrospect to inexplicit values. But they became more sharply explicit perhaps as time went on and Edith Woodbury's presence in Madderley continued to provoke no contact—remained, indeed, outside their one meeting, nearly in abeyance.

Christine felt that Jack's wife had penetrated intuitively to the early phase—had even taken the measure it bore, its relation, to her present; and was in possession now not only of Jack, but of his past also.

It seemed to leave her a little more defrauded, and a fine-drawn bitterness hardened the passivity of her attitude.

A friend wrote for her to come to Canada for the summer, and her plans were only half defined when Jack Woodbury came South.

"I can't think," Mrs. Probyn struck the note a few days after his return, "why noted men so frequently disappoint people! Why, Flo, even Mr. Offingham's more distinguished-looking!"

"Oh—distinguished!" Flo Probyn let it go. "He looks very tired," she added.

Jack Woodbury did look tired, and his severe illness came as a climax rather than as a surprise. Dr. Alexander shook his head over it from the first. It was brain fever, and the consulting doctor was not hopeful.

"Overwork, exhaustion of nervous strength," he said, when he left. "One chance in ten that he'll recover."

Christine heard every day that there was less and less hope. She, prepared to go North for her usual summer visit, waited in a horrible expectancy of what any moment might declare.

The sick-room news was refracted daily through the medium of Mrs. Probyn; the number and capability of the nurses, the devotion of his wife, the helpless grief of Miss Amanda—all these things Mrs. Probyn made known, with the enrichment of many comments.

Nearly every one had first-hand knowledge except Christine. All she had was the view from her windows of Miss Amanda's gate down the street, where the doctor's buggy drew up twice a day for what seemed to her interminable hours. It became in this time of dumb waiting a focus for her physical vision beyond which she could project herself and suffer in his suffering as those did who had the right.

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She scarcely thought of Jack's wife at all; jealousy, bitterness — all were swallowed up in the dreadful fear that Jack was going to die. This thought was like a tempest, in whose stress lesser things were forgotten,—and it was a tempest she must always conceal.

"There's very little hope," Mrs. Probyn said one afternoon, "that he'll live through the night. I saw the nurse—she thinks it doubtful, I could see, though it's hard to get anything out of her! Miss Amanda is perfectly *prostrate!* Dr. Alexander says he'll have another patient in her. But Mrs. Woodbury's *very* quiet—you'd hardly know she was in the room. I asked the nurse if she showed any symptoms of breaking down—one expects a *wife* to feel things like this most of all,—but she gave me no satisfaction. I must say I *am* surprised she takes it so quietly."

She was, in fact, very quiet. Crouched at the head of his bed, she made out what he said in his delirium—the name so often on his lips, and the allusions to what was now no longer vague; things which upset Miss Amanda's grief-worn nerves.

It was Christine he talked of constantly, and his wife could piece the fragments she had suspected, fully. He quarrelled with Christine, made love, argued; and all the time Edith made no sign—even when Miss Amanda broke down and had to be taken out of the room.

"Why don't you let me see Christine?" he would go on, over and over. "She sings," he would go on, with eyes on his wife's face, "like—like an angel! *You* can't sing!" he would jeer. "Tell Christine to come. She'll tell me about my picture. I'll paint a picture of her some day—an Italian princess. But she hasn't any heart, you know!"

The nurse beckoned Edith out of the room. "If he could only be quieted for a little while," she said, rapidly, "he *might* fall asleep; it's practically his only chance. People in delirium have strange fancies—Miss Woodbury says he is talking about some one he knew a long time ago. If she isn't here—if one could pretend to be the person—"

"Would it do him good?" Edith asked, quickly.

"In delirium it's best always to try to satisfy the patient."

Without a word Edith left her, slipping out of the room, out of the house, into the soft darkness of the night. There was no moon; only pale high stars above the thick trees and the glow of lamplit windows down the street's perspective. She went swiftly—almost running, her head bare, her heart throbbing, her tearless eyes fixed like a sleep-walker's.

Almost at Mrs. Probyn's door she paused, seeing for the first time a gleam of light from the little pavilion where she had found Christine two or three weeks before. She went toward it and, without knocking, opened the door.

Christine was sitting at a table in the centre of the room, and she raised a pale face and sombre eyes as Jack's wife came in.

"He asks for you," Edith said, at once.

It was their second meeting, but so clearly outlined against definite tragedy that there was no question of unnecessary speech or explanation between them.

"You will come?" Edith repeated.

"You came for me?" Christine murmured, strangely, facing her in the lamplight.

"Do you think," asked Jack's wife, "that there is anything in the world I wouldn't do for him?"

And as Christine to this had no reply, she added, "Come!"

They went back together in complete silence. Both of them in white—the tall figure and the small one,—they flitted ghostlike through the encompassing darkness.

They met no one, and at the door of the sick-room Edith whispered:

"Go in by yourself and speak to him—just as if everything was as it used to be. I'll stay out here."

The hall light fell on her small upturned face. In its selfless exaltation it was almost beautiful—a "snow-drop by the sea."

Christine caught her hand. "Come with me!" she said, in a passionate undertone. The exhaustion of Edith's face touched her with a sudden shock of emotion, of pity; and under its influence rather than with sincerity of conviction she added rapidly: "You don't understand! It isn't that he thinks of me—

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that he *has* thought—! It's merely that here it's so brought back to him—all that old time—like association of ideas—that I'm, too, recalled."

Edith made a gesture that was less a refusal of this as comfort than of impatience at delay.

"Go, go!" she entreated.

The shaded light showed the room dimly—the nurse at the foot of the bed, and Jack Woodbury's dark head tossing uneasily on the pillows. Edith, pausing behind Christine, turned up the lamp, letting its strong radiance fall completely on Christine.

"Christine!" said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow. "Good God! it is Christine! Didn't I tell you!" He fell back weakly.

"Of course it's Christine, Jack." She took his hand and held it firmly, though hers was trembling. She was throbbingly conscious of the tense little figure stopped in the shadow of the folding screen, but she controlled her voice. "Now I've come to see you, you must get well, Jack."

The nurse passed behind her and whispered, "Don't let him talk—keep him quiet if you can."

And Christine talked. Dropping her voice to a soft monotone, she took up "portions and parcels" of the past. They went boating together on the river; dashed on horseback through shady lanes; read down in the orchard their favorite books—fought their old battles over again. He seemed willing she should talk, and lay quite still, his wasted fingers clasped on her hand.

The room was very still; Edith had sent the nurse out to get fresh air, and her own attitude of quiet was unbroken.

"But your ring—where's your ring, Christine?" the sick man's feeble voice interrupted. "You haven't lost it? Do you remember the fairy-tale that couldn't come true because the princess had lost her ring? Our fairy-tale—must—come true—" His voice died away weakly. Christine caught her breath. It was agony to her, but what sublimation of pain to the other woman! What torture to the selflessness of her devotion! It took a great effort to speak, as she must, lightly, happily:

"It's all right, Jack! That was the fairy-tale you told me on the river this morning. Didn't you get tired rowing? The sun was so hot—" Her voice soothed and led his drowsing senses as she wished.

"Yes, it *was* hot. It's cool here, though—"

"So cool," her voice at its lowest note repeated. "If you'd sleep a little now—it was so hot on the river—"

"But—the fairy-tale?"

"When you wake up," she promised.

"Will—it—come—true?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she answered, trying to keep the heart-break out of her voice.

And then wonderfully, as simply as a child, he went to sleep. Christine sat motionless, holding his hand through the hours of the summer night; and across the room, equally motionless, with her eyes on her husband's face, Edith watched them.

It was a curious vigil for the two women; the sick man's breathing, faint, but regular—as the nurse assured herself from time to time,—and the ticking of a watch on the table were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Through it all, holding her old lover's hand—taking him back with the healing sleep from the threshold he had so nearly crossed,—Christine sat tirelessly, her heart torn with a pity for herself and for the woman in whose life fate had woven so strange a bond with her own.

Day came slowly, paling the lamplight in the sick-room, and bringing the wonderful morning chorus from the mocking-birds without. Jack Woodbury's eyes opened slowly. They were deeply sunken, but the unnatural light of the fever was gone. They met Christine's clearly, as at last across the open spaces of the present.

"Why—Christine!" he said. "Really Christine! What an age since I've seen you!" He tried to lift his hand, but it fell back weakly. "You see, I've been ill—not strong enough to shake hands yet! It was good of you to come to see me."

Weak as his voice was, she caught the perfunctory note,—caught also the presence of some other stronger feeling he was trying to hold back.

"There's something you want?" she asked, quickly.

"Well, there is," he confessed. "I

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"WHY DON'T YOU LET ME SEE CHRISTINE?"

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was wondering about Edith—my wife, you know—"

"Edith—?" Christine paused, irresolutely.

"I want Edith!" His voice rang out insistently, imperiously.

Christine moved back and Edith came to him quickly.

"You want me, Jack?"

"I always—do that—don't I, darling?" he smiled, whimsically. "I missed you—don't go away again."

Something vivifying, beautiful, flashed into his wife's pale face as she bent above him. He had come back to her from death and from that almost as irreparable loss she had miserably felt during the watching of the night. The sunlight came into the room—a resurrection of life, of hope and happiness. It was as if the fever had burned the old passion out—exorcised it forever—and at last given first place to his wife.

Christine went out softly. As she closed the door it seemed to her the act was symbolical—the closing of a door she had so long kept open in her life. But she was thinking, oddly enough, as she went out into the jubilant freshness of the early morning, of the look on Edith Woodbury's face.

She smiled with a comprehension that was free of bitterness as she remembered how little one cares for the old mile-stones when one has reached the journey's end.

"My Father He was a Fisherman"

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

MY father he was a fisherman
That wrought at the break o' day,
And hither and thither the long tides ran
I' the long blue bay.

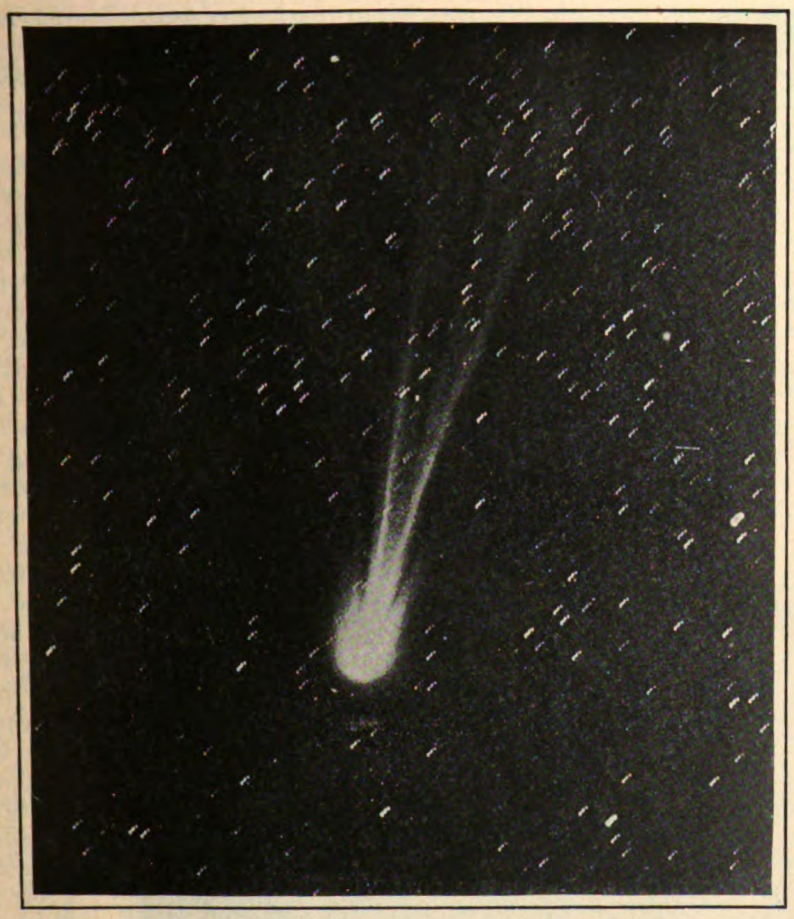
"The tides go up and the tides go down,
But what do you know of the sea?"
Her voice, i' the long gray streets o' the town,
Is singing to me.

"What do you know of the sails at dawn,
What of the shell-white foam?"
Cheerly and sweet from a world withdrawn
They are calling me home.

"What is the grief you fain would tell
When your eyes are turned on me?"
Oh, well it was taught and I learned it well,—
The grief o' the sea.

"Where do you travel and where do you sleep,
Where shall you take your rest?"
At the inn that shelters my father, deep
I' the seas o' the west.

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SWIFT'S COMET (1892, I), TAKEN AT AREQUIPA, MARCH 30, 1892

What is a Comet?

BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING

Professor of Astronomy, Harvard University

WHAT is a comet? This question is probably asked every astronomer throughout the world every time that a great comet presents itself. Yet it is only within the last few years that it has been possible to reply to the question with any confidence. Great comets of the very first class come about once in a generation, or a little oftener. Thus in the nineteenth century there were four of them. For the present generation the great comet was that of 1882, yet comparatively few saw it, because it was visible only in the early morning before sunrise. It was a most majestic object, with its tail sweeping one-quarter way

NOTE.—The changes in the shape of the comet's tail in these photographs are very marked, and show details of structure not at all visible to the eye. It is only since the advent of photography that we have come to know the true shape of a comet's tail. The drawings published of earlier comets are very misleading.

The comet here illustrated is moving so rapidly across the heavens that in order to keep the telescope pointed upon it we must constantly adjust the instrument, so that the stars appear as short bright lines.

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across the heavens. It was brilliant, too, for when passing nearest to the Sun its head and a small portion of its tail were visible in full daylight.

To most of those of an older generation the great comet was that of Donati, or that of 1858, as it is more usually called. This magnificent object became conspicuous in the west soon after sunset in the fall of that year, and was visible night after night for over three months. It was doubtless the most universally observed comet of the last century.

There are still some with us who remember the great comet of 1843. It was not conspicuous for long, but in some respects closely resembled that of 1882. It, too, was visible in the daytime. Probably no one now living remembers the first great comet of the last century—that of 1811. It was a large yellowish object, and was described by one astronomer as finer even than that of 1858.

But besides these really fine comets, others of secondary brightness have appeared, such as those of 1861, 1874, 1881, 1892, and 1901, the last a southern object not well seen in the north. These come more frequently, while still fainter ones just visible to the naked eye come once every one or two years. Comets visible only in the telescope appear at the rate of five or six a year. Indeed, nowadays, since comet-seeking has been taken up so assiduously by astronomers, there is nearly always a comet to be seen with a proper instrument in some part of the heavens.



SWIFT'S COMET, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNARD, APRIL 7, 1892

Special notice is drawn to the bright region in the tail, which was observed to extend from the head of the comet

All comets may be divided for convenience into two classes, that we will designate as periodic and unexpected. From two to three of the former and from three to four of the latter appear on the average every year, but their appearance is very irregularly distributed. Thus as many as five were discovered inside of twelve days in 1898, and five more appeared in the course of the same year. With a very few exceptions all comets move in elliptical orbits. When a comet has been recognized at

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one or more returns it is called periodic, but until such recognition it must remain in the unexpected class. There are several periodic comets whose periods lie between seventy and eighty years, but most of them have much shorter periods, the shortest known being that of Encke's comet, which is only three years.



SWIFT'S COMET, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNARD, APRIL 18, 1892

Since different comets sometimes look very much alike, and since the same comet at different returns sometimes looks quite different, the only way in which we can recognize a comet with certainty is by means of its orbit. With few exceptions it was only during the last century that observations sufficiently accurate to determine the periods of unexpected comets were secured, but by the end of the present century it is thought that several comets having periods exceeding one hundred years may be promoted from the unexpected into the periodic class.

But the majority of the unexpected comets will have to wait, for most of them have periods several centuries in length; thus that of 1858 will not return for over 2000 years. That of 1811, which was very well observed, has a period computed at 3065 years. At its last previous return it must have looked down on the city of Troy, a few years before the birth of the immortal Helen. At the return before that it frightened the inhabitants of ancient Egypt, a full thousand years before it occurred to their descendants to build astronomical observatories and tombs in the pyramidal form.

Although two or three periodic comets visit us every year, they are in reality as a class few in number, and with one exception—that of Halley—insignificant in appearance.

But there is another and much more rapid method by which an unexpected comet may be converted into a periodic one. Imagine a small and inoffensive comet traversing its orbit towards the Sun at the proper pace prescribed for

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it by the law of gravitation. Suddenly out of the darkness, and close at hand, looms a huge body—the planet Jupiter. If the comet is ahead, well and good; but if it falls behind, woe betide it. In the former case the action of Jupiter will be to pull it back, and a slowing of its pace will involve shortening its orbit, and an orbit of two thousand years may in a few weeks be converted into a six-year period. We have at present about thirty-three well-known periodic comets. Of these, twenty-five have periods between five and nine years, and most of these owe their promotion into the periodic class to the good offices of the planet Jupiter.

But even now the little comet is not safe, for unless some other planet, such as our kindly Earth, or Venus, comes along and shifts the cometary orbit a little, it is again liable to encounter Jupiter, and this time the great planet may reverse its former benevolence, and may turn the comet loose again upon the cold celestial spaces.

But still another alternative may occur. Suppose, when the encounter first takes place between the two bodies, that at the point of nearest approach Jupiter is somewhat ahead of the comet. Then indeed is it a serious matter for the little body, for Jupiter will pull it on, faster and faster, so that it will rush past the Sun so fast that it never can stop, but will keep on receding into celestial space forever.

Out of the four hundred and fifty comets whose motions are fairly well known, every one bears the stamp of the solar system upon it, and must have been a faithful follower of the Sun, like ourselves, from the beginning of its career, in the thousand million centuries ago.

But what is a comet? Up to the time of the Renaissance a comet was universally supposed to be a vapor in the atmosphere, presaging pestilence, wars, and the death of kings. The Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe was the first to show that comets lay in the celestial spaces beyond our atmosphere, and Newton proved that the heads of comets obeyed the law of gravitation, like other celestial bodies. In the middle of the last century, H. A. Newton, of Yale, Schiaparelli, and others showed that our chief meteor showers were due to swarms of meteoric bodies moving in elliptical orbits about the Sun, and that in each case there was also a comet moving in the same orbit. It was also shown that in a number of cases it was possible for two or more comets to move in practically the same orbit, and also for one or all of them to fade out and become invisible.

Starting from this last discovery, it required but little ingenuity to foresee that a meteor swarm was nothing but the invisible and scattered head of a comet. When a meteor shower occurred upon the Earth, it was a case of collision between the Earth and the comet, the meteors being rendered temporarily brilliant by the friction caused by their rush through our atmosphere. Since the meteors were often accompanied by luminous trains which sometimes retained their brilliancy for several minutes, it was clear that the meteors contained occluded gases, which were expelled at the high temperature to which they were exposed. Since the luminosity of the trains has been known to last in some cases for over an hour, it was evident that it could not be due to the mere heat of friction, which in that rare atmosphere would be dissipated in a few seconds, but must be due to a continuous electric discharge, analogous to that which takes place in the high vacuum of a Geissler tube.

When we photograph a comet's head through a glass prism, obtaining its spectrum, we find that this spectrum consists of a series of bright bands of irregularly varying density. This indicates, first, that the comet shines by its own light, and not like a planet by mere reflection from the Sun. Secondly, it shows that the luminous material is in the form of gas, and, thirdly, it tells what kind of gas it is. Since the gas cannot be heated to such a degree as to become self-luminous at that distance from the Sun, the source of the light must be electric.

We can now therefore say with considerable assurance that a comet's head consists of a swarm of meteors, surrounded and interspersed with a gaseous atmosphere, which renders it luminous, and therefore visible, by continuous internal discharges. When the atmosphere

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disappears and the discharges cease, the head becomes invisible, and the comet becomes a simple meteor swarm.

In the case of a few comets, besides the gaseous spectrum above described, a faint continuous spectrum is also seen. This implies a reflection of the Sun's light from the meteors themselves. As to the size of the meteors, they probably range from a few tons in weight down to an impalpable dust. A few comets have shown a central nucleus that appeared to be solid, but in no case has its mass been sufficiently great to influence appreciably any other body in the solar system.

The most puzzling thing about a comet has always been its tail, and it is only within the last few years that we have begun to know enough about matter in a finely divided state to be able to offer any satisfactory explanation for it. Its most obvious peculiarity is that it does not obey the law of gravitation. Instead of being attracted towards the Sun, and therefore following in the same path as the comet, it is clearly repelled from it with a very high velocity, and therefore always lies outside of the comet's orbit, following the comet as it approaches the Sun, and being slightly in advance of it when it recedes. That it is matter in a state of extreme tenuity is obvious, for stars whose light would be extinguished by transmission through ten miles of our atmosphere at sea-level have been seen undimmed through ten million miles of a comet's tail.

That the tail is gaseous is clearly proved by the spectroscope, the banded spectrum having been traced to a distance of 3,000,000 miles from the head of Swift's Comet (1892, i). But why the extremely small particles—or molecules, as they are called—constituting a gas should act differently under the law of gravitation in any way from the larger visible masses of matter that we call meteors is not at first sight very clear. But the explanation is not far to seek.

Gravitation is proportional to the mass—that is, it varies as the cube of the diameter of the particle. The repulsive force, electric or otherwise, is proportional to the surface—that is, to the square of the diameter. For large bodies the repulsive force is insignificant, but as the body becomes smaller, gravity will decrease much faster than the repulsive force, so that for very small bodies gravity will become so slight that the repulsive force may equal or even exceed it many times.

According to the modern theory of electricity, the Sun is a negatively charged body, from whose surface vast numbers of minute bodies called corpuscles are being constantly repelled, at velocities not far from 100,000 miles per second. These corpuscles, electrons, or ions, as they are sometimes called, are much smaller than atoms, and constitute what was formerly rather crudely called negative electricity. Those corpuscles that strike the comet immediately attach themselves to the gaseous molecules surrounding the head, charging them negatively, and causing them to be repelled at high speed, not only from the other molecules forming the head, but particularly from the direction of the negatively charged Sun. The successive envelopes sometimes seen surrounding the nucleus of a comet may indicate either some special activity going on within the comet itself, or they may indicate the effect of successive waves of corpuscles shot out from the Sun.

The question may now naturally be asked, since the Earth as well as the comet is surrounded by a gaseous envelope, why is not the earth itself also provided with a cometary tail? We reply that at certain times it is. The great auroras that sometimes envelop both of the Earth's polar regions, sending their wavering beams occasionally to an altitude of five or six hundred miles, are nothing else than a short cometary tail to our planet. The reason that a still greater length is not reached being simply on account of the enormous mass of our Earth, which will not permit any considerable portion of our atmosphere to escape far from it.

It should be mentioned here that another theory of comets' tails has lately been offered by Professor Arrhenius. It was shown by Maxwell that light itself must exercise a certain repulsive force on the objects on which it shines. In order that this force may exceed that of gravity the objects must be very small,

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but not too small. If they have the same density as water, their diameters must not exceed 1-25,000 nor be less than 1-350,000 of an inch. If they are denser than water, they will have a still less range of size. The repulsive force of light, therefore, can have no influence over the molecules which compose a gas, and whose diameters are not far from 1-5,000,000,000 of an inch.

If there should happen to be any very fine dust about a comet, of just about the right fineness, as is quite possible, it would be repelled into the tail. The characteristic spectrum of the tail, however, where remote from the head, in the only two instances where it has been observed—the comets of 1881 (iii) and 1892 (i)—was gaseous, and it therefore seems that the preponderating evidence indicates that the tail of a comet owes its origin mainly to electrical repulsion.

A comet's tail may therefore be described as a current of gaseous particles receding from the head, each particle or molecule carrying a negative electric charge. A certain amount of impalpable dust of a particular grade of fineness probably accompanies the gaseous stream. In at least one case this dust was present in sufficient quantities to produce an appreciable effect, but it did not extend to the extreme end of the tail.

In the case of the three bright comets of 1825 (iv), Halley's 1835 (iii), and Swift's 1892 (i) a curious rotation of the head and tail was observed about an axis passing lengthwise through the tail. By the laws of electrodynamics, an electric current radiating from an object such as a comet's head, in the plane at right angles to the direction of a powerful electromagnet, such as the Sun, must necessarily tend to cause the head and its surroundings to rotate.

The shape and size of the tail enable us to compute the intensity of the repulsive force. The recent applications of photography have enabled us to detect certain luminous masses within the tail of the comet not visible through the telescope. By means of successive photographs we may watch and measure directly the repulsion of these masses from the comet's head. Measures of photographs of Swift's comet (1892, i) and Rordame's (1893, ii) give for the repulsive force 39.5, and 36 times the intensity of the force of gravitation.

Since the gaseous particles receding from the head to form the tail can never again return to it, and since a comet owes its brilliancy chiefly to the electric illumination of these particles, it is obvious that a comet must become fainter and fainter at every successive return to the Sun. Moreover, the meteors forming the head, owing to their small gravitating force, which is further diminished by the positive electric charge left upon them by the recession of the tail, will gradually separate from one another and distribute themselves uniformly along their orbit. Every comet must therefore gradually disintegrate, the process taking place most rapidly in the case of those comets having short periods or passing very near the Sun.

Several comets have already disappeared in this manner, the most notable being that of Biela, which was formerly visible to the naked eye, but later broke in two, and cannot now be detected even with the most powerful telescopes. Our only evidence of its existence is when we dash through it once every six or seven years. But even then it is probable we do not pass very near its centre, since the meteoric display is seldom very brilliant.

Having now explained what a comet is physically, let us turn and discuss its chemical constitution. Comparatively few comets pass very near the Sun; we should therefore only expect them to show those constituents that are gaseous at moderate temperatures. They have too small a density to be able to retain such light gases as hydrogen or helium; we accordingly find their atmospheres composed almost exclusively of the compounds of hydrogen and carbon.

In the case of those comets passing nearer the Sun, such as Wells's 1882 (i), which at perihelion passed within 5,000,000 miles of it, the comet is exposed to such an intense heat that some of its more volatile solid constituents are liable to be converted into gas. We accordingly recognized in this comet the sudden appearance of the two bright yellow lines in the spectrum characteristic of the metal sodium—the base of common salt and also of cooking and washing soda.

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BROOKS'S COMET (1893, IV), PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNARD, OCTOBER 21, 1893
The contrast between its tail and that of Swift's comet is very marked

A most instructive observation was made in connection with this comet. When first observed it exhibited the ordinary cometary spectrum of hydrocarbon bands. When the sodium lines appeared, however, the hydrocarbon bands vanished. This was due to the fact that the electric current chose as a medium the gas which was the best conductor—namely, the metal. Had the cause of the illumination of the spectrum been merely the Sun's heat instead of electricity, it might have caused the sodium lines to appear, but it could not have extinguished the bands due to the hydrocarbons. We thus have still another proof, were such needed, that the cause of luminosity of a comet and of its spectrum is distinctly electric.

The great comet of 1882 (iii) passed within less than 300,000 miles of the Sun's surface. It was then exposed to such an intense heat that not merely sodium but even iron was converted into gas, many of the iron lines shining out sharply and clearly defined in its spectrum. When the comet reached cooler regions, so that these gases condensed, then the hydrocarbon bands came out, thus presenting the same phenomena as did comet Wells, but in reverse order.

Before closing this paper an attempt will be made to answer a question that is often asked of the astronomer, and that is as to the possible danger of an encounter with a large comet. During the last century we cut through the tails of two comets—1819 (ii) and 1861 (ii)—but without finding it out till later, when computation showed that such was the case. We collided with several meteor swarms without serious result. The collision of 1833 was undoubtedly the most portentous in appearance, as then the whole sky appeared to rain stars, hundreds, perhaps thousands, being visible at once, many of them being brighter than the planet Venus, and leaving long trails. Whether we then passed through the actual centre of a defunct

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A METEOR IN FLIGHT

The object gradually increased in brilliancy, and as gradually faded out, ending in two short flashes of light

comet we shall never know, nor how thickly the meteors were distributed about us, as compared with their distribution near the centre of a really first-class comet. But even if they had been much more frequent, we should probably have suffered little harm, as not a single meteor was known to reach the Earth's surface. The reason of this was that the motion of the meteors in this particular swarm in their orbit around the Sun was in the opposite direction to the motion of the Earth; they accordingly struck us at very high speed, and were therefore volatilized in the upper regions of our atmosphere. If the meteor swarm had been moving in the same direction as the Earth instead of opposite to it and at about the same speed, many of the meteors might have reached the surface, and the results would in that case have been much more disastrous, although even then perhaps not more fatal than the passage of some of our Western tornadoes.

If the Earth were to come into collision with the nucleus of any first-class comet, such as that of 1858, for instance, at any probable speed, the results would undoubtedly be most alarming, but in the vast celestial spaces the probability of such an encounter has well been likened by one astronomer to the chance that if a man blindfolded should fire a gun into the air he would bring down a bird.

A much greater probability exists that a large comet might drop into the Sun. The space separating the head of the great comet of 1843 from the solar surface was at one time but 32,000 miles. It might well have struck some of the solar protuberances, but apparently escaped unharmed. Since we do not know the mass of any comet, we cannot foretell just what would happen in such a case, but it is probable that there would be a very slight rise of temperature and a violent magnetic disturbance noted. It is doubtful if the inhabitants of the Earth would otherwise be much affected.

Astronomers are often asked if they

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are not soon expecting a fine comet. To this question they have nearly always to answer no, because with one exception all the fine comets belong to the unexpected class. This one exception is Halley's comet. Its period is seventy-six years, and it is due in 1910. Its first recorded appearance was in 11 B.C., when it was said to have been suspended over Rome like a flaming sword for several weeks prior to the death of Agrippa. It has since returned twenty-four times.

We have a drawing of it as it appeared in 684, in the Nuremberg *Chronicle,* and another representation of its appearance in 1066. The latter is by Queen Matilda in the Bayeux Tapestry. At this latter appearance it was a very splendid object, and spread dismay throughout Europe. It was generally conceded at the time that it foretold the conquest of William of Normandy. Similarly in 1223 it foretold the death of Philip Augustus of France. In 1456 it was a superb object, appearing about the time that the Turks sacked Constantinople. In 1682 it was observed by the celebrated astronomer Edmund Halley, known also as the editor and publisher of Newton's *Principia.* He computed its orbit on the plan suggested by Newton, and showed it to be identical with the great comets of 1531 and 1607. He also predicted its return for 1758. This was the first time the return of a comet had ever been predicted. Halley knew that he himself could not live to see its verification—he was born in 1656,—but he left a somewhat plaintive as well as patriotic appeal behind him: "Wherefore if it should return according to our prediction about the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." The comet reappeared Christmas night, 1758.

At its last return in 1835 it was a fine object, with a tail some thirty degrees in length. Nevertheless it was disappointing, and by no means equal in brilliancy to its earlier appearances.

Finis

BY ALBERT KINROSS

MY soul is shredded; I have sold
The pieces here, the pieces there;
My heart is bleeding, and the blood—
I sold it here, I sold it there.

And yet this soul it was my soul;
And yet this blood it was my blood.

Still, in the end, I have known how to brave
All disillusion, faced the best and worst;
My hunger have I stayed and slaked my thirst
In the hope ultimate, the trust in right;
In the sad mystery that lives with Death
And all the silent things that have no fear.

So is the end no passage into hells,
No dismal fumbling after sullen gods;
No marriage with delight,
No joy whose trumps sound heraldings—
But quiet, and the closing of the years.

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The Memories of Pierrot

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THERE was a morning when the April sun
Tapped with soft fingers at the attic pane
And fell on Pierrette's face like golden rain
That roused her ere her happy sleep was done.
And even so she woke him in this wise—
Pierrot, who through his slumbers felt the stir
Of gold hair like shed sunbeams on his eyes,
And so waked smiling from a dream of her.

He heard her laugh before he saw her face,—
She danced beside him at the carnival,
Mirth-mad and masked, with jests for one and all,
A wind-swayed rose, a slender flame of grace;
And through his pleadings, plaintive, whimsical,
Still she denied his eyes their right to see,
And mocked his patience, and then, suddenly,
Lifted her hand and let the velvet fall.
Only a little moment—then again
Merry and masked she bade new revels start;
But Pierrot stood in silence, and his heart
Thrilled with such ecstasy it stung like pain.

There was a day they parted angerly—
The day she tossed the red rose from her hair
Into another's hand, and did not care,
But leaned and laughed where Pierrot frowned to see.
And all alone he climbed the creaking stair,
And sat in silence and with hidden face
While the night fell, and all the lonely place
Yearned for her loveliness who was not there.
So light her hand upon the swinging door

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He might not guess whose coming threw it wide;
So light her footstep as she sought his side
It fell as soft as moonlight on the floor.
Then brokenly, like music in his ears,
One sobbed his name, and, as their kisses met,
He thrilled and trembled, for her eyes were wet—
That was the night when first he knew her tears.

They went a-Maying when the Spring was new,
Leaving the noisy city streets behind,
But all the violets they bent to find
Hid shamed because her blue eyes were more blue.
And all the birds were mute the forest through,
And hushed their music with a jealous wit,
Knowing her laughter was more exquisite
And sweeter than the sweetest song they knew.

Alone he came to her and closed the door.
The pitiful, new neatness of the room
Was like a stranger's frown; and through the gloom,
Each one an anguish and a memory,
Ghostlike the garments that she one day wore
Stirred as he passed them with their old perfume.

Her caged bird called him from the window-sill;
Still bloomed the little pot of mignonette
Upon the casement, all unwithered yet,
That seemed to give him welcome; and his heart
Broke newly as he listened—for how still,
How still she lay who last night was Pierrette!
. . . . . .

All night he knelt beside her, till at last
The far dawn lifted like white smoke upcurled;
Then from her hand as from a blossom furled
He drew the crucifix, and in its place
Put roses upon roses, and so passed
Dry-eyed and silent to the empty world.

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The Beau

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

IT was Rachel Potter, these seven years gone blind, who first saw the great light in the face of Mary Bayne, knitting a sock on her porch in the peace of the afternoon. Mary Bayne had come across the fields to see about the making of Panthea Potter's linen waist. She was the orphan niece of Timothy Bayne, but just home from four weeks of sewing in the valley. She sat up, frail and stooped, in the chair which had been set for her. Painfully fitting garments to the farmer women who hired her she had early grown hollow-chested. As she talked she fanned herself shyly with her sunbonnet.

While Mary planned the way the waist should be cut carefully over and over with Panthea, Rachel knitted and listened. She was a tall, clean woman in a gray calico dress. Her eyes, despite their blindness, were bright and peering like a bird's. She kept them fixed on Mary, guided by the sound of her voice.

"I 'xpect you're clean tuckered out, ain't ye?" she asked her in the pause in which Panthea was considering whether three or four rows of stitching would be better. "You've been a-sewin' for sech a spell." She always felt a maternal interest in Mary, recollecting her white face, although she knew that Timothy Bayne and his wife Hitty were as kind to her as any could be.

The bonnet went back and forth more quickly in the girl's hand. "No," she said, "I ain't tired a mite."

"Ye ain't?" Rachel knitted in astonishment. "Why, it's been dreadful hot to sew. Everything's jest burnt up 'long here. It's been a terrible drought. Lemuel says if it don't rain pretty soon he's goin' to turn a Congregational or do somethin' awful. Says it don't seem to do 'nough good for a man to be a Presbyterian. I should think you'd jest be all tired out a-sewin' through the heat."

"I guess three rows 'll be the best," said Panthea. "Four 'll look too fancy."

She went into the house and brought out a roll of linen and her tape measure. Mary Bayne measured her angular frame, reaching up to her with her hands and pronouncing out the severe dimensions timidly to keep them in mind. "Waist twenty-five, 'n' neck fourteen, 'n' from neck to shoulder eight, 'n' from shoulder to elbow sixteen." Then they considered together the scant amount of the cloth laid out on Panthea's lean knee and decided cautiously on the buttons and the thread to be bought for it. It took a long time.

Rachel kept listening more and more intently to Mary Bayne's voice. When she was gone she leaned forward, hearkening in an ill-concealed impatience until she guessed she was out of the dooryard and had struck out along the edge of the wheat toward the Baynes'. Then she dropped her needles into her starched lap and turned to Panthea.

"Panthy," she said, profoundly, "somethin' nice has happened to Mary."

"Somethin' nice happened to *Mary*," Panthea repeated, looking out to where the figure of the little seamstress was toiling forward, bent and shy. "Goodness, ma!"

Rachel drew herself up. "I don't care—I know what I'm talkin' 'bout."

But not then nor by the time it was necessary to go in to get supper was Panthea at all convinced. Having argued herself into a state of wounded pride, Rachel would not go with her to help as usual with groping fingers about the meal. She stayed on the porch until Lemuel came in from his work. At the table she ate in an injured way of the fried potatoes and the sauce and the great biscuits, and she felt impolitely along the rim of her cup to see if Panthea had not skimped her tea. She heard with leniency Lemuel spilling his

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food on the cloth. Whenever she and Panthea differed she grew merciful toward her husband's table ways. When they were on delightful terms it was she who cried out in blame, "Nobody else has sech washin's!" long before Panthea could say, "Oh, mercy, pa!" During the dish-washing she made such a clatter with the saucers that Panthea, in her turn, grew offended and wiped the plates herself. In the evening, again on the porch, she tilted to and fro in her chair, sitting beside Lemuel, who began to snore loudly straightway after supper, his big bulk curled sleepily together. She did not sit near Panthea, sternly thoughtful on the porch steps throughout the long droning of the tree-toads in the yard. Lemuel awakening at the close of the evening and beginning to bother with his boots, she suffered herself to be led to bed.

In the act of taking her hairpins from her, Panthea gave way in a sudden enlightenment.

"Ma," she said, "I b'lieve she was diff'rent. She acted kind o' loony. An' she had her hair crimped 'n' a blue bow on her. She ain't never been given to crimpin' er ribbons on week-days."

Rachel's sense of injury left her swiftly. She plaited her old hair in joy. "Somethin' nice has happened to her," she reasserted with decision.

"What do you s'pose it can be?" Panthea ruminated keenly, her mouth full of pins. Her eyes, bright like her mother's, snapped in her sharp face. She was exactly Rachel's height. Their two eager heads were on a level. "I dun'no' of a thing for her to be tickled 'bout. Nobody in the family has died an' left her somethin'. There ain't nothin' changed at Timothy's. It's been a bad year for 'em, same as for the rest of us. She's jest been a-sewin' like she's always been."

"Mebbe she's got a beau," Rachel hazarded. She peered romantically at her daughter.

Panthea sniffed. She put the pins on Rachel's bureau and turned down the sheets, which had a smell of the field-balsam weekly laid in their folds after the ironing. "Ma," she said, "you'd better be gettin' to bed. You're gettin' sleepy."

But after she had gone away up-stairs and Lemuel's boots had been cast with a careless thud upon the floor and the candle was out, leaving tallow on the air, Rachel lay with her eyelids widely opened. "It's a beau," she urged to herself, inadvertently aloud. Lemuel rolled on his side. "Huh?" he asked. "Nothin'," she answered; "jest turn over 'n' go to sleep." She spoke with that patronage which an old woman reconciled with her daughter yields her husband.

In the morning Panthea was prepared for further argument as her morning work was done up. "It can't be a beau, ma," she contended, over her broom. "Mary ain't the beau kind. If she ain't never had one before, why should she hev one now? She's always been so pindlin' 'n' so quiet—she never was noticed none. I don't b'lieve she could hev had 'tentions with that red hair o' hers. It's terrible."

"She's an awful nice girl, though," defended Rachel; "she's always been, ever since she came to live at Timothy's after her ma 'n' pa died. She's been so good helpin' Hitty 'bout the house first and then takin' up sewin' soon as she was old 'nough. An' she ain't never fretted. An' sometimes when she ain't too tired I've heerd she looks right pretty."

"I ain't never seen her when she wasn't tired. It can't be a beau, ma."

Nevertheless, that afternoon Panthea did not bring her mending out on the porch, but instead saddled her roan and rode out along the road which joined the farmhouses. "I've got some errands," she explained. Rachel nodded wisely. Left alone with her sock, she kept her ear toward the road and waited. Wheels went past now and then through the summer dust and were company for her. She loved wheels. To sit listening to them was one way to taste of life when blind. Before her darkness she had had a great talent for life. It had never seemed dull to her nor dreary, although there had come to her shoulders the look which all shoulders had on Turkey Ridge. It was a look as though they bore a heavy wooden cross. She had met with a cheerful courage the monotonous drudgery of work in her house and the shadows of living. There had been Lemuel's bedridden, unkind mother to care for through ten years, and there were her children, of whom all save Panthea had died at their birth, although Lemuel's

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Drawn by Charlotte Harding

WITH MARGY TODD'S VISIT THE PORCH BEGAN A GLORIOUS SESSION

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lambs and colts, born without in the barns, had lived. Then there had been Lemuel himself with his untidiness and contrariness. Her cheerfulness had come chiefly from her capacity for seeing things. She had never been too busy to flatten her nose against the front window-pane or to run to the door, her dish-cloth in her hand. She had always found a moment to go to see her neighbors, and never came back without news. So that the road, which was merely an ugly red streak winding into the hills and swept darkly by rains and winds, became to her a wide way with a wonderful procession perpetually upon it, and the low farm-houses, meanly built, the most interesting places imaginable.

She grew very clever from so much looking. She could almost tell what her neighbors were up to even before they knew themselves. Her porch had had a career, for, since there was always something new under the sun to be heard on it, her friends came to sit there as often as they were able. Below the brown beams, with the birds dipping in and out, the thread of many a human destiny had been followed under her guidance. It was hard for her to make her blindness seem a proof of the goodness of God. She had been so fond of seeing. For a while she had a grieving mouth in which there was no hope. Then God had given her wheels and the sounds of human voices and had saved her porch. With what she could hear, and what Panthea with an inherited genius brought in to her, she could still preserve its leadership among the other porches of the Ridge. Accepting this with some majesty as a divine sop, she never quite regained her former cheerfulness. She refused stubbornly to countenance any idea of a hereafter which did not give back to her her sight of the Ridge road with all her old neighbors going by, and permit her to go visiting for news into the little gray houses which were upon it.

On this afternoon she fell, in the intervals between wheels, to following Panthea with her mind's eye as she went about from house to house. It was a frequent method of entertainment with her if Panthea were gone long. She saw her tie up her horse at the hitching-posts and shake out her skirts and go up and knock quickly at the doors. In the familiar living-rooms with the clocks ticking in the corners she watched her take off her wash gloves, which were large and white like a bridegroom's, and roll them up into a damp ball. The expression on her face as she bent mysteriously forward was plain to her. She could see also Margy Todd and Annie Glegg and Ellen Gren and Letty Doan, with her marked cheek, leaning toward her in excitement. She even thought up the words to come from Panthea's moving lips as she started to talk. Something a little like, "'N' ma noticed it the very first thing, an' says to me, 'Panthy, somethin' nice has happened to Mary.' Ma's so quick. Blindness ain't hurt her none," it seemed to her would be a beautiful beginning.

The beat of the roan's hoofs in the dust of the lane at sunset made her sit up swiftly. By the way the chickens scattered, clucking out of Panthea's path as she came from the barn toward her, she gathered that she had things to tell. The creak of exultation with which she sank down into a rocker was corroborative. "Well?" she questioned hurriedly, holding her sock somewhat pointedly displayed that she might see the growth of it.

Panthea did not wait to catch her breath. "Ma, it can't be nóthin' *but* a beau!"

The length of the afternoon went out of Rachel's back. "Oh, Panthy, an' I knowed it!"

"We've been a-puttin' two and two together," Panthea began, triumphantly. "Nobody had thought o' speakin' 'bout it to anybody else, but when I told 'em what had been noticed here they all recollected noticin' somethin' 'bout Mary, too. Margy says she went up to the Baynes' right off after she got back to borrow a skirt pattern, an' she seen then that she had her hair crimped, though it was 'way 'long in the forenoon. She didn't think much 'bout it at the time. An' she remembers, when she'd gone out o' the room after the pattern, of a-sayin' to Timothy —Hitty wasn't there—that she thought Mary looked real well an' had more color 'n usual. An' Timothy didn't say nothin', but jest kind o' *giggled*. You know he's always a-sighin'."

"It's his stomach," said Rachel, hurrying her on with a wave of her knitting.

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"An' when Mary come back she didn't bring the pattern of the skirt 't all, but of a sleeve! An' Margy says she said 'skirt pattern' as plain as could be."

"My!" ejaculated Rachel.

"An' Annie Glegg says she's seen Mary waitin' for the stage every time it goes by the Baynes', an' Bill Higgins handin' somethin' down to her. Sometimes it's little, like a letter, and sometimes it's bigger, like a package. An' Mary 'll look at what she gets all the way back up the lane. Annie says she's sure they're for her, 'cause Timothy and Hitty don't git no mail 'ceptin' when some o' them cousins o' theirs die and they git a death-letter. An' 'twouldn't be possible they'd hev took to dyin' all in a bunch right after Mary got back. An' Ellen says when she asked Mary if she could help her with some sewin' again in the fall, she looked kind o' queer 'n' sideways an' says, 'Why, Ellen, I dun'no',' 's if she'd other plans. An' Letty says—she's so dull 'bout noticin', too — that she seen that blue bow, too, and has been thinkin' that Mary seemed so much gayer sence she come from the valley."

Rachel drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Of course it's a beau. Wherever d'you s'pose—"

"We can't none of us imagine," Panthea broke in. "She ain't met him here or we'd hev heerd 'bout it before this, an' she ain't been a-sewin' nowhere else but in the valley, so she must hev met him there. She can't jest hev dug him up out of the ground. An' yet if he's a valley man what is he a-writin' to her for 'stead of comin' up to see her? 'Tain't far for a beau."

"He's got the rheumatics," Rachel suggested, instantly. "It's took him so bad that he can't ride er drive, but has to jest sit still 'n' write. Ain't it a pity he's goin' to be so delicate? Somebody ought to tell him 'bout usin' Strikene's Oil, an' rubbin' it in real well an' puttin' on a piece o' flannel. Ye didn't stop in at the Baynes', I s'pose?"

Panthea wiped her forehead. "No, I didn't, but I guess I'll go in the mornin', after I get my work done. Mary might make some mistake 'bout that waist."

"Yes, she might. You'd better go real early. I wonder what makes 'em want to keep it a secret?"

Rachel could hardly wait for the next day to come. That night she went to bed at precisely dark to put in the time which must elapse before the morning call at the Baynes'. "Do hurry and get off," she said to Panthea at breakfast. "I'm gettin' dreadful worried 'bout your waist." After Panthea was finally gone she hunted stealthily about the house with the cunning of the darkened. She could not find her sunbonnet, but she found Lemuel's umbrella. She went tapping it before her on the ground out of the dooryard and down the lane to meet Panthea when she should return, although she was now never allowed to go beyond the gate alone. Her bare head, wilfully set like a runaway child's, shone in the heat, and her apron, still wet with dish-water, flapped from her as she scuttled on. Sometimes she stumbled with her sightless feet and righted herself in a futile impatience. Then by and by she lost her way altogether, nor could she find it again by any resentful proddings with the umbrella. When Panthea rode back along the road a half-hour later, she was standing with lamentable eyes among the cabbages. At her exclamation she mopped her cross cheeks querulously with her apron. "Now don't jest say 'Why, ma!'" she said. "Didn't you find out somethin'?"

Panthea's tale was a credit to the Potters. She told it as she picked her steps in and out through the cabbage-heads, letting her horse graze on the roadside weeds. "It's a beau! I've found out the whole thing. It didn't take me long, neither. I jest said to Mary, after I'd asked her how she was gettin' on with the waist, '*You* ain't got a beau, hev you?' An' she turned as red as a stove 'n' dropped her needle 'n' says, 'Why, yes, Panthy Potter, I hev' — as proud as could be. She was so taken back she let out everything. He ain't a valley man 't all. He was jest visitin' where she was sewin'. An' they fell in love with each other at first sight—don't it seem queer for anybody to fall in love so quick with Mary? An' he's gone home—went off somewheres to see to some business, an' as soon as he's through he's comin' here to see her. 'Twon't be more'n two weeks now. An' he writes to her reg'lar as clockwork, an' there's presents from him in them packages Annie seen."

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Rachel's expression, which had been one of triumph, changed a little. She would have preferred to have him a valley man writing to Mary in the agony of a conjectured rheumatism. But Panthea did not appear at all downcast by a slight failure in deduction.

"An', ma," she said, "he ain't an ordinary man 't all—not a mite the sort of man you'd think Mary'd get. She don't see neither how he ever come to choose her. He ain't like nobody on the Ridge or no person we ever seen round here. He's so grand-lookin' 'n' stylish!"

"Why, Panthy, whyee!" Rachel gasped in surprise. She had never dreamt that Mary Bayne would have more than the common beau. Panthea's news was almost incredible. Lemuel in his untidy jeans trailed by them with his hoe. He stared at them, shrewd and quizzical. "Ain't it gettin' 'bout dinner-time?" he asked, curiously. Neither answered him. The man of the house came in every day to dinner in an endless round. It was seldom that there came into the years such a man as this. They came out slowly from the cabbages and went up to the house, Panthea leading the roan. Halfway up Rachel broke the silence.

"Your pa looked well onct," she said.

Lemuel wheezed disdainfully over his hasty dinner and the story which Rachel told him in explanation of it. "Pooh!" he said; "is that all the matter with ye—jest Mary Bayne's gittin' a stylish beau?" He ate and drank and spilled upon himself in noisy derision, a deeply interested man. "I 'xpect you'll hev company to-day," he chuckled as he pushed his chair back from the table. "More'n likely somebody seen Panthy comin' home from Timothy's."

"More'n likely somebody did." No humor lurked in Rachel's reply. She was already fumbling with the dishes. As quickly as possible she was in her gray calico and out on the porch, Panthea with her. Both smelled strongly of kitchen soap. She had not expected the sound of steps on the walk so soon. "It's Margy," said Panthea, briefly, "with the baby and her darnin'."

With Margy Todd's visit the porch began a glorious session. To Rachel it was a period of exalted happiness. She never did so well as when on beaux, and she had never before had a beau like this to deal with. On any afternoon there might now be seen all the able-bodied sunbonnets of Turkey Ridge bobbing up her walk, in pairs or singly, in the sun. With their hands, hurt by their summer's work, folded on their aprons or busy with their mending, the women sat and rocked around her, listening and exclaiming. Panthea brought her in daily fresh items, going up to the Baynes' house to see to her waist or running down the lane to hail any of the family as they went by on the road to town. If she did not actually have a town errand for them, she invented one of an inexpensive character. All that was told her in these meetings with the warning, "O' course you won't let it go no further," she honorably betrayed. What Panthea gave her, Rachel retold word for word with hurrying breath. She could not help feeling as she sat there with her knitting, and heard about her the "Oh my's!" and the "Did you ever's!" of her neighbors that she was weaving, on the south side of her house, the romance of the world.

"His name," she would say in a half-whisper, "is Winters. John A. Winters. It's an unusual name, ain't it—an' fine soundin'? I never heerd of a Winters, but I've read 'bout a Summers. 'Twas in a novel. He was awful rich an' great. The A. Panthy and I thought sure stood for Abijy, but Mary says it's for Andrew, an' mebbe she's right. He's jest a wonderful man. Spect you've heerd 'bout his bein' so dreadful stylish? Ain't it strange? Panthy says Mary's told her all 'bout him—when she talks of him her eyes jest shine an' she sets up jest as proud. He's awful tall an' broad-shouldered, taller 'n' broader 'n anybody here 'long the Ridge. An' he has a fine walk—you could pick him out 'mong a dozen other men. Mary can't tell jest what 'tis that gives him sech an air. 'Tain't his walk er his tallness er his shoulders—it's jest *him*. An' he's got remarkable hair. It's a real rich-lookin' brown an' kind o' curls round his ears, but not 'nough to be real curly. Mary says she couldn't bear a man with real curly hair. An' his eyes hev got sech a beautiful 'xpression—Panthy says she's been awful anxious to see him ever sence she found this out.

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Drawn by Charlotte Harding

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RACHEL HELD HER PLACE, LISTENING TOWARD THE WHEAT-FIELD

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She says she never seen a man who had any 'xpression in his eyes 't all. You know Mary's always felt so bad 'bout her hair bein' the color 'tis an' her face bein' plain. Well, when he asked her she jest broke down 'n' cried afore him—he was so diff'rent from her. An' Panthy says she says she says to him, 'But I'm so humbly!' An' he says, 'Air ye?' kind o' surprised 's if he'd never noticed it. 'An' my hair's jest pink,' she says she says then. An' he smiled down at her—he's got sech a smile!—an' says, 'Pink is a real pretty shade o' red.' Mary didn't tell no more'n this, but Panthy says from the way she acted when she got that far she guesses he must hev kissed her next. An' I guess he did—that 'd be jest 'bout the right time for it.

"I guess he dresses awful well. Mary is makin' herself a dress in her odd time to wear when he comes. Bein' as he's so stylish she wants to look nice to please him. It's blue with a ruffle round the yoke an' tucks 'n' five ruffles on the skirt. I'd think five ruffles 'd be sure to please him.

"An' he writes sech an elegant hand. Mary never seen letters backed so well. An' the presents he's sent air lovely. Mary keeps 'em in Hitty's parlor on the table, covered up with a piece of flowery chintz. Panthy says her hands jest kind o' shake when she oncovers 'em. He's guv her a silver heart on a little silver chain to wear round her neck — she's goin' to wear it with her blue dress—an' a plush album an' a chiny teacup 'n' saucer an' a thimble an' a glass rose-bowl an' a spoon and some candy things. Ain't it fine? Panthy says she believes Timothy 'n' Hitty 're jest 'bout as proud o' them presents as Mary. If they're round they always come in an' look on durin' the oncoverin'. An' she says they're awful set up over the whole thing, an' feel so tickled to think Mary's done so well."

As she reached the point of the beau's presents to Mary Bayne she was wont to shake her head in real anxiety. In spite of his betrothal sentiments Lemuel had only given her a sucking calf.

"I hope he ain't too stylish," she would go on. "Sometimes the finest on the outside air the meanest on the in. You can't tell nothin' 'bout it aforehand. Mebbe after a while he'll get onsatisfied with her an' re'lize she ain't up to him. Mebbe when he takes her to see his folks she'll be kind o' bashful an' plain and won't 'pear well an' he'll be 'shamed of her. Well, it 'll jest break her heart if he treats her like that. Sometimes I wish she'd jest hev got an ordinary beau."

Lemuel, passing the porch occasionally at its session, chuckled in a manly scorn. "'Pears to me," he was once heard to say, "you women air a cacklin' a good deal 'bout Mary Bayne's beau. If you'd read to each other 'loud 'bout the Hottentots an' talk 'em over afterwards you'd be gittin' a lot more eddication." He spoke from the vantage-ground of his learning. He always recommended, if too much frivolity were about him, to take to the Hottentots for mental ballast, ever since he had bought on the instalment plan his book on *The Huguenots*. He never knew why he had selected this volume in particular, but having once bought it he stuck to it. That he should get its title twisted when away from its cover was really nothing against him.

His remark was unheeded. When it became known that the beau was definitely expected at the Baynes', the porch excitement deepened. "He's a-comin' Friday!" cried Rachel, a rapture on her blind face. "He can't stay 'way no longer. An' we're a-goin' to hev the Social Saturday—we don't mind a mite hevin' it a week afore the time. Panthy says Mary's tickled to death at the thought of bringin' him an' showin' him to everybody to once. Be sure 'n' come early."

In the days which intervened before the beau the porch was deserted. Rachel and Panthea, always in a flutter of preparation before a Social, were greatly stirred now, owing to the extraordinariness of the guest of honor. The Social was a momentous occasion even with no stranger to be displayed. It was held once a month from house to house on a Saturday afternoon. Everybody came but the sick, and the dead in the burying-ground underneath their cedars. The former felt sicker because they could not come, and the latter were sometimes pitied by their surviving kindred that they should monthly miss so much. Along parlor walls there was eaten at the picnic supper what one only dreamed of

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AFTER THEM WAS MARY BAYNE, WALKING NOT ALONE

during the plainer fare of the other days of the month. In the atmosphere of food and friends the deepest reserve melted. Witticisms and reflections were delivered whose brilliancy and depth came as a complete surprise to the speaker—they had never even occurred to the mind in field or kitchen. All best manners were out. Laughter rang courteously over feebler jokes than one's own and second joints were chosen from the platters of chicken as forming a polite medium between the part of the fowl one did want and the part which one did not.

Panthea scrubbed and swept and baked vigorously, Rachel helping where a blind woman could. When she could not help, she went about in a tall, cross whirl. She questioned Panthea closely as to her windows and her floors and her spare bed where the Social guests would lay off their things, and the brass door-knob on her front door. She sniffed critically at the pantry shelves. With the chickens and the black cake and the loaves of salt-rising bread laid upon them, they held the very flower of Panthea's kitchen art. She hoped that the beau would like salt-rising bread, but she feared that he would not, surmising that outside the Ridge the stylish world was abandoned to yeast. She fell, too, upon Lemuel. His abiding objections to whitewashing the front fence exasperated her. "Don't it look well 'nough?" he asked aggravatingly, in the teeth of her scolding. "No, it don't!" she said. With eyesight she would have been cheerful. But to stare into the blackness and to imagine what Panthea was leaving undone and to see that fence was a hard thing. From the fence she descended bitingly to more personal topics. "Even your best clothes," she complained, "air spotted. You're always a-spillin' things. Panthy says that where the spots air off they're white places—they've been sponged so much. It ain't possible to keep you lookin' well er stylish. You jest ought to be 'shamed o' your vest."

"Pooh!" he responded easily; "I ain't."

Yet he did not escape the general infection. He waited until the desire should seem to spring from himself, and then he undertook the fence in a leisurely fashion. Splashed with whitewash he stopped to talk to any man that came by as though the bustle of his women was inexplicable. But his conversation was not wholly brought to bear upon the Hottentots. On the summer air arose

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his voice wheezing importantly through "An' Mary Bayne's beau—" It was he who brought the news Friday evening that Timothy Bayne had been seen driving home an unfamiliar shape from the train in his cart. "It's him!" he said, in disinterested emotion.

All that evening in the silence of the porch Rachel saw, etched on her gloom, Mary Bayne and her beau walking up through the dooryard to the door, and herself and all the rest of the neighborhood looking out upon them from her windows.

By Saturday afternoon the hurry of the last few days had given way to a company peace. In all the rooms was a high cleanliness. The parlor lay open, bare and sweet. Chairs were set ready along its walls. Beyond, in the bedroom where Lemuel with many grumblings had taken down his own bed and wiped out the stain of its ordinary presence by putting in a table, were gathered other chairs. It was deemed best to-day to have plenty of room and plenty of chairs. Rachel in her lawn and white apron was ready. Panthea wore the linen waist which Mary Bayne had made. She was stiffly disapproving of the fact that it skewed across the back from love. Lemuel was well tidied. But he was not well thought of. Remembering Rachel's aspersions about his stylishness he had been seized with the inspiration of blacking the spots on his vest with the brush used for his boots. Panthea, horrified, had caught him in the act. Rachel nearly wept. "Don't never marry a woman," he grunted, throwing the brush down; "you can't do nothin' to please 'em."

At the first sound of her neighbors—every one came on foot or in their homely vehicles as early as was compatible with decency, to be before the Baynes—Rachel was at the door, Panthea beside her. "Come right in," were her words of welcome, Panthea nudging her that it was time, "an' walk up-stairs. He ain't here yet!" Feet shuffled by her up the stairs to the spare room and then down into the parlor. Panthea kept counting in her ear: "Here's the Todds," "Here's the Greens," "An' Annie Glegg," "An' the minister an' Letty," "An' them folks we didn't want." Finally it remained for only the Baynes to come. Panthea, after waiting a while for them, went in, and presently Lemuel left his guileless station by the hitching-post and went after her. But Rachel did not go in. She held her place in the door, her head turned, listening, toward the wheat-field. The Baynes came across lots to Socials and would not be heard in the lane. When she heard them in the wheat, she clapped her hand to her mouth and burst stumbling into the expectant hush of the room.

There was a fierce stir to the windows. Emerging from the field could be seen Timothy Bayne clumping on, lean and sallow-faced. Behind him was Hitty carrying in her fat hands her inevitable Social plate of pickled eggs lest Timothy should drop them. Both had an air of most becoming modesty, considering their position. After them was Mary Bayne, walking not alone. She and her companion were somewhat hidden by the others. As they came into the dooryard Timothy and Hitty dropped back in the opening of the gate. Then was very plainly seen Mary in her new ruffled dress, the beau's silver heart upon her breast. Her small, needle-worn figure was erect and her shy face was shining. But the eyes at the windows barely saw her. They were staring dazedly at the being at her side. Until the little procession was nearly at the door, not a soul could find words for him. Then Lemuel, looking over the heads of the women, who had crowded as women will to see a man of style, gave a prolonged chuckle.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he said.

A chorus of feminine exclamations followed his, Panthea's leading.

"*That* him!"

"Why, he ain't got a mite o' style!"

"He's awful short!"

"An' narrer-shouldered!"

"An' his legs ain't right!"

"An' his eyes air real beady!"

"An' his hair!"

Rachel, strained against a window-pane from force of long habit, fell together. She saw with her ears the beau as he appeared in the cold light of Turkey Ridge, without the benefit of Mary Bayne's glorifying love. She felt somehow that he was her fault.

"'Sh!" she said, in shamefaced apology. "He's a-comin' in."

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New York Revisited

BY HENRY JAMES

THE single impression or particular vision most answering to the greatness of the subject would have been, I think, a certain hour of large circumnavigation that I found prescribed, in the fulness of the spring, as the almost immediate crown of a return from the far West. I had arrived at one of the transpontine stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad; the question was of proceeding to Boston, for the occasion, without pushing through the terrible town—why "terrible," to my sense, in many ways, I shall presently explain—and the easy and agreeable attainment of this great advantage was to embark on one of the mightiest (as appeared to me) of train-bearing barges and, descending the western waters, pass round the bottom of the city and remount the other current to Harlem; all without "losing touch" of the Pullman that had brought me from Washington. This absence of the need of losing touch, this breadth of effect, as to the whole process, involved in the prompt floating of the huge concatenated cars not only without arrest or confusion, but as for positive prodigal beguilement of the artless traveller, had doubtless much to say to the ensuing state of mind, the happily excited and amused view of the great face of New York. The extent, the ease, the energy, the quantity and number, all notes scattered about as if, in the whole business and in the splendid light, nature and science were joyously romping together, might have been taking on again, for their symbol, some collective presence of great circling and plunging, hovering and perching sea-birds, white-winged images of the spirit, of the restless freedom of the Bay. The Bay had always, on other opportunities, seemed to blow its immense character straight into one's face—coming "at" you, so to speak, bearing down on you, with the full force of a thousand prows of steamers seen exactly on the line of their longitudinal axis; but I had never before been so conscious of its boundless cool assurance or seemed to see its genius so grandly at play. This was presumably indeed because I had never before enjoyed the remarkable adventure of taking in so much of the vast bristling promontory from the water, of ascending the East River, in especial, to its upper diminishing expanses.

Something of the air of the occasion and of the mood of the moment caused the whole picture to speak with its largest suggestion; which suggestion is irresistible when once it is sounded clear. It is all, absolutely, an expression of things lately and currently *done*, done on a large impersonal stage and on the basis of inordinate gain—it is not an expression of any other matters whatever; and yet the sense of the scene (which had at several previous junctures, as well, put forth to my imagination its power), was commanding and thrilling, was in certain lights almost charming. So it befell, exactly, that an element of mystery and wonder entered into the impression—the interest of trying to make out, in the absence of features of the sort usually supposed indispensable, the reason of the beauty and the joy. It is indubitably a "great" bay, a great harbor, but no one item of the romantic, or even of the picturesque, as commonly understood, contributes to its effect. The shores are low and for the most part depressingly furnished and prosaically peopled; the islands, though numerous, have not a grace to exhibit, and one thinks of the other, the real flowers of geography in this order, of Naples, of Capetown, of Sydney, of Seattle, of San Francisco, of Rio, asking how if *they* justify a reputation, New York should seem to justify one. Then, after all, we remember that there are reputations and reputations; we remember above all that the imaginative response to the conditions here

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presented may just happen to proceed from the intellectual extravagance of the given observer. When this personage is open to corruption by almost any large view of an intensity of life, his vibrations tend to become a matter difficult even for *him* to explain. He may have to confess that the group of evident facts fails to account by itself for the complacency of his appreciation. Therefore it is that I find myself rather backward with a perceived sanction, of an at all proportionate kind, for the fine exhilaration with which, in this free wayfaring relation to them, the wide waters of New York inspire me. There is the beauty of light and air, the great scale of space, and, seen far away to the west, the open gates of the Hudson, majestic in their degree, even at a distance, and announcing still nobler things. But the real appeal, unmistakably, is in that note of vehemence in the local life of which I have spoken, for it is the appeal of a particular type of dauntless power.

The aspect the power wears then is indescribable; it is the power of the most extravagant of cities, rejoicing, as with the voice of the morning, in its might, its fortune, its unsurpassable conditions, and imparting to every object and element, to the motion and expression of every floating, hurrying, panting thing, to the throb of ferries and tugs, to the plash of waves and the play of winds and the glint of lights and the shrill of whistles and the quality and authority of breeze-borne cries—all, practically, a diffused, wasted clamor of *detonations*—something of its sharp free accent and, above all, of its sovereign sense of being "backed" and able to back. The universal *applied* passion struck me as shining unprecedentedly out of the composition; in the bigness and bravery and insolence, especially, of everything that rushed and shrieked, in the air as of a great intricate frenzied dance, half merry, half desperate, or at least half defiant, performed on the huge watery floor. This appearance of the bold lacing-together, across the waters, of the scattered members of the monstrous organism—lacing as by the ceaseless play of an enormous system of steam-shuttles or electric bobbins (I scarce know what to call them), commensurate in form with their infinite work—does perhaps more than anything else to give the pitch of the vision of energy. One has the sense that the monster grows and grows, flinging abroad its loose limbs even as some unmannered young giant at his "larks," and that the binding stitches must forever fly further and faster and draw harder; the future complexity of the web, all under the sky and over the sea, becoming thus that of some colossal set of clockworks, some steel-souled machine-room of brandished arms and hammering fists and opening and closing jaws. The immeasurable bridges are but as the horizontal sheaths of pistons working at high pressure, day and night, and subject, one apprehends with perhaps inconsistent gloom, to certain, to fantastic, to merciless multiplication. In the light of this apprehension indeed the breezy brightness of the Bay puts on the semblance of the vast white page that awaits beyond any other perhaps the black overscoring of science.

Let me hasten to add that its present whiteness is precisely its charming note, the frankest of the signs you recognize and remember it by. That is the distinction I was just feeling my way to name as the main ground of its doing so well, for effect, without technical scenery. There are great imposing ports —Glasgow and Liverpool and London—that have already their page blackened almost beyond redemption from any such light of the picturesque as can hope to irradiate fog and grime, and there are others, Marseilles and Constantinople say, or, for all I know to the contrary, New Orleans, that contrive to abound before everything else in color, and so to make a rich and instant and obvious show. But memory, and the actual impression, keep investing New York with the tone, predominantly, of summer dawns and winter frosts, of sea-foam, of bleached sails and stretched awnings, of blanched hulls, of scoured decks, of new ropes, of polished brasses, of streamers clear in the blue air; and it is by this harmony, doubtless, that the projection of the individual character of the place, of the candor of its avidity and the freshness of its audacity, is most conveyed. The "tall buildings," which have so promptly usurped a glory that affects you as rather surprised, as yet, at itself, the

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multitudinous sky-scrapers standing up to the view, from the water, like extravagant pins in a cushion already overplanted, and stuck in as in the dark, anywhere and anyhow, have at least the felicity of carrying out the fairness of tone, of taking the sun and the shade in the manner of towers of marble. They are not all of marble, I believe, by any means, even if some may be, but they are impudently new and still more impudently "novel"—this in common with so many other terrible things in America—and they are triumphant payers of dividends; all of which uncontested and unabashed pride, with flash of innumerable windows and flicker of subordinate gilt attributions, is like the flare, up and down their long, narrow faces, of the lamps of some general permanent "celebration."

You see the pincushion in profile, so to speak, on passing between Jersey City and Twenty-third Street, but you get it broadside on, this loose nosegay of architectural flowers, if you skirt the Battery, well out, and embrace the whole plantation. Then the "American beauty," the rose of interminable stem, becomes the token of the cluster at large—to that degree that, positively, this is all that is wanted for emphasis of your final impression. Such growths, you feel, have confessedly arisen but to be "picked," in time, with a shears; nipped short off, by waiting fate, as soon as "science," applied to gain, has put upon the table, from far up its sleeve, some more winning card. Crowned not only with no history, but with no credible possibility of time for history, and consecrated by no uses save the commercial at any cost, they are simply the most piercing notes in that concert of the expensively provisional into which your supreme sense of New York resolves itself. They never begin to speak to you, in the manner of the builded majesties of the world as we have heretofore known such—towers or temples or fortresses or palaces—with the authority of things of permanence or even of things of long duration. One story is good only till another is told, and sky-scrapers are the last word of economic ingenuity only till another word be written. This shall be possibly a word of still uglier meaning, but the vocabulary of thrift at any price shows boundless resources, and the consciousness of that truth, the consciousness of the finite, the menaced, the essentially *invented* state, twinkles ever, to my perception, in the thousand glassy eyes of these giants of the mere market. Such a structure as the comparatively windowless bell-tower of Giotto, in Florence, looks supremely serene in its beauty. You don't feel it to have risen by the breath of an interested passion that, restless beyond all passions, is forever seeking more pliable forms. Beauty has been the object of its creator's idea, and, having found beauty, it has found the form in which it splendidly rests.

Beauty indeed was the aim of the creator of the spire of Trinity Church, so cruelly overtopped and so barely distinguishable, from your train-bearing barge, as you stand off, in its abject helpless humility; and it may of course be asked how much of this superstition finds voice in the actual shrunken presence of that laudable effort. Where, for the eye, is the felicity of simplified Gothic, of noble preeminence, that once made of this highly pleasing edifice the pride of the town and the feature of Broadway? The answer is, as obviously, that these charming elements are still there, just where they ever were, but that they have been mercilessly deprived of their visibility. It aches and throbs, this smothered visibility, we easily feel, in its caged and dishonored condition, supported only by the consciousness that the dishonor is no fault of its own. We commune with it, in tenderness and pity, through the encumbered air; our eyes, made, however unwillingly, at home in strange vertiginous upper atmospheres, look down on it as on a poor ineffectual thing, an architectural object addressed, even in its prime aspiration, to the patient pedestrian sense and permitting thereby a relation of intimacy. It was to speak to me audibly enough on two or three other occasions—even through the thick of that frenzy of Broadway just where Broadway receives from Wall Street the fiercest application of the maddening lash; it was to put its tragic case there with irresistible lucidity. "Yes, the wretched figure I am making is as little as you see my fault—it is the fault of the buildings whose very first care is to deprive churches of their visibility.

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There are but two or three—two or three outward and visible churches—left in New York 'anyway,' as you must have noticed, and even they are hideously threatened: a fact at which no one, indeed, appears to be shocked, from which no one draws the least of the inferences that stick straight out of it, which every one seems in short to take for granted either with remarkable stupidity or with remarkable cynicism." So, at any rate, they may still effectively communicate, ruddy-brown (where not browny-black) old Trinity and any pausing, any attending survivor of the clearer age—and there is yet more of the bitterness of history to be tasted in such a tacit passage, as I shall presently show.

Was it not the bitterness of history, meanwhile, that on that day of circumnavigation, that day of highest intensity of impression, of which I began by speaking, the ancient rotunda of Castle Garden, viewed from just opposite, should have lurked there as a vague nonentity? One had known it from far, far back and with the indelibility of the childish vision—from the time when it was the commodious concert-hall of New York, the firmament of long-extinguished stars; in spite of which extinction there outlives for me the image of the infant phenomenon Adelina Patti, whom (another large-eyed infant) I had been benevolently taken to hear: Adelina Patti, in a fan-like little white frock and "pantalettes" and a hussarlike red jacket, mounted on an armchair, its back supporting her, wheeled to the front of the stage and warbling like a tiny thrush even in the nest. Shabby, shrunken, barely discernible to-day, the ancient rotunda, adjusted to other uses, had afterwards, for many decades, carried on a conspicuous life—and it was the present remoteness, the repudiated barbarism of all this, foreshortened by one's own experience, that dropped the acid into the cup. The sky-scrapers and the league-long bridges, present and to come, marked the point where the age—the age for which Castle Garden could have been, in its day, a "value"—had come out. That in itself was nothing—ages do come out, as a matter of course, so far from where they have gone in. But it had done so, the latter half of the nineteenth century, in one's own more or less immediate presence; the difference, from pole to pole, was so vivid and concrete that no single shade of any one of its aspects was lost. This impact of the whole condensed past at once produced a horrible, hateful sense of personal antiquity.

Yet was it after all that those monsters of the mere market as I have called them, had more to say, on the question of "effect," than I had at first allowed?—since they are the element that looms largest for me through a particular impression, with remembered parts and pieces melting together rather richly now, of "down-town" seen and felt from the inside. "Felt"—I use that word, I dare say, all presumptuously, for a relation to matters of magnitude and mystery that I could begin neither to measure nor to penetrate, hovering about them only in magnanimous wonder, staring at them as at a world of immovably closed doors behind which immense "material" lurked, material for the artist, the painter of life, as we say, who shouldn't have begun so early and so fatally to fall away from possible initiations. This sense of a baffled curiosity, an intellectual adventure forever renounced, was surely enough a state of feeling, and indeed in presence of the different half-hours, as memory presents them, at which I gave myself up both to the thrill of Wall Street (by which I mean that of the whole wide edge of the whirlpool), and the too accepted, too irredeemable ignorance, I am at a loss to see what intensity of response was wanting. The imagination might have responded more if there had been a slightly less settled inability to understand what every one, what any one, was really doing; but the picture, as it comes back to me, is, for all this foolish subjective poverty, so crowded with its features that I rejoice, I confess, in not having more of them to handle. No open apprehension, even if it be as open as a public vehicle plying for hire, can carry more than a certain amount of life, of a kind; and there was nothing at play in the outer air, at least, of the scene, during these glimpses, that didn't scramble for admission into mine very much as I had seen the mob seeking entrance to an up-town or a down-town electric car fight for life at one of the apertures.

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If it had been the final function of the Bay to make one feel one's age, so, assuredly, the mouth of Wall Street proclaimed it, for one's private ear, distinctly enough; the breath of existence being taken, wherever one turned, as that of youth on the run and with the prize of the race in sight, and the new landmarks crushing the old quite as violent children stamp on snails and caterpillars.

The hour I first recall was a morning of winter drizzle and mist, of dense fog in the Bay, one of the strangest sights of which I was on my way to enjoy; and I had stopped in the heart of the business quarter to pick up a friend who was to be my companion. The weather, such as it was, worked wonders for the upper reaches of the buildings, round which it drifted and hung very much as about the flanks and summits of emergent mountain-masses—for, to be just all round, there *was* some evidence of their having a message for the eyes. Let me parenthesize, once for all, that there are other glimpses of this message, up and down the city, frequently to be caught; lights and shades of winter and summer air, of the literally "finishing" afternoon in particular, when refinement of modelling descends from the skies and lends the white towers, all new and crude and commercial and over-windowed as they are, a fleeting distinction. The morning I speak of offered me my first chance of seeing one of them from the inside—which was an opportunity I sought again, repeatedly, in respect to others; and I became conscious of the force with which this vision of their prodigious working, and of the multitudinous life, as if each were a swarming city in itself, that they are capable of housing, may beget, on the part of the free observer, in other words of the restless analyist, the impulse to describe and present the facts and express the sense of them. Each of these huge constructed and compressed communities, throbbing, through its myriad arteries and pores, with a single passion, even as a complicated watch throbs with the one purpose of telling you the hour and the minute, testified overwhelmingly to the *character* of New York—and the passion of the restless analyst, on his side, is for the extraction of character. But there would be too much to say, just here, were this incurable eccentric to let himself go; the impression in question, fed by however brief an experience, kept overflowing the cup and spreading in a wide waste of speculation. I must dip into these depths, if it prove possible, later on; let me content myself, for the moment, with remembering how from the first, on all such ground, my thought went straight to poor great wonder-working Émile Zola and *his* love of the human aggregation, the artificial microcosm, which had to spend itself on great shops, great businesses, great "apartment-houses," of inferior, of mere Parisian scale. His image, it seemed to me, really asked for compassion—in the presence of this material that his energy of evocation, his alone, would have been of a stature to meddle with. What if *Le Ventre de Paris,* what if *Au Bonheur des Dames,* what if *Pot-Bouille* and *L'Argent,* could but have come into being under the New York inspiration?

The answer to that, however, for the hour, was that, in all probability, New York was not going (as it turns such remarks) to produce both the maximum of "business" spectacle and the maximum of ironic reflection of it. Zola's huge reflector got itself formed, after all, in a far other air; it had hung there, in essence, awaiting the scene that was to play over it, long before the scene really approached it in scale. The reflecting surfaces, of the ironic, of the epic order, suspended in the New York atmosphere, have yet to show symptoms of shining out, and the monstrous phenomena themselves, meanwhile, strike me as having, with their immense momentum, got the start, got ahead of, in proper parlance, any possibility of poetic, of dramatic capture. That conviction came to me most perhaps while I gazed across at the special sky-scraper that overhangs poor old Trinity to the north—a south face as high and wide as the mountain-wall that drops the Alpine avalanche, from time to time, upon the village, and the village spire, at its foot; the interest of this case being above all, as I learned, to my stupefaction, in the fact that the very creators of the extinguisher are the churchwardens themselves, or at least the trustees of the church property. What was the case but magnificent for pitiless

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ferocity?—that inexorable law of the growing invisibility of churches, their everywhere reduced or abolished *presence*, which is nine-tenths of their virtue, receiving thus, at such hands, its supreme consecration. This consecration was positively the greater that just then, as I have said, the vast money-making structure quite horribly, quite romantically justified itself, looming through the weather with an insolent clifflike sublimity. The weather, for all that experience, mixes intimately with the fulness of my impression; speaking not least, for instance, of the way "the state of the streets" and the assault of the turbid air seemed all one with the look, the tramp, the whole quality and *allure*, the consummate monotonous commonness, of the pushing male crowd, moving in its dense mass—with the confusion carried to chaos for any intelligence, any perception; a welter of objects and sounds in which relief, detachment, dignity, meaning perished utterly and lost all rights. It appeared, the muddy medium, all one with every other element and note as well, all the signs of the heaped industrial battle-field, all the sounds and silences, grim, pushing, trudging silences too, of the universal will to move—to move, move, move, as an end in itself, an appetite at any price.

In the Bay, the rest of the morning, the dense raw fog that delayed the big boat, allowing sight but of the immediate ice-masses through which it thumped its way, was not less of the essence. Anything blander, as a medium, would have seemed a mockery of the facts of the terrible little Ellis Island, the first harbor of refuge and stage of patience for the million or so of immigrants annually knocking at our official door. Before this door, which opens to them there only with a hundred forms and ceremonies, grindings and grumblings of the key, they stand appealing and waiting, marshalled, herded, divided, subdivided, sorted, sifted, searched, fumigated, for longer or shorter periods—the effect of all which prodigious process, an intendedly "scientific" feeding of the mill, is again to give the earnest observer a thousand more things to think of than he can pretend to retail. The impression of Ellis Island, in fine, would be—as I was to find throughout that so many of my impressions would be—a chapter by itself; and with a particular page for recognition of the degree in which the liberal hospitality of the eminent Commissioner of this wonderful service, to whom I had been introduced, helped to make the interest of the whole watched drama poignant and unforgettable. It is a drama that goes on, without a pause, day by day and year by year, this visible act of ingurgitation on the part of our body politic and social, and constituting really an appeal to amazement beyond that of any sword-swallowing or fire-swallowing of the circus. The wonder that one couldn't keep down was the thought that these two or three hours of one's own chance vision of the business were but as a tick or two of the mighty clock, the clock that never, never stops—least of all when it strikes, for a sign of so much winding-up, some louder hour of our national fate than usual. I think indeed that the simplest account of the action of Ellis Island on the spirit of any sensitive citizen who may have happened to "look in" is that he comes back from his visit not at all the same person that he went. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and the taste will be forever in his mouth. He had thought he knew before, thought he had the sense of the degree in which it is his American fate to share the sanctity of his American consciousness, the intimacy of his American patriotism, with the inconceivable alien; but the truth had never come home to him with any such force. In the lurid light projected upon it by those courts of dismay, it shakes him—or I like at least to imagine it shakes him—to the depths of his being; I like to think of him, I positively *have* to think of him, as going about ever afterwards with a new look, for those who can see it, in his face, the outward sign of the new chill in his heart. So is stamped, for detection, the questionably privileged person who has had an apparition, seen a ghost in his supposedly safe old house. Let not the unwary, therefore, visit Ellis Island.

The after-sense of that acute experience, however, I myself found, was by no means to be brushed away; I felt it grow and grow, on the contrary, wherever I turned:

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other impressions might come and go, but this affirmed claim of the alien, however immeasurably alien, to share in one's supreme relation was everywhere the fixed element, the reminder not to be dodged. One's supreme relation, as one had always put it, was one's relation to one's country—a conception made up so largely of one's countrymen and one's countrywomen. Thus it was as if, all the while, with such a fond tradition of what these products predominantly were, the idea of the country itself underwent something of that profane overhauling through which it appears to suffer the indignity of change. Is not our instinct in this matter, in general, essentially the safe one —that of keeping the idea simple and strong and continuous, so that it shall be perfectly sound? To touch it overmuch, to pull it about, is to put it in peril of weakening; yet on this free assault upon it, this readjustment of it in *their* monstrous, presumptuous interest, the aliens, in New York, seemed perpetually to insist. The combination there of their quantity and their quality —that loud primary stage of alienism which New York most offers to sight—operates, for the native, as their note of settled possession, something they have nobody to thank for; so that *un*settled possession is what we, on our side, seem reduced to — the implication of which, in its turn, is that, to recover confidence and regain lost ground, we, not they, must make the surrender and accept the orientation. We must go, in other words, *more* than half-way to meet them; which is all the difference, for us, between possession and dispossession. This sense of dispossession, to be brief about it, haunted me so, I was to feel, in the New York streets and in the packed trajectiles to which one clingingly appeals from the streets, just as one tumbles back into the streets in appalled reaction from *them*, that the art of beguiling or duping it became an art to be cultivated —though the fond alternative vision was never long to be obscured, the imagination, exasperated to envy, of the ideal, in the order in question; of the luxury of some such close and sweet and *whole* national consciousness as that of the Switzer and the Scot.

To A Wayfarer

BY L. B. BRIDGMAN

BE strong.
The way is steep, the way is long;
There is no ending till thy strength shall end,—
And yet, be strong.

Be brave.
The night is dark, the goal's the grave.
They need not courage who have Hope for friend,—
But *thou*, be brave.

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An Unskilled Laborer

BY MAY KELSEY CHAMPION

THE coming home after your first long visit away is a wonderful experience. There are so many surprises. The rooms are larger or smaller—it depends upon where you have been,—but new, anyway, and strange, and far, far pleasanter than anything you have seen in your travels. The stairs are farther from the door, the fireplace tiles are green—you had thought that they were blue,—and even the sitting-room clock strikes differently.

Graham Lee found that he had forgotten a good deal in the two weeks that he had been with his aunt in Lenox. He had forgotten how warm and bright and fragrant the front hall was when you came into it just after dark on a cool evening. He had forgotten how straight and tall his father was, and how deep and pleasant his voice sounded when he spoke. And then, oh, then, with his arms about her neck, he found that he had forgotten just how beautiful —how *beautiful*—his mother was!

Even Cummings seemed to have learned more agreeable ways in the two weeks, and that first night at dinner did not push Graham's chair so close to the table that his elbows hit when he ate—which is very uncomfortable when your feet do not touch the floor and you cannot push the chair back without getting out entirely. Cummings even noticed at once when Graham's glass was empty, or when he wanted more of anything, which was a great improvement in Cummings.

Graham felt that it was good to be at home again and have everybody so glad to see him.

And then, after dinner, to sit by the fire, very close to his mother, with his hand in hers! There was company—a man who had dressed up in old clothes and gone all around getting work in factories and mines and lumber-camps and places, to see how that kind of people lived, and was going to write a book about it,—so they could not talk much; they had to listen to him; but they smiled at each other very often. Nothing that he had known while he was away had been like this! Sometimes he would go over and sit on the arm of his father's chair. Of course he did not take his hand. Men didn't. But he would lean against his shoulder for a while, and then, by and by, he would come back to his mother.

Oh, but it was fine to get home!

And the next morning, to go around and see the fellows, and after he had made sure that they regarded him a little differently for his having been away, to let them see that he was unchanged in spite of it!

Oh yes, it was great, being home!

But it does not take long for the newness to wear off, and by noon of the day after his return Graham had reached that restless period which is between the excitement of the arrival and the taking up of the old manner of life.

He went to his room after luncheon, and sitting down by a window, considered what there was to do. School would begin Monday, so he felt that he must not waste the afternoon. As he looked across the park he could see the men at work on the new extension of the Chaloner Museum of Art. It must be very hard to work all through the summer vacation, but a good many people had to.

Some of the stories that Mr. Leiter had told the night before were very interesting. He must have had a great many experiences. Graham thought that he would like to read his book when it was printed. It was a fine thing to go around and study the lives of the working-people and tell about them and try to ameliorate their conditions. He had never thought of it before.

He looked over toward the red brick

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walls of the museum and wondered if there were any labor conditions over there. But of course there were; Mr. Leiter found them everywhere.

Graham rose. He knew what he would do. He would put on his overalls and old cap and go over there and ask for work and study labor conditions. Then he would write a composition about them. There was always a composition to write as soon as school began.

As he walked across the park he felt more and more the loftiness of his purpose. In his composition he would fearlessly expose any wrong that he might see,—any oppression,—and perhaps he might do a great deal of good.

He asked the first workman that he saw if he could get a job. He disliked the word, but it seemed to him the one to use. The workman looked up from the mortar he was mixing, surveyed Graham for a considerable period, then indicating with a turn of his thumb a man who was carrying bricks, replied that he must ask him.

Graham applied to the man with the bricks, only to be referred to another man who was looking out of a window in the second story. The man in the window sent him down to the cellar, where he was passed from one to another among the plumbers, and then directed to the carpenters up-stairs, to meet with a similar experience.

It was not until after his fourteenth interview that the conviction reached Graham that he had been imposed upon, and was the victim of a general joke. He was walking slowly down one of the corridors of the main building at the time, and it brought him to a sudden pause. From his observations that afternoon it began to appear to him that the laboring-man's condition did not so greatly need ameliorating. There seemed to be a good deal of resting and whistling and sitting on boxes and waiting for somebody else, in the building trades at least.

He passed on to the other corridor, where the pictures hung. Here some one had begun cleaning the brass railing that guarded a Rembrandt at the end. A cloth and a box of paste lay on the floor. Graham picked them up and began to rub. No one came to interfere, and he could at least feel like a workman and get his hands soiled with labor.

He had given himself up to the enjoyment of a lavish expenditure of strength and paste, when he heard voices behind him. In the next alcove Mr. Henry Chaloner, the founder of the museum, was talking to the curator.

"Yes, I have decided to take the trip around the Horn," he said, "so the pictures will remain here for some time—indefinitely, in fact. Ultimately, I suppose that I shall give them to the museum. You might tell Finch to change that Corot over to the other side, Mr. Torrey, and move the Diaz nearer the window. The light will be better on both. Don't you think so?"

Mr. Chaloner moved from one picture to another. They belonged at the house, but as there was no one there but himself now he had allowed them to be brought over to the museum for a while. He paused again before the Corot—a large canvas, full of the tender, shimmering, silvery green of spring-time. Isabel had chosen that. He remembered so well her delight in it. That was in their own spring-time.

He sighed and turned to the next alcove, where Graham, in his old cap and blue overalls, was polishing the brass railing. Mr. Chaloner regarded him with interest.

"Good afternoon," he said, after a few moments. "I didn't know that Harrison had so young a man on the force."

Graham removed his cap and said, "Good afternoon," then fell to work with all his strength upon a speck of tarnish.

He knew that this was Mr. Chaloner, giver of the museum and owner of the great Chaloner Mills. It was a meeting of employer and employed at the utmost extremes of the scale of labor—a situation that would have been full of opportunity for Mr. Leiter. He would have known what to say. Graham did not.

He rubbed as long as he could on the rail, Mr. Chaloner watching him the while with embarrassing steadiness; then he stopped to breathe.

"Do you have to work, my boy?" asked Mr. Chaloner.

"I thought I would," replied Graham, after a deep suspiration.

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"But you ought to be in school."

"This is vacation—sir." Graham began to rise to his part. "I go to school almost all the time. It's only vacations and Saturdays that I can work at my—my trade."

"And what do you call your trade?"

"Unskilled labor," replied Graham. Mr. Leiter had used the phrase several times during the evening before, and he rather liked the sound.

"Oh!" Mr. Chaloner laughed. "It's a trade that's rather crowded, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir." The words were very respectful.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Graham hesitated. For a long time it had been a bright dream of his to be one day a pugilist—a gentlemanly one, of course; he did not see why that might not be. But he had mentioned it once to his mother, and she had begged him, in great distress and with tears in her eyes, never to let her hear the word again. Graham had pronounced it "pugerlist"—with the hard *g*. He had felt obliged to give it up, but nothing that he had thought of since seemed so alluring. The pause grew embarrassing. He disliked to say he didn't know, for Mr. Chaloner would not understand, and might suppose that he had never thought about it. Besides, he always hated to say he didn't know to anything. Graham's writing was bad, and he had been obliged to copy a certain line of Pope's twenty-five times one day at school. He remembered it now.

"An honest man," he offered, hesitatingly. Perhaps it would do.

"Well, there's plenty of room in that profession, at least." Mr. Chaloner leaned against the rail as if he meant to stay for a while.

"Yes, sir," said Graham, very respectfully, as before.

"Doesn't your father work?"

"Oh yes. —er—mill." Very hard. He works in a Graham saw the chance for an artistic touch and availed himself of it. Once or twice of late his father had referred to his business as a treadmill. "But it takes a great deal to support us. I'm a great expense. I wear out my clothes and I eat a great deal."

"So you try to help him." Mr. Chaloner regarded him with approval. "It does you much credit."

It did not seem to Graham that it was quite fair to his father to leave it that way, and it made him feel uncomfortable to receive credit that did not belong to him. For a moment he thought of explaining things to Mr. Chaloner, but the afternoon was half over, and he had not yet learned anything about labor conditions that he could put into a composition. Besides, Mr. Leiter never explained. Graham didn't see how he could have kept from it sometimes without feeling mean.

"I'd like to help him," he replied, truthfully. "He says I do help him in a good many ways. He's the *best* father! I've seen quite a good many fathers—other fellows', you know." Graham raised his face and spoke with great earnestness. "I've just been away, and we missed each other a great deal. Every Sunday afternoon we go for a long walk in the country and talk about things."

"What do you talk about?" It was taking an advantage, but Mr. Chaloner looked down into the eyes that were gazing back at him all alight with affection, and put the question. He was growing interested in this boy, who must be the child of one of his own millhands, it appeared.

Graham considered. Some questions sounded so easy and were so hard to answer.

"Quite often," he began, slowly, still trying to select—"quite often we talk about what we would do if things happened."

"How do you mean?" Mr. Chaloner pursued, still leaning against the rail and watching the boy intently.

"Well, like this," replied Graham,—"What would you do if you were writing your geography examination and heard a boy behind you whisper the answer to a question before you were quite sure whether you knew it yourself?"

"What would you do?"

"I wrote: 'Zambesi. I think I knew it, but I heard Harold Dodge whisper it, too.'"

Mr. Chaloner nodded.

"Then sometimes he asks my advice about things—real, grown-up things,

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you know." Graham stood very straight and told it proudly. "Of course he doesn't expect me to know always, and I make mistakes, and he laughs. But I tell him what I think I'd do. We have splendid times; and he knows all the birds and almost all the wild flowers."

Mr. Chaloner turned away and began looking at the pictures. His own boy, George, was about the age of this little fellow in the blue overalls. George was away at school, and it had seemed best to keep him there, even through the last vacation.

"Do you like these?" Mr. Chaloner asked, when he had made half the circuit of the alcove.

"I like the light-colored ones and the ones you can look at close to," replied Graham.

"So do I," said Mr. Chaloner. "I think our tastes must be similar."

"Do you like posters?" inquired Graham. "Father brings me home all the good ones, and I'm making a collection. I think collections are interesting, don't you? I have a good many—stamps and postal cards and minerals and such things."

"This is the only collection I have," said Mr. Chaloner. "I enjoyed making it, but I'm thinking of giving it away now."

There was a weariness in his words which even Graham recognized.

"It's a very nice one," he said, encouragingly. "Sometimes I get tired of my collections, but I put them away, and after a while I get interested again. Perhaps you will."

"Perhaps." But there was no warmth in the tone.

"That's quite a pretty one." Graham indicated a small landscape by Constable. "It looks like a place where father and I went fishing last summer, when he took his vacation. It looks quite a good deal like it." Graham regarded the canvas critically. "We camped out for two weeks—just us two."

His voice thrilled and his eyes were shining at the joyful recollection as he looked up. "We had such a good time!" he said, with a happy sigh.

Mr. Chaloner smiled back at the bright, upturned face.

"I hope you can go again next summer," he said; and he held out his hand.

Graham looked at his. It was soiled and sticky with the paste.

Mr. Chaloner looked also and laughed, but he did not withdraw his hand.

"I don't mind," he said, courageously.

"I think I'd rather wash them," suggested Graham.

"All right."

The giver of the Chaloner Museum of Fine Arts waited while the young unskilled laborer in blue overalls went off down the corridor in search of water and a towel.

In a short time Graham returned, and presented a hand that was clean, though still a little damp from hurried drying.

Mr. Chaloner held it in a close grasp for a moment.

"Good-by, my boy, good-by," he said. "I hope we'll see each other again."

Mr. Henry Chaloner walked slowly down the gray marble stairway of the museum and across the park to his home.

Not a sound greeted him as he opened the door. He was used to that, but tonight the house seemed more than usually still.

Leaving his hat and coat in the hall, he went into the library to wait until dinner should be ready. He did not trouble to dress when his wife was away.

The library was still, too, except for the steady and monotonous blowing of the gas-log in the fireplace.

His mail was waiting on his desk, but he did not approach it; neither did he take up the paper which lay on the table.

Crossing the room, he sat down before the fireplace. For some time his gaze followed the irregular line of small flames—always the same line! How tiresome a gas-log was! And they had given up their old friendly wood fires for it. Something that was real, for a hollow semblance! He smiled a little bitterly. A wood fire was almost human in its companionship.

He wished that he had brought that little fellow in the blue overalls home to dinner with him. The child had interested him. He reminded him a good deal of George, too. And how the boy had run on about his father! He wondered what George would have found to say to a stranger about his father. Perhaps he never spoke of him at all. They seldom saw each other.

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

GRAHAM STOOD VERY STRAIGHT AND TOLD IT PROUDLY

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The man moved uneasily in his chair. He had thought that he was doing what was best for his child. He had given careful consideration to the school he had placed him in. It was one of the best in the country. But he knew what he would like. To-morrow would be Sunday. He would like to take a walk into the country with him—and talk about things—like that little fellow and his father. How proudly the boy had told of his father's asking his advice sometimes! He would like to do that, too.

He had never meant to neglect George. But to-night he was conscious of a need of him, a longing for his presence, which he had never felt before. He wondered if George had ever felt a need of him. The thought made him stir again, uncomfortably.

He bent forward and turned out the gas.

The father of that little fellow at the museum was one of his own mill-hands, it seemed. If so, he would be out of work next Monday. He hoped that it would not make any difference with the boy. He would try to see that it did not.

There would be twelve hundred or more other men out of work as well, many of them with children too. He regretted it. He had told Shipley that from the first. But Shipley had said that the mills were running behind, and they would have to shut down for a few months.

He had never interested himself very much in the mills, which had been his father's pride, and while Montgomery was in charge there had been no need. Shipley was new.

He could not remember that Montgomery had ever shut down, except for a few days at a time, for repairs or new machinery. The Chaloner Mills had a wide reputation for steadiness, and had run on full time through several seasons of trade depression and more than one actual panic.

It had been his father's wish that he should one day take charge of the mills himself, but he had hated them and kept as far as possible from their clatter.

An hour, a half-hour, and another hour sounded from the clock on the mantel.

Henry Chaloner sat before the fireplace surveying the perspective of past years. They had not been very useful years. His father's life of steady, earnest toil stood out in sharp contrast. But he had not needed to work like that. He could scarcely spend the money now, though he gave away large sums each year.

Giving—yes, he believed he had given rather generously. Perhaps there was a little that was worthy in his life, after all. Then he was ashamed. What was it that he had given? Something that he did not want himself, and had never earned. His hands had never touched belt or pulley. He looked at them curiously. It was the toil-hardened hands of twelve hundred other men that had made his giving possible—the hands of the men he was planning to turn off on Monday.

In his desk was a letter offering fifty thousand dollars to the town of Conway for a library. Conway was his father's birthplace, and he had always meant to do something for it. He had written the letter that morning.

For a while longer he sat considering. At last he rose. Something of the old Chaloner resolution had been reborn within him.

Going to his desk, he found the letter and dropped it into the waste-basket. Conway would have to wait a year or two.

Then he went out in the hall to the telephone.

"Oh, Shipley," he called, over the private wire, "I've decided to put off shutting down for a while. I'll see you early Monday morning."

Returning, he sat down to his mail, running it over rapidly at first to select what appeared most important.

One of the letters he opened with a hurried, nervous movement.

There were many sheets of fine, heavy paper, and the cipher was I. V. C., in silver.

The lines in Mr. Chaloner's face deepened as he read the loosely written pages, one after another telling of the brilliant events that were filling the days and nights at Lenox—accounts of dinners and house-parties; long paragraphs of names made familiar by the Sunday newspapers:

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT MOTIONLESS IN THE EMPTY, SILENT ROOM

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"It is all very gay and pleasant enough," he read at last, "but I am getting tired of Lenox, perhaps, and I am coming home, Henry.

"Have you fully decided upon the trip around the Horn? If, for any reason, you should have given it up, I believe I should not go to New York this winter. I have seen enough of New York here at Lenox, and it seems to me that I should like to be at home. We have never tried a winter there.

"But perhaps you would not care for it. And then, you must not change your arrangements. I do not forget how consistently you have kept your part of our agreement of three years ago not to question or interfere with each other's purposes or decisions in any way, and I should not like you to give up the voyage if you would enjoy it.

"If we were to be at home, I should like to send for George. The school may not be so good there, but we could try it for a while. It is a long time since we had him with us.

"I am afraid that I have not been a very good mother to him.

"There has been a child up here—Mrs. Cornwallis's nephew, Graham Lee. He reminded me a good deal of George. And he was constantly talking of his mother in such a beautiful way. I think it was hearing him that has made me see, for I know that George could never talk of me in that way.

"And it is not toward him alone that I have failed, Henry. I have seen that, too. And because I have seen, it almost seems to me that if I came home now I could go back to those other, better days —that we could begin some things differently, and find again something of that which we have lost.

"I am coming on the half past four train Monday. ISABEL."

Henry Chaloner read the sheet a second and a third time.

It was not a dream. These were words on paper, and the paper rustled as he turned the page.

For a long time he sat motionless in the empty, silent room, his head resting upon his hand. It was he who had been wrong those many times—he who had failed toward both her and the child.

Remorse, bitter memories, hope, stern determination to do a man's work in the world henceforth, prayers of thanksgiving, prayers for help—all these swept his soul by turns.

If he could ever tell her!

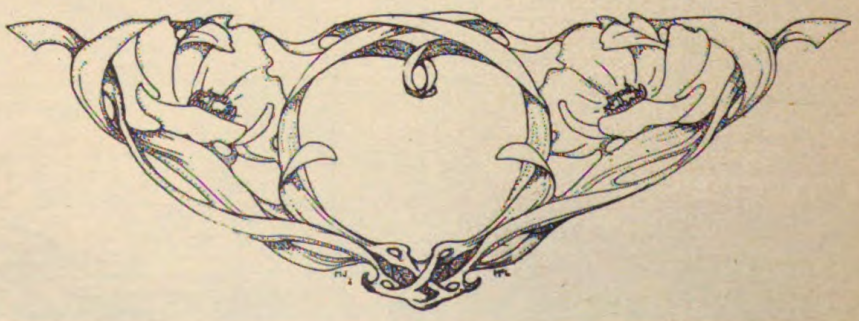
But she was coming Monday. Monday! A great gladness overcame all the rest.

Suddenly he rose. He would go to her to-night. He could reach her in a few hours, and they would come home together.

Graham Lee sighed as he went upstairs that night. He had been listening again to Mr. Leiter's experiences. And they were such interesting ones!

Graham had scoured the brass railing at the museum until the last man left the building, but he had not had any.

He had not been able to learn anything about labor conditions or to ameliorate anything. It was very hard when you wanted to so much.



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The Last Barrier

THE LIFE STORY OF A SALMON

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IN a circular hollow in the clear, bright gravel of the river bar the tiny egg of the great Quah Davic salmon stirred to life. For months it had lain there among its thousands of fellows, with the clear, cold, unsullied current streaming over it ceaselessly.

The bar on which the parent salmon had hollowed their round gravel nest was far up the Great South Branch of the Quah Davic, not many miles from the little, cold spring lake that was its source. The Great South Branch was a stream much loved by the salmon, for its deep pools, its fine gravel spawning-beds, the purity and steady coldness of its current, and the remoteness which protected it from the visits of greedy poachers. In all its course there was but one serious obstruction, namely, the Big Falls, where the stream fell about twelve feet in one pitch, then roared down for half a mile over a succession of low ledges with deep pools between.

The falls were such that vigorous fish had no trouble in surmounting them. But they inexorably weeded out the weaklings. No feeble salmon ever got to the top of that straight and thunderous pitch. Therefore, as the spawning-bars were all above the falls, it was a fine, long-finned, clean-swimming breed of salmon that was bred in the Great South Branch.

When the tiny egg in the gravel stirred to life—as the thousand other tiny eggs were doing at the same time,—there was no ice sheet imprisoning the current, which ran, singing pleasantly, under a soft spring sun. The deep hollow in the gravel sheltered the moving atoms, so that they were not swept away by the current streaming over them. But minute as they were, they speedily gathered a strength altogether miraculous for their size, as they absorbed the clinging sacs of egg substance and assumed the forms of fish, almost microscopic, but perfect. This advance achieved, they began to venture from behind and beneath the sheltering pebbles, to dare the urgent stream, and to work their way shoreward toward shallower waters, where the perils which beset young salmon would be fewer and less insistent. The egg from which he came having been one of the first to hatch, the tiny salmon was one of the first of the host to find his strength and to start the migration shoreward from the nest on the noisy bar. Perhaps a score started with him, trying the current, darting back to shelter, then more boldly venturing again.

A passing trout, hungry and fierce-eyed, darted above them, heading up against the stream; but being so few and scattered they escaped his fatal attentions. Terrified, however, by the sudden shadow, they hid in the gravel, and for some time made no further trial of the dangerous outer world. When the salmon atom ventured forth again he found himself in a greater company. Hundreds more of the tiny creatures had left the nest and were moving shoreward with him. As the defenceless throng advanced, he saw a couple of what seemed to him gigantic creatures dashing hither and thither among them, snapping them up greedily by twos and threes; and he himself barely escaped those greedy jaws by shooting forward in the nick of time. These seeming monsters were but young redfins, a couple of inches in length, whom he would soon come to despise and chase from his feeding-grounds.

His superior development and speed having so well served him, he was now a foot or more in advance of the throng, and so escaped another and even more wide-ranging peril. A huge shadow, as vast as that of the trout, swept down

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upon them; and as he shrank beneath a sharp-edged stone he saw a big sucker settle lazily down where the thronging fry were thickest. With round, horribly dilating and contracting mouth, turned down like an inverted snout, the big fish sucked up the little wrigglers greedily, even drawing them out by his power of suction from their hidings in the gravel. Of the hundreds that had started on the first migration from the nest, not more than threescore followed their frightened and panting mite of a leader into the shallows where the sucker could not come.

Among the little stones close to shore, where the water was hardly more than an inch deep, even the greedy young redfins would not venture. Nevertheless there were plenty of enemies waiting eagerly for the coming of the new-hatched fry, and the little fellow whose one hour of seniority had made him the pioneer of the shoal found all his ability taxed to guard the speck of life which he had so lately achieved. Keeping far enough from shore to avoid being stranded by some whimsical ripple, he nevertheless avoided the depths that were sufficient for the free hunting of the predatory minnows and redfins. Such of his kinsfolk as stayed farther out soon served, the greater number of them, as food for the larger river-dwellers, while those who went too close inshore got cast up on the sand to die, or were pounced upon, as they lay close to the surface, by ravenous and unerring mosquitoes, which managed to pierce them even through a film of water a sixteenth of an inch or so in thickness.

Even at the safest and most cunningly chosen depth, however, the little pioneer had plenty of perils to guard against. Secure from the suckers and redfins on one hand, and the mosquitoes on the other, he had yet for enemies certain predatory larvæ and water-beetles, as well as a few inch-long youngsters of the trout family, who were very active and rapacious. There was a water-beetle with hooked, pincerlike jaws and lightning rapidity of movement, which kept him almost ceaselessly on the alert, and filled him with wholesome terror as he saw it capture and devour numbers of his less nimble or less wary kin. And one day, when he had chanced, in the company of his diminished school of fry, to drift into a shallow cove where there was no current at all to disturb the water, he was chased by the terrible larva of a dragon-fly. This strange-looking creature, with what seemed a blank, featureless mask where its face and jaws ought to be, darted at him under the propulsion of jets of water sucked into its middle and spurted out behind. Having taken alarm in time, he made good his escape between the stalks of a fine water-weed where the big larva could not penetrate.

Meanwhile, as he was himself continually busy catching and devouring the tiny forms of life which abounded in those fruitful waters — minute shell-fish and the spawn of the water-snails that clung under the stones, gnats, and other small insects that feed on the water, and even other fry just from the egg,— he was growing at such a rate that presently the fierce water-beetles and the baby trout ceased to have any terrors for him. And at last, turning savagely as one of his old tormenters passed by, he caught a small beetle between his jaws and made a meal of him. A few days later one of the baby trout was too slow in getting out of his way. He made a dart, caught his former tyrant, and, though the latter was nearly an inch long, found no difficulty in swallowing him head first.

By this time the little salmon was between two and three inches in length. He was what those learned in matters pertaining to the salmon would have called a "parr." His coloring was very beautiful, in a higher key than the coloring of a trout, and more brilliant, if less showy. There was none of the pink of the trout, but a clear silvery tone on sides and belly, with a shining blue-black along the back. The sides were marked with a row of black dots, set far apart, and accentuated with a yellow flush around them, and another row of spots of most vivid scarlet. Along the sides also ran a row of broad, vertical, bluish-gray bars—the badge of the young of all the salmon tribe. He was a slender, strong-finned, finely moulded little fish, built to have his dwelling in swift currents and to conquer turbulent rapids.

By this time there were not more than twoscore of his brothers and sisters left

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alive, and these scattered far and wide over the shoaling stream. It was high summer in the Quah Davic country, and the Great South Branch was beginning to show its ledges and sandy bars above water. Deep green the full-leaved boughs of elm and ash, poplar and maple, leaned above the current; and along the little meadows which here and there bordered the stream, where the lumbermen had had camps or "landings," the misty pink-purple blossoms of the milkweed poured a wild sweetness upon the air. In a shallow run near the shore, where the sunlight fell mottled through an overhanging "sweeper," and the current was about eight inches deep and there was no pool near to tempt the larger fish, the active and wary little "parr" took up his home. The same run was chosen by three of his fellows also, and by a couple of small trout of about the same size. But there was room enough in that run for all of them, so the association was harmonious. Lying with his head upstream, his long fins and broad tail slowly waving to hold him in his position against the current, the little parr waited and watched while his food was brought to him by the untiring current. Sometimes it was a luckless leaf-grub or a caddis-worm torn from its moorings that came tumbling and bumping down along the smooth pebbles of the bottom, to be gathered into the young salmon's eager maw. Sometimes it was a fly or moth or bee or beetle that came dancing down with drenched, helpless wings along the tops of the ripples. And once in a while a pink-shelled baby crawfish in its wanderings would come sidling across the run, and be promptly gobbled up, for all the futile threatenings of its tiny claws. The river was liberal in its providing for its most favored children, these aristocratic and beautiful parr, so the youngster grew apace in his bright run.

Happy though his life was now in every kind of weather, he was still beset with perils. He had, of course, no longer anything to fear from the journeying suckers with their small, toothless mouths; but now and then a big-mouthed, red-bellied, savage trout would pass up the run, and in passing make a dart at one of the little occupants. In this way two of the parr and one of the little trout disappeared — the trout-folk having no prejudice whatever against cannibalism. But our pioneer, ceaselessly on the watch and ever matchlessly nimble, always succeeded in keeping well out of the way. Once he had a horrible scare, when a seven-pound salmon, astray from the main channel, made his way cautiously up the middle of the run and scraped over the bar. In this case, however, the alarm was groundless, for the stranger was not seeking food, but only a way out of the embarrassing shallows.

Another peril that kept the young parr on the alert—an ever-imminent and particularly appalling peril—was the foraging of the kingfishers. A pair of these noisy and diligent birds had their nest of six little ones in a hole in the red bluff just above the run, and they took ceaseless tribute from the finny tribes of the river.

All through the summer and autumn the little parr was kept very busy, feeding, and dodging his enemies, and playing in the cheerful, shallow run beneath the cedar. When the early autumn rains swelled the volume of the Great South Branch, he first realized how numerous were the big salmon in the stream—fish which had kept carefully clear of the shallow places wherein he had spent the summer. Though he held himself well aloof from these big fish—which, indeed, never paid him any attention whatever,—he noticed them playing tempestuously, leaping high out of the pools, and very busy night and morning on the gravel bars, where they seemed to be digging with their powerful snouts.

Still later in the season, when, instead of flies and beetles, there fell upon the darkening surface of the river little pale specks which vanished as he snatched at them, he grew fiercely and inexplicably discontented. What he longed for he did not know; but he knew it was nowhere in the waters around him, neither along the edges of the shore, where now the ice was forming in little crisp fringes. All about him he saw the big salmon—their sides lean and flat, their brilliant colors darkened and faded—swimming down languidly with the strenuous current. Hitherto their movements had been all up-stream—upward, upward incessantly and gladly. Now the

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old energy and joy of life seemed quite gone out of them. Nevertheless, they all seemed very anxious to go somewhere, and the way to that somewhere appeared to be down-stream. Hardly knowing what he did, and not at all knowing why he did it, the little parr found himself slipping down-stream with them. He had grown vastly in size and strength, while his vivid and varied hues had begun to soften appreciably. In fact, he was now no longer a parr, but a "smolt"; and after the ordained custom of his kind, he was on his way down to the sea.

Long-finned and full of vigor, the little smolt was not dismayed when he came to heavier water, exchanging the region of the gravelly bars for a space of broken ledges, where the great current roared hither and thither and lashed itself into foam. Through these loud chutes and miniature falls he shot safely, though not, at first, without some trepidation. The lean, slab-sided salmon, or "slinks," who were his travelling companions, served as his involuntary guides. Except to make use of them in this way once or twice, he paid them little attention; though now and again a big lantern-jawed fellow would rush at him with a sort of half-hearted fury, compelling him to make a hurried retreat. The Great South Branch, soon after the region of the wild ledges was past, fell into quiet ways, and crept for a few miles with deep, untroubled current through a land of alders. Here the winter, which had by this time settled down upon the Quah Davic country, had its will, and the river was frozen and snow-covered from shore to shore. The little smolt, as he journeyed beneath the ice, was puzzled and disturbed by the unusual dimness of the light that filtered down to him.

This was a condition, however, which he soon left behind. Swollen by the influx of several lesser streams, the Great South now burst its fetters and thundered along through a series of tumultuous rapids. Then above the thunder of these rapids came a louder, heavier roar. A moment more and he was hurled onward bewilderingly, dashed downward through a smother of broken water which held so much air in it that it almost choked him, and shot into a great, deep, swirling pool, where many "slinks" and a few slim smolt like himself were swimming lazily hither and thither. He had successfully made the descent of the South Branch Falls.

After a very brief rest in the basin below the falls to recover his self-possession, the smolt, with many other migrants, resumed his seaward journey. The Great South presently, with a long rush, united its waters with those of the main Quah Davic. Down this full-flowing stream he swam steadily for three uneventful days, to find himself at length in a mighty river whose amber-brown current was a surprise to him after the clear, greenish flood in which he had been born. And barely had he become accustomed to it when another and more startling change confronted him. The current, flowing strongly in one direction, would change for a time and flow directly against him. A strange, bitter taste was in the water. The great salt tides were rushing up to welcome him. He was nearing the sea.

At first the brackishness in the water repelled him; but almost at once he found himself accepting it with avidity. At the same time he could not but observe a sudden awakening of interest in life among the languid "slinks." They began to show a better appetite, to move about more alertly, to make themselves more dangerous to the small fish which crowded their paths. The water grew more and more salt—yet with an ever-increasing zest to it which made the smolt amazingly keen for his food. Then the shield of ice above him, beneath which he had for so long travelled, suddenly vanished, and through long, free, apparently shoreless waves he felt the sunlight streaming down to him unimpeded. He had reached the sea.

The smolt, with others like himself, kept travelling more or less, in the company of the reviving "slinks." Like all the rest of the strong-finned, silver-sided host, he was now feeding with a ravenousness of appetite unknown to him in the old days of rapid and pool. His food was chiefly the very tiny creatures of the sea—shell-fish from the deep-covered rocks and floating masses of weed, young fry swimming in schools, jellyfish of various sorts, and the myriad minute sea

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things which made certain belts and patches of the sea, at times, almost like a kind of soup ready to his eager palate. Ever north and north swam the silver host, seeking those cold currents from the pole which are as thick with life as the lands they wash are lifeless. Very deep they swam—so deep that, countless as their armies were, they left no trace to betray them to the nets or hooks of the fishing-fleets. In those faintly glimmering depths the slow tide stirred softly, unmoved by whatever arctic storm might rave and shriek over its surface.

In this gloom the tiny creatures of the sea shone by their own pale phosphorescence, and in such unimaginable millions did they swarm that the journeying salmon had but to open their mouths to be fed. At this depth, too, they had but little persecution from the more swift and powerful hunters of the sea —the big-mouthed whales, the sharks, and the porpoises.

When the young salmon had been about three months in the sea, growing diligently all the time, a strange but potent influence impelled him, along with most of his companioning hordes, to turn and journey backward toward the coast whence he had come. He was now about five pounds in weight, and if he had fallen into the hands of a fisherman he would have been labelled a "grilse."

As the big grilse journeyed he went on growing daily, till by the time he found himself back in the waters of the Gulf he was a good six pounds in weight. As he mounted nearer the surface and drew inshore he passed the mouths of various rivers and encountered swirling currents of brackish water. At each of these river mouths numbers of the host would separate and turn up the freshening tide. But our grilse kept right on, making unerringly for his mighty native stream. And those that continued with him were more in number than those that turned aside.

It was during this journey down offshore that perils once more began to assail the young salmon—perils which it took all his good luck and activity to evade. For one thing, there were dogfish. These miniature sharks, with their savage mouths set far under their snouts, were no match for the grilse or any of his kind in speed; but the latter, being unsuspicious, came very near being caught unawares. A swift sweep of his long fins and powerful tail saved him, just in time. He shot away like a silver streak just as the fierce jaws snapped sharply at his flank. After that he kept his eyes alert on the approach of any fish in the least degree larger than himself. And in the course of this watchfulness he saw many of his kinsmen caught and torn to pieces by these ravening dogfish, who are the very wolves of the sea.

Another and equally deadly peril was one that took several forms. Once, as he swam swiftly but easily onward, he saw a number of his companions, who chanced to be a little ahead of him, stop abruptly and engage in what seemed to him a meaningless struggle. In a moment he detected a mesh of fine, brown lines, which seemed to surround and grapple with the unfortunate fish. Not waiting to investigate further, he retreated with a nervous flurry of speed. Then, not to be deterred in his homeward progress, he dived almost to the bottom and continued his journey, not returning toward the dangerous surface till he was many a mile beyond the throttling peril of the drift-net.

Leagues up the great river, after mounting several noisy but not difficult rapids, the grilse came to a halt for the first time in a deep and spacious pool which swarmed with his fellows.

A day's journey beyond the pool, a great outrush of colder water, green-white against the amber tide of the main river, greeted the returning grilse, and he found himself in the mouth of his native Quah Davic. It was a scantier and shallower stream, however, than when he left it, for now the long heats of the summer had shrunken all the watercourses. As he mounted the clear current he now encountered fierce rapids and ledges boiling with foam, which put his swimming prowess to the test. After a day of these rapids and ledges, he felt quite ready to halt once more in a great green pool, where two lively brooks, tumbling in from either shore, kept the surface flecked with whirling foam. Here the invigorating coolness of the water speedily refreshed him, and he fell to

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feeding on the various insects brought down by the meeting currents. The pool was thronged with grilse and full-grown salmon, with here and there a school of graceful whitefish or a group of sluggish suckers, whom he ignored. When the moon rose white over the black serried masses of the fir woods, silvering the pool, the big grilse, obeying a sudden caprice, shot upwards with a mighty surge of fins and tail, and hurled himself high into the still air. Falling back with a resounding splash, he repeated the feat again and again. He had discovered the fascination of diving upward into the unknown and alien element of the air. Others of his kindred, large and small, had made the same discovery, and the wilderness silence was broken with splash after splash as the tense, silver shapes shot up, gleamed for an instant, and fell back. As the noise of the mysterious play echoed on the night air, a black bear crept down to the water's edge on one side of the stream, and a lynx stole out to the end of a log on the other side, each hoping that some unwary player might come within reach of his paw. But all the salmon kept out in the safe deeps, and the keen-eyed watchers watched in vain as the round moon climbed the clean heights of the sky.

After a few days in this pool, he was surprised one early morning by the sight of a long, dark shape gliding over the surface. From its side, near the hinder end, a curious narrow fin thrust downward from time to time, and with heavy swirls propelled the dark shape. The strange apparition disturbed him, and he grew restless and watchful. A few minutes after it had passed there came a faint splash on the surface above him, and a big, odd-looking fly appeared. It sank an inch or two, moved against the current, and was then withdrawn. But when, a moment later, the strange fly appeared again, he was amazed to see one of the biggest salmon in the pool rise lazily and suck it down. The next instant there was a terrific commotion. He saw the great fish rush hither and thither up and down and around the pool, now scattering the whitefish on the bottom, now splashing upon the surface and leaping half his length into the air. Very clearly the cunning grilse understood what it all meant. For many long minutes he watched the struggle, which showed no sign of ending. Then, disgusted and apprehensive, he forsook the pool, darting beneath the canoe as he did so, and continued his journey up-stream.

Later in the day the returning traveller came to the mouth of the Great South Branch. Without hesitation he turned up that turbulent but shrunken stream, knowing it for his own; and he made no stops till he reached the deep, green, foamy pool at the foot of the falls. Being still comparatively fresh and very restless, he swam all around the pool, and took a crafty survey of the terrific obstacle before him. But among the sojourners in the pool were many fish with bleeding sides, who had essayed the leap in vain and were waiting to recuperate their energies for another effort. He, too, paused a little, gathering his young strength.

The falls of the Big South were about twelve feet in total height. There were two leaps, the upper one, of about three feet, rolling down into a hollow shelf of sandstone some three or four feet in width, and the lower dropping nine feet sheer into the pool. Most of the face of this fall, at this stage of the water, was lashed into foam by fissures and projecting angles of rock, but on the right of the main volume the stream fell in a clear, green column. Up the front of this column the grilse presently flung himself, striking the water about a foot from the top. As he struck, the impetus of his leap not yet exhausted, his powerful fins and tail took firm hold of the solid water and urged him upward. Over the dip he shot, into the boiling turmoil of the shelf, then onward over the great surge of the upper dip. He had triumphed easily, and the way was clear before him to the shining gravel bars whereon he had been spawned.

Every day there were new arrivals at the spawning-beds, and among them the strong and wary grilse soon found a mate. She was considerably larger than he—a trim young salmon of the second year and perhaps nine pounds in weight. But his radiant coloring, his strength and his activity, as he swam around her and

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displayed his charms, appeared to content her. With his bony nose he dug her a circular nest in the gravel, where the current ran clear but not too strong; and in this nest she laid her countless eggs, while he rubbed his side caressingly against her shining flanks. When her eggs were all laid and fertilized he drifted away from her, dropped down to the nearest pool, and lay there sluggish and uninterested for a while, until, seized once more by the longing for the great salt tides, he joined a returning company of "slinks" and hurried back down-river to the sea.

When he reached the deep sea and regained his appetite among the sweeping tides, he once more began to grow. His fins became smaller in proportion to his bulk; and he was no longer a grilse, but a salmon. Adventures, perils, interests, appetites, were all much the same as during his first season in the sea. Only he now swam with a certain majesty, ignoring the grilse and smaller salmon who swam and fed beside him; for he was of splendid stature, one of the lords of his kind.

This time he let nearly the whole round of the year go by, feeding at leisure, and lazily dodging the seals, among the icy but populous tides that swing beyond the mouth of Hudson Strait. Then, late the following winter, long before the dark earth had any word of spring, spring stirred secretly in his veins, and he remembered the sunny gravel bars of the Great South Branch; he began to swim tirelessly southward.

It was late May when the returning salmon, having successfully eluded the snares of the nets and the assaults of harbor-seal and dogfish, came again to the mouth of his native river and fanned his gills once more in its sweet, amber current. He was now a good thirty-five pounds in weight, and his clean blue and silver body was adorned with fine markings of extraordinary brilliancy. Through rapid and chute and pool he darted tirelessly, and up the Great South Branch, till he found himself in the boiling basin of green and foam at the foot of the falls.

He knew that he had passed the barrier before, reaching those bright, gravelled reaches of which he was desirous. A summons which he could not disobey was urging him on. After a short rest he suddenly aroused himself, darted like a flash of silver through the green flood, and shot straight up the face of the fall. Within three feet of the crest he came, hung curved like a bow for a fraction of a second, glittering and splendid, then fell back into the white smother. Again and yet again he essayed the leap, gaining perhaps a foot on the second trial, but falling far short on the third. Then, exhausted and beaten by the great impact of the waters as he fell back defenceless, he retired to the quietest depth of the pool to recover his strength.

Through the turmoil he saw the wide, shallow, clear-glittering gravel bars of the upper stream, golden under the sun and blue-white under the moon; and he saw the loud barrier to be passed before he could reach them. Again he flashed up, with a power and swiftness that seemed irresistible, and again he shot into the spray-thick air on the face of the fall. Again he hung there for half a heart-beat, spent, to fall back baffled and confused. Again and again, however, he flashed upward to the trial. Again and again the rock teeth hidden in the foam caught and tore him as he fell. At last, all but stunned and altogether bewildered, he swam feebly into an eddy close to shore and half turned upon his side, his gills opening and closing violently.

A visitor from the hills had come shambling down to the river edge, one of the great black bears of the Quah Davic Valley. Sitting contemplatively on her haunches, with little, cunning eyes she had watched the vain leaps of the salmon. As the efforts of the brave fish grew feebler and feebler she drew down closer and closer to the edge of the water, till it frothed about her feet. When, at last, the salmon came blindly into the eddy and turned upon its side, the bear crept forward like a cat, crouched,—and a great black paw shot around with a clutching sweep. Gasping and quivering, the salmon was thrown up upon the rocks. Then white teeth, savage but merciful, bit through the back of the neck; and unstruggling he was carried to a thicket in the quiet above the falls.

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Toilers of the River

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

I STOOD upon the great steel bridge which spans the Monongahela and was bathed in an atmosphere of smoke. A strange, red haze lay like a veil upon the valley, and through it the sunlight stole sluggishly, casting curious shadows. The oily river gleamed below me, then farther on it curved and lost itself in the black-blue distance. Fleets of barges lay upon the river like the black squares of some huge checker-board. Consequential coal-boats were steaming noisily up and down, vomiting clouds of smoke, churning up the muddy water with their paddle-wheels, and leaving in their wake white trails of foam. A network of railroad tracks lay along each bank, and locomotives were shifting ceaselessly back and forth with shrieking whistles and the clang of bells. Beyond the railroad were the mills. Smoke poured from a wilderness of stacks and blotted out the sky. A towering blast-furnace was pouring out volumes of red ore dust. The houses round about were encrusted with red. Every little while I would be enveloped in a dense cloud of vapor, and through it, dimly, I would see the river shining. Here and there, against the general blackness, there would be some bursts of steam; and the sun, having fought its way through the sooty haze, would strike upon them, and my eyes would be dazzled by their brightness.

I walked to the far end of the bridge and climbed down the rickety stairs, which brought me to the foot of a sort of lane, leading up from the railroad and the river. I crossed the tracks, climbed over freight-cars piled high with coal, keeping a sharp lookout for the busy engines, and came upon the river bank. A house-boat was lying a couple feet from shore in the midst of a vast array of coal-barges, and a man sat dozing upon the little porchlike deck.

"Hello!" I called. "Have you got a boat?" He didn't understand. He put one hand up to his ear, shouted "Hey?" and with his other beckoned me over to the boat. I stepped gingerly across the shaky log which served as a gangplank. The man got up from his bench as I boarded the boat, and I saw that he was very tall and lean. Two red scars ran across his long, thin face and disappeared into the gray stubble which bristled upon his chin. He was blinking all the time as though his eyes were weak, and his bony hand trembled as he stretched it out to me. "Have you got a boat?" I asked again, and explained that I wanted to paint some pictures and get photographs of the mills from the river, and would like to have some one row me around a bit. "I guess Dan kin do it," he said. "He's out at the pumps. I'll call him," and he shouted out across the coal to where a stumpy funnel was belching smoke from a dingy shed. "I'd row you myself," the man said as he turned back to me, "only I hain't been well lately. Got the rheumatiz. Been workin' out in the rain too much, I reckon. Dan," he said, as a young fellow came running up across the coal, "have yer got enough water out of that barge so yer kin leave her a while? Here's a gentleman wants yer to row him 'round some. You'd better wash yer face." Dan's face was the color of the coal.

Dan dived into the house, and soon reappeared, smelling of soap, and with a freshly scrubbed face that contrasted startlingly with his grimy clothes. We jumped into a flat-bottomed rowboat whose seats were covered with coal-dust, and, after we had threaded our way between two fleets of barges, pulled out into the river. Dan sat in the bow. His arms were long and wiry, and as he pulled at the stumpy oars of our clumsy skiff, I could see his muscles playing beneath his shirt—a shirt which I think must once have been white. He was full of river talk and gossip of the mills, and while he

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Drawn by Thornton Oakley

FLEETS OF BARGES LAY UPON THE MONONGAHELA

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rowed he kept spinning all sorts of yarns, while I sat upon a newspaper in the stern and tried to keep my feet out of the puddle of dirty water in the bottom of the boat.

Dan told me about Jake — the long, lean man on the house-boat. He was Dan's father. Jake formerly had been a "keeper" in one of the blast-furnaces



A TYPICAL RIVER-MAN

across the river, and it was when Dan was still a youngster that the accident had occurred which had put an end to Jake's usefulness about the mills. It had been just before a casting, and Jake, with four or five "helpers," had been drilling through the fire-clay at the mouth of the furnace to open a passageway for the molten iron. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the vent blew open, and a roaring torrent of liquid metal gushed upon them. Dan's father had been the man nearest the furnace, and, in the confusion and wild scramble to escape, had fallen, had rolled up against the furnace door, and had been almost buried in boiling iron. He had been taken up for dead, with every stitch burned off him. There was hardly an inch of skin the molten metal had not touched. But there is a saying along the river that "cats and millmen have nine lives." A few weeks in the hospital had brought Jake back to life, and he resumed his work as "keeper" of the blast-furnace. In a couple of days, however, he found he could no longer stand the strain. He was nervous and his hands shook, his eyes were weak and he could not endure heat. He was obliged to give up his job. He turned river-man, and now, while the river was low and the dams were up, fleets of coal-boats were entrusted to his care.

"Lots of fellows get hurt in the mills," Dan went on. "There's old Steve — I guess you saw him at the railroad crossin' where you came down—the big fellow on crutches with the flag—I guess Steve used to get twenty dollars a day when he worked up with the Crucible. Then his crucible cracked, one day, just as he was swingin' it out of the furnace, and the steel went all over his legs. They put him on gate duty up there. That's all he was good for after that."

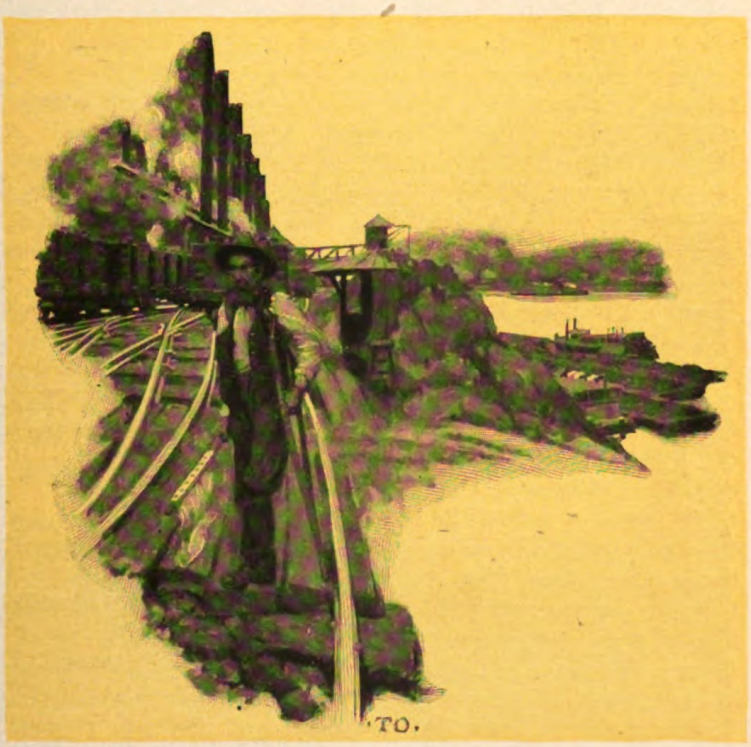
While Dan talked he was busy with our leaky rowboat. The wind drove the smoke from the mills so thickly down upon the river that at times we could see but a little way beyond the gunwale; or perhaps we would catch only the greenish-yellow glow of the Bessemer which was roaring over on the shore. A dingy coal-steamer would suddenly bear down upon us out of the smoke, and it would keep Dan hustling to get out of the way. It required care, too, in our hurry to steer clear of her, not to ship a boat-load of water, for our skiff was old and battered and at the stern where I was sitting a jagged hole gaped just above the water-line.

As soon as we would be safely by the steamer and her heaving wake, Dan would begin again some snatch of a steamboat yarn. He seemed to know every steamboat's whistle that blew upon the river. We would hear the deep, hollow whistle of a coming steamer long before we could see her outlines through the smoke, and Dan would say, "There comes the *Smoky City*," or, "There's the *J. W. Flint*."

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"Hello! Here comes the 'Hoodoo,'" said Dan, as a whistle shriller than the others pierced the smoke. "It's the *Iron Queen*," he went on as I looked at him inquiringly. "She used to be the old *James Carson*—I guess she don't ever make a trip but somethin' happens. She used to strike a snag regular up above the second pool, and her bottom got ripped clean out of her every time. Then, one night, a fire broke out in the engine-room when she was comin' up from Cinsunnatta. They tried to beach her, but her boilers blew up, and she sank in twelve foot of water. They fished her up and started her goin' agin, but first they gave her a new name. Guess they thought it might scare away the hoodoo. On the very first trip the old *James Carson* made as the *Iron Queen*, the mate cut his throat with a razor. He was a fellow called Matthews. He'd always been a cheerful sort of chap. No one ever knew what was the trouble, but it's been mighty hard ever since to get a crew on board the *Iron Queen*. That one on her now is gettin' mighty good pay, I reckon."

Dan pointed out an old side-wheeled excursion-boat, with rusty stacks and dilapidated paddles, which was lying among a jam of sunken flatboats, old barges, and all sorts of riffraff. She was the *Hurricane*, Dan said, and sometime back in the seventies she and her sister ship, the *Twin City*, had carried excursion parties between Pittsburg and Monongahela City. Captain Barnes of the *Hurricane* and Captain Sparks of the *Twin City* had each been owner as well as captain of his boat, and between these skippers had existed a friendly rivalry which had at length become so intense as to cause much amusement among the river-men. Gradually the tide of popular favor had ebbed from the boat of Captain Barnes and had flowed more and more steadily toward the *Twin City*. The poor old *Hurricane* would make her semi-weekly trips up-river with almost empty decks, while Captain Sparks would have his boat crowded to the rails. The cause of Captain Sparks' triumph had not been hard to find. He had formerly been captain of a Mississippi River packet down somewhere near Orleans, and his daughter, raised upon an old plantation, had been initiated into the deeper mysteries of the culinary art. When the captain came up North and bought the excursion-steamer *Twin City*, he made Susan mistress of the kitchen. It was not long before the fame of her cooking spread abroad. Those who had gone up-river with Captain Sparks came back with enthusiastic tales about the good things they had had to eat. Susan's "Chicken à la Créole" became proverbial along the valley.



"OLD STEVE," VICTIM OF MOLTEN STEEL

Captain Barnes struggled vainly against this tide of popularity, which threatened to strand him high and dry.

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In vain did he try cook after cook of various nationalities and of various degrees of efficiency. In vain did he advertise French *chefs* and imported Portuguese. In vain did he squander his carefully cherished hoard upon five musicians of Teutonic origin, who, clad in cloth of gorgeous blue and glittering buttons, would group themselves upon the deck on moonlight nights and blow uncertainly through asthmatic instruments. It was useless. In spite of all inducements, Susan and her chicken still proved irresistible. Something had to be done and done at once, or the captain would have to sell the *Hurricane*.

Captain Sparks was surprised one morning by a visit from Captain Barnes. "Cap'n," said Captain Barnes, "that old boat of mine is gettin' kinder tuckered out. Her bottom's all but done fer by them bloomin' snags, an' Pete says he won't answer much longer fer her engines. He says they're wheezin' somethin' terrible. So I reckon I'll put her up on the docks an' let her have a right good goin' over; an' I thought while she was gettin' fixed I'd come over here a bit, an' maybe get a bite of them things of Susan's I've heared so much about."

Captain Sparks was greatly pleased. Nothing delighted him more than praise of Susan, and especially when it came from Captain Barnes. So it came about that while the *Hurricane* lay high and dry upon the ways, Captain Barnes was to be found on board the boat of Captain Sparks. But the river-men wagged their heads knowingly when they gossiped of Captain Barnes. "Old Sparks must be blind," they said, "not to see what Sam Barnes is up to, potterin' around in the kitchen there all day with Susan. The *Hurricane* don't want her bottom fixed. You kin see that with one eye closed, an' her engines wuz put in only a year ago last Christmas."

The river-men were right. When the *Hurricane* resumed her regular trips up the Monongahela, the following lines appeared in the daily advertisement of the steamer's sailings: "It is hardly necessary to state that the cuisine of the *Hurricane* is unexcelled. It is under the sole management of Mrs. Susan Sparks Barnes."

Dan had been resting on his oars, and the current had taken us over to the right bank of the river. The smoke had lifted for a while, and we could see the blast-furnaces, like towering chimneys from the pit, vomiting red clouds of ore dust. Through the smoke, as through a veil of red, we could see the city rising on the hill behind. We had drifted up to a dingy barge laden deep with coal, and on it men were toiling, black with soot. Two steam-shovels with gaping jaws descended with a rush from a gigantic framework which towered above our heads, then rose swiftly with a rattle of chains and the hiss of steam—a ton of coal within their maws.

I listened to the men's talk as they toiled and sweated and guided the mouthfuls of coal into the hungry shovels. The barge was a very Babel. Every man had a language of his own—save one, who spoke them all. This fellow was a great hulk of a man, with eyes as round as saucers, and a woolly mustache upon his heavy lip. He held a short stump of a pipe in his mouth and diffused an odor of rank tobacco. During the brief pauses in his work, while the shovel soared aloft, he would have some unintelligible jargon to translate into something equally unintelligible. I recognized Italian, however, when he muttered something about "cinque dollari" to a fellow laborer who was spreading out his palms in a way that had made me take him for a Frenchman. There was a German, too, but I could not guess the nationality of a heavily built man with deep-set eyes and broad, flat nose, who spluttered in his speech. "What barbarous language do you suppose that is?" I asked Dan, but Dan only shook his head. The polyglot workman overheard my question. He looked at me in a superior way. "Slavonic," he growled between his teeth. "There ain't much English 'round the mills." The next day, when I was wandering through the mills, I remembered what he had said. I had gone hoping to get some characteristic stories from the mill-hands, but they only shook their heads and muttered when I spoke to them, or else they would stare at me vacantly and blow vile whiffs from their pipes.

When Dan and I pulled away from the coal-barge, we kept slowly on up-stream,

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Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE STEAM-SHOVEL TAKES UP A TON OF COAL AT A TIME

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hugging the shore, rowing in and out among the house-boats, and stopping every little while to talk with the bargemen. We were in the midst of the coal-boat landings. Broad fleets of barges lay end to end along both shores, and the house-boats were dotted thickly up and down. You could see the wives of the house-boat men toiling about the decks, and pinning up long lines of fluttering garments—soon to be blackened in the soot. Children were swarming all about—dirty-faced youngsters, coal-begrimed and ragged. The air was full of their shrill voices. A crowd of ragamuffins were taking headers from a barge into the turbid river. Their wet skins glistened as they clambered out and perched themselves along the boat. They were shouting and howling at one another, and kept up a prodigious splashing. The bargemen were busied with their work among the coal-boats. Some of them had sons to help them. These more fortunate ones would lean back in their chairs comfortably, puffing at their corn-cob pipes, and shout orders out to the boys working upon the barges.



"THERE COMES THE 'SMOKY CITY,'" DAN WOULD SAY

The work of the house-boat man keeps him constantly busied. He earns from fifty to a hundred dollars a month, with the use of the house-boat, according to his ability and the number of coal-boats entrusted to his care. This is but small pay for the work he has to do. A coal-boat is always leaking, and he must be constantly at the pumps. The pumping-engines are usually in a little shed out in the midst of the fleet of barges, and from the shed pipes reach out like long tentacles. Once in a while the pumps get out of order or an important pipe bursts, and like as not when this happens some barge will be leaking rapidly. Then the river-man gets excited. He must have help at once or his barge will sink—an event which will not improve his record upon the books of the coal company. Perhaps a neighbor's fleet may lie conveniently near, so that a pipe can be stretched from his pumping-boat to the sinking barge. Maybe some other house-boat man will have an extra set of pumps, and will send them over to aid his fellow. Help is always at hand for the river-man in trouble. One blast upon his whistle and from a mile or so up and down the stream his neighbors will come hurrying, eager to bring succor to their comrade.

It is not the barge-keeper's only duty to see that the coal is dry and that his barges will not sink. Day and night he must be on the watch to keep his boats secure. He who has thirty or forty barges in his care has but little peace. The wash from a passing steamer's paddle-wheel often causes mischief, and unless the ropes are strong and taut, a coal-boat may break loose and float clumsily down-stream—a menace to the river's shipping.

I remember a tale one of the river-men was telling me about a barge that drifted off during a stormy night and stranded on a bar 'way down in the Ohio. Though the night was inky black, it was soon discovered by the folk along the

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Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE COAL-BOAT MAN LEADS A PEACEFUL LIFE

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river. They swarmed out to the barge in rowboats, and all that night there flowed a steady stream of coal to the shore. The next morning, when the steamboat men came down the river in quest of an errant flatboat, they found the flatboat high and dry upon a sand-spit; but of the ten thousand bushels of coal which she had carried, there remained only a little blackish mud and dust.



THE MOST IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE CREW

In the winter when the water is low, and the coal-boats lie quietly in the pools above the dams, the routine of the bargeman is but little troubled by fear of accident. But in the spring, when the thaws set in and the rains have come, the heavy winter snows far up in the mountains melt away and torrents come gushing down the valley. Now the keeper must bestir himself. A coal-boat rise is at hand; the dams will soon be down, and he must have his fleet in readiness for its long-expected journey to Orleans.

But for the most part the coal-boat men dwell peacefully along the river's banks. They all have tales about their life in younger days before they had married and settled down in house-boats. Some had sweated in the mills until made useless by an accident; but most of them have been steamboat men and can describe for you every packet that has plied upon the river, every turn and twist of the Ohio down to Cairo.

The bargemen see but little of the life that teems behind them on the hill. They depend upon the steamboat-folk for news about the city. At night, when the coal-steamers are lying moored along the quay, you will see their crews emerging from their grimy cabins and disappearing in the city's streets. Soon, with Mag or Liz, they will be hearing the latest coon-song or local gags at some vaudeville show. Or, perhaps, they'll put in the night at Scroggins's saloon, and in the morning the bargemen will hear the gossip of the town—how "Jack" Johnson knocked out "Kid" Maloy in the fifth round, with a straight left on the jaw; how Broderick, the mate of the *Breezy Point,* has run off with the skipper's daughter; how the South Side furnaces have cut down their working force, and a thousand mill-hands are out of a job.

While the city sleeps, the river glows with life. Furnaces fling tongues of flame into the black arch of night. Bursts of fire from roaring Bessemers illuminate the valley. The towering stacks, pouring out their smoke, stand black against the glare. The night is full of the thunder of the mills.

Down on the river the shadows of the coal-boats flicker darkly. The eddies gleam as they swirl out into the light. The pumping-boats clang steadily, and on the creaking barges the house-boat men are still upon the watch. The city slumbers, but the river-man works on. His labors cease not with the day; night offers him no respite. He is a toiler of the river.

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The Heart of the Dragon

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

IN all San Francisco's Chinatown, gilded with sunlight and richly splashed with color, there was not another sight so quaint, so bright, or so engaging as that of pretty little Suey Ling—motherless and only five years old—sitting alone in the doorway of her father's house, holding fast to a poor old headless doll as if she felt that it too might be just about to pass from her tiny grasp forever.

She was a gayly dressed but sober little woman-child, with large, brown, half-awed eyes, a tiny mouth sensitive with eagerness for affection, and the roundest and smoothest of tinted-bronze cheeks imaginable. Her tiny feet, in their wee yellow boats of shoes, were as motionless as her two dimpled, doll-clasping hands, for she had a fear.

Whether she remembered how death had come to take away her mother, and knew certain signs of its approach, or whether she partially comprehended some vague intuition respecting her father's fatal illness now, may never be known; yet she sat in the very corner of the doorway, instinctively making room for death to pass, and for a long time nothing came there to keep her company save the sunlight, generous and comforting.

Nevertheless, as she sat there, demure and alone, a Chinese melody, teased from a one-stringed violin, at last came floating down from the casement above, and gave her great pleasure, despite the fact that its cadence was overburdened with sentiments of newly budded love.

It was Luey Mow, a Chinese youth of two-and-twenty, who played with such impassioned fervor. He was joyously confiding certain transports of ecstasy to the various gods who might have been attracted to this particular neighborhood of Chinatown by sundry red lanterns and Oriental symbols in green and gold. He was very much in love indeed with an altogether delightful Chinese maiden at present secure from Mongolian intrigue in the Rescue House, that was roofed and fenced by white man's law and governed by white man's women. The maiden's name was Nikku Loy, and in memory of certain glances bestowed upon him obliquely from her eyes, Luey played and sang a rapture vocally expressible only in a very high falsetto voice. He sang a continued novelette, concerning the manner of his love, for each and every day of the year, the tale enriched and supplemented by a florid recital of the names of the gods who would esteem the mating between himself and Nikku Loy an obedience to their most celestial wishes.

It was a pleasant song—from a Chinese point of contemplation. Little Suey Ling opened wide her tiny ears and tiny nature, as she sat in the sunlight, to receive every chirrup, accent, and squeak of the one-stringed rhapsody. And the squeaks were many. To her lonely little being, however, the notes came like invisible playmates, to nestle in the lap of her heart. She sat so still and listened so intently that she did not even observe the hard, ugly face of a large Chinese man, revealed at a window of the opposite house, as the creature glared across the narrow street at her pretty little figure. Indeed, when he came from his door at last and stood for a moment looking hungrily upon her, she continued oblivious to everything save that melody of love.

Impatiently the man surveyed the street. It was all but deserted. Again he regarded the listening little girl as he once more revolved his meditations. There she sat, in easy reach—worth at least three hundred dollars, and her father perhaps already dead! A galvanic spasm contracted the muscles of the man's tense limbs as he abruptly restrained an impulse to dart across the way and snatch little Suey thus prematurely. But he thought of a method far

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more crafty, and furtively retreated to his hovel.

In half an hour the music ceased, and eager little Suey felt that the friendly squeaks and chirrups had returned to their home. Then the sunlight also deserted her corner and left her in the cooling shadow.

Afraid to arise and enter the house, afraid to remain where the dusk was stealing in upon her so mystically, little Suey tried her utmost to suppress a tiny shiver and to face the dreaded things of coming night, already weaving shades about the precious form of her doll. Her little arms were aching with the tension of her grasp; her tiny heart was trembling timidly at the silence. Then a stealthy sound behind her, in the house, abruptly cast a paralyzing terror on her being.

In her father's door stood the Chinese ogre who had glared at her so covetously from across the street. He had come to the house by a hidden way.

Some ugly sound of greed and satisfaction escaped his lips. He caught up the child, who clung in frenzy to her doll, and fleeing through the silent dwelling, entered a passage he knew at the rear, and thus came, by ways black and devious, to a safe and dark retreat, where waiting for night could involve no complications.

Here he lighted a candle, and seating the silent, fluttering child on the top of a box, muttered horribly frightening calculations on her worth in the market of slaves. Little Suey dared not move so much as an inch. She dared not cry or speak a word. To her doll she clung with a new desperation.

Apparently rendered tinier by the huge, engulfing shadows of the place, and further dwarfed by the great, repulsive form of the man who towered there above her, Suey seemed the merest little plaything of the Fates, gayly clothed as she was in yellow, red, and green, and seated here alone, fatherless, motherless, and friendless—a sweet, tiny morsel of womanhood to bait a lifelong tragedy.

Her captor sat down at his gloating at length to await the fall of all-concealing darkness. For nearly an hour little Suey remained quite motionless upon her box, only a trifle less terrified than she finally became the moment the man once more took her up in his arms to convey her away from the place.

The way they went was partially open to the darkness of the starlit evening, but much of the route was by the blackest passages. Thus they came at length to a basement of proved security, wherein abided a female creature, old, seamed with coarseness, and long before despoiled of beauty, conscience, and nearly all her feminine emotions. It was she who opened the door at the man's peculiar signal; and it opened on a veritable cavern of unilluminated gloom.

The trembling and orphaned little captive—clinging in utter despair to her doll—was placed in the slave-woman's arms, the doll being caught and torn from one of its legs by the process of transfer.

At the touch of something feminine, in all this darkness, little Suey was almost overcome with relief and gratitude. She threw one arm about the hardened woman's neck and held with all her baby strength to the "mother" she felt but could not see. She sobbed out one little smothered speech of imploring and confidence, nestling as if from every harm on the bosom where feeling had long since parched for lack of tears or milk.

"Go in and shut the door," said the man. "I stay but a moment to inform you that you keep and guard this little property of mine with your life."

He pushed the woman into the basement blackness, and following, closed the door himself. At the sound of his voice little Suey crept yet closer to the woman's neck, her other tiny hand fast gripping an arm of her doll.

"This child is very young," said the woman.

"I know," interrupted the abductor. "She is very young, and five or six years is long to feed her and wait; yet she is gifted with beauty, and her price will increase far faster than her appetite."

The woman inquired, "She is to live with me?—and learn of me?"

"Until I take her elsewhere," answered the man. "And that I may find her here every day when I come, I give you warning that upon her loss you suddenly perish."

"But," said the woman, "she is of much value, even now, and belongs, no doubt, to some one else. If by chance

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon

THE CHINESE OGRE HAD COME TO THE HOUSE BY A HIDDEN WAY

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she is stolen, I being but a woman, old and alone—"

"If she is stolen, your fortune is ill, for then you die," replied the man. "Keep care in your house that bad luck may not enter."

In the darkness he reached out and caught the woman by the hair, with which he filled his fist for a brutal tightening. Then he let himself out, and his "properties" remained in the basement there together.

For a moment the woman felt a burning resentment against little Suey surge hotly through her veins. The child was more than a care—she was certainly a menace. Responding to the cruelty and callousness long engendered in her nature, the abandoned slave creature placed a violent hand on the little captive's neck in a gesture of rage that abruptly overwhelmed some tentative feeling of elation that the child's soft clinging had awakened.

At the touch of unkind fingers little Suey suddenly felt that the ogreish man had snatched her anew. She tightened her grip on the woman's collar and cried out the equivalent for "Mamma!" in her fright.

The fingers relaxed and retreated. The woman stood there, either unwilling to move or temporarily incapable of action. An overwhelming desire to see the child, to look on her soft baby face, presently took possession of the woman's every faculty. She felt her way along the wall of the passage, and so came at length to a solid door which opened on a living-room, the features of which were dimly revealed by the rays of a small lighted lamp.

Locking herself and the child in this apartment, she placed little Suey on a couch and regarded her intently. Indeed, the inspection was mutual. And the child, beholding the coarse, hard features of the being to whom she had clung, felt some awful sensation of bereavement and dread come heavily upon her. Slowly she placed her one small disengaged arm across her eyes and hung her head.

Some unfamiliar sound, at least half anguish, escaped the woman's lips. The child's unspoken accusation was too poignant to be borne. It could not be real; even one like herself could not be such a sport of the Fates—she could not have felt that something stir within her, at a baby's touch, only to have it mocked like this!

She knelt on the floor and held out her arms.

"Baby—come," she said, almost harshly, more in command than persuasion.

Little Suey made no motion whatsoever. Her tiny arm was still before her face, shutting out the vision she had seen.

Then the woman struck herself upon the breast and rose to her feet, laughing at the weakness and the folly to which she had almost succumbed. But she could not laugh away the memory of that almost painful ecstasy which, vouchsafed her in the dark, had darted through the indurated fibre of her womanhood when the child had clung on her bosom for refuge and a hope. She could not drive all this away with a blow upon the outside shell of her being.

Somewhat roughly she undressed the supperless little prisoner, snatching away the mutilated doll to facilitate the operation. Despite the fact that little Suey made no sound of grief at this, nevertheless the woman knew the little thing was anguished beyond expression to be robbed thus ruthlessly of her plaything. It was perhaps a small concession to make, but the slave-woman presently caught up the doll and thrust it again into the empty little arms as she tucked the tiny captive into bed.

Once, next day, the woman tried again to coax little Suey to her arms. Again she failed, for Suey was afraid. Then a process commenced.

At the outset it was more in the nature of a contest than an evolution. The woman's better nature, parched to the merest kernel, attempting now to sprout, was at war with all the ugliness her life had developed for years. But if callousness had been augmented in her thoughts and habits, none the less had her woman's thirst for motherhood increased. A mighty force, long pent, well-nigh forgotten, like that in an acorn dry and old, was swelling with growth at the touch of childish helplessness at last.

At the coming of the second day, no longer able to endure the famine in her bosom, the woman had recourse to

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an art. She sought out her paints, cosmetics, and oils, with the which she had once given beauty to her face, when beauty was essential in her trade. With these she labored for two long hours, concealing the lines of harshness, age, and sin, and the sallow hues of shamelessness her features had acquired. She made herself pretty and youthful and gay. She brought out faded glories from her dressing-case in which to robe her form. She conjured back a smile to her unused lips; she honeyed her voice and scented her hands. Then, praying to all-but-forgotten Chinese gods to give her grace, she once again, in fear and eagerness, approached her silent little companion and begged her to be friends.

All day she coaxed and wooed and smiled—her lost arts of softness returning uncertainly, like lost or wayward lambs. At the end little Suey slipped quietly into the outheld arms—doll and all—and felt the bosom where she lay toss painfully with sobs that could not find an exit large enough to let them issue forth.

When Fate sits down at her loom to weave, she loveth a closely knit design. Into the pattern concerned with tiny Suey Ling the musical rhapsody of youthful Luey Mow had found its way on the afternoon of the bold abduction, but with this Dame Fate was not to be content.

Aware of the utter futility of perpetrating Chinese serenades that were lost on the air a good half-mile from the ears of Nikku Loy, Luey Mow was making bold to advance his hopes in directions more substantial.

There exists a certain mundane proverb to the effect that the time to guard all valued possessions is the moment when a stranger comes with gifts in either hand; for gifts not only blind the eyes, but obscure the senses altogether.

At the Rescue Home for Chinese girls and women, whither lovelorn Luey Mow began to stray with increasing frequency, there was one shrewd guardian of the inner keep who was fully aware of the need for added vigilance the moment the young Chinese Lothario brought the first "present" in his blouse. She was a blue-eyed, resolute young woman of the finest Anglo-American conception. She was more than merely manager of the house—she was brains and heart of the work in its entirety. She knew her business thoroughly, she knew the ways of human nature moderately, and she knew the habit of Chinese mental construction partially; but what next to expect she knew not at all.

The gift that Luey proffered was a sacred Chinese lily. It was a nice lily, and Luey was a nice, clean-looking, honest young fellow, born and raised in San Francisco. He had learned to cook, sweep, clean the house and make beds in approved American fashion, and all without in the least foregoing an exceptional popularity among his fellow yellow men of San Francisco's great Oriental community. As an officer of one of the Chinese tongs, or secret societies, he enjoyed not only a wide and intimate knowledge of Chinatown, but likewise a very considerable power. He was sober, industrious, wholesome. Many a good reason existed for encouraging his hopes of becoming the husband of some deserving Chinese girl.

There was little to be learned of Luey Mow that had not been promptly ascertained when first he came to the Rescue Home, where they knew he was doubtless in quest of a wife. His record had been found acceptable. Nevertheless, while the home was glad to supply nice Chinese Juliets to devoted and honest Chinese Romeos, the gift of a sacred lily only served to sharpen the keen-edged faculties of the blue-eyed young woman in control. She had known nice Chinese Romeos to prove treacherous. It was not, however, till Luey came with a very fine lantern, a sack of weird Chinese candy, a modest bale of punks, and several packages of firecrackers—all presents—that certain of the warning signals were flashed along the line.

"Me heap likee Lescue Home," announced the smiling Luey, candidly. "China New-year come pletty soon, you sabbee? Make velly happy. Melly, melly New-year, you sabbee?"

"Yes, very merry New-year," answered the blue-eyed keeper of certain destinies. "Thank you, Luey. You are very kind."

"Yeh—me likee Lescue Home," repeated Luey, smiling nervously.

"Which girl?" demanded the governor of things fateful.

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Luey stared, then laughed again. He was quite embarrassed by this sudden penetration of his motives. Yet he had courage.

"You velly smaht lady," said he, in obvious honesty. "Me likee git Nikku Loy for mally for my wife."

The arbiter of fates sat down.

"You'd like to marry Nikku Loy? Has Nikku ever seen you?"

"Oh yeh." Luey nodded affirmatively at least twenty times, perhaps once for each time that he and Nikku Loy had seen each other.

"Does she like you?"

Luey was attacked by confusion and haste of the pulse all at once. He could make no response.

"Well, never mind that part; I'll ask her myself," supplemented Luey's interrogator. She studied the situation in silence for a moment. Luey underwent a vague alarm.

"You likee 'nother China lily?" said he. "Make velly plitty flower."

"No; I want something better than another of your lilies," replied the blue-eyed young woman, rather sternly. "Luey Mow, a few days ago old Hop Sing died in Chinatown. You know that?"

Luey said that he did.

"Very well. Some Chinaman stole his little girl, Suey Ling, and carried her away to sell her for a slave. One time your Nikku Loy was all same that little girl—sold to be a slave. To-day she's a nice, sweet girl—good for Chinese boy's wife—you sabbee? That's all account this Rescue Home. We kept her nice and good and sweet. You know all that. Now I want you to get that little girl that belonged to old Hop Sing. You bring her here to me and I'll let you marry Nikku Loy for your wife. You sabbee that?"

Luey "savvied" very well indeed. He understood every word, every intimation conveyed by the young woman's announcement, and he felt a trifle faint. He knew what a horrible, hopeless life of shame would have closed about his Nikku Loy had she not been saved from a fate far worse than just mere slavery or death. He knew what the awful story of little Suey Ling must be, some day, were she not snatched soon from the infamy planned for her lot. He knew all this, and it made him ill, for he likewise comprehended the difficulty of wrenching asunder the bonds that held every Chinese slave in Chinatown, as well as he understood the penalty that any Chinese moralist would invite who interfered with the horrible traffic and left his trail uncovered. He was pale as he stood there, rapidly thinking.

"Me not know where she gone," he said, truthfully enough. "Velly many Chinaman—velly many bad places in Chinatown."

"I know," replied the keeper of the home. "But you would like to marry Nikku Loy. She is a very nice girl, and very pretty—make good wife. All right; but you find Hop Sing's little girl first. You very smart boy. I can't let you marry Nikku Loy till you bring me that poor little child."

Luey studied the pattern of the wall-paper up at the top. After a time he said: "Velly hard to find small China girl in Chinatown. Velly hard to take away and bling here."

"Well—Nikku is very nice," repeated the resolute young savior of Chinese slaves. "And that's the only way you can get her for a wife. You go see what you can do. That's all, Luey. Now good-by."

Luey studied the paper, the curtain, the nearest chair, and the carpet. He turned his hat over in his hand.

"Not see Nikku Loy to-day?" he inquired.

"No, not to-day."

After a moment of silence he spoke again. "Good-by," he said.

Then, having let him out at the door, the blue-eyed young woman of the great white family went straight to Nikku Loy herself, who presently confessed, in certain pretty ways of diffidence, that she had seen Luey Mow and liked exceedingly to dwell in thought upon him as an honorable husband of the future.

And the breath from the sweet old Garden of Eden was surpassingly fresh and welcome to the utterly feminine heart of the woman whose honest eyes were blue.

When two long, trying weeks had passed and the Chinese New-year was almost come, the hopes in the breast of

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Luey Mow were all but prepared for the grave.

He had squandered his time for sleeping, and paid out all his days, together with much of his hoarded savings, in a desperate quest for little Suey Ling that as yet had proved utterly futile. And Nikku the beautiful, Nikku the much desired, Nikku who loved him—by the sweet confession of her glance, oblique and brown,—how vastly unattainable she was now become, with this awful task so blackly yawning, like a very gulf, between herself and him!

Much as he knew of Chinatown, its ways, its dens, and its denizens, Luey had learned almost nothing of the fate of little Suey Ling. Certain friends of his, brought into requisition by the crisis, had executed a number of underground manœuvres, all of which had brought nothing to the light of day. Meantime the various tongs of Chinatown, intent upon persuading one battalion of gods to beget enlarged prosperity for the coming year, and equally intent upon mightily affrighting yet another squad of gods, whose evil and malice are widely known, devised a huge celebration, ritual and ceremonial, for the oncoming New-year, now so close at hand. The famous Chinese dragon, fire-devouring, flame-emitting, noise-creating, and altogether fearful, was to issue from its lair again and writhe through all the streets of Chinatown, whence demons would instantly flee with naught but panic in their bellies. Inasmuch as Luey Mow had previously demonstrated his worthiness as a species of mainspring to actuate and animate the dreadful beast, he was promptly called to service now. Indeed, in a Chinese rhapsody—begotten by liberal indulgence in Oriental gin and further inspired by contemplation of certain fowl-tracks, printed in the dust like so much Chinese chirography—a local poet penned a New-year ode in which Luey was described as nothing less than the very "heart of the dragon."

It thus transpired that Luey found himself instructed to penetrate to the cavernous den of the cloth-and-tinsel creature, wake it up, straighten out its kinks, rehorrorize its ugliness, and otherwise render its monstrous form presentable and awful. To him was likewise delegated the task of selecting and instructing the thirty or forty odd Chinese athletes who, with himself, would crawl inside the dragon's skin, on the night when its fearful lengths would walk, for the purpose of infusing life, noise, fire, and enthusiasm into its otherwise hollow and echoing interior.

The quest for little Suey Ling was, perforce, temporarily abandoned. Luey knew too much not to value his own importance and popularity here with his kind. Reluctantly, however, he entered into the duties of this latest honorary office. Heartless, discouraged, torn by reflections on his starving love, he sat, this morning of the second wasted week, waiting for a couple of husky laborers to come and furnish the muscle necessary to uncrumple the dragon in its basement retreat. When the fellows appeared he led them dejectedly through alley and street and a winding passage to the basement in question, where the fire-eating monster lay biting the dust and smelling somewhat stoutly of dyestuffs, paint, and mouldering cloth.

"Pull it out gently, lest you wound it with roughness," instructed Luey, gazing at the crushed-down and dully glittering features of the mighty worm. "Its tail comes first. It is sitting on its head."

His eyes were rapidly becoming accustomed to the darkness. His ear it was, however, that presently took on alertness, for a foreign sound came lightly on the dusty air from an opening barred with iron that penetrated the partition separating this from the basement next adjoining.

Quick to acquaint himself with anything and everything offered, Luey stepped over the flat and wrinkled skin of the dragon and glanced for a second through the aperture. The sight he beheld nearly robbed him of his breath.

There on the opposite side of the grating, attracted hither by the noise of disturbing the dragon's form, was the painted slave-woman whose care it was to guard and feed little captive Suey Ling. And Suey herself, already faded, wan, and thin—already a tiny slave to inexpressible awe, unhappiness, and gloom,—was in the woman's arms, and gazing straight at the bars between herself and the cave where lay the hibernating worm.

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It was only a glance that Luey bestowed on the two watched prisoners, there in their hole, but a glance was sufficient. He knew not only the grave little child of old Hop Sing, deceased, but he also knew the woman, whom in pity he had somewhat befriended at the time of her illegal landing at the port.

With a mad, loud beating at his heart, he turned away from the grating, speaking to his men and furtively exploring the basement, till he found a locked and unused door that led directly from the place to the sidewalk in the street above. Then, fifteen minutes later, when the shell of the dragon had been dragged to the semisecret passage, he passed by the window once more and looked again in the den beyond.

There was no one in sight, but excitement possessed him none the less, and his busy brain was madly at work with the meagre facts at last vouchsafed him by the Fates.

All day he wrought on the dragon with his men, a feverish light burning in his eyes. That evening he opened the barrier to the creature's cave and reentered the place, quite alone. Closing the entrance door with care, he lighted a candle, and going to the iron-barred opening, called softly on the name of the woman he had seen.

There was no response. On the farther side was darkness, thick and absolute. He called again, and yet again, sending his voice on its quest in a low but penetrative aspirate.

In despair at last he could have cursed at mystery and all its brood of things so dark and silent. Then, as if very far from where he stood, appeared a tiny point of light; and subtly to his senses crept a smell of burning stuff. He recognized both the spark and the odor. A lighted punk-stick supplied them.

A moment later the slave-woman, silent and invisible as death itself, approached the opening, her punk in her hand to serve her in place of a torch. It afforded less light than a glowworm, yet for her its tiny red sufficed.

"You have come back," she said, coldly, as she recognized the face revealed by Luey's candle. "If you have aught to say to me, put out your flame."

Trembling with excitement, Luey obeyed. Utter darkness closed upon him. Hastily then, and in a voice betraying fears and hopes alternately, he brought to her memory a quick recollection of who he was and what he had done in her own behalf, and then abruptly begged her to let him take away the child she kept there prisoner, for whom he would pay her all the cash he then possessed—a matter of nearly a hundred American dollars.

The woman, whose presence was indicated only by the tiny spark of her punk-stick's light—that moved in its arc with her breathing,—laughed in a low, mirthless manner, most chilling and dreadful to hear.

"You must be a madman of selfishness," she said, in swiftly rising emotion, which was partially alarm. "What are you that you ask for the child of me? What are you to me—or to any of the gods? What dream is upon you that you come to me with a speech like this, and ask so much of such as I? Begone with thy selfish need, and count up the cost of what you would desire."

Luey was filled with dread, not only by her words, but also by the tones of her harshly strident voice. Yet youth is eager and hopeful. He pleaded with her warmly; he called her by the names of womanhood now doubly precious to her nature. He beseeched her in the name of mercy toward the helpless little slave to relent and lend him assistance.

"Do you know what you do?" she cried to him, wildly. "Do you understand that at last I *live*—here in this wretched security? *Live*—do you hear me say it?—*live!* For the last ten days I have lived at last—I, in my paint that conceals me and deceives the child—I, that see the sun but once in a day—I, the morally dead! Begone. Draw no more from the spring in my withered breast, for it aches with every drop that flows—it aches!—it aches!" and she struck herself on the bosom with the hand that held the punk, and the spark of light vibrated madly back and forth, making designs of fire-line in the gloom.

"With an aching spring in your heart how may you think on little Suey, come to sale and to utter despair, a few years hence?" said Luey, ardently. "A mother by blood would gladly send away her most beloved child from such a life."

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"A mother by blood," repeated the woman, to herself. Then she answered him again in her wilder strain. "Ay, ay—but at last I live, I tell you, boy. The child has brought me life. She is mine—all mine! She loves none other. And I have striven to be loved. You bid me quench even this spark of light by which I live and move in my darkness. I am not good. It is now too late to change. I cannot now be good or generous. I have exhausted my all of virtue in my strife to be loved."

Luey Mow was silent for a moment. Then he said: "And how shall little Suey love you five and ten years hence, when pure, grateful lips should beg for thy peace from the gods?"

"Why were you born to come and taunt me in an hour like this?" she demanded, almost fiercely, in reply. "If I gave you the child to-night, my heart would lose its life to see her go, and to-morrow I should lie here dead, to pay the price of treachery. I am promised speedy butchery if I lose her now, and my arms will be empty to aching should she go."

Luey was amply aware of the fact that the place was unceasingly guarded.

"I could not take her safely hence to-night," he said, eagerly pressing the woman's softening mood. "Give me but a little help, however, and I will make the plan to convey her, and you also, from this prison-hole. These window-bars are old and weak. I can take them out like lumps out of bread; and through here Suey Ling and you may pass. The way of it all you may leave to me; and I beseech you to say you will do this thing for the sake of the child who gives you love."

The woman was silent. Against the background of darkness she drew eccentric figures with the light end of her punk. Luey Mow could not in the gloom discern the evidence of conflict that passed across her painted face.

"What answer give you—mother?" he asked through the grating.

Her heart now had within it, in addition to mothering hunger, a spark of something merciful and pitying, perhaps as small as the dot of red that served her for a torch. She could only grope by the light of either spark, and she groped by a way most rough and narrow. Luey Mow had called her "mother"—an appellation she had long since ceased hoping to hear. And she knew feebly what a mother would do. She was less than a mother, yet more than a mother, in a way, to little Suey Ling.

"I shall never leave this place alive; I shall never look fairly on the sun again, but—perhaps I will help," she said, every word delivered with an effort. And suffering poignantly at the birth of some lofty resolve, snatched thus untimely from her nature, she added, "When shall it be?"

"On the night of confusion, when the dragon walks," said Luey Mow, excitedly. "And that is two nights hence."

"The dragon?" she echoed. She had once been known as "the female dragon" herself.

"Ay—there will be much diversion, for it walks in mighty glory," answered Luey. "That night these bars will be battered down, and you will know the manner to assist me, and likewise the plan to escape this place yourself."

"I shall never escape from here," she answered, quietly. "I shall have no wish to go. And who will mourn? Begone, mad boy, and come again to-morrow night."

In silence she left the window, her spark of light the one thing visible in all that velvet gloom—a tiny beacon, retreating, diminishing, then gone to some deeper mystery beyond.

It was nearly nine o'clock when at last the hum of excited expectation in the crowded streets of Chinatown became abruptly pregnant of news that the dragon was fairly afoot.

A din of clashing brass and beaten drums arose like a demon's alarm on the vibrant air. Chinese music, triumphant and sufficiently awful to affright the most intrepid demon, had broken from the instruments in charge of Oriental virtuosos. Excitement billowed like sea waves, heaving through the mass of humanity that thronged the streets. A glare of lights, a fusillade of viciously exploding firecrackers, a yelling of demon beaters, and an outflaming of colored banners, fire, and pandemonium suddenly advertised the event.

From the dragon's path ran an army

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Drawn by C. D. Weldon

THE SPLENDID DRAGON PROCEEDED ON ITS WAY

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of evil creations, enacted by sweating Chinese with the most grotesque of masks and regalia on their persons.

The din increased; the snapping and snarling of a thousand petty firecrackers, exploding like machine-guns in battle, added yet more confusion to the flight of evil spirits. But factitious demons, fire-eaters, artists in music, bearers of standards—all were neglected, all were ignored, the instant the huge and awful head of the dragon himself at last appeared, followed by all the mighty horror of his sinuously winding body.

And he was tremendous. The fabled sea-serpent of a hundred coils was dwarfed into utter insignificance by the fearful reality of this stupendous thing. For nearly the length of two short city blocks his glistening claw-footed body extended, his painted scales flinging reds and greens and reflected lights from surfaces innumerable, while his tortuous body writhed in truly gigantic proportions, from one crowded sidewalk to the other.

Behind the head, and in front of the first great clawlike pair of the monster's many feet, situated a rod or more along the body, was the outswell of the structure where Luey Mow, the heart of the monster, held dominion.

Through street after street the serpent writhed, until at last, by Luey's plans, it invaded the somewhat obscure and insignificant thoroughfare wherein lay the basement employed as a prison for little Suey Ling, the parentless.

True to her word, the slave-woman, waiting for the sign, now clambered through the aperture between her darkened basement and the one wherein the dragon's skin had recently been stored. In her arms she held the frightened, silenced child.

To the trap that led forth to the sidewalk she came, and standing beneath it, waited in excitement well-nigh insupportable. Nearer and nearer drew the noise of the dragon's awful peregrination. A half-smothered cry of bereavement, not quite to be controlled, escaped the slave-woman waiting in the dark. Spasmodically she folded the little captive to her aching heart and then lifted her up towards Luey's reaching arms.

In childish terror little Suey dropped her headless doll and with both small hands clung tightly to the woman, who underwent one sweet, wild pang of ecstasy and despair at this touch of love and confidence. Then the heart of the dragon closed its arms quite about the baby form and drew her snugly upward to itself. The great, kind reptile had taken her in.

The door fell noiselessly back to its place above the head of the woman, whose one last glimpse of life and light was ended.

Stolid in her fright, little Suey could do nothing but hold to the warm, softly speaking human being that embraced her. And the dragon proceeded on its way, its "heart" most humanly tender.

Fifteen minutes later the trembling child was gently dropped into the arms of a certain blue-eyed young woman of the mighty white man's family—just as the heart of the dragon crossed another basement orifice, under the dexterous management of the faithful Luey Mow.

In the morning a sunbeam, entering the basement prison to search for tiny Suey, found the slave-woman lying on the earth. Beneath the paint still left upon her countenance dwelt a smile and a shadow of beauty such as death alone may bestow. Held in her arm, against her breast, was the poor old doll little Suey had dropped at the parting.

At the quaint, pretty wedding of Nikku Loy and Luey Mow—a ceremony half Oriental, half of the humdrum Occident itself—a cluster of fragrant, starlike flowers was given to the pretty bride by her blue-eyed sponsor and friend from the home of rescued slaves, who held little Suey in her arms.

Luey's sacred Chinese lily was in bloom.

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THE OLDEST EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE

King Semerkhet of the First Dynasty, 4500 B.C., conquering the Chief of Sinai. Carved on rock 400 feet above the valley of Maghareh

The Egyptians in Sinai

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES

BY W. M. FLINDERS-PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D.,

Professor of Egyptology, University College, London

THE great mass of mountains which lay beyond the Red Sea attracted the Egyptian from very early times. Even in the prehistoric days the turquoise from Sinai was traded into Egypt and made into beads and ornaments. And one of the first enterprises of the monarchy of all Egypt, after the conquest of the Nile valley down to the sea, was the extension of its power into the eastern deserts to secure the turquoise-mines. Thus it comes about that the oldest scene of Egyptian sculpture is not in Egypt itself, but on the rocks of Sinai. The little valley in the mountains, known as the Wady Maghareh, or "valley of caves," is riddled along one side with rows of mines cut deeply into the rock at the level of the turquoise-beds; and high over these, some three hundred feet up, is a clean flat-broken face of the sandstone which was selected and carved by the Egyptian artist to commemorate the conquest of the Bedawy chief of the district by the Egyptian king Semerkhet, in the latter part of the first dynasty, about 4500 B.C.

And what sort of land was this to provoke such an expedition? A great mass of broken rugged mountains, about 150 miles across, and rising over a mile and a half vertical height in the centre. Granite, porphyry, and various igneous rocks form the core of this wilderness.

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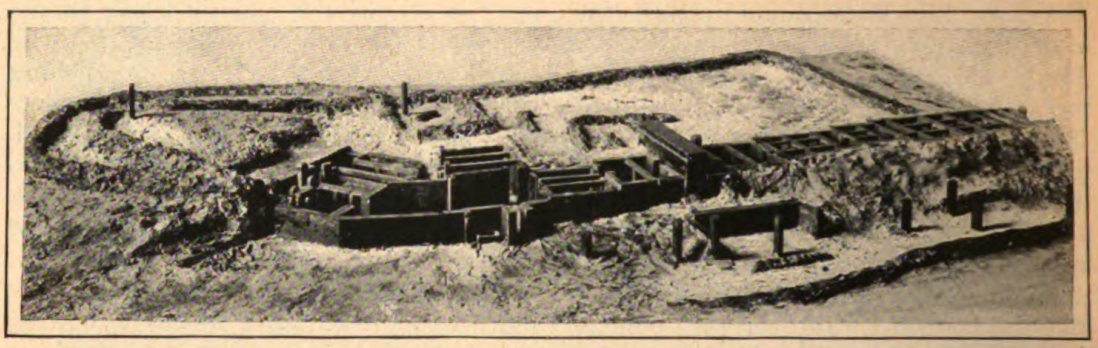
They have been seamed and cracked time after time; and the great face of the Tartir ed Dhami — a precipice about two thousand feet high—is lined over from top to bottom, across and across, with gray streaks, seen on its rosy surface in the setting sunlight. Every streak is a great rending thousands of feet thick of hardest and toughest rock, healed again by the life-blood of the earth in molten dikes of porphyry thrown up; only to be sheared across, millions of years later, in some fresh place by another and another mighty rending, until there is hardly a sound piece left in the whole mountain. After all these terrible changes the rocks at length became the islands in a sea, which wore them down to a cliff coast with scattered islets; and over these was laid down a great bed of sandstone of the Carboniferous age. A pause in the history of this deposit led to a thick bed of iron —hæmatite, ochre, and what not—being formed, evidently the old sea-floor. The later sandstones, and the great flow of basalt which covered all the land and now caps every hill, need not be described here. The iron-bed was the cause of all the human work in this region.

Excepting one small stream and one fertile valley watered by it, there is nothing to tempt any man to this brown and rugged wilderness of rocks. But the luxurious demands of taste and of beauty in a fair and sumptuous land, sent men continually into these gaunt and frowning deserts; the brilliant specks of the turquoise must be had, and it is not for later ages to cavil at such enterprises, for what labors and what lives have not a pinch of diamonds cost! The bed of iron ore had in the course of ages so altered the organic traces in the rocks that everywhere beneath it the little blue nodules were to be found, on crushing the sandstone. So tunnels and chambers were mined out just below the iron-bed, and each king who ordered an expedition had his name and the account of his work carved over his mine. Thus are found Sanekht and Zeser of the third dynasty, Khufu of the fourth, and many others down to the eighteenth dynasty, showing that the mines were worked from about 4500 to 1500 B.C. But no one will go there again to see these sculptures; half of them have been destroyed by modern miners, and the remainder have now been cut out by my friend Mr. Currelly, and taken to the Cairo Museum in order to save them from a like destruction. In place of the silence of the aged past



EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE OF SERABIT EL KHADEM

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MODEL OF THE TEMPLE OF SERABIT EL KHADEM, SINAI

there has come the ceaseless banging of gunpowder, the ruthless smashing and rending in all directions, by Arabs who gain a scanty reward, which is not enough to repay more civilized working.

Some ten miles away to the north of this pile of mountains there is another district of the same sandstone, with iron-bed and turquoises below it. This the Egyptians also found and worked as early as 4000 B.C., and onward down to about 1100 B.C. The sandstone is here cut through by a great valley, which runs a thousand feet below the plateau, and the sheer precipices are as much as seven hundred feet high. This district, now known as Serabit el Khadem, had a sacred cave in the highest of the knolls of iron-rock, and here was worshipped the "mistress of turquoise," the goddess who possessed the mines. The Egyptians called her Hathor, but no doubt she was a native goddess of the district, as they usually called any unknown goddess by that name. The place was looked on with reverence by the native Semites; every conspicuous point or ridge of rock was dotted with stones set upright by pilgrims and visitors; and this habit of setting up stones was largely copied by the Egyptians.

To obtain success in the search for turquoise it was clearly necessary to propitiate the "mistress of turquoise." So a shrine was carved in her honor in the knoll of rock on the top of the plateau, and later kings added buildings before it, until at last there was a construction over two hundred feet long. This temple fell into decay, owing to the sandstone weathering away in some parts; and when I went there it presented a tumbled pile of blocks, among which arose stray parts of walls and inscribed pillars. To clear out the whole of this temple, and restore the plan and construction of it, was the main work of my excavations last winter. The photograph (p. 443) shows the tall but broken memorial stone of Rameses II. in the foreground (1300 B.C.); behind that another tall stone of Amenhotep III. (1400 B.C.); and



HEAD OF HATHOR, GODDESS OF TURQUOISE
Carved as the capital of a pillar, 1500 B.C.

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FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF SERABIT, ERECTED 1300 B.C.

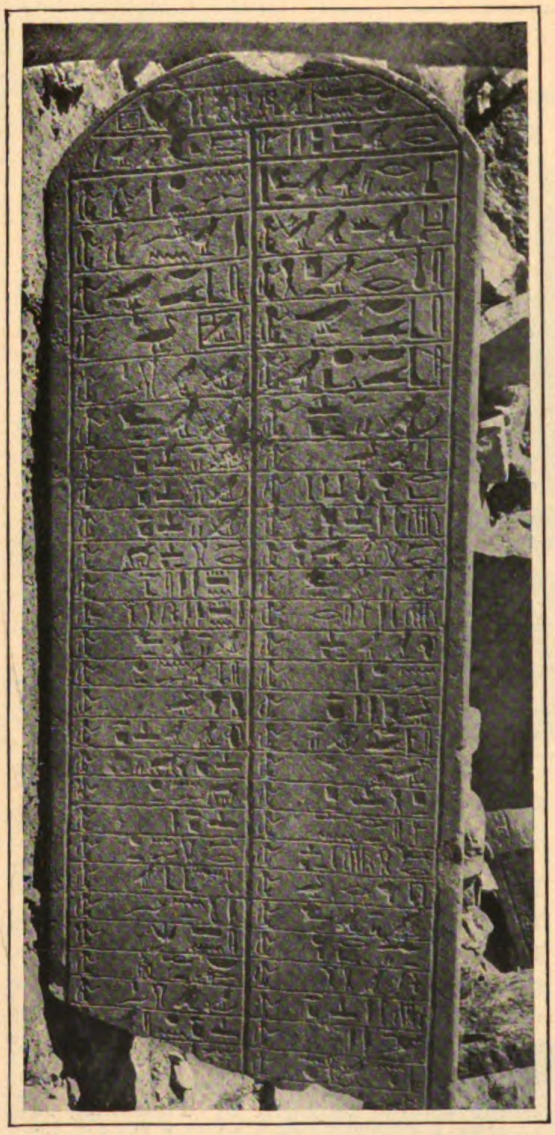
in the distance the gateway of the pylon, and to the right the high ground is the rocky knoll containing the cave shrine. On the left is another memorial stone of the earlier time (2500 B.C.) before this part of the temple was built; the hill edge above the great valley Suwig is seen behind it; and the faint distant hills show the edge of the limestone plateau of the Tih desert.

The construction of this temple will be more clear if we look at a side view of a model of it, with the roof removed. At the extreme left are the two walls which fence off the knoll of rock containing the sacred cave; and on the top of the knoll is a tablet recording an expedition. The right side of the knoll has been cut away, and the two sacred caves cut into it from this side, each fronted by a portico, the flat stone roof of which is seen. The larger cave was cut in honor of the great "mistress of turquoise" about 2500 B.C. by Amenemhat III., and a lesser cave in honor of Sopdu, the "god of the East," about 1500 B.C., by Queen Hatshepsut. There are small open courts before these shrines, with a crowd of historical tablets with adorations of the goddess. In front of these are two open courts, and two courts with pillars containing tanks, described farther on. Then two more covered chambers (of which we have seen the architraves) lie between this and the pylon, which was the front of the whole temple as built by Thothmes III. and Hatshepsut. Outside of that again, to the right, are many chambers added on by successive kings, until we reach the front.

Along the outside of the temple is seen a row of standing stones, which are the memorials of various expeditions sent to this region in the twelfth dynasty, about 2500 B.C. These tablets were set here along the line of the old approach to the sacred cave before the body of the temple was built. The higher ground at the side of this way was then occupied with burnt offerings, as we shall notice farther on. The chamber built into the hill at the end of the pylon was a shrine in honor of the early kings—Seneferu of the third dynasty, Amenemhat III. of the twelfth dynasty, and others, carved by Queen Hatshepsut.

To give an idea of these memorial

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PART OF TABLET OF A MINING RECORD, WITH NAMES OF 100 MINERS, 2500 B.C.

stones we may quote the upper half of one stone, which bore altogether a hundred names of the chief miners. This will show the great amount of information preserved in these records. The face of the stone toward the sacred cave always bore the king's name and titles, and the date at the top of it. Down the edges were the name and titles of the chief of the expedition in large signs, or sometimes the statistics of the staff of the expedition, as "the prospector Neferher, the prospector Aba, collectors 2, controllers 3, miners 200, elders 3, smelters 3, boatmen 20, overseers 15, peasants 30, builders 75." Other such registers name 500 or 600 soldiers and as many miners, and the transport was kept up by a train of 500 asses.

These details serve to restore the living conditions of the mining expeditions, when read in view of the experience of a modern expedition. The desert is entirely barren of supplies, and the utmost that can be obtained is an occasional sheep or goat fed on the scanty little bushes of the most favored valleys. The only oasis is the Wady Firan at two days' journey distant, and even on the strength of that the population is less than one to a square mile for the peninsula. Hence a body of men coming from the abundant feeding of Egypt require to have all their supplies brought down from Suez. The three days without water on the road prevents asses being driven over the land route, and so the ancient Egyptian—as we learn by the boatmen mentioned—got his supplies by sea, down to rather over a day's journey from the mines. We also did the same for most of our stocks, as camel transport was more expensive. Even to feed a camp of thirty-four men, at this distance from supplies, needed careful arrangement last winter; and the many hundreds of men employed in the ancient expeditions must have taxed the Egyptian powers of organization.

Now after thus noting the ancient works and methods and the conditions of the country, let us turn to see what are the results of the explorations which were made by us during last winter.

As we have mentioned, the Egyptians called the "mistress of turquoise" by the name of Hathor, and they figured her head on many of the pillars of the temple. She was connected with the worship of the cow, which animal is sometimes shown as being the goddess herself, at other times as being sacred to her. Hence the cow's ears put to her head. The thick mass of hair curling on each shoulder is traditional for this goddess from early times. As I have said, the sole purpose of coming into this wilderness was to get turquoise; and the temple was built to propitiate the mistress of turquoise and get her favor for the miners, that she might give them of her store of jewels. Hence the worship must be exactly such as was rendered to her by the people of the country. The special

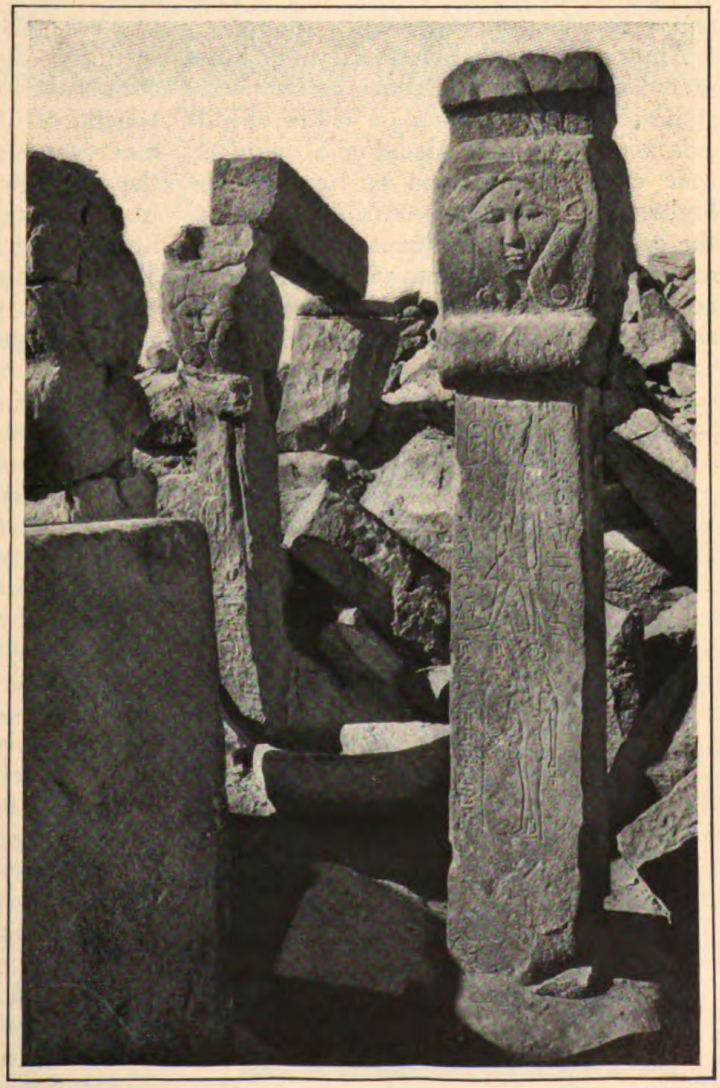
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form of worship of the god of a country had to be maintained, as we see in the complaint of the men whom Shalmaneser settled in Samaria, when "they knew not the manner of the god of the land," . . . and so a priest "taught them how they should fear the Lord, . . . so these nations feared the Lord and served their graven images." This is a complete sample of the polytheist system, placing the god of the land first, but keeping the ancestral gods as well. And so the Egyptians, while still worshipping their own gods, yet made it their main business to worship Hathor "after the manner of the god of the land."

The site of the temple is especially a "high place"—a ridge in a wide plateau, with a deep valley on each side of it. And so, as we read of the people in Palestine, "they burnt sacrifices upon the high places," and an enormous bed of ashes, over a hundred feet long and in many parts half a yard thick, shows us what countless burnt offerings were made before the sacred cave. This is a custom entirely unknown in Egypt, where "high places" were not honored, and where there are only one or two stray examples of burnt sacrifice.

Another strikingly Semitic custom was that of ceremonial ablution in the temples. In the view of the model will be seen a tank at the left hand of the side doorway into the temple. This was probably for the first ablution of the feet. After crossing the court of the temple, the worshipper entered the largest of the roofed chambers, and there in the midst was a large stone basin or laver, surrounded by the four Hathor columns.

Passing from this, a second ablution court was reached, containing a long tank. Here, then, we have the custom of ceremonial ablution inside the temple, immediately before the sanctuary, and provided in the largest chambers of the temple. This close connection of the ablutions with the sanctuary is what we see in the Jewish Tabernacle, where the laver for the priests was in the court, the next thing before the door of the Tabernacle, even nearer to it than the altar of sacrifice. Again in the Temple the great brazen sea was the main object in the court before the door of the Temple. And, to this day, the whole Mohammedan world makes the tank the central point in the court of ablutions, which is the largest part of every mosque



COURT OF ABLUTIONS
Showing stone basin between Hathor Pillars (1500 B.C.)

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—the *hanafiyeh*. Here is, then, the main feature of Semitic temples; which has indeed its parallel in the large baptisteries built immediately in front of the early cathedrals in Italy. And such a system was entirely unknown in Egypt, where the sacred lake of a temple was outside of it and on one side, and was used mainly for festival ceremonies of the boat of the god. We see, then, that this main point of Semitic ceremonial is older than the Jewish system, and precedes the time of Mohammed by two thousand years.

Also stone altars of incense were found in the sanctuary before the cave, and the largest of them in the cave itself. So in the Jewish system the altar of incense was placed inside the Tabernacle. No altars of incense were used in Egypt, as incense was there always burnt in a pan with a long handle held by the priest.

Another remarkable feature of this sacred site is the prevalence of memorial stones, set up in token of visits or pilgrimages. The high places of Sinai often bear such tokens; and on one of the highest and most inaccessible peaks of the great Tartir ed Dhami we could see, with a telescope, a stone pillar that must be eight or ten feet high. Along all the ridges of hill, and leading to the temple, and on the edges of the hills around it, were innumerable upright stones and stone piles, from a few inches to a couple of feet in height. This system of setting up a pillar, on a visit to a sacred place, is familiar to us through the story of Jacob setting up and anointing his Bethel stone.



HEAD OF STATUETTE OF QUEEN THYI (1400 B.C.)

Now this custom spread to the Egyptians also. On the hill approaching the temple are many shelters such as would be roughly heaped together by a pilgrim. And as the special object here was to obtain turquoise by propitiating the goddess, the custom of sleeping at the sacred place to get an oracular dream would be no doubt the purpose of these shelters. This custom of sleeping at or near a shrine was usual in Syria, and is even known in Greece. The more important of these shelters have memorial stones set up by the Egyptians who rested there, with adorations to the goddess for the benefit of the worshipper. One of the most complete of these is shown here; the loose stones of the ruined shelter, the inscribed tablet about a couple of feet high, and a little flat altar in front of it. This was put up by the leader of one of the great expeditions; and probably he slept here until some dream or indication of the will of the goddess led him in his search. Now all this is an entirely Semitic custom; no such shelters, no such memorials of a visit, are known around Egyptian temples.

The custom of pilgrim miners sleeping at the sacred place was further provided for, in the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, by the kings adding the chambers in front of the pylon of the temple; each chamber was six or seven feet long, just large enough for a sleeper, and there is no attempt at architectural effect beyond the religious carvings on the walls. Moreover, these chambers have all been banked over with earth and stones, and have no outsides to the walls; they were thus artificial caves, the substitute for the sacred cave itself.

Thus we see that the Egyptians here had adopted the Semitic worship in many points that we can trace—the burnt sacrifices on the high place, the courts of ablutions in the temple, the altars of incense in the shrine, and the pilgrim stones, or Bethels, recording visits to the

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SHELTER OF STONES, WITH EGYPTIAN BETHEL STONE, 2500 B.C., NEAR THE TEMPLE

goddess, with the later provision of artificial caves for would-be dreamers at the shrine—all these show how careful the Egyptian was here to worship after the manner of the god of the country.

And this has its further value to us as the oldest example of the system of Semitic worship. So far, our knowledge of that has rested on allusions in the Old Testament, many of which we could not infer to be general to Semites at an early date, and also the stray references to Arab customs in "the time of the ignorance" before Mohammed. Now we have several of the most important customs in the full light of day, two or three thousand years before Islam, and even before the Jewish system. This is a new point of departure in future for the study of Semitic custom.

Lastly, we may refer to the great quantity of Egyptian inscriptions which we copied, about 250 in all. These will give us much information on the expeditions and on some points of Egyptian history. The offerings to the goddess were in profusion. Of course nearly all metal objects had been taken away, but the hundreds of glazed pottery offerings formed a layer all over the sanctuary floor, every one broken up by the ancient plunderers of the shrine. Tablets with the head of the goddess, and with the cat which seems to have here been sacred to her, wands used in the dances, sistrums and ornaments used in the worship, hundreds of necklaces of beads, bracelets, vases and bowls without number, but all in fragments.

Among the statuettes found were some with an unknown kind of writing, probably a precursor of Phœnician. And one gem of artistic work is the head of Queen Thyi, the wife of the great and luxurious King Amenhotep III. So far we have had no portrait of her in the round; but this is perfectly authenticated by her name upon the crown she wears. The dignity and pride of beauty in the face, the living character of the expression, mark this as one of the first rank of ancient portraits. It will find its rest in the Cairo Museum.

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The Purification of Palomitas

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

AFTER Bill Hart, the principal storekeeper in Palomitas, had been shot across his own counter by Santa Fé Charley—there was no real need for the shooting: it just come of Bill and Charley not agreeing about two brands of plug tobacco — the better class of Palomitas citizens saw that something had got to be done.

Palomitas means "little doves"—but the percentage of birds of that sort in the place wasn't high. The town never was meant to be an American town, anyway. From wayback it had been run on a basis of two or three hundred Mexicans, with a sprinkling of Pueblo Indians and pigs. When the end of the track got there—and stopped for a year, while they squeezed the English stockholders for more funds for construction—the higher civilization come in with a rush and made things hum. There was nineteen saloons and seven dance-halls, and the pressure for faro accommodation was such that the Padre thought he could make money by closing up his own monte-bank and renting. Denver Jones took his place at fifty dollars a week, payable every Saturday night—and rounded on the Padre by winning back his rent-money every Sunday afternoon. He'd have got it Sunday mornings if the Padre hadn't been tied up mornings to his work. The fighting that went on was a good deal of an experience for the Mexicans. They'd always had their own little fights, of course, but they'd worked mostly with knives. It made 'em open their eyes when they found what a live man with his back up could do with a gun. Before that first year ended, the new graveyard out in the sage-brush on the mesa could show up a bigger population than the town.

Joe Cherry headed the reform movement. He had a bunch of sheep up in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, Cherry had, and he always used to stay at Hart's place when he come into town, and that made him take a special interest in the matter. Joe said he meant to see things squared for Bill's shooting, and he said the occasion was a good one for rounding up all the toughs in town and firing 'em—and so he went to work and got up the Committee, and the Committee made out a list of the folks to be fired. There was about a dozen of 'em; and in the notice posted at the deepo they was told they had twenty-four hours to get out in, and if they wasn't out in twenty-four hours the Committee would have a clean-up that would land 'em on the dumps for keeps.

A few kicked a little, saying it was a free country and they guessed they'd a right to be where they blame pleased. But when the Committee said it just *was* a free country, and that one of the freest things in it was telegraph-poles—as Santa Fé Charley was going to find out for certain, and as they'd find out along with him if they didn't get up and get—even the kickingest of 'em allowed it was wholesomer to andy on.

Where the Committee did land dead against wall-rock, though, was when they come to tackle the Sage-brush Hen. She was a great friend of Charley's, the Hen was—two or three of his worst shootings was charged up to her—and just because she was such a good-natured obliging sort of woman she was at the roots of half the fights that started in. The Committee put her in their list because they knew as long as she was around things never would run smooth — and they found they'd got into a deepish hole when she said plump that Palomitas suited her, and she meant to stay. The Hen knew as well as they did she had a cinch on 'em. If they didn't like her staying, she said, they could yank her up on the next telegraph-pole to Charley's—and then she asked 'em, kind of cool and cutting, if they didn't think hanging a lady would give a nice name to the town!

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The Committee was in session in the waiting-room at the deepo while the Hen was doing her talking, and Santa Fé—with handcuffs on, and tied to the express-messenger's safe—was in the express-office, with the door open between. Everybody saw the Hen was right, and that hanging her would be ungentlemanly; and nobody seemed to know what they'd better do. While they was sitting still and thinking, Santa Fé spoke up from the express-office—saying he had the reputation of the town as much at heart as anybody, and to make a real clean-up the Hen ought to quit along with the others, and if they'd let him have five minutes' private talk with her he'd fix things so she'd go.

The Committee didn't really much believe Santa Fé could deliver the goods; but they knew it would be a way out for 'em if he did—and so they agreed that he and the Hen should have their talk. Santa Fé was hitched to a telegraph-pole a hundred yards down the track, and the members of the Committee stood around in a circle—big enough to be out of ear-shot—with their Winchesters handy in case the Hen took it into her head to cut the rope and give him a chance to get away. She didn't—and she and Santa Fé talked to each other mighty serious for a while; and then they begun to snicker a little; and they ended up in a rousing laugh.

Charley sung out they'd finished, and the Committee closed in and unhitched him, and took him back to the express-office and hitched him fast to the safe again—where he was to stay till hanging-time, with members of the Committee taking turns keeping him quiet with their guns. He said he was much obliged to 'em, and that the Hen had agreed to quit—and everybody was pleased all round.

"I don't like not to be here when Charley gets his medicine," the Hen said, "him and me being such good friends; but he says it would only worry him having me in the audience, and so I've promised him I'll light out"—and she kept her word, and got away for Denver by the night train. Her going took a real load off the Committee's mind.

Some of the other fired ones went off on the same train. The rest took Hill's coach across to Santa Fé—and made no trouble, Hill said, except they held the coach for two hours at Pojuaque while all hands got drunk on old man Bouquet's home-made wine. Hill said that all the rest of the way they was yelling, and firing off their guns, and raising h—ll generally—that was the way Hill put it—but they didn't do no real harm.

It was Joe Cherry's notion that Santa Fé Charley should be taken along to Hart's funeral, and not hung till everybody got back to town again. Joe was a serious-minded man, and he said the moral effect of running things that way would pan out a lot richer than if they just had a plain hanging before the funeral got under way.

Santa Fé kicked at that, at first; and a good many of the boys felt he had a right to. Santa Fé said it was all in the game to run him up to the telegraph-pole in front of the deepo, the same as other folks; but he'd be blamed, he said, if the community had any right to make a circus of him by taking him all round the place after poor old Bill—who always had been plain in his tastes, and would have been the last man in Palomitas to want that kind of a fuss made over him—and he'd be blamed if he'd stand it. He didn't want anybody to think he was squirming, he said, for he wasn't. Some men got up against telegraph-poles, and others got up against guns or pneumonia or whatever happened to come along—and it was all in the day's work. But when they did get up against it—whatever it turned out to be—that was the one time in their lives when it wasn't fair to worry 'em more'n could be helped. Nobody but chumps, he said, would want to hurt his feelings by making him do trick-mule acts at poor old Bill's funeral—especially as he and Bill always had been friendly, and nobody was sorrier than he was about the accident that had occurred.

Santa Fé was a first-rate talker, and everybody knew that what he was letting out had a good deal of sense in it. He ended by saying that if they did mean to make any such mean exhibition of him he'd like 'em to put it through quick and get him back to the deepo and telegraph him off to Kingdom Come in a hurry—as he'd be glad at any price to be shut

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of a crowd that would play it on anybody that low down!

Cherry stuck it out, though, to have things his way. Palomitas was going in for purification, Cherry said, and the moral effect of having Santa Fé along at Bill's funeral was part of the purifying. The very fact that Santa Fé was kicking so hard against it, he said, showed it was a good thing. There was sense in that, too; and so the boys come round to Cherry's plan. The only serious thing against it was that it meant keeping Charley over another day, till the funeral outfit got down from Denver—all hands having chipped in to give Hart a good send-off, and telegraphed his size to a first-class Denver undertaker with orders to do him up in style. Making him wait around, sort of idle, was what Santa Fé kicked hardest against at first. But after his talk with the Hen he didn't do any more kicking; and some of the boys noticed he was a little nervous, and kept asking, off and on, if they still meant to run the show that way.

The boys did what they could to make the time go for him—sitting around sociable in the express-office telling stories about other hangings they'd happened to get up against, and trying all they knew how to amuse him, and giving him more cigars and drinks than he really cared to have. But as he was kept hitched to both handles of the safe right enough, and handcuffed, and as the two members of the Committee watching him—while they was as pleasant with him as anybody—never had their hands far off their guns, it's likely there'd been other times when he'd enjoyed himself more.

Things was spirited at the deepo when the Denver train got in. All there was of Palomitas was on deck, and Becker 'd come over from Santa Cruz de la Cañada, and old man Bouquet from Pojuaque, and Sam and Marcus Elbogen had driven across on their buckboard from San Juan—and Mexicans had come in from all around in droves.

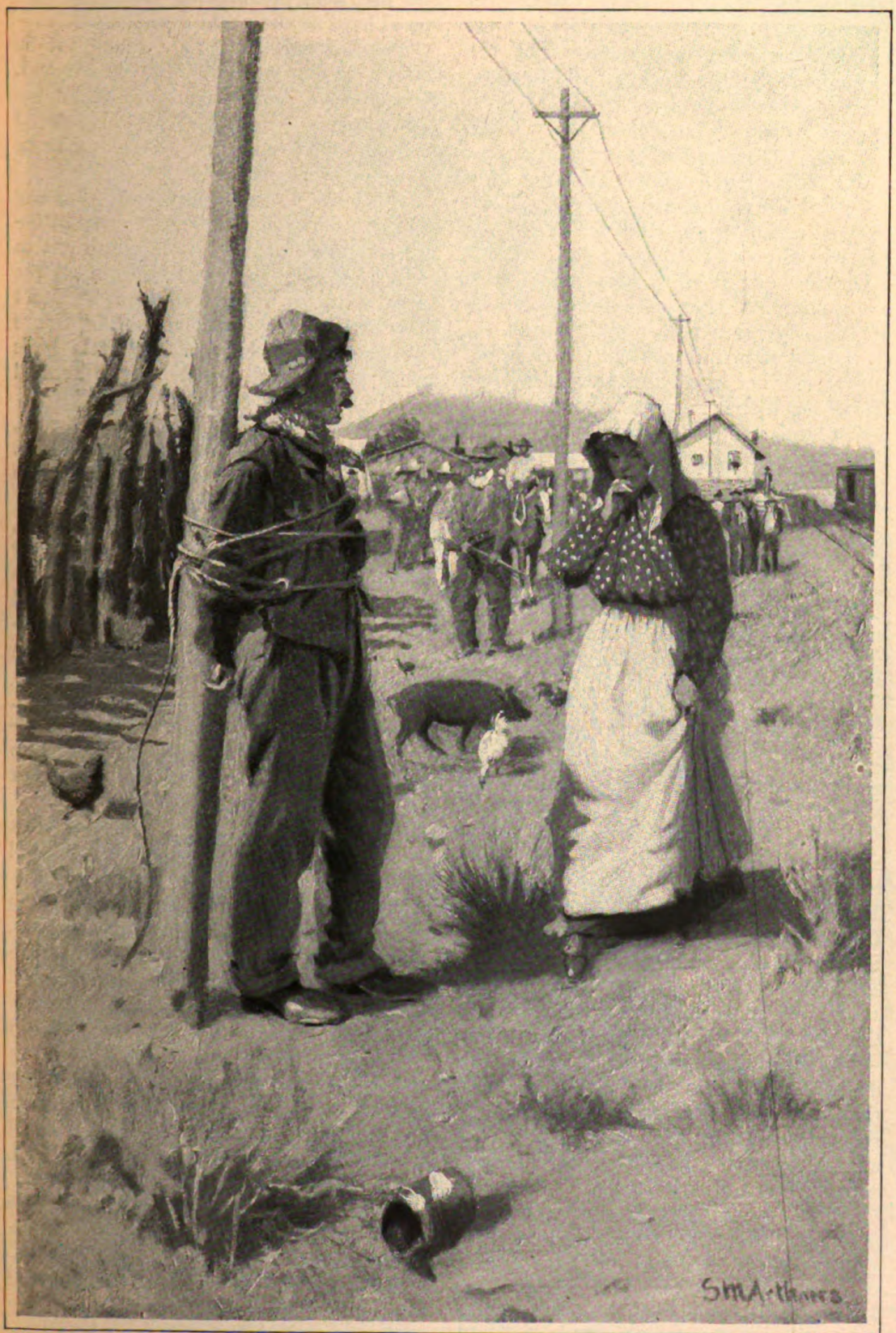
The Elbogen brothers had been asked over for the funeral specially—because they both had good voices, and the Committee thought like enough, being Germans, they'd know some hymns. It turned out they didn't—but they blew off "The Watch on the Rhine" in good shape out at the cemetery, when singing-time come; and as it was a serious-sounding tune it did just as well. Singing it made trouble, though: because Hart's nephew — who knew German and was a skunk—had no better sense 'n to tell old man Bouquet, coming back to town, what the words meant; and that started old man Bouquet off so—the war not being long over, and his side downed—that it took two of us, holding him by his arms and legs, to keep him from trying to fight both the Elbogens at once. Being good-natured young fellows, the Elbogens didn't take no offence, but behaved like perfect gentlemen—telling old man Bouquet they hadn't meant to hurt his feelings, and was sorry if they had—and it ended up well by their having drinks together at the Forest Queen. All that, though, had no real bearing on the story. It happened along later in the day.

Before the train got in, to save time, a rope had been rigged for Santa Fé over the cross-bar of the usual telegraph-pole—and Cherry, who knew how to manage better than most, had seen to it the rope was well soaped so as to run smooth. Cherry said he'd known things go real annoying, sometimes, when the soap had been forgot. Santa Fé looked well. He'd had a good brush-up—and he needed it, after being tied fast to the safe for three days and sleeping in a blanket on the express-office floor—and he'd put on a clean shirt, and blacked his boots, and had a shave. He always was a tidy sort of a man.

When the train pulled in, some fellows from Chamita and the Embudo—come to see the doings—got out from the day coach and shook hands; and the Denver undertaker got out from the express-car and helped the messenger unload the fixings he'd brought for poor old Bill. Everybody stood around quiet like, and as serious as you please. You might have thought it was a Sunday morning back in the States.

Except now and then a drummer—bound for Santa Fé on Hill's coach—nobody much ever came to Palomitas on the Pullman; and so there was something of a stir-up when the Pullman conductor helped a lady out of the car,

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Drawn by Stanley Arthurs Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE AND SANTA FÉ BEGAN TO SNICKER A LITTLE

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landing her close to where Charley in his clean shirt and handcuffs on was standing between two members of the Committee holding guns. She was a fine-shaped woman, but looked oldish—as well as you could see for the veil she had on—having a palish sort of a face a good deal wrinkled and a bunch of gray hair. She was dressed in measly black clothes, and had an old black shawl on, and looked poor.

Getting out into that crowd of men seemed to rattle her, and she didn't look at anybody for a minute. It wasn't till she most bumped up against Charley that she raised her eyes and saw him—and let off a yell that must have carried clean across the valley to San Juan! And then she sort of sobbed out: "My husband!"—and got her arms round Santa Fé's neck and gripped him with 'em like they'd been air-brakes.

"My God! It's my wife!" said Charley. And if the members of the Committee hadn't caught the two of 'em quick they'd have tumbled down.

Santa Fé was the first to get his wind. "My poor darling!" he said. "To think that you should have come to me at last—and in this awful hour!"

"What does it mean, Charley? Tell me, what does it mean?" she asked, and begun crying.

Santa Fé snuggled her up to him—as well as he could with his hands handcuffed—and said back to her: "It means, Mary, that in less than two hours' time I am to be hung! In the heat of passion I have killed a man. It was more than half an accident, as everybody here knows"—and he looked over her head at the boys as they pushed up close to listen—"but that doesn't matter, so far as the dreadful result is concerned. I loved the man I shot like my own brother, and shooting him in that chance way has about broken my heart. But that don't count either. Justice must be done, my darling. Stern justice must be done. You have come just in time to see your husband die!" He was quiet for a minute, with the woman all in a shake against him—and a kind of a snuffling went through the crowd. Then he said, sort of hoarsely: "Tell me, Mary, how are our dear little girls?"

She was too broke up to answer him. She just kept on hugging him, and crying as hard as she could cry.

"Gentlemen," said Santa Fé, "it is better that this painful scene should end. Take my poor wife from me, and let me pay the just penalty of my accidental crime. Take her away, please—and hang me as quick as you can!"

"They sha'n't hang you, Charley! They sha'n't! They sha'n't!" she sung out—and she jerked away from him and got in front of Cherry and pitched down on the deepo platform on her knees. "Don't hang him, sir!" she groaned out. "Spare him to me, and to our dear little girls who love him with all their little hearts! Oh, sir, say that he shall be saved!"

"Get up, ma'am, please," Cherry said, looking as worried as he could look. "That's no sort of a way for a lady to do! Please get up right away."

"Never! Never!" she said. "Never, till you promise me that the life of my dear husband shall be spared!"—and she grabbed Cherry round the knees and groaned. He really was the most awkward-looking man, with her holding on to his legs that way, you ever saw!

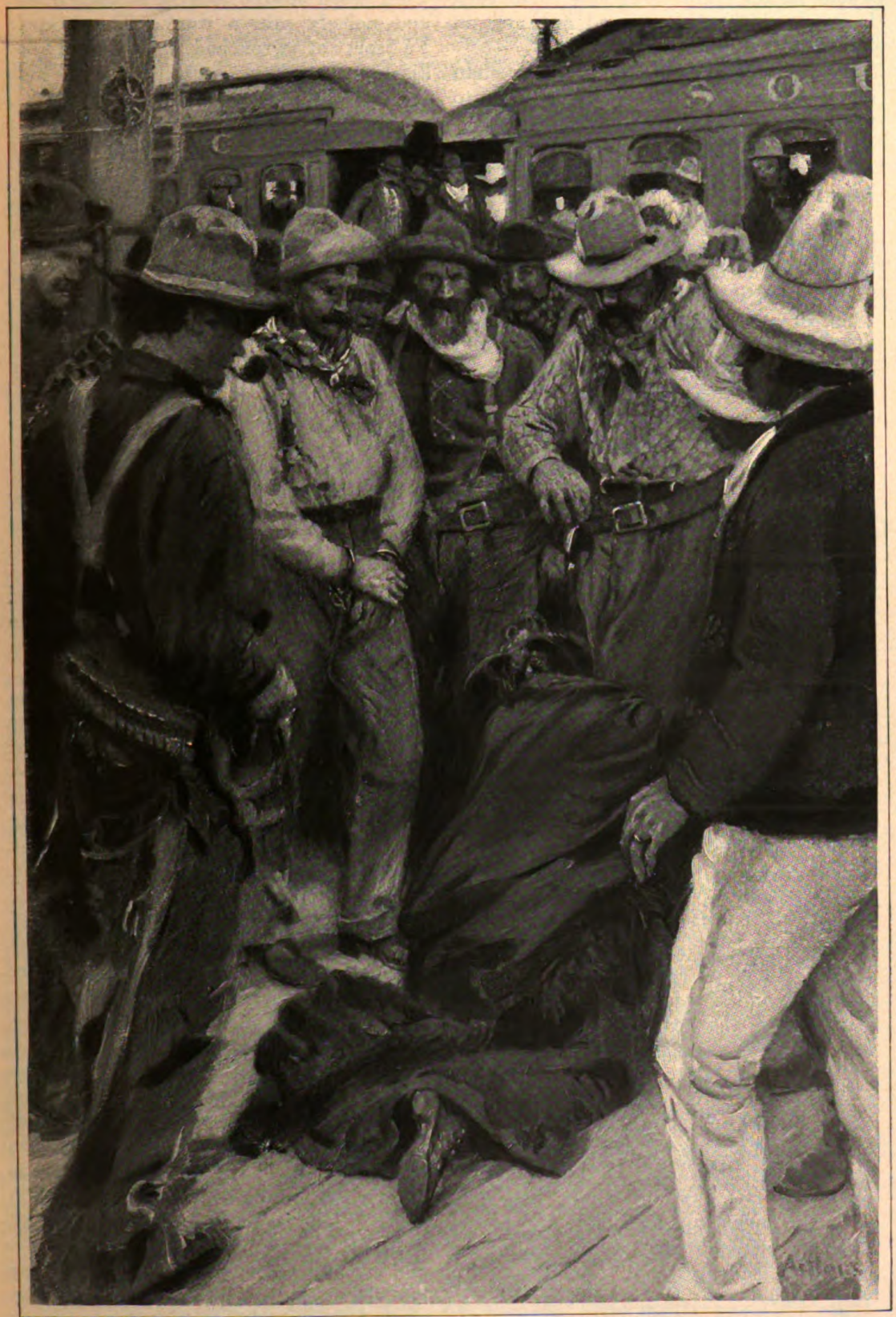
"Oh Lord, ma'am, *do* get up!" he said. "Having you like that for another minute 'll make me sick. I'm not used to such goings on"—and Cherry did what he could to work loose his legs.

But she hung on so tight he couldn't shake her, and kept saying, "Save him! Save him!" and uttering groans.

Cherry wriggled his legs as much as he could and looked around at the boys. They all was badly broke up, and anybody could see they was weakening. "Shall we let up on Santa Fé this time?" he asked. "I guess it's true he didn't more'n half mean to shoot Bill—and it makes things different, anyway, knowing he's got kids and a wife. Bill himself would be the first to allow that. Bill was as kind-hearted a man as ever lived. Do please, ma'am, let go."

Nobody spoke for a minute—but it was plain how the tide was setting—and then Santa Fé himself chipped in. "Gentlemen," he said, "you all know I've faced this music from the first without any squirming, and even come into Joe Cherry's plan for making me do circus stunts at the funeral for the good of the town. I'm ready to go through the

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Drawn by Stanley Arthurs Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"DON'T HANG HIM, SIR!"

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whole racket right now, and come back here when it's all over and be hung on the square—"

"Save him! Save him!" the woman cut in; and she give a fresh jerk to Cherry's legs that come close to spilling him.

"But I will say this much, gentlemen," Santa Fé went on: "That I am willing to ask for the sake of my dear wife and helpless innocent infants what I wouldn't be low down enough to ask for myself—and that is that you call this game off. This dreadful experience has changed me, gentlemen. It has changed me right down to my toes. Being as close to a telegraph-pole as I am now makes a man want to turn over a new leaf and behave—as some of you like enough 'll find out for yourselves if you don't draw cards from my awful example and brace up all you know how. Give me another show, gentlemen. That's what I ask for—give me another show. Let me go home with my angel wife to the dear old farm in Ohio, where my aged mother and my sweet babes are waiting for me. Like enough they're standing out by the old well in the front yard looking down the road for me now!" Santa Fé gagged so he couldn't go on for a minute. But he pulled himself together and finished with his chest out and his chin up and speaking firm. "Let me go home, I say, to the old farm and my dear ones—and take a fresh start at leading bravely the honest life of an honest man!"

Then he let down his chin and took his chest in and said, sort of soft and gentle: "Let go of Mr. Cherry's legs and come and kiss me, my darling! And please wipe the tears from my eyes—with my poor shackled hands I can't!"

The woman gave Cherry's legs one more rousing jerk, and said sort of pitiful: "Save him! Save him for his old mother's sake, and for mine, and for the sake of our little girls!" Then she got up and wiped away at Santa Fé's eyes with her pocket-handkerchief, and kissed him for all she was worth while she had him tight around the neck with both arms.

The boys was all as uncomfortable as they could be—except Cherry seemed to feel better at getting his legs loose—and some of 'em fairly snuffled out loud. They stood around looking at each other, and nobody said a word. Then Santa Fé sort of wrenched loose from her kissing him and spoke up. "Which is it to be, gentlemen?" he said. "Is it the telegraph-pole—or is it another chance?" The woman moaned fit to break your heart.

The silence, except for her moaning, hung on for a good minute. Then Hill broke it. "Oh, d—n it all!" said Hill—it was Hill's way to talk sort of careless—"give him another chance!"

That settled things. In another minute they had the handcuffs off Santa Fé and all the boys was shaking hands with him. And then they was asking to be introduced to his wife—she was all broke up, and crying, and kept her veil down—and shaking hands with her too. After that they ended up by giving Charley and his wife three cheers. You never saw folks so pleased. The only one out of it was the Denver undertaker—who couldn't be expected to feel like the rest of us; and was in a hurry, anyway, to finish his job so he could start back home on the night train.

"You come along with me in the coach, Charley," Hill said—Hill always was a friendly sort of a fellow—"and I'll jerk you over to Santa Fé in no time, and you can start right off East by the 4.30 train. That 'll be quicker'n going up to Pueblo, and it 'll be cheaper too. The ride across sha'n't cost you a cent. If you and your lady come in my coach, you come free. And I say, boys," Hill went on, "let's open a pot for them little girls! Here's my hat, with ten dollars in it for a warmer. I'd make it more if I could—and nobody 'll hurt my feelings by raising my call."

All hands made a rush for Hill's hat—and when Hill handed it to that poor woman, who had her pocket-handkerchief up to her eyes under her veil and was crying so she shook all over, there was more'n two hundred dollars in it, mostly gold. "This is for them children, ma'am, with all our compliments," Hill said—and he and Charley helped her hold up her shawl, so it made a kind of a bag, while he turned his hat upside down.

"Speaking for my dear little girls, I thank you from my heart, gentlemen," Santa Fé said. "This is a royal gift,

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and it comes at a mighty good time. Some part of it must be used to pay our way East—back to the dear old home, where those little angels are waiting for us sitting cuddled up on their grandmother's knees. What remains, I promise you, gentlemen, shall be a sacred deposit—to be used in buying little dresses, and hats, and things, for my sweet babes. I hate to use a single cent of it for anything else, but the fact is just now I'm right down to the hard pan." And everybody—remembering there'd been the worst sort of a run of luck against Santa Fé's bank the night before the shooting—knew what he said was true.

"Well, Charley, we must be andying along," Hill said. "I'm more'n an hour behind time on my schedule because of all these doings. I've got to whip them mules like h—ll!"—that was the offhand way Hill talked always—"if you're to ketch that 4.30 train."

And then everybody shook hands all over again with Santa Fé and his wife, and things to drink was put in the coach for 'em—and away they went down the slope to the bridge over the Rio Grande, with Hill whipping away for all he was worth and swearing at his mules. Hill always said that swearing at mules was the only sure way to make 'em go.

"Well, boys," said Cherry, as the coach went bumping across the bridge and on toward Santa Cruz, "getting shut of Santa Fé that way is better'n hanging him. With him and the rest fired out of it, and the Sage-brush Hen no longer around to start up fighting, I guess we've got Palomitas purified about down to the ground. And what's more, we've ended off by doing a good deed! Them little girls 'll be pleased and happy when their mother gets back to 'em with our money in her pocket, and brings along in good shape their father—who'd just about be in the thick of his kicking on that telegraph-pole by this time, if she hadn't romped in the way she did on the closest kind of a close call!

"And now let's turn to and get poor old Bill planted. We've kind of lost sight of Bill in the excitement—and we owe him a good deal. If Santa Fé hadn't started the reform movement by shooting him, we'd still be going on in the same old way. You may say it's all Bill's doings that Palomitas is pure!"

When Hill drove into town next day—coming to the deepo, where most of the boys was waiting around for the Denver train to start—he was laughing so he was 'most tumbling off the box.

"I've got the d—dest biggest joke on this town," Hill said—Hill said it just that careless way—"that ever was got on a town since towns begun!"

Hill was so full of it he couldn't hold in to make a story. He just went right on blurting it out: "Do you boys know who that wife of Charley's was that blew in yesterday from Denver? I guess you don't! Well, *I* do—she was the Sage-brush Hen! Yes siree," Hill said, so full of laugh he couldn't hardly talk plain; "that's just who she was! All along from the first there was something about her shape I felt I ought to know, and I was dead right. It come out while we was stopping at Bouquet's place at Pojuaque for lunch—they both knowing I'd see it was such a joke I wouldn't spoil it by giving it away too soon. She went in the back room at Bouquet's to have a wash and a brush-up—and when she showed up at the lunch-table she'd got over being Charley's wife and was the Hen as good as you please! She hadn't a gray hair or a wrinkle left anywhere, and was like she always was except for her black clothes. When she saw my looks at seeing her, she got to laughing fit to kill herself—just the same gay old Hen as ever; and she always was, you know, the most comical-acting sort of a woman, when she wanted to be, anybody ever saw.

"When she quieted down her laughing a little she told me the whole story. She and Charley'd fixed it up between 'em, she said; and she'd whipped up to Denver on one train and down again on the next—buying quick her gray hair and her black outfit, and getting somebody she knew at the Denver theatre to fix her face for her so she'd look all broke up and old. She nearly gave the whole thing away, she said, when Charley asked her about the little girls. He just threw that in, without her expecting it—and it set her to laughing and shaking so, back of her veil, that we'd have ketched up

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with her sure, she said, if Charley hadn't whispered quick to her to pretend to cry and carry off her laughing that way. She had another close call, she said, when Charley was talking about the old farm in Ohio—she all the time knowing for a fact he was born in East St. Louis, and hadn't any better acquaintance with Ohio than three months in the Cincinnati jail. Charley ought to go on the stage, she says—where she's been herself. She says he'd lay Forrest and Booth and all them fellows out cold!

"She and Charley just yelled while she was telling it all to me; and they was laughing 'emselves 'most sick all the rest of the way across to Santa Fé. When we got into town I drove 'em to the Fonda; and then the Hen rigged herself out in good clothes she bought at Morse's—it was you boys, and me too, helped pay for her outfit—and gave her old black duds to one of the Mexican chambermaids. They allowed—knowing I could be trusted not to talk too much in Santa Fé—they'd stay on at the Fonda till to-morrow, anyway: so I might let 'em know, when I get back again, how you boys took it when you was told how they'd played it on you right smack down to the ground. Charley sent word he hoped there wouldn't be any hard feeling—seeing his shooting Bill was an accident, and there wasn't no real call for hanging him, and it was all among friends. And the Hen sent word she guessed they'd set up a theatre show for you worth more'n you put in my hat for gate-money, and you all ought to be pleased. And they both said they'd been treated so square by you fellows they'd be sorry to have any misunderstanding, and they hoped you'd take the joke friendly—the same as it was meant."

Well, of course, we all did take it friendly—it wouldn't have been sensible to take as good a joke as that was any other way. Cherry was the only one who squirmed a little. "It's on us, and it's a good one," said Cherry; "and of course I'm not kicking. But the rest of you boys have no notion how sick it makes me feel whenever I think how I felt when what I took for Santa Fé's wife was a-grabbing that way at my knees!"

In San Na-zaro

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

IN San Na-zaro's gardens
The nightingales are still—
They know a sweeter voice than theirs
Is passing from the hill,
And the white rose and the crimson
Their heads are bending low—
For roses lie on Lucia's breast,
And Lucia does not know—
Pale roses, all too lightly clasped
In hands as cold as snow.

In San Na-zaro's cloisters,
By one dim altar-light,
The gray-haired monks are met to judge
Their youngest anchorite;
For Hugo knelt in open hall
When passing-prayers were read,
And kissed with white and shaking lips
The still face of the dead—
"The love I might not give to Life
I give to Death," he said.

The monks of San Na-zaro
Their doom have spoken now—
They cannot know when breaking hearts
Assoil a broken vow,
But in the funeral chamber
Amid the dim-lit gloom
The pale buds laid on Lucia's breast
Unfold in perfect bloom,
And that calm smile the dying lips
Had lost, the dead resume.

And in Na-zaro's gardens
Now when the night is dim,
Young Hugo comes, and nightingales
Have songs alone for him,
And the white rose and the crimson
All down their bending rows
Lean close to touch his claspèd hands
And whisper, as he goes,
"Thy kiss hath waked a heart in heaven;
She knows now; Lucia knows."

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Schoolmastering the Speech

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

IN questions of disputed propriety of usage it is not the voice of any single writer, no matter how eminent, which settles definitively the correctness or incorrectness of a particular locution. It is the concurrent voice of all. From that there is no appeal. Individuals may err; not so the collective body. This wields an authority that cannot be successfully defied or even disputed.

It is of course conceivable that a man may insist that a particular word or construction which has been employed, for instance, by the translators of the Bible, by Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Tennyson—to cite a few,—is wrong and should be avoided. With such a person, if he exist, controversy cannot well be carried on. There is no common ground upon which the disputants can meet. Still, it is not likely, wherever agreement prevails in the usage of the very best writers, that any one would knowingly set up against their united authority either his own opinion or the opinion of any grammarian. He might have the disposition; he would pretty surely lack the requisite impudence. As a matter of fact, as we shall see later, he frequently does set up his opinion against their united authority. But that is not because he possesses daring, but because he lacks knowledge. He censures, as he supposes, the individual writer. Had he been aware that the whole body of great authors was included in his attack, he might indeed have solaced himself in private with the consciousness of his superiority to them all; but before the public he would have taken care to preserve silence.

The examples which have been given of difference of usage in the case of locutions like *the two first, firstly,* and *our mutual friend,* show what caution must be exercised in many instances, what pains must be taken before the student of speech can be in a position to justify any announcement he makes of his conclusions. Even much fuller must be the more delicate sifting of evidence which will enable the investigator, wherever variation exists between two different modes of expression, to decide whether the language is tending towards the exclusive adoption of one of them or is disposed to retain both. Take the case of the verb *thrive.* At present it is inflected according to the strong and the weak conjugation—that is to say, we use indifferently and with equal propriety in the preterite and past participle *throve, thriven,* or simply *thrived* for both. Is there a disposition to settle upon the adoption of one of these methods to the exclusion of the other? In the eighteenth century the superficial observer would have been tempted to say that the weak inflection would in time become the only one. In the nineteenth century a similar observer would have been led to express the opinion that the verb was going over entirely to the strong conjugation. But no thorough examination of the best usage during either of these periods has ever been made. There is in consequence no room for dogmatic assertion. The inflection of *thrive* according to the weak or the strong conjugation is therefore with us now merely a matter of personal preference. All that we can safely say further is that such it seems likely to remain, so far as the known data in regard to its employment permit us to form an opinion.

It has already been remarked that this preliminary preparation of investigation and thought, required to fit one to discuss properly disputed questions of speech, is not ordinarily regarded as in the least degree essential by those who assume the office of instructors in good

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usage. It is much easier to lay down rules of one's own devising, based though they be upon insufficient knowledge and inadequate linguistic training, and, according as others observe or fail to observe these, pronounce decisively upon the verbal or grammatical correctness of what they say. This course has further the warrant, to no slight extent, of worldly wisdom. Men like positiveness in those who set out to act as their guides. In matters of usage in particular they prefer the certainty of dogmatic utterance to the hesitancy of statement which arises from the knowledge of the fact that the field under discussion has been but partially surveyed, and that conclusions founded upon the little that has been ascertained are liable to modification if not to reversal. They are consequently willing and even eager to heed the words of any one who takes it upon himself to direct them with sufficient assurance, no matter what may be his qualifications.

One result of this readiness on the part of the mass of men to accept any one as authority, who chooses to proclaim himself as such, is that the language has for a long time been undergoing the process which the late Professor Whitney used to describe as that of being schoolmastered. Instead of following a natural normal development upon the lines laid down by the great writers of our literature, sets of artificial rules for the regulation of expression have been and from time to time still are announced. Some of these rules are imported from alien tongues. Some are the creation of men who, not knowing what good usage is, have sought to impose upon the speech their crude notions of what it ought to be. To a certain extent these have been adopted in grammars. As a consequence they are taught by scores of teachers, occasionally even by those connected with our higher institutions of learning. This observation does not of course apply to all grammars any more than it does to all institutions; in particular it does not apply to any of the larger German grammars of our speech. These, being the work of scholars, follow the methods of scholars. Accordingly they base their conclusions not upon any preconceived opinions of propriety, but upon the actual practice of eminent writers. But the statement is true of too many of these manuals in our own tongue. So far as the artificial standards set up in them are accepted, they tend to cramp expression and to put formal and pedantic utterance in the place of that which is natural and idiomatic.

Herein lies the sole justification for the complaint made by Forster and others that the study of grammar portends and paves the way for the ruin of style. It is not grammar itself, but grammar falsely so called, that can by any possibility produce such an effect. The peril too is exaggerated. It is mainly by the semi-educated in language that all recommendations or denunciations found in works of this character are religiously heeded. They can scarcely be said to affect to any extent worth considering the practice of eminent writers. These are much more familiar with and naturally are much more acted upon by the great literature of the past than by any grammatical treatises of the present. Furthermore, it is rarely the case that injunctions of the sort here indicated come from men whom such writers regard as being entitled to speak with authority. Authors of the first rank are as little disposed to originate these artificial restraints upon expression as they are to respect them. Perhaps the only exception that can be found is that of Walter Savage Landor. He scattered broadcast criticisms upon points of usage, and it is no easy matter to decide whether in so doing he displayed more whimsicalness or ignorance. Still, his literary position was such as to give a certain vogue to the wildest vagaries he originated or adopted.

Landor's reckless assaults upon "the vernacular idiom"—to use a phrase attributed to Bentley which he put under the ban—furnishes a most amusing chapter in his stormy life. Like all who set out to be purists, he would now and then select some one word or expression to bear the opprobrium of corrupting the speech, while he employed without hesitation scores of others which were exactly in the same class, and therefore justly exposed to the same objection. Nothing, for instance, is more common in language than to use a word both in a general

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and in a specific sense, or even in different specific senses. Illustrations of it abound in our daily speech. Landor fixed his eye upon one example of this practice. He fell foul of the noun *executioner*. That word had been regularly used since the fifteenth century to designate specifically the person inflicting the death penalty, preferably by hanging or beheading, though sometimes extended to other modes. Naturally the corresponding limiting significations had likewise attached themselves to *execution* and *execute*. Such a use of the three words had been made for generations by every writer who needed for any reason to employ them. The same course will doubtless continue to be followed so long as the language exists. But Landor for some reason took it into his head that this was all wrong. *Executioner* ought not to denote the hangman. The term, he insisted, was more appropriate to the judge whose business, according to him, was to execute the laws. It was useless to tell him that an authority far mightier than he had settled the meaning long before he was born.

Not improbably such utterances as these have influenced to some extent the conduct and belief of inferior men who have transferred to Landor's linguistic dicta a deference due to the knowledge and ability he displayed in other matters. But man of genius as he was, his pronouncements upon usage never affected the practice of writers who were his equals or superiors, save perhaps in one instance. This, however, is so curious that it deserves recital. Attention has been called to the fact that the neologism of *would better* with the infinitive instead of *had better* owes what little headway it has made to Landor's advocacy. The sole example, however, of its employment by any other writer of the first class, which I have been able to discover, occurs in Browning. The concluding scene of *Pippa Passes* is taken up mainly with a dialogue between Monsignor and the intendant. The latter gives utterance to a desire to be asked what service he had done the bishop's brother. In the reply, as it originally appeared, Monsignor is represented as using the English of literature, the English of good writers, past and present, and consequently saying, "I had better not." But later in life Browning revised the work and changed the expression into the unidiomatic and really meaningless "I would better not." But it was not to the teaching of any grammaticaster that his error was due. He made the alteration, as he acknowledged, in deference to Landor. He defended it upon what he called his friend's magisterial authority. He even united himself to him in a common bond of ignorance by adopting as his own the long-exploded derivation which regarded *I had* as an expansion of *I'd* contracted from *I would*.

At the present day these attempts at schoolmastering the speech are going on all the while before our eyes. One agency in particular, which is working havoc in the minds of many, is the disposition to insist that the modern signification of a word or its modern grammatical construction shall conform to its derivation. This is a delusion to which men who aspire to be considered cultivated are peculiarly susceptible. One point indeed there is which the average man of education, or rather the man of average education, seems wholly incapable of comprehending. He cannot be made to see that it is the meaning which living men put into the words they use that is alone of any significance; that of very trifling significance is the meaning that dead men have given to those from which the former have come. To the prevalence of this hallucination—for hallucination it is in the strict etymological sense of that term—we owe the efforts constantly put forth to alter the speech of our fathers and to limit freedom of expression.

Of course were men to set out seriously to regulate the whole speech in accordance with this principle, the language would at once be thrown into a state of wildest confusion. There is not a day of our lives in which we do not use a large number of words in a meaning not merely inconsistent with their derivation, but in actual defiance of it. We speak of December as the twelfth month of the year, though etymologically it is the tenth. Necessarily a similar statement is true of the three months preceding it. We designate the political, literary, and scientific periodicals which come out

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weekly, and even monthly, by the name of *journals,* as do the French from whom we took the word. Were we under the bondage of derivation, we should have to limit the use to a daily paper. An *anecdote,* linguistically speaking, is strictly something which has never been published. It is a portion of secret history that for the first time has been revealed. Very severe censures were once passed upon those who used it in the sense in which everybody uses it to-day. No one would now think of restricting its employment to its etymological signification. With us, indeed, the fault that is found with anecdotes is not so much that they have never been published, but that they have been published altogether too often.

Turn now from words to grammatical forms. We use *riches* as a plural, though it is nothing but the old English singular *richesse.* The process which brought about the change which has taken place in the grammatical character of this word we can now see going on at the present day in the case of another word. With the keener sensitiveness which has come to exist in matters of language, the goal towards which the latter has long been tending may never be actually reached. Still, when something is said of a man's stamina, how small is the number of those to whom it occurs that *stamina* is a plural. Such, however, it certainly is. Yet to use it as the subject of a plural verb would jar now upon the linguistic sense of even the classically educated. So men who are aware of its origin employ it almost invariably in the objective case, with which no fault can be found. A few, who are ignorant of its being a Latin plural, occasionally use it as the subject of a singular verb. If the language of the few should become in this particular the language of the many, that of itself would not suffice to make the practice good usage. But if it should be so employed by the best writers, the status of the word would be settled decisively. *Stamina* would then become a singular just as *riches* has become a plural.

But every now and then some unfortunate word or construction is selected to bear the brunt of linguistic attack because it is employed in a way which its etymology does not justify, though scores of other examples of a precisely similar nature are passed over in silence. Attempts in consequence are made to compel men to give up their natural speech and adopt in its place some prescribed mode of expression, which, it is assumed, must be particularly correct because it is so disagreeably stiff and formal. Though the process has been called, in accordance with Professor Whitney's phrase, a schoolmastering process, it is a process the application of which is not confined to schoolmasters. Perhaps as a class the teaching profession is less inclined to employ it than any other body of educated men. There is a touch of this particular form of pedantry in no small number of the cultivated who set out with insufficient equipment to deal with the problems of speech. A pedant is not necessarily a pedagogue, though etymologically he has no business to be anything else. The path of derivation, as the examples just given show, is beset at every turn with pitfalls. Into one of these he who starts out to follow it blindly is sure to tumble. Consequently the good sense of the immense majority of the users of speech has taught them to shun this dangerous way; at least, if it is not their good sense, it has been a necessity of the situation. It is of course impossible for the great body of speakers to conform the meanings of the words they employ to those of their originals found in a language which they do not understand. Even such as are not ignorant in this particular respect are almost invariably indifferent.

That this state of feeling is at times productive of harm there can be no question. There are variations of signification based upon derivation which add to the resources of speech. It is always a misfortune when they come to be disregarded. Let us take an illustration from the confusion widely prevalent in the case of the two words *vocation* and *avocation.* These have, as etymology implies, different meanings. To confound them is a loss to the language. So again the proper use of *allude,* in the sense of hinting at or suggesting a person or thing without direct mention, carries with it a delicate distinction in usage which it is most desirable to retain. Yet there is no question that both *avocation*

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in the sense of *vocation* and *allude* with the mention of person or thing have been employed not simply by ordinary men, but by speakers and writers of high cultivation, and in a few instances of high authority. So long as the greatest authors do not present a united front against such usage the proper signification of the words is in danger of being lost. To that extent the language is made the poorer. Were all of this class of writers to fail us here, we would have to regret the impairment of the speech thereby produced. None the less should we have to accept it, at least for the time being.

It is not, however, from disregard of derivation that the speech is in any serious danger. Much more harmful is the deference mistakenly paid to it. From this results not unfrequently a pedantic and even painful mode of expression in opposition to the best usage, and that too without the slightest counterbalancing advantage. A remarkable illustration of this can be seen in the case of *none* as the subject of a plural verb. When and where the outbreak of hostility to this usage first manifested itself it may not be easy to determine. Apparently it was not until of late that any one ever thought seriously of questioning the propriety of the construction. But the fact seems suddenly to have dawned upon the mind of some student of speech that *none* was a contraction of *no one*. The processes of logic were at once set in motion. *No one* is exclusively confined in its construction to the singular; it cannot be used with a verb in the plural. In that all would agree. The conclusion was at once drawn that the word derived from it must be exactly in the same situation. It was therefore highly improper to use *none* as the subject of a plural verb.

It is needless to say to any person who has made himself familiar with the best usage, either written or spoken, that *none* has been and is employed indifferently as a singular and a plural; if anything, more frequently in the latter number than in the former. The study of our best writers settles that point decisively. It is in the power of any one to decide the question for himself; and it will make little difference what is the work he takes up. At Miletus, Paul tells his followers of the bonds and afflictions which await him at Jerusalem. "But none of these things move me," he continues, according to the authorized version which adopts here the translation of the passage as found in some of the earlier sixteenth-century versions. "None deny there is a God," said Bacon in his essay on Atheism, "but those for whom it maketh that there were no God." "None are for me," Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Richard III., "That look into me with considerate eyes." "None are seen to do it but the people," wrote Milton in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*. A magazine cannot be turned into a dictionary of quotations, otherwise it would be easy to fill page after page with examples of the use of *none* as the subject of a plural verb, taken from the best writers of the language of every period, and indeed from writers of every grade of distinction from the highest to the lowest. As a single illustration of what can be found in modern usage, in the one short poem of Browning's, entitled "Clive," the word appears three times as a plural.

There is even more to be said. As there are cases where *none* with the verb in the singular is the only proper construction; as again there are cases where *none* can be used indifferently as a singular or a plural—so there are cases where its use as the subject of a plural verb is the only possible as well as proper construction. Fancy the result which would follow the employment of *goes* for *go* in this somewhat celebrated couplet of Pope's:

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Similar examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. Yet a practice which has been sustained by the good usage of both the past and the present, which in many instances is absolutely essential to correctness of expression, has been held up to censure because it does not conform to this crazy canon of derivation.

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The Underling

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART II

THE next Sunday Rose dined with the Lyndes. She was charming in her summer silk of a soft-brown shade and her hat with the brim faced with pink roses. There was a state dinner.

William as usual sat meekly with the hired men in the kitchen, but he ate nothing. He was ghastly pale. He had dressed himself, as he always did on Sunday, in his best clothes. After dinner he went across the field to his accustomed seat on the stone wall and thought about what was coming, how Rose Willard was going to marry Edgar and would live in the house as his brother's wife. "I've got to stop feeling about her the way I have done," he said to himself. "There is no use talking, it has got to be done."

Sitting there, the man strove as resolutely and with as much agony to pluck the love from his heart as a wounded man to pluck a spear from a wound. "It has got to be done," he kept saying to himself over and over.

At last, when he rose and crept off home across the fields he actually limped. He looked like an old man.

The next afternoon William left the hay-field early; the hay was nearly in, and he considered that they could spare him. James called after him in wonder.

"Where are you going, William?" he asked.

"I must drive over to Askam before supper," William replied, never turning his head, as he strode across the field in his unwonted self-assertion.

Edgar wiped his forehead, gazed toward the west, where the sun was sinking, and thought of Rose. He fairly laughed with love of her and self-love. He worshipped at a double shrine, and was in an ecstasy. He thought how happy he was and how happy he was making Rose, and he laughed again. The hired men, watching him furtively, grinned.

"He dun'no' whether he's on his head or his heels," one grunted to the other.

Meanwhile William was driving a lame old horse to Askam. He was going to buy a wedding-present for Rose. He had his own account at the Askam bank. He drew generously upon it, and carried home a service of solid silver.

When he reached home supper was over, and Emma had relapsed from her frame of mind of the day before.

"Supper is all over," she said, sternly, to him when he entered by the kitchen door as usual.

"It's all right," replied William, carrying his large neat package from the jeweller's.

Emma eyed it curiously. "I can't have supper standin' round an hour on a washin'-day," said she.

"It's all right," repeated William. "I don't want any supper." Then, much to her astonishment, he passed directly into the sitting-room with his package. He produced as much astonishment there. His sisters, seated near the table with their work, and James with his evening paper (Edgar had gone to see Rose), started. William spoke to his eldest sister, Mrs. Meserve. "Will you come into the parlor a minute?" said he. "I want to speak to you."

Mrs. Meserve cast a glance of wonder and alarm at her sister and James, and rose and followed William into the parlor.

"I got a present," said William, "and I thought I would like to have you see it."

"A wedding-present?" asked Mrs. Meserve. William nodded. He was busy unwrapping the package.

"Well, you *are* in a hurry," said Mrs. Meserve.

William opened his box and displayed his purchases in their Canton-flannel bags.

Mrs. Meserve gasped. "You don't mean it's solid?" said she.

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"You don't suppose I would give her anything that was not solid," said William. He spoke in a tone of resentment new to him, but Mrs. Meserve was so wrapped in her contemplation of the shining silver pieces, which gave off bluish lights in the room, that she did not notice.

"It is magnificent," she said, in an awed voice. "Magnificent. I never saw anything to equal it."

"Then you think it is all right, that I could not have got anything better?" asked William, and his voice expressed a pathetic pleasure.

"Better? Goodness! I should think it was a princess that was going to get married. I never saw anything like it. I don't see when she's going to use it, for my part."

"Well, I'm glad it's all right," said William. Then he returned, crossing the sitting-room in his humble fashion, and they heard his steps on the back stairs leading to his room.

Mrs. Meserve, who had followed him, spoke as soon as the door was closed behind him. "He has bought a solid silver service, ever so many pieces—I never saw anything so magnificent — for a wedding-present," said she.

Annie dropped her work. "A solid silver service!" exclaimed she.

"The handsomest one you ever laid your eyes on."

Annie and James followed Mrs. Meserve into the parlor to inspect William's wedding-present to Rose. He himself, sitting beside the window in his little bedroom, reflected upon it with a measure of self-gratulation new to him. It was a hot night and overcast. There was a fine misting rain. It blew in the open window upon him until he was quite damp. He seemed to see the blue lights of the silver pieces, and he tried to see them as Rose might. At last it seemed to him that he could do so. He became sure that he was reflecting upon the possession of the silver exactly as a woman might do, and he smiled in the darkness, an angelic smile of unselfish love. Then he coughed. He had coughed a good deal lately, but nobody had noticed it. He had not noticed it himself. However, his cough settled a much-deliberated question when the night of the wedding came, a month later. The Lyndes had wondered whether it would be inevitable that he should go.

"He has no clothes fit," said Mrs. Meserve, "and it seems hardly advisable to get them for just one occasion."

"That is so," replied Annie.

William himself had made up his mind. A curious pride in going possessed him. The worm turned. He ordered a suit of clothes in Askam at his brother's tailor's, and the tailor told Edgar.

When Edgar came home after trying on his wedding suit, he told James. "Say," he said, "William is going."

"To the wedding?"

"Yes; he is having some clothes made. The tailor told me."

James frowned. "Well, perhaps it is better," he said at length. "People might think it singular for him not to attend his own brother's wedding, and might talk, and that is what we don't want."

But when the day of the wedding came, William's cough had so increased that it had come to be noticed, and Annie and Mrs. Meserve talked it over.

"It is no use," said Annie, positively; "leaving everything else out of the question, he cannot go for that reason alone. He coughs every minute. It is incessant. Hear him now." In fact, at that moment the sound of William's persistent cough was heard from the kitchen.

"Such a cough as that right through the ceremony," said Annie; "why, it is ridiculous. Of course he can't go."

"But his clothes have come home from the tailor's, and everything," Mrs. Meserve said, hesitating.

"Nonsense, Agnes; he can't go. You know yourself that anybody that coughs like that can't possibly go to a wedding."

That afternoon, when William was sitting alone on the back porch, Mrs. Meserve came out hesitatingly. She did not like what she had to do. She told him that she and Annie had been talking it over, and they both thought that, coughing as he did, it was hardly advisable for him to go to the wedding. William turned his face toward her, and for the first time she saw an expression of something like reproach on it. She noticed too for the first time that he had grown thin. He had shaved, and was all ready

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to don the new suit which lay on his bed up-stairs.

"We both think it best," said Mrs. Meserve, again in a faltering tone. Then she added, "It will be a damp night, too, and it is hardly safe for you to go out, coughing as you do, William."

William looked away. "All right," he responded.

"You can put on your new clothes, and we will send a carriage and you can go to the reception afterward at Rose's."

"All right," said William.

When Mrs. Meserve joined Annie, she replied rather soberly to her question as to whether she had told William.

"He said all right," answered Mrs. Meserve. "Annie—"

"What is it?" said Annie. She was fastening pink roses on the front of her dress.

"Do you suppose that cough ought to be looked out for? He has grown very thin. I noticed it for the first time just now."

"Nonsense! It is only a throat-cough," replied Annie. "Has Edgar gone?"

"Yes; he started just before I came up-stairs. He looked as handsome as a picture. I hope you are right about William's cough."

But in the mean time something unforeseen and unprecedented was happening at the Willard house.

Edgar had proceeded to the house of the bride-elect, because of a note just received from her aunt asking him to do so. The note was evidently written hurriedly and had an agitated air. "Please come at once instead of going to the church first; something has happened," it said. Edgar felt a little uneasy as he rolled along the old familiar road, with such a feeling of strangeness in his heart that it almost looked unfamiliar to him. He gazed out at the leafless trees, whose branches gleamed golden under the brilliant winter sun against the blue of the sky, and it did not seem that they could possibly be the same trees which he had seen ever since he could remember, but instead trees which had gotten their growth in some unknown paradise. He was very fond of Rose, and very happy. It is true that her aunt's letter made him a little uneasy, but his cheerful optimism sustained him.

When he reached Rose's house, her aunt's face disappeared from the window, and the front door opened directly.

Edgar sprang lightly out of the coach, and ran up the walk and the steps. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked, laughingly.

"Come in a minute," replied Mrs. Ames, mysteriously.

Edgar followed her into the house and the sitting-room. "What is the matter?" he asked again, and he was still smiling.

Mrs. Ames, who was emotional, began to cry. Even then Edgar's smiling face did not change. "I don't know what has come over Rose," Mrs. Ames sobbed out.

"She isn't sick?"

"No, but she said she must see you before she went to the church, and—"

"And what?"

"Oh, she looks and acts so queer. I don't know what is the matter."

Edgar laughed outright. "Oh, Lord! probably her dress doesn't fit," said he, lightly. "Where is she?"

"She's in the parlor with Gloria. She's all dressed. It isn't that. It fits her beautifully. She's just like marble. I don't know what the matter is. I guess she's told Gloria, but she hasn't said a word to me, her own aunt, that's been just like a mother to her." Mrs. Ames began to weep weakly.

Edgar frowned a little; then he laughed his everlasting laugh of sheer optimism, and entered the house and the parlor. In the midst of the parlor sat Rose enveloped in a cloud of fleecy white, through which her face showed, as her aunt had said, with the rigidity of marble. Not a vestige of her lovely color remained. Even her lips were white and closely compressed. Gloria, who was standing over her, and dressed in her wine-colored silk, which cast a glow over her own usually colorless face, gave a terrified roll of her eyes at Edgar entering. Then she murmured something about the note which Rose had wished sent. Edgar made one stride to Rose, and thrusting aside her veil, took her hands, which were as cold as ice.

"What on earth is to pay, dear?" he asked.

Gloria stood still, trembling visibly

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from head to foot. Rose had told her the whole story, and she made no motion to leave the room.

Rose looked up at Edgar, and her features contracted into an odd expression almost of hate and repulsion.

"What is it, sweetheart?" Edgar said again, but he was still smiling. It seemed as if nothing could subdue his expression of radiant triumph.

"I've got to tell you something," Rose said, and all the singing sweetness was gone from her voice. It rang harsh and shrill.

Her aunt, out in the entry, heard every word.

"Well, Rose darling, what is it? How lovely you look! But, say, you are awfully pale. Aren't you well?"

"I am doing an awful thing," Rose replied, in that voice which did not seem like hers.

"Why, Rose dear? Every girl gets married. Say, sweetheart, you are nervous."

"No, I am not nervous. I must tell you the truth. I am going to be married to you."

"Well, I rather guess you are."

"I am going to be married to one man, to promise things before God and man, when—"

"When what?"

"When I love another with all my soul and strength, and have, ever since I can remember."

Edgar still smiled, but now the smile seemed like simply a contraction of the muscles around his handsome mouth.

"Who is he?"

"Your brother."

"My brother? James?"

"No; William."

"Good Lord! Why?"

"I don't know why. I know he has done something dreadful. He told me so himself. I know all that, but I can't break off the habit of loving him. I have loved him ever since I went to school with him."

"Nonsense, Rose; you are beside yourself. If you knew—"

"It wouldn't make any difference. It wouldn't ever make any difference to me. I have imagined everything. Nobody can imagine anything worse. He could not have done anything worse than the things I have imagined, but I love him just the same, more than anybody in the whole world, and I now feel as if his sin, whatever it is, is mine too. I feel as if I had done just what he did, and I can no more hate him for it than I could hate myself. I love him, and I shall love him just the same after I am married to you."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Edgar, still with his mechanical smile.

"Yes, I shall. I thought I should not, but all at once, after I was dressed, and looked at myself in the glass, I saw there what would always be—a woman who was married to one man, when she loved another enough to die for him; who loved him enough to love even whatever he had done that was wrong, and to feel that she would do it herself."

The smile slowly faded from Edgar's face, and it was like the going out of a light. "Do you mean to back out, then, at this late date, when the people must be in the church?" said he.

"No, I don't back out. I will marry you if you say so. I know I am putting you in an awful light and doing you an awful wrong if I don't, but I can't marry you without telling you the truth."

Edgar Lynde had within him the capacity of men of his make who are uniformly good-natured and optimistic, of almost devilish revolt when pushed against the wall, of sudden moves of almost incredible daring. His very optimism had its roots in self-esteem. It seemed to him preposterous, almost incredible, that anything like this could happen to him. At the same time he was not a man to force a woman into an unwilling marriage. A sort of contempt was in his face as he gazed at Rose in her bridal attire, with her love for his brother in her heart. He was almost brutal. He turned suddenly and looked at Gloria. Her eyes fell. She had all her life, ever since she could remember, thought there was no one to equal Edgar Lynde in the whole world. His own anger and wonder at her sister were reflected in her face. Her eyes, which were really lovely, were brilliant with unshed tears. The unwonted glow on her cheeks made her almost beautiful.

"Look here," said Edgar Lynde, "if you think—" He addressed that to Rose, then stopped.

"I will go through with it if you say

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so," moaned Rose, "but I had to tell you the truth."

"If you think I would marry a woman after she had confessed her love for my own brother, and a brother who is unworthy of it, you are mistaken," said Edgar then. There was no longer even the semblance of a laugh or even a smile on his face. The hardening of their old lines made it seem instead fierce. Then he continued. "But," he said, "if you think I am going to have all those people turned away and have them told that there is to be no wedding—" he paused again. He looked at Gloria. Then he spoke again. "See here, Gloria," said he. "I know second fiddle isn't the best place in the orchestra, and I know I am asking you to play it, but I'll promise you to do all I can for you if you will."

Gloria stole a glance at him. The color mounted all over her face.

Edgar went on quite calmly: "I know I have been courting your sister a long time, and I won't pretend that I haven't thought more of her than of you, and I expected to marry her, of course, and now she has decided at the last moment to put me to shame in the face and eyes of the whole town. You can make it right if you will. People will only think a trick has been played on them. I have always been playing tricks on people, and they won't be so surprised as if I were another man. I shall like you well enough, Gloria, and I'll do my best to make you a good husband, and you have not much to look forward to here."

Gloria again glanced at him. She was so agitated that she almost chattered like an idiot. She was nearly in hysterics.

"Make up your mind quickly," Edgar said, in a masterful voice. "There isn't any time to lose. Rose's things will fit you. Go up-stairs with her, and change dresses, and go and be married to me. Will you do it, Gloria?"

"You don't love me," said Gloria then, with a piteous cry—her last cry of affronted maidenhood.

"Oh, Lord!" said Edgar, "I shall love you well enough. I dare say I should have loved you instead of Rose in the first place if you had been as good-looking, and in a few years what do looks amount to? I shall like you well enough. I am not one of the kind of men who go into fits over a woman, anyway. I shall be just as happy with you as with her. Hurry, Gloria. There is the carriage for you and your aunt and Rose now." In fact, a carriage decorated with white ribbons just then drove up before the parlor windows. Gloria cast one more glance at Edgar—a glance of adoration, of shame, and something like guilt; then she looked at her sister. Rose made an almost imperceptible motion toward the door. Gloria followed her. They both rustled out of the room. "Be as quick as you can," Edgar called after them. His face was very pale, but it had resumed its look of pride at his awards of life. He called to Mrs. Ames in the entry, and was laughing when he accosted her. "I have something to tell you," he said. She stared at him, white-faced. "You thought I was going to marry Rose all the time, didn't you?" said Edgar.

"Of course," gasped Mrs. Ames.

"Well, I'm going to marry Gloria. I think if you go up-stairs and help them change dresses, it might help."

Mrs. Ames, ascending the stairs tremblingly, cast a scared look over her shoulder at him.

"It would be better for all concerned—for Rose and Gloria and me—if nothing of this got out," said Edgar. He began whistling as Mrs. Ames kept on up the stair. He then went out of the house, got into his own carriage, and drove to the church, where most of the wedding-guests were already assembled.

It is probable that there had never been such a sensation in the village as that occasioned by Edgar Lynde meeting Gloria in bridal array instead of Rose, and being married to her. It was a simple wedding. Rose sat in the audience, dressed in the wine-colored silk which had been intended for her sister. Edgar had whispered vehemently to his sisters and brother, and they maintained an outward calmness as if everything was going forward as had been planned, as did Rose and her aunt. People actually thought that it was one of the whimsical proceedings for which Edgar Lynde had always been noted in the place; that he had stolen a march upon them, and had been courting Gloria all the time instead of Rose, and had meant to marry her.

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I WILL GO THROUGH WITH IT IF YOU SAY SO," MOANED ROSE

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Still they wondered. Rose was, superficially at least, so superior to Gloria. However, Gloria in her bridal white looked better than she had ever done before. The shock of happiness radiated her dull face; her cheeks glowed. People whispered that she was almost as pretty as Rose, after all, and they guessed maybe she would make a better wife.

William went to the reception, and moved mechanically up to greet his brother and his bride. When he saw Gloria's face under the filmy veil instead of Rose's, his own turned ghastly white, and he staggered. A man caught his arm.

"What is the matter? Are you sick?" he asked.

William wavered back amidst the crowd. "No, it isn't anything," he replied, choking back his cough.

"You look dreadful pale," said the man, kindly. He was a young farmer with a sympathetic nature. He steered William over to a sofa. "You'd better set down," said he, "and I'll see if Almira can't scare you up a cup of coffee." Almira was the farmer's wife. Presently she came, bringing the coffee to William, who remained sitting where he had been placed, but whose look was aloof upon Rose in her wine-colored silk, talking with seeming gayety with a knot of people on the other side of the room. Rose's manner was the same as ever, but her look was strange, and people remarked it. They whispered among themselves. William heard a man say to another that Rose Willard had got left, he guessed; that it wasn't always the birds with the finest feathers that got the nest. He himself was fairly dizzy with bewilderment. Edgar had said nothing to him. He had not, in fact, considered it worth while. William gradually gathered consciousness, sitting there on the sofa sipping his coffee, that Rose was not, after all, married, but he also seemed to gather a stronger consciousness than ever before that she was out of his own reach. She had never seemed so far from him as that afternoon, as she stood and chatted with the wedding-guests. She never once looked at him. At least if she did, he did not know it. He noticed the strange look on her beautiful face, and wondered with the rest what it meant.

It was not long after Edgar's marriage that William moved out of the Lynde house into a little shanty in the field. It had one room and a chimney, and could be warmed, and was comfortable enough. Gloria was the cause of his moving. Now she was married and at a pitch of happiness and success which she had never anticipated, her character took on a higher phase of self-satisfaction. She said openly to Edgar that either they must have a new house, or William must live elsewhere. She showed the true imperiousness which had always been dormant in her nature.

"As for living in a family where one of the sons has done some awful thing so he can't live with the others, but has to eat with the hired men, I won't," said she.

The Lynde property was undivided. It was almost impossible for Edgar to separate his portion from the rest and live separately. The family discussed the matter, and William moved his poor belongings into the little shanty in the field. He was quite uncomplaining. Sometimes he wished that Rose had owned the silver service which glittered on the table when the family entertained, which was quite frequently since Edgar's marriage. However, he took some comfort in the reflection that Rose at least had the use of the silver sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher. But soon he became very ill. Then he was moved, in spite of his protest, into the house, and James gave up his own chamber—a large sunny room—to him. A specialist was consulted, a nurse was engaged, and Rose stayed at the house a great deal to assist, although she never saw William. She had a knack at delicate cookery, and she prepared the greater part of his meals. She herself grew thin and pale, and her beauty waned. She was torn with grief and love, and horror of that unknown something which William had done. She had locked up in her little rosewood desk a letter which William had written and sent to her the day after their conversation in the field, when he had thought she was to marry Edgar. It was addressed to Miss Rose Willard, and that envelope contained another, on which was inscribed, "To be opened and read after my death."

She often thought of this letter. Will-

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iam, now he was so ill, seemed the centre around which the whole family revolved. Their very indignation toward him made them more eager to do all that could be done.

At last it was said that William's death was only a matter of days. He no longer left his bed. It was then that Rose made up her mind. She was a woman with a good head and strong sense of justice, and that influenced her as well as her love for the sick man. "I don't know what William has done," she said to herself, "and they will not tell me; but they must think it is something dreadful or they wouldn't have treated him as they have done. Now it may be that they are mistaken, and this letter which William wrote for me to read after he was dead explains everything. If that is the case, what folly it is for me to wait until he is dead. I should regret it all the days of my life." She considered her own possible pain as well as the injustice to William when she opened the letter the afternoon before he died.

She locked herself into a room before opening it, although she was quite safe from intrusion. James and Edgar had gone on business to Askam; Annie was lying down; Mrs. Meserve had gone on an errand to the drug store. Rose, having locked the door, opened the letter and read it. It did not take long. It was very short. Rose thrust the letter into the bosom of her dress, and crossed the hall to William's sick-room. She knocked, and the nurse came to the door. "How is he?" she whispered. She was trembling from head to foot.

"He is quiet now," replied the nurse. "He had a hard coughing spell an hour ago, but he has been quiet since."

"Is he asleep?"

The nurse cast a glance into the room. William was lying very still, with eyes partly closed, and a ghastly streak of white visible between the lids. "No, I don't think so," he replied.

"I want to speak to him a moment," said Rose, "and I want you to go down-stairs while I do so. I have something particular to say while he is able to understand it."

The nurse looked hesitatingly at her. "You know it will not do to excite him," he said.

"I will not excite him to hurt him," said Rose, "but I must speak to him."

The nurse went rather reluctantly down-stairs, and Rose entered the room. She went straight to the bed where the sick man lay—a stark shape, dimly outlined beneath the bedclothes, his head deeply sunken in the pillow as if with an abnormal heaviness, his face ghastly, and his expression fixed in a sort of majestic patience and melancholy.

"William," said Rose,—"William."

William opened his eyes and looked at her, although seeming at the same time to look at something past her. He essayed a smile, but his face relapsed into its majestic melancholy. He had almost done with the things of earth.

"William," said Rose. "I—I opened your letter."

A sudden light of interest leaped into the sick man's face. He tried to speak, but the cough choked him. He made a terrific effort to subdue the cough, and succeeded. "Why didn't you wait?" he asked, in a loud, clear voice, which was startling coming from those lips, so straight and blue that they looked like those of one already dead.

"I thought it over," said Rose, in her sweet, singing voice, "and I made up my mind it wasn't just to you to wait till you were gone. I made up my mind that if I had been mistaken I would not want to reproach myself with it all my life."

William looked at her, and his look was half reproachful, half joyful, as if in spite of himself he was glad for what she had done.

Rose glanced at the door, and saw that it was tightly closed. "William, I know it all now," she said. "How you destroyed your father's will because he had left everything to you, and how they found it out, and thought it was the other way around."

"If I had told them," said the sick man, "they would all have gone off and had nothing, and left me here. You don't know how proud—" He struggled again with his cough.

"I know you have been put upon all these years," said Rose, and her singing voice quavered.

"It was a dreadful thing I did. I made myself liable—" said the sick man. He

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

ROSE'S VISION OF THE UNDERLING IN HIS GLORY OF GOOD MOTIVES

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cleared his voice, which seemed to come not so much from his throat as from his soul, such a far-off quality was in it. "The sense of guilt has always kept me down," he said. "It wasn't altogether the way they treated me; they had reason. I had made myself an underling. I knew I was guilty."

"Guilty," repeated Rose,—"guilty for a reason like that!" She began to weep softly, turning away her head that William might not see her.

"Father had a hasty temper," said William, "and he and James quarrelled; then Edgar got mixed up in it, and Annie, and he didn't like Agnes's husband. He left them each a dollar apiece, and all the rest to me. I couldn't have it so. I don't believe but father has thought better of it himself by this time."

Rose continued to weep softly.

"If the lawyer who drew up the will hadn't died suddenly, just as father did, I couldn't have done it," said William. "James was suspicious, and he watched me that night when I went down to father's desk. Father had told me all about the will, and I couldn't get him to change it. We had words about it, and James had overheard something, and put the wrong construction on it. Father was unconscious, and I knew he wouldn't live till morning. James caught me just as I put the will in the fire, and he couldn't save it. It was blazing. He accused me, and told the others. I couldn't deny it. I was guilty."

Rose wiped her eyes, came close to William, leaned over and kissed his forehead.

"Now I will have you righted," said she.

But the sick man roused himself, and sat up with a terrible effort. "Oh, Rose," he begged, "don't tell them. Don't you see?"

"See what, William?"

"They will never get over it if they know, and I only wanted you to know, and I am almost through."

"Well," said Rose, "I won't tell them if you say not to, William."

"There is no use in the living worrying over the troubles of the dead, when they meant right," said William.

Rose went over to the hearth where there was a fire burning and dropped the letter. It blazed up quickly. William smiled. He had settled down again into a shrunken heap. Rose went up to William and kissed him again. "I didn't marry your brother because I loved you so," said she. "I told him so at the last minute, and he asked Gloria. I loved you sin and all, William, and now—I see, I love you goodness and all. I have never seen such a good man as you, William, and loving you is better than being married to anybody else."

Then the nurse came in and Rose went out, and shortly afterward William had a frightful coughing spell. He became unconscious soon after midnight, in that wane of creation when the vitality of things of the earth is low, and died before morning.

It was the evening of the day of the funeral that James told Rose what had been the cause of the dead man's dissension with his family.

"We would not tell you, even though you had become one of us," he said, "but now that the poor boy is gone, it can do him no harm, and in a way we owe it to you and to ourselves."

They were all sitting in the best parlor, and the sisters had reddened eyes. They had been weeping. James spoke tenderly, even while relating what his dead brother had done. It was evident that all rancor on the part of the family had disappeared.

"Poor devil!" said Edgar.

"He always had a sweet disposition," said Mrs. Meserve, in a weeping voice.

"I think he was out of his mind when he did it," said Annie, sobbingly.

It seemed incumbent upon Rose to speak. "I never lay up anything against the dead," said she. "He may have been better in his heart than any of us."

"God alone sees the heart," observed Mrs. Meserve, in a solemn voice.

"That is so," said Gloria.

Rose said no more. She sat beside the window. It was a wonderfully bright moonlight night, and they had not lit the lamps. The field across the road from the house stretched in vast levels of silver light. It seemed to Rose that she could see the Underling coming across the field with a glory of his good motives around his head, and bent no longer beneath the burden of his earthly deeds, and she felt like his bride.

THE END.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be interesting to know, if one might, how general the appeal of Mr. Henry Holt's recent *Atlantic Monthly* essay on "The Commercialization of Literature" has been. After the passion of love, and, formerly more than now, the principle of religion, there is scarcely any human affair so intimate in its hold upon the majority not immediately concerned in it as the relation of authors and publishers. It seems of such universal indigeneity that one cannot help wondering what interest supplants it among those extremely low forms of savagery in which no analogous relation exists. But this inquiry must be postponed to the more immediate duty and pleasure of recognizing the charm of Mr. Holt's treatment of his subject, and the skill with which he has brought it home to the popular business and bosom. Literature might or might not seize the widest attention; but the commercialization of literature is something that must make a mercantile community sit up as one man. This is what Mr. Holt has perceived, and the effect of his admirable paper is as final as anything in that mystical region can very well be.

It might be said that literature was always commercialized, else there would never have been any such thing as the publishing business. But the commercialization of literature which Mr. Holt means is that very immediately modern condition of the publishing business in which books are run like lines of dry-goods, and advertised like baking-powders and patent medicines. It sounds very undignified and even disgraceful, but the condition which seems so immediately modern is quantitatively rather than qualitatively novel. Within the memory of men who we hope will live long to recall the fact, the contributions of a distinguished statesman to a trashy, but otherwise irreproachable, periodical were announced with an iteration of *Edward Everett writes for it, Edward Everett writes for it,* line after line, and column after column, till the whole wide page of a New York daily paper echoed the cry. This was full fifty years ago; and probably there were other instances of depravity among publishers, not so glaring, we dare say, which we cannot now remember; but we are sure that no immediately modern explosion of publicity has been more scandalous. In fact, the student of the actual publishers' announcements will agree with us, we think, that there is almost nothing of the brute vociferance in them which marked that earlier proclamation. There is rather the vice of a too jaunty knowingness in some of them, where, for instance, the advertising man, putting on the airs of criticism,

> Assumes the god,
> Affects to nod,

and attempts the analytic and synthetic in singing his wares, as if he were an "indolent reviewer." He forgets, apparently, that a chaste sobriety of statement is the best thing, if he would catch the eyes of any but the groundlings. Possibly, however, it is the eyes of the groundlings which he mainly wishes to catch, and here is the danger, if not the disgrace, the hasty observer of conditions might say. A little reflection might convince such an observer that there is at least not so much danger, so much disgrace as appears. The advertiser is dealing with a condition which evidently he knows, and he is dealing with it according to his lights. He understands what will catch, if not what will keep, that vast, half-taught, half-bred multitude, which has lately so increased, and seems to be growing ever greater, involving the question whether culture will assimilate it, or it will assimilate culture. Whether written for it or not, most books are published for it, and whether authors live by it or not, publishers do live by it.

Publication, therefore, is commercialized, and it always has been so; but literature can be commercialized only when it aims to sell, by aiming in unworthy ways to please. It must aim to please if it would exist; but it must please by being true, by being beautiful. It must make its public; that is a long process, but the effect is lasting. It must

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not let the public make it, for then it is made an end of as an art; it is indeed then commercialized, like any other ware.

Some people say that this is what literature, in the imaginative forms, now does. They say that the authors of the novels which are destined to sell have got such an accurate measure of the popular tastes that they know exactly how to meet them: with what proportion of passion, adventure, suspense, relief, mystery, self-devotion, villainy, comedy, tragedy, lubricity, morality, and the rest. They know, fatally well, what the public wants, and they supply it, just as any other shop would. If this saying is true, we have the commercialization of literature as an accomplished fact; and if it is not true, there is no other commercialization possible, and we need not be afraid. No methods of advertising books can harm literature; the tricks of the trade may be indefinitely multiplied; the publishing business may be vulgarized till no self-respecting man will own himself a publisher; literature may be peddled or huckstered about in any fashion; cried from carts like bananas or oranges; pushed by agents, and foisted upon the unwary by bunco-men. Still it cannot be tainted, cannot be degraded, cannot be commercialized. Its corruption can be wrought only through the authors of it; the publishers of it cannot hurt it.

Of course they do not wish to hurt it; they wish by all means to help it; they would not probably go into a business which scarcely offers the rewards of the leanest of the learned professions, and in which few fortunes are made, if they did not somehow love books. They like the look of them, the feel of them, if nothing else; their own imprint is a pleasure to them. They like even the authors of books, even the authors of books they have lost money on; and they would rather enrich all their authors than not; next to themselves there is no one they would like so much to enrich. When they see a popular novelist rolling in his automobile, they like to think that but for them he would be trudging beside them on foot. Their relations with authors are very intimate, very tender; and they are more so than other business relations, because they somehow feel his helplessness, his generic haplessness. It may be that there is something peculiarly winning in the literary temperament; we would like to think so; or it may be that publishers are of exceptionally affectionate natures, or that their business is one which singularly softens and subdues the asperities of the mercantile relation. The process may go so far as to lead publishers into the belief that they are fonder of authors than they really are; it may even deceive the authors in some such effect.

It is, in fact, the superstition of the young author that the publisher takes his book because he loves him; and he repays the publisher's supposititious passion with an undying ardor, until some other publisher approaches him, and alienates his affections by the offer of a higher royalty. Mr. Holt touches upon this point in deploring the instability of the relation between the author and the publisher. It appears that the alienators of authors' affections are much more active than formerly, and that they stay at no means of corrupting novelists and poets. But this is the blame of the publishers and not of the authors, and again there is no commercialization of literature. That, if its artistic ideal is maintained, is as pure as ever, just as the heart of a lady released from its allegiance by the divorce court is as essentially true as ever, and may be so transferred to a new object of devotion. Besides, the inconstancy of authors is no new thing. There is a potential fickleness in the tribe, which no one knows better than themselves, and some of them go so far as to make a principle of their inconstancy. It was the serious belief, humorously avowed, of one of our best and finest that a change of publishers was very wholesome and desirable. He contended that it kept each of the author's successive publishers on the alert to hold his favor, and inspired the latest with an energy to outdo all the rest in pushing his venture. He was an author whose ideal never faltered, who always meant and always did the best that was in him, with the beautiful results we were all glad to know. Yet he preached and practised a system which Mr. Holt regards as one of the regrettable features of the present demoralization.

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To his contention Mr. Holt, who sees in the impermanence of the old (perhaps prehistoric) relation of faithful authors and publishers the work of that most baleful of middlemen, the literary agent, would oppose the familiar doctrine that an author's books, if kept together in a single publisher's hands, will help sell one another. This we have ourselves always believed, and we hope it is true; but the author of whom we have spoken believed that the books so compactly grouped were allowed to sell one another without the publisher's help. In fact (and this is an awful secret told only in whisper), authors never think that their publishers have pushed their books quite enough. They may affect a polite goose-flesh at the shameless advertisement of their productions, and they may wish the odium of it to fall altogether upon their publishers, but they wish the disgrace to keep on, and to increase in space and frequency. To their mighty gorge whole pages of all the newspapers would not be too much. They are insatiable, and perhaps they are unreasonable; but perhaps they are not unreasonable if, recalling with difficulty the titles of their earlier books, they never find the public reminded of them from year to year by the publisher who is keeping them together. He is keeping them together, they say in their hearts, with such a vengeance that apparently he has no wish to share his treasure with others. So they come to doubt that good old doctrine, and fall away into denial, or at the best lapse into a condition of cold agnosticism.

Yet with all this, literature is not commercialized, even in the greedy souls of its authors. It cannot be commercialized, we say again, unless it is made to sell, with an eye single to its sale. As for the publisher's or the bookseller's methods, they are not yet enough commercialized, they are not yet truly business methods. In most other manufactures a well-known brand brings a better price than a brand ill known or unknown. But in the book trade it is not so. A book by an author of established repute and unquestioned merit sells for no more than a book by an author of no literary excellence, or of no attested worth. The new author, the trashy author, sells for the same price as the author whose name is a measurable warrant of worth. Apparently the size, shape, and quality of the material put into a book fix its value. There is no other standard known to the trade; and therefore it seems that its methods are not businesslike. The publishing, the selling, of books needs to be commercialized at a vital point. At present it is ridiculously naïve. It still proceeds upon the theory that

> A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

If a dealer in dry-goods were to put upon his counter a "beautiful line of alpacas," say, of which he knew nothing as to material or texture, or of which he knew that both were bad, and offered them at the same rate as alpacas of recognized superiority, what would be thought of his wisdom, his morality? If a dealer in wet-goods (as they are sometimes called) were to invite his customer to buy a raw or acrid vintage at the same cost as "a fine old crusty port" or a delicately tempered champagne of exquisite bouquet, because it was put up in the same kind of bottle, how long could he hope to keep the custom even of the newest millionaire who was trying to educate his palate? Yet upon precisely this principle the bookseller would indiscriminately offer his wares to the millionaire who was trying to form the library of a gentleman.

We think that Mr. Holt has miscalled his pleasant essay, and that he has really written of the demoralization of the book trade. He has written of this very knowledgefully, of course, and very justly, but, upon the whole, we feel not hopefully enough. It has great odds against it and it is in a bad way, as it always has been, but not in the worst way. It has only measurably against it the mortal enmity of the law by which the author innocently suffers, and if he lives long enough, perishes, as regards his property in his books. After a term of forty-two years, under a constitution guaranteeing equal rights to all citizens, he is singled out by the malice of the statute, and deprived of his ownership in every book of his which has come of that sad age; he is treated like a male-

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factor in jail rather than a benefactor at large; and the very publisher who complains of his inconstancy can safely be the first to seize his work and profit by it without offering him any portion of the gains from it.

This ought to be a great consolation, and all the greater if the aggrieved publisher refuses, as he nobly does, for the most part, to seize the advantage of the author which the statute gives him. In all forms of business man is superior to his conditions, and their amelioration through the human equation might very well persuade both author and publisher that the tie between them is more than usually sacred. Their alliance is not really more sacred than the relation of ordinary business partners, but it eventuates often in lifelong friendships, and in every case it is more honorable than that of patron and client which it replaced. The lexicographer now no longer "waits in the outward rooms" of my lord, or is "repulsed from his door," but takes his unabridged dictionary to an enterprising firm who straightway urge the public to "get the best," and provide for his declining years, or at least till those of his copyright shall have reached forty-two.

The relation of the author to his publisher is altogether of a gracefuler and sincerer friendship than the relation of patron and client, in which literature lived before it was at all "commercialized." Even when the rising young author, whom his publisher has helped up, in a genuine liking for him and his literature, takes flight to another publisher paying more, the first bears his desertion more in sorrow than in anger. He reflects that there is a great deal of human nature in man as well as genius, and he does not think too hardly of the inconstant, though he may think him something of an ingrate. At least Mr. Holt does not, and there is no part of his essay which is more amiable than that dealing with this nice, this difficult phase of the subject. In these days it must be an unfortunate young author indeed who has not received much personal kindness from his publisher, over and above the bargain. The glad young author feels the kindness to the bottom of his heart, and none may say how deeply that heart is wrung when duty to himself obliges him to accept a larger bid from another publisher for his second book.

Mr. Holt tells us that publishers now tempt authors away from one another much more shamefully than they used, offering them in advances and superior percentages temptations too strong for their weak natures; but he does not so much blame the authors. He knows their fragile make, and he will not visit a severe censure upon them. In fact, he discovers some excuse for them; they have a right to profit by their success in better bargains for the future; and he perceives that they may do so without derogation artistically. He would perhaps have them behave more sagaciously than they are capable of doing, and to look well before they leap from one height to a loftier acclivity. They may meet the fate of vaulting ambition; they may come croppers, and he would not like that for them.

The young author scarcely forebodes any such fate; for the young author, when the praiseful book-notices come flocking in, imagines his future secure. He cannot understand the cynical calm of his publisher; he begins to have his suspicions, he does not know of what. Yet unless some other publisher, or worse yet, some literary agent, comes to tamper with his constancy, he remains true to that first love which Mr. Holt would perhaps imply as the lifelong dream of his first publisher. Their fidelity to each other is typical of the final nature of their tie, for the author cannot go back from the publisher to the patron, and we do not see what he could forward to. Of course, some sort of cooperation is always possible, and authors joined in a species of trade-union might publish one another with a union label, and penalties for non-union authors, in the nature of boycotting, or, in extreme cases, of personal assault. But there is much in the jealous nature of authors to forbid the expectation of anything in this kind. Probably, as long as the actual economic conditions endure, we shall have authors and publishers on the present terms, with, we trust and believe, an ever-increasing amity.

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Editor's Study.

THE cultivated reader of to-day does not for his entertainment demand the story of incident, much less the sensational story. Such fiction is likely to lack novelty, and while it is true that the majority of thoughtful readers, even if tolerant of an exception now and then, most cordially welcome the downright story, with dramatic excitement and surprises, yet they are as dissatisfied with one that is trite and obvious as they are averse to one too elusive and remote, or to one which resolves itself into an elaborate study or a bravura of finesse. It is quite possible, however, that they may find their downright story in the new order of subjective fiction.

The large lines of the old-fashioned plot, in the higher order of fiction, gave place to a finer and more complex texture in the natural course of development, long before that stage was reached when the "kingdom within" became a more interesting field of exploration than any outward realm, and more romantic in the new and strange disclosures it yielded to the bold and patient discoverer. Fiction was born and had progressed far as an art under that old order of imaginative creation which, in its earliest manifestation, had been dominated by communal instinct, and, later, by aristocratic influences. It was the poet who had best thrived under that order, from Homer to Spenser, and poetry lost its imposing splendors in the eclipse of outward principalities and powers and of the impressive external symbols of a faith as projectile as the imagination—such symbols as Dante and Milton availed of as their mightiest leverage upon the souls of men. The novelist caught the afternoon rays of that descending sun, and he delighted his readers by the reflection in his magic mirror of the picturesqueness and grandeur of the social world that sun shone on, even calling back through some mirage, if he were such a wizard as Scott, the pageantry of medieval chivalry. Such themes exhausted all the available resources of his art, producing effects which are still alluring, though we do not much care for their reproduction, at least in like terms, in contemporary fiction.

What an immense field of action was afforded in this older romance, almost excluding any background, which indeed seemed little needed, every impressive feature being a constituent part of the central spectacle, and every element in the composition, derived from without, with the slightest intervention of the artist's consciousness, outrightly imposed upon him, indeed, contravening individualism! And how sure and effective the appeal, how easy, we might say, all the conditions for its full and striking compulsion being obviously predetermined! The background of the entire presentment was in the mind of the audience.

The pageantry passed out of life long before it ceased to be available for literature. Indeed, as we read the fine romances of so recent writers as Maurice Hewlett, James Branch Cabell, and Justus Miles Forman, we find that its associations have in this special field a lasting value, not only for color and atmosphere, but as a means of escaping a modern environment so rigid and forceful in its associations as to prevent if not quite destroy the kind of romantic illusion which it is the distinct purpose of these writers to maintain.

But for the most part fiction during more than a generation has not only been deeply set in the environment of its own time, but, in its highest examples, certainly in those most recent, has found little stimulus in that environment, deriving its interest mainly from the development of individual character, with psychic disclosures.

Here, too, the real background is in the mind of the reader; but there is this difference between the old appeal and the new—that the writer of to-day is in a kind of wireless communication with each individual reader; there are no mutually recognized masks which he can use to make himself understood — no common myth, symbol, or any outward token, that shall at once stand for all his meaning. The communication is from one solitude to another, with no visible medium be-

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tween. The ground of communication is a common culture which has divested itself of the old insignia, so that writer and reader can see each other plain, in the simplest human guise.

The resources of this culture for the purposes of art in prose literature are infinite. The mere accumulation of information counts for little in this estimate. Erudition is only of indirect value. In so far as it is a knowledge of the human past—of its life and of its art and literature—it is an important factor of the writer's equipment, absolutely essential to him if he is to be a historian, philosopher, or critic, but only of correlative use to the creative imagination beyond the enrichment of its soil, and of far less value to the novelist of to-day than it was to the poet of yesterday, since it inherits a symbolism of no contemporary significance. The unfolding wonders of recent science much more directly stimulate the creative faculty; and the writer's awareness of Nature, wholly apart from the scientific quest, is an attribute of genius and more germane to its activities than the most extensive knowledge of the world and of society derived from superficial observation. The sympathetic interpretation of humanity is quite different from such matter-of-fact knowledge. To the novelist it is essentially everything, the impressions derived from Nature being but complementary.

To the novelist who deals with institutional life as a social background for the unfolding of individual character, as Mrs. Humphry Ward does in her recent fiction, the environment, as interpreted rather than merely observed, means a great deal for the heightening of dramatic effect as well as for the reader's intellectual satisfaction. Here, too, of course, the culture which in its interpretation includes not only the present but the past gives the writer a wider range in the choice of both theme and environment, and, if the interpretation is true and has its significance psychically from the modern note in it, the note of to-day, the placing of the story in some former period does not incur the blame otherwise—and justly—attaching to the so-called "historical novel." Very few writers are, in this sense, competent to deal with the past, success being possible only as the result of such special study as must have been preliminary to George Eliot's *Romola* and to Hewlett's Italian tales.

The American environment does not yield much of æsthetic value to the imaginative writer. It was because the colonial period had so much in common with the English life synchronous with it, and which he knew so well, that Thackeray found it attractive and suited to his purpose in *The Virginians*. Hawthorne, choosing the New England of the same period, was more prophetic of the coming note by making the most of his opportunity for psychological disclosures. The reader is familiar with that large section of American fiction devoted to our revolutionary and civil wars, and which has derived its prosperity from an appeal to patriotic sentiment rather than to artistic sensibility. The development of the machinery of peace and war and the complex organization of labor and capital, wonderful as they are, and involving striking social phenomena, while they have been prolific of a special kind of American fiction, have taxed the resources of invention rather than those of the imagination; and this is true also of that class of novels which appeals to morbid curiosity in the sensational treatment of the abnormal, or to merely mental curiosity, as in the ingenious detective story. The political novel, the novel of Wall Street, and the strictly social novel have their temptations for writers and readers; there is always a distinct element of romance in fiction disclosing to one half of the world how the other half lives. All this may be interesting, but as literature it is ephemeral. The religious novel, in so far as it is concerned with traditional theological problems, is no longer interesting to the polite reader.

In a country whose population is so heterogeneous, and where there has been so wide a difference of characteristics between the educated and those of the same race in isolated hamlets, secluded mountain regions, and frontier settlements, remote from the centres of culture, an unusual opportunity has been offered for the novel and short story whose interest to a great extent depends upon the presentation of these idiomatic traits. The

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opportunity has been availed of to the extreme limit, and more than a score of prominent writers, whose names, from William Gilmore Simms to Alice Brown, will at once recur to the mind of our readers, have for two generations not only given delightful entertainment, but made some of the most notable contributions to American literature, imparting to it, indeed, the only distinction which seems desirable in our consideration of it as something strictly American. No other feature of our environment has been so productive of that humor which is inseparable from natively original character. The cultivated genius brought into contact with such character—which is really the spontaneous manifestation of native genius and found only in circumstances which have insulated that genius and thus preserved it from dissipation and corruption—finds in it elements peculiarly congenial and stimulating to its creative faculty. The best results of this contact, as shown in the writings of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Lowell, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, have been examples of imaginative work rather than transcripts of merely observed phenomena. The last named of these authors has, in *The Debtor,* given us a most remarkable instance of this kind of work.

Writers have from the beginning, with a true artistic instinct, made use of every novel and impressive feature of the external world, physical or social; they have availed of heroic action, communal and individual, of myth, tradition, and every potent symbol of institutional life and religious ritual. They have been immortally justified if they have created high examples of art, and for their own time justified if they have successfully appealed to human interest. The outward-world element will hold its own in future embodiments, though it can only have the worth its significance gives it.

But the new fiction must meet the everlasting test—it must be interesting. The resources of the field upon which it has entered, though they are as yet only partially developed, have within the half-decade just past proved abundant not merely for intellectual and æsthetic but also for emotional interest in an exceptional variety of short stories and in novels whose commercial prosperity is a sufficient proof of the capacities for general entertainment of fiction whose drama is mainly subjective.

Such excellence as is distinctive of the new literature is positive, due not merely to the divestiture of the old habit, but to a fresh investiture of a wholly different character, wherein faith and imagination wear their proper garb instead of any traditionally appointed vesture.

The external world of Nature and humanity is restored to us in this renaissance of literature, though it is no longer treated after the old fashion which was determined by associations that no longer have power or meaning.

The marriage of Nature to the human soul was never so complete as in very recent fiction—as, for example, in Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Allah,* where it is almost a sacrament, or in Joseph Conrad's sea novels. Almost it would seem that these two writers bring us, the one to the desert, the other to the sea, in order to escape all conventional associations with Nature. It is not that Nature thus speaks to us in her own terms—she never does; but she is stripped of the raiment which was our own old habit and clothed upon with our new vestment—that of the free untrammelled human spirit, which recognizes its kinship with all things.

Human contacts also have a fresh significance because with our democracy we have realized something beyond Milton's dream of civic freedom—the dream of brotherhood, in an expansion of our nature which has generated a new humor and a new and spiritual picturesqueness. Human contacts have thus made for us a body of experience such as creative genius would most naturally choose for its own embodiment.

So it is only that which is traditional and conventional in environment — its masquerades—that has passed. If the artist is left without the easy devices of his predecessors, it is because these are no longer serviceable. The old earth, the old humanity, is still his, and all times are open to his exploring vision. But he must be a true and sincere interpreter, and his interpretation be new, with the excitement of fresh surprises.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Woman Inquiring about Trains

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

ARE you the right one? I want to find out about trains—you know, ask questions. . . . Oh, over there? . . . I went there, but the man said I was at the wrong end of the line and I would have to wait my turn, and then I had to stand next to a fat woman with a little boy eating oranges, and it dripped all over, so really I had to leave without finding out anything.

. . . Perhaps you could? . . . Yes, you look intelligent. . . . No, you needn't thank me. You do. . . . Oh, of course. Why, I'm going to visit Aunt Elizabeth—she's not my aunt, she's my husband's aunt; and not really his aunt either—I've forgotten what it is; one of those in-law things that are so hard to remember. I am not positive I shall go, anyway, but, you see, my husband—Mr. Auguste Smythe—Smythe with an *e*. You know, I have more trouble about that *e*—you haven't any idea—in department stores particularly I always say, "Be sure you put on the *e*," and half the time when the parcels come home they have spelled the name "Smith"! Now, honestly, isn't it maddening? I can't tell you how trifles like that annoy me. In fact, *I* don't call a thing of that kind a trifle, but Mr. Smythe— There, that's what I was going to tell you. Mr. Smythe is away on a business trip, and I thought I would get my visit to Aunt Elizabeth off my mind while he was away and then surprise him when he returned and—

. . . No, not at all—I didn't mind your interrupting me. Where does Aunt Elizabeth live? Oh, yes, of course—you would have to know—in Connecticut. . . . Oh, the town? Well, you know I can't tell you how furious Aunt Elizabeth would be if she heard you say "town." It's a small city—one of those places with a Court Street and a High Street and a Prospect Avenue, which looks out in the back, and no one dares wear made-over clothes, because the neighbors remember them. I do believe—

. . . The name of the place? Now what do you think of that?—you jumped the question so quickly at me it's gone right out of my head. I knew it just as well as my own mind. No—no—I'll have it in a moment. Well, I know it begins with L. I am *absolutely positive* about that. At least I think I am. Can't you suggest some name? This is really too ridiculous — I never felt so embarrassed in my life.

. . . Oh, no, that doesn't sound a bit like it. . . . Oh, dear no—that's much less like it than the other. . . . No, not at all. You aren't very good at guessing, are you? Don't think I'm criticising you, but it does seem when you must know so many places—

. . . What's that? I didn't catch it. . . . Never mind; I'm in such a hurry we'll just stick to trains. Perhaps I can help you.



WITH A LITTLE BOY EATING ORANGES

Now, I remember there's a big station you come to first, then there's a little one, and then Aunt Elizabeth's the next but one after that. I can't explain how I remember things this way, but I just do. Oh, yes, and I have a friend—not a regular friend, but

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I call her so—who lives at the little station, and—

. . . That doesn't help you any? I cannot imagine what is the matter with me today— But I'll tell you there's a very small river—some people would call it a brook—runs right past the house. . . . No, that hasn't got any name. Isn't that just the way?—I know perfectly well I could remember the name if it had any. Wait a minute—M-M-Meriden—no, M-M-Middletown! That's it. You see, I knew it all the time perfectly well.

. . . No, *thank you*, don't offer me a time-table. How Mr. Smythe would laugh if he could see you offering me a time-table. Once I got a train out of a time-table all myself, and I think it would have been all right, only in some way I got on the one going in the wrong direction—you know what I mean—of course the train couldn't go in the wrong direction, could it, unless it upset? And I remember how disagreeable the conductor was. He didn't seem to be sorry at all. That's why I would like to arrange it all while Mr. Smythe is away, so I could show him what I really can do when I try.

So will you pick out a good train and tell me about it? . . . Oh, no,—that's much too early. . . . No, I don't like that either. . . . No, because that makes you too late for lunch, and then she'll just heat up anything and . . . No, that wouldn't be convenient either—I'd have to rush so. . . . No, that would get me there after dark, and I shouldn't like that either. I cannot imagine why they run trains just at the most



. . . NO, THANK YOU, DON'T OFFER ME A TIME-TABLE

inconvenient hours—that's just like a monopoly—I think that's what you call it, isn't it? Everything to suit themselves and nothing the way you want it—Mr. Smythe explained it all to me.

. . . Well, I won't detain you but a moment longer, I assure you. I think, anyway, I'll wait till Mr. Smythe comes back—I feel positive he could find me a better train—I'm sure you've done the best you *could*. You see, what I would really like would be to go about ten and get there at one—that would be awfully nice. You are sure there isn't anything like that, aren't you?

. . . Yes, of course, I know you said so, but I thought perhaps— It wouldn't do any good to speak about it, would it? . . . You see, the only way to find out is to ask questions — and I never hesitate to ask. Well, I'm awfully undecided. If I don't go I might give a little bridge-party and pay off some of my debts—my social ones, I mean, because I always lose—I don't know why.

That's such a rude woman—that's the third time she's tried to interrupt.

Now, what would *you* do? I never can make up my mind alone. My husband says it's because I have so much of it to make up. . . . You couldn't suggest anything? . . . Oh, I know! Now, why didn't I think of that before? I hate train travel, anyway. We went that way two years ago—I'll go by boat! Thank you so much!



WHERE DOES AUNT ELIZABETH LIVE?

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Visiting Grandma

BY EDWARD HALL PUTNAM

IF Grandmother invites me to
Come visit her a while—
A thing I always like to do—
Why, mother gives a smile,
And says, "Of course my boy can go,
But Grandma *always spoils you so!*"

Out there at Grandma's I can do
Just zactly as I please,
And eat just what I want to, too,
And nothing disagrees
With me; so *that*, I know,
Can't be the thing that spoils me so!

There I can play around all day
And drive the cows and sheep,
And sup'rintend men making hay;
Then, 'fore I go to sleep,
Grandmother reads so soft and low,—
And *that* can't be what spoils me so!

I don't know just what mother means
By Grandma spoiling me;
When I come back it always seems
I'm as I used to be.
But when I ask her she says, "No;
For Grandma *always spoils you so!*"



Eclipsed

IT must annoy a little boy
Of lineage superior,
Who's always dressed the very best,
With neat and clean exterior,
To be eclipsed by any one
So plainly his inferior!

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The Diary of an Amateur Laundress

BY LAURISTON WARD

I OFTEN wonder what blessed chance led me to become a laundress. I was so unhappy in my previous or "unlaundered" existence. Life seemed so trivial, existence so meaningless. I prayed for light. And then, in answer to my prayer, "came the Whisper, came the Vision." "Be a laundress," it said—and I knew that I had found the true peace.

Don't think by this that I became a professional laundress, one of those middle-aged, broken-down, unimaginative persons, evangelists of ill health, who degrade the noble calling by following it for hire. No, I became a philosophical laundress. I determined to drop out of the whirl of life and watch the pageant through the rainbow hues of soap-suds. Others might find truth in the wine-cup; I would find it in the wash-tub. Soap should be my theme—soap and its work of "pure ablution round earth's human shores." And I resolved that pessimism should never seize upon me, though I was about to dedicate my life to the washing of other people's dirty linen.

. . . . . .

My plan was almost wrecked at first by Ernest. Ernest misunderstands my motives. He refused to let me put a sign out in front of the house. We had an awful scene. At last he compromised and said I might do our own laundry.

. . . . . .

The house was still as an old memory this morning, and not even pussy mewed as I stole down-stairs to the wash-room. Nature slept and left the world to me. Quietly I got out the tub and the scrubbing-board. Then I paused before turning on the faucet. Suppose I should run the water too hot, I thought. The clothes might be injured. I should become melancholy without my beloved employment and fade away and perhaps die. Oh, dread responsibility of human action! To the thinker, everything has its significance. Only little minds refuse details their true worth, and persist in valuing them as less than the whole. I nearly forgot to turn the faucet after all. Perhaps the water would have been too hot if I had turned it when I first intended.

. . . . . .

I always think of myself as Spirit brooding over Matter, as I stand over my tub in the morning before beginning work. Below me lies the frothy chaos of Being, not yet brought into shape, but seething restlessly as if conscious of a destiny, if one may apply such a little word to such a great work as the suds have to perform, and here and there in the turmoil, little buoyant bubbles, iridescent with hope (or is it soap?). My mind falters before such vast thoughts, and I seek relief in the exhilaration of the scrubbing-board.

. . . . . .

I sing sometimes at my work—Grieg, or a snatch of Schubert. The others are too sensual, too clogged with gross matter to suit the delicacy of the hour. I tried some Wagner once, but the bubbles shivered apprehensively. It is wonderful how much they understand.

. . . . . .

How great is the laundress! She spends her life tearing apart the wrappings of society in an effort to bring it back to fundamental truth. She lives with the verities and finds her philosophy in the little circle of her tub—itself the symbol of the universe, and a battle-field of bubbles. Like Thales of old, she has reduced the essence of things to water, and if the chemist's dream should come true and all the elements prove but the varying manifestations of a single gas, she would doubtless lay aside her soap and tub with a sigh of resignation, and continue in the laboratory her search for truth.

. . . . . .

I feel like Diogenes. I could almost live in my tub. But as this is impossible, I have done the next best thing and fitted up my laundry as a living-room. I brought down the Botticelli Madonna from the library and put it up over the sink. It is very effective. In one corner of the room is a divan and on the table are a handful of books — the choicest only — Dante, Thomas à Kempis, and the *Prometheus Unbound*. Anything less than these wearies me when I am in my laundry mood and drags me down from the heights of my exaltation to the petty level of humanity. I tried Byron once, as an experiment, but he was not able to breathe the thin air of my meditations. Besides, the steam hurt his binding.

. . . . . .

I was in my most fragile mood this morning. All the infinite dreams of the past found wings and flew to my heart, and my mind was positively phosphorescent with ideas. How wonderful the Sea is! I held a garment out at arms' length before plunging it in the suds and chanted, "I will go back to the great sweet Mother, mother and lover of men, the Sea." My face was on fire. I wonder if I looked like Boadicea exhorting the ancient Britons to battle. Only the ancient Britons didn't wash.

. . . . . .

I feel like the Lady of Shalott—I see the world through my tub. I am happy and can understand things that way. I dread to think what would happen if I were obliged

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to look at the world face to face. I should not know what to say.

. . . . . .

Something awful happened to-day. Ernest told me that I was spending too much time in the damp laundry and that it wasn't good for my health. He threatened to have our own washing sent out. The walls reeled around me as he spoke, and his words seemed to come from far off, like the faint notes of Grand Opera when one sits in the top gallery. I don't know what I answered him, but my heart was bleeding. When he had finished I crawled down-stairs like a wounded animal and buried my face in the tub. "Oh, clothes, clothes," I cried, "I cannot leave you," and burst into tears.

. . . . . .

I have a new place to keep the soap—in the bookcase. There it lies all day and dreams great dreams. I found it the other morning nestled up against a volume of Matthew Arnold. I wonder what communion the two souls had? Did the book break down its stiff Arnoldian reserve and talk to its little neighbor, and what pure saponaceous thoughts drifted through the white brain of the soap? Perhaps I can guess. As I lifted it tenderly from its place, I almost thought I heard it murmur, "Sweetness and Light."

. . . . . .

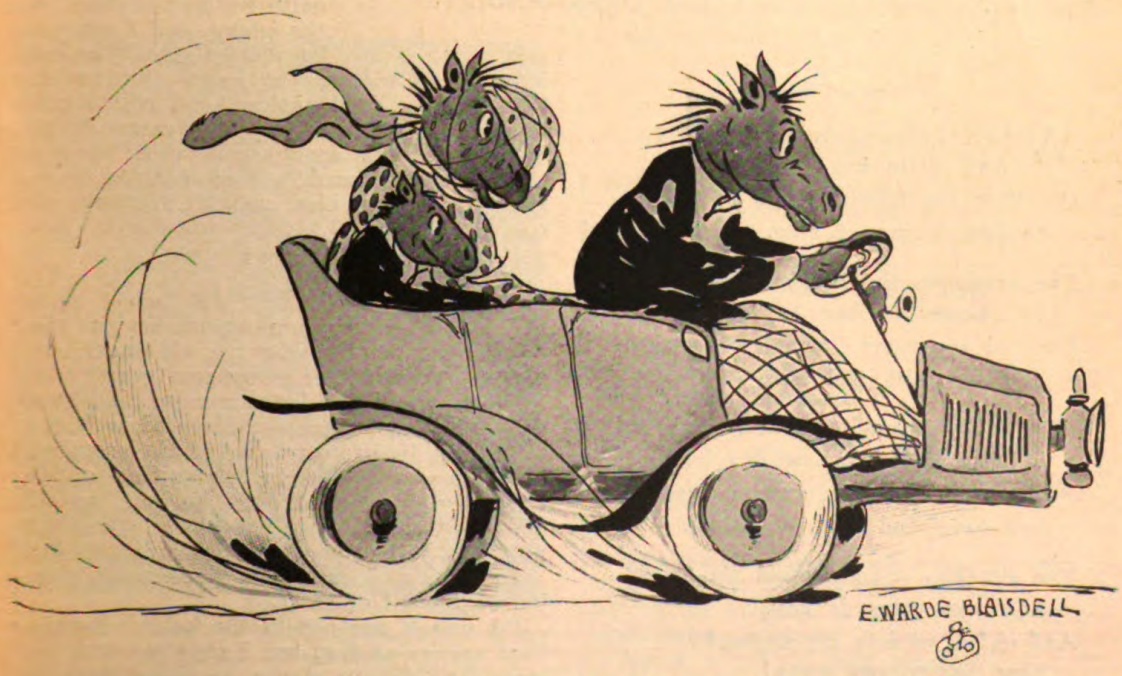
I have the prettiest fancies sometimes. The other day I opened Homer at my favorite passage and then dipped one of Mr. Crawford's socks in the water, holding it by the heel, just as Thetis dipped Achilles in the Hellespont. Ernest tells me that it is the Styx that Achilles was dipped in and not the Hellespont. Men are so mundane.

Some one should write the Song of the Laundress. Tschaikowsky might have done it, with his gloomy fire and passion-shot melancholy. I sigh as I think how many a "mute inglorious laundress" has toiled and gone to rest without the consolation of this song. Some day people will realize. The crisis will come and no one be found to meet it. Then some obscure unchronicled laundress will step forth to grapple with it. Fresh from a life spent with the fundamental and the elements, she cannot but conquer. Then she will return, like Cincinnatus, to her tub, while the astonished populace applaud and call her great. I think Joan of Arc must have done laundry-work at Domremy.

. . . . . .

It is all over. Ernest got up last night to tend to the furnace, and in passing through the laundry in the dark he forgot about the tub. It was standing on the tabouret we used to have in the front hall for the card-receiver, and after Ernest had wiped the soap off his legs he took an axe and smashed it into little pieces. It was awful. I shall never be the same again. My sensitive nature still aches from its encounter with brutal fact and my nerves are all unstrung.

There is one shimmering ray of comfort, however, in this black night of my despair. The soap was saved. It was behind the Hesiod on the bottom shelf of the bookcase, and Ernest didn't find it. As soon as I am better I shall steal down-stairs to my beloved wash-room again and sit there before the ruins of the tub, with the soap in my hands. Then, perhaps, some of my old dreams may come back to me, and I shall imagine once again that my soul is in the suds.



MR. HORSE. "*This certainly beats the old way.*"

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Mistaken Identity

Jones, the automobile enthusiast, returns home late at night, and meets burglar, who mistakes him for one of his kind.

BURGLAR. *"Hello, pal, old boy, where did you get de latch-key? I had to shin in de back window meself."*

Wanderlust

WHEN little birds begin to fly,
And little bugs to hop,
Oh, then the brook begins to run
So fast it cannot stop.

The syrup in the maples runs
As sweetly as can be,
The red sap races through the twigs
Of every bush and tree.

The children run across the grass
(Although they know 'tis wrong!),
While grown-up people watch them run,
And long, and long, and long.

The sunshine runs around the world,
And everything is gay.
And oh! I have to try so hard
Now, *not* to run away!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

Too Old a Friend

MISS JENKINS is principal of a mission school on Kusaie, one of the Caroline Islands, where convert girls from this and neighboring islands are trained for native teaching.

One year she received an invitation from one of her former pupils to a Thanksgiving dinner on an adjoining island. Now on Kusaie there are no turkeys nor fowls of any sort, and she was highly elated at a specification in the invitation that the dinner would be an "American" one, and turkey would be on the menu.

As a basis for a conversational lesson in English, Miss Jenkins told her class about her invitation and how she anticipated the turkey. A student from the island asked permission to speak, and delivered the following classical encomium:

"Miss Jenkins, it gives me great joy to think of your coming pleasure, though it makes me sad to think the turkey must die. I have been accustomed to seeing him for many years, for he is the only resident turkey on the island, and I am sure he will be greatly missed after being with us so long. But he has been a very good turkey, and will doubtless contribute much to your pleasure."

Miss Jenkins sent word to her hostess that she preferred seeing her American friend to eating him, and Mr. Turkey was spared.

Appreciated

A YEAR or two ago a well-known New York financier, who was visiting China, was the recipient of many courtesies.

When the financier's mission had been accomplished, he conceived the idea that it would be the proper thing to tender to the Viceroy some token in recognition of the courtesies mentioned. So he sent to the official in question an uncommonly fine bull pup that he had brought with him.

In a few days came the Viceroy's acknowledgment of the gift.

"I myself am not in the habit of eating that species of dog, but I may say that my suite had it served for breakfast and accorded it unqualified praise."

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Retort Exasperating

TOM and George were cousins. George was more than a head taller than Tom, with a quick temper not under control. Little Tom was not easily annoyed, and sometimes met George's angry outbursts with exasperating coolness. One afternoon there was an exchange of epithets more expressive than elegant. Suddenly George, red with anger, rushed up to Tom and shook his fist close to the other boy's face, and shouted, defiantly,

"Do you see *that?*"

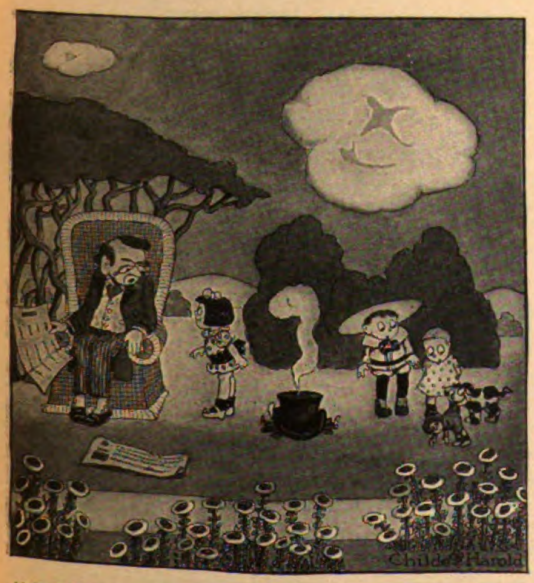
With a toss of his head, a contemptuous smile, and a provoking drawl, the small boy replied,

"I just *barely* see it."

An Expedient

A LITTLE boy was on his way to the dentist to have a tooth filled. "Tommy," said the little boy's father, "if you behave like a man and don't cry, I'll give you an air-gun." Tommy entered the chair bravely enough, but soon things of a painful nature began to happen, and tears came into the poor little fellow's eyes.

"Papa," he asked, "would it count if I just made a noise like a lion?"



"*YOUR stovepipe hat works better than*
It did, dear Uncle Lou.
Before I punched a hole in it,
The smoke would not go through."



A Sad Atmosphere

MRS. POTATO. "*I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Onion, but every time I call on you I just can't keep the tears from flowing, and it's so inconvenient having so many eyes.*"

Missed Him

DOROTHY D—— was spending the summer in the mountains when news came of the arrival of a new little cousin in town. "Oh, mamma," said Dorothy, "if we had only stayed in New York this summer we might have gotten that boy."

An Appalling Situation

I KNOW we need the sun's bright rays
To beam around the sky;
To shine down here on washing-days
And make the clothes get dry.
And just by flashing out his light
To make a daytime out of night.

Of such a good and noble sun
It's awful to believe
A wicked trick! But he has one
That makes my mother grieve;
He *will* poke through the blind, and fade
Her parlor chairs of blue brocade!

She's moved those chairs all 'round the room,
She's bought the *darkest* shades;
And yet he wriggles through the gloom,
And fades and fades and *fades!*
My heart is full of deep despairs
About my mother's parlor chairs!

CAROLYN WELLS.

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True Piety

A PIOUS man was Deacon Jones;
For Sunday work he would not pay;
But naughty little boys threw stones
One cold and frosty Sabbath day.
And feeling draughts that well might faze yer,
Good Deacon Jones sent for the glazier.

The glazier knew the deacon's ways,
And had no mind to work for naught.
"I'll set the glass, sir, when you pays,"
He said. The wily deacon thought.
"I do not pay for work profane, sir,
But here's two dollars for your *panes*, sir."

Wholesale

SOME time ago, in New York city, a man was wakened in the night to find his wife weeping, uncontrollably.

"My darling," he said, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"A dream!" she gasped. "I have had such a horrible dream."

Her husband begged her to tell it to him, in order that he might comfort her. After long persuasion she was induced to say this:

"I thought I was walking down Broadway, and I come to a warehouse, where there was a large placard, 'Husbands for sale.' You could get beautiful ones for fifteen hundred dollars, or even for twelve hundred dollars, and very nice-looking ones for as low as a hundred."

The husband asked, innocently, "Did you see any that looked like me?"

The sobs became strangling. "Dozens of them," gasped the wife, "done up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

A Question

IF a plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy had a fad for adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy be an adder? And if the plaid-clad caddy laddie addled daddy in his adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy make the plaid-clad caddy laddie sadder?

Poor, but Honest

MRS. JONES had invited the bishop to stay with them, and to make the room attractive had put her handsome silver on the toilet-table. After he left there was no silver to be found. She hunted everywhere. It did not seem possible that he could have taken it, but she decided she would write and ask him. In answer she received the following telegram: "Poor, but honest; look in the washstand drawer."

Absent-minded

"YELLOW ABE" was on trial for stealing a barrel of flour.

"You admit you took the flour?" questioned the judge, sternly.

"Yer honor, I makes dat allowance, sort ob," responded the prisoner with dignity.

"And what excuse had you for such conduct?"

"Nuthin', yer honor, 'cept dis: I wuz walkin' homelike, when I glimpses de bar'l in front ob de store. Dat bar'l 'll make good kindlin' fer Mandy, I sez like, an' I up wid it an' toted it home. Dat's all. Why, yer honor, I thought it wuz empty all de time."

A Washlady

THE natives of the North Georgia mountains are loath to be considered "servants" in any sense of the term, hence the managers and guests at the various resorts in this section find the "help problem" a most difficult one. During the past summer, however, a great uncouth mountaineer strode into the lobby of a fashionable hotel, and asked, in stentorian tones, "Is there any *woman* in this house what wants a *lady* to wash for her?"

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25 cents a number. Entered at the post-office as second-class matter. $3.00 a Year.

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Harper's Magazine

for APRIL

Chemistry and the Food Supply

Professor ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN, who is abroad investigating for HARPER'S MAGAZINE the latest scientific discoveries and their application to industry, shows how chemistry will protect the world's food supply, so that even though the natural fertilizing properties of the earth become exhausted, crops can be successfully raised, fruits grown, etc., by the application of wonderful artificial means which the German chemists have discovered.

Herbert Spencer—the Personal Side

An intimate picture of the home life of the great thinker, written by two persons who shared his house during his later years. Their narrative discloses a new side of the man. It recounts his own amusing version of his one love-story and his almost pathetic disappointment on seeing a picture of the lady in later years. It tells of his rather original jokes and of his many naïve and amusing ways and habits.

Mr. Howells on the English Washington Country

Mr. HOWELLS has wandered over that part of England from which the Washington family came—in the neighborhood of Northampton. A delightful paper on a country of peculiar interest to all American readers.

New Letters of Charles Dickens

A group of hitherto unpublished letters written by the great novelist during his stay in Switzerland to friends in England. They are characteristic and important. They tell about his work on "David Copperfield" and other books, and in one of the letters Dickens expresses very freely his opinion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," then being discussed everywhere.

Pedantic Usage of English

Professor LOUNSBURY, of Yale, finds "pedantic usage" one of the menaces to our language. His article discusses the attacks of pedantry on our idioms, the question of a passive verb followed by an object, and other much-debated points.

A Cruise on a Whaler

CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY, the artist, recently made a cruise on a whaler of the old type from New Bedford to the coast of Africa. He acted as one of the crew of a whale-boat, worked with the men at trying out the oil, and saw and experienced every phase of the exciting life. His first article, with many of his own remarkable drawings, appears in the April number.

The Early Adventurers of Hudson's Bay

A stirring narrative of one of the early expeditions of the intrepid French adventurer Iberville and his victory over the over-confident Englishmen of the Hudson's Bay Company. A story of almost unparalleled bravery and endurance. Perhaps the most daring and perilous adventure in the history of our continent.

8 Complete Short Stories

By ALICE BROWN, GEORGE SCHOCK, SEWELL FORD, ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH, WARWICK DEEPING, MADGE JENNISON, ETC., ETC.

Mrs. Deland's Great Serial

"THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

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KING HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY—PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

THE KING. "*Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.*"

Shakespeare's Henry IV.—Part I., Act III, Scene II.

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXII MARCH, 1906 No. DCLXX

A Night's Ride with Arab Bandits

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

I SUSPECTED Muraiche, suspected him of an indefinite something, but the workings of his wily old Arab mind, its reasons and its purposes, were to me as mysterious as the great wastes of the Sahhra (Sahara) over which for days we had been crawling, and as elusive as the noxious sand-lizards which now and again scurried from beneath our horses' feet.

The long, hot caravan trail along which we had crawled during the day had led over the sun-scorched rocky wastes of the Djebel Nagahza (Nagahza Mountains), and at sundown emptied us into the little Arab town of Khoms. Here we parted with a small caravan forty camels strong bound for Misurata, with which we had travelled for the last three days. My two men, Mohammed and Ali, who were on foot, drove a large fast-walking pack-donkey; while Muraiche, like myself, rode an Arab stallion. His bent old figure, now ahead of me, now by my side, seemed lost in the folds of his barracan.

Some months previously, a viséed passport and other documents had landed me safely within the confines of the town of Tripoli, and later, after some difficulty, permission to travel into the desert had been granted by the Turkish Pasha who commanded the Turkish forces in that country. Many Arabs there were in the town who would gladly have risked the dangers of the desert as dragomen, but as my object was to obtain information of desert life, a man who could act also as interpreter was indispensable; and Muraiche proved to be the only available man. It is true that he had an unsavory record, and I was so warned by certain members of the little English colony there. But his broken English and lingua Franca were valuable assets; besides, forewarned was forearmed, so it came about that Muraiche picked the other men and became my dragoman.

Since sunrise, as we approached Khoms, a change had come over Muraiche; he no longer obeyed my orders with alacrity, and when several times it was necessary for me to repeat them sharply, he seemed to awaken with a start from deep meditation. This, at the time, I attributed to the fatigue of our journey and anticipated relaxation, for I had promised a rest at Khoms. Following the custom of the country, I reported to the Turkish governor on our arrival, and saw my men and animals comfortably fixed in a fonduk (caravansary), with orders to have everything in readiness to start at two the following afternoon, then spent the night at the house of Mr. Tate, the only Englishman in the place.

This night in mid-July and the following night, strangely different, stand out strongly in my memory—perhaps for the contrast with the dusty, monotonous travelling of other days, and the sleeping in dirty, crowded fonduks; or, perhaps, in contrast with each other. If you would know the pleasure of bathing, of

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sleeping between the snow-white sheets of a bed, travel day after day on the burning, scorching, yellow-red sand of the Sahhra; fill your eyes, nose and ears, your very soul, with its fine-powdered dust; tie your handkerchief, after the manner of the Touaregs, across your mouth to prevent evaporation, that your throat may not parch too much. Travel early and late to make the most of the cool of the morning and evening. Sleep lightly if you are a lone stranger, and do not mind the uncomfortable lump of your pistol-holsters under your arm: they are better in your hands than in the other fellow's. So when, sunburnt, saddle-sore, and tired with long riding and little sleep, you find, what I did, a bath of delicious cold water, brought from an old Roman well still used by the Arabs in Khoms, and a snow-white bed, give praise to Allah. Then let the barbaric noises of a wild Sudanese dance in the distance and the musical chant of the Muezzin melt away with your thoughts into the quiet of the African night.

Had it not been for a casual stroll through the Suk the next forenoon my men might now be recounting a different yarn over their smoking kief and coos-coos. I threaded my way among men, animals, shacks, scattered garden produce, grains and wares which covered the ground in interesting heaps, and as I pushed through a small crowd which had gathered about me, their curiosity and cupidity aroused by a gold filling in one of my teeth, I stopped for a moment. For there in the middle of an open space beside a Marabout (saint's tomb), Muraiche was engrossed in a low conversation with one of the irregular guards, an Arab in the Turkish employ. Disappearing unobserved to another part of the Suk, I should have thought no more of the matter, but for the fact that when later in the morning these two met in my presence, by the Governor's palace, they omitted the customary b'salaams and effusive greetings of Mohammedan acquaintances, and by no word or sign betrayed the least recognition.

Reminding Muraiche of my previous orders to have everything in readiness by two o'clock, I sauntered up to lunch at Mr. Tate's. The route to my next point of destination, the little town of Kussabat, was not only over a rough mountainous country, but it was considered by the Arabs dangerous on account of thieves. Being under the necessity of making the journey that day, I was anxious to arrive there by sundown. Consequently, when by half past two none of my outfit had put in an appearance, I despatched one of the house servants to learn the reason.

First by wily excuses, and then by open mutiny, my men delayed the departure until half past five, when by threats to appeal to the Turkish Pasha to have them thrown into prison and engage new men, we were finally ready to start.

"But a guard, Arbi (master)?" Twice Muraiche had asked the question, and twice I answered him that I had notified the Turkish officials of my intention to depart at two o'clock. Had they intended to send a guard they would have done so. However, being desirous of conforming to custom, I sent Muraiche to the Governor's palace with instructions to report our departure, but not to ask for a guard, as personally I shared in the common opinion that often the traveller is safer without one.

I watched Muraiche after he rounded a corner and disappeared at a gallop down the narrow street to the palace, from which, immediately reappearing, he set off to a different quarter of the town. Questioned on his return, he replied that an officer had sent him to notify a guard who was to go with us.

"You'll see your way all right, for the full moon ought to be up in about two hours, but *ride last*," were Tate's parting words. It was good advice and had often been given me before. To travellers in North Africa, particularly those among the French colonists of Tunis and Algeria, the saying, "Never allow an Arab to ride behind you," has become an adage, and this night in the Gharian I proved its worth.

We rode to the top of the steep trail, down which the slanting afternoon sunbeams shot by in golden shafts. Back and beyond us these sun shafts sped, until striking the white walls of Khoms they broke, spilling over them a flood of orange gold, diffusing her surrounding olive groves and date-palms with a gold-

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en green, and through the shimmering, sifting gold mist above it all sparkled a scintillating sea of blue.

Our course now lay almost due south to the region of the Djebel Gharian, the region I had hoped to enter and pass through by day.

Resting on the site of ancient Lebda of the Romans, my golden city of Khoms lay nearly an hour's ride behind us, and as yet no guard, to my entire satisfaction. This was short-lived, however, for soon a yell, such as I had never yet heard loosed from the throat of a human being, caused us suddenly to draw rein. Down the steep, rocky incline, where an ordinary horseman could but carefully pick his way, out on to the sandy plateau upon which we had just ridden, riding wild and giving his wiry little animal free rein, dashed a guard, and when abreast of us drew up short out of a full run, after the manner of Arab horsemen.

"B'salaam" to Muraiche, and a nod of the head to me, which I slightly reciprocated; yes, very slightly, for before me was the one man out of all the Arabs I had ever seen that I would have chosen last for a companion that night. There in the glow of the late afternoon sunlight, the stock of his short carbine resting on his saddle, and the sweat making bright the high lights on his evil, brassy-bronze face, sat the worst cutthroat it was ever my fortune to look upon, — Muraiche's friend, he of the market-place.

Although I had learned not to judge men too much by appearances, I resolved to watch him. After a short conversation with Muraiche, during which the guard's peculiar eyes scanned me from the rowels of my spurs to the top of my sun-helmet, I knew that the main objects of his searching glance were in my holsters, covered by my jacket; meantime, however, I lost no detail of his weapon, a hammerless magazine rifle of modern make. Then he addressed me in Arabic, but not speaking the language, I turned to Muraiche.



MOHAMMED

"He tells us to start," the latter replied.

This sudden assumption of leadership came most unexpectedly, his seeming intention being to bring up the rear. Now Arabs are daring though ignorant; but like all Orientals, fully respect only one thing, and that is a just and strong hand, which they must feel in order to appreciate. Consequently my course was plain.

"Tell the guard to head the caravan, and that if he goes with me, he goes as one of my men." As we got under way, the guard rode slowly ahead, meanwhile taking sidelong glances at me, out of the corners of his villainous gray-green eyes, filled with all the hatred of the Moslem for the Christian. I realized that never in my life had the assets and liabilities of my *status quo* received such careful auditing.

When the great red lantern of the sun disk had sunk beneath the earth-line, from without the deep mysterious valleys crept the blue-violet mist films of twilight shadows, absorbing and leavening into their dark tones the brighter

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crimson afterglow, against which moved the dark shapes of horses and men. Suddenly they bunched themselves and the guard dismounted, then Mohammed and Ali went on with the pack-donkey.

"The guard's saddle-girth is broken," Muraiche informed me. "But we will fix it, and you can ride on very slowly."

"I will wait," I replied, my hand instinctively resting on one of my pistols. "But *you* ride on, Muraiche." The girth was soon "fixed," which consisted in a vain effort to hitch it up another hole.

Steeper and more rugged grew the trail, and we entered the range of the Gharian. As daylight dimmed, an uncomfortable darkness hung over the mountains for a short space; then the moon-glow appeared in the East, and soon the moon itself lifted its pale distorted shape above the horizon, and suffused everything with its pale blue-green light, so cool and satisfying to the eye and mind in contrast to the hot sun glare that during the day reflected through to the very brain.

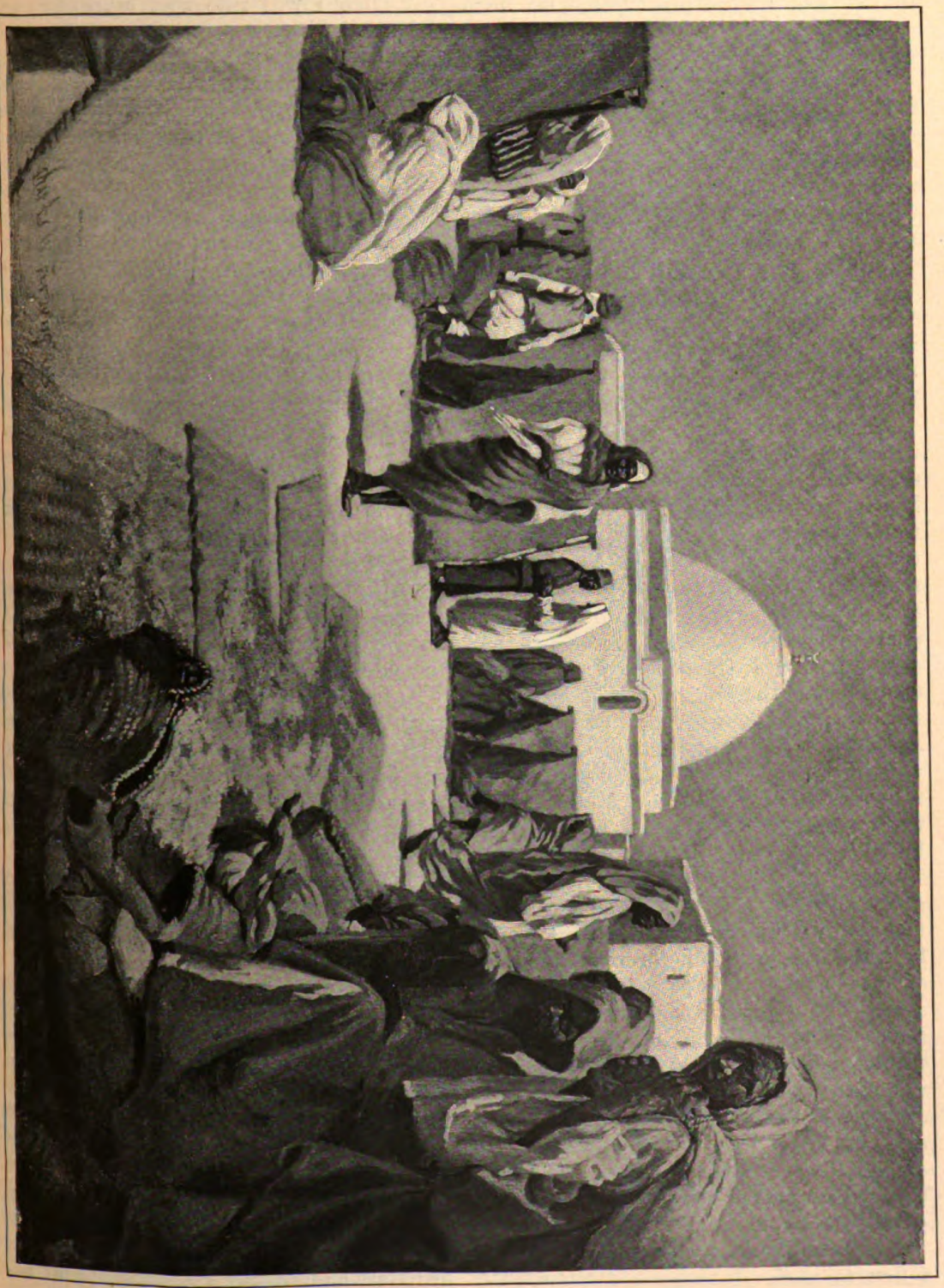


MURAICHE, THE WILY OLD DRAGOMAN

But the dark shadow masses of boulders, parched shrub patches, and shaded slopes, what uncanny things might they not contain? And those gorges, too, which in the day reflected heat like an oven from their hot, red sides? Now they were cold, dank, and foreboding, and a shudder passed over me. For a moment a sense of weakness, of fear, of almost helplessness, took possession of me; then I reasoned with myself. I was tired, unduly apprehensive, the conditions of heat and long days in the saddle had overtaxed my nerves. I fell to watching the agile bodies of my Arabs on foot, as, tiring of the pace, they dropped back, until just in front of me. Mohammed in particular; how the lights and shadows played over his great, powerful, animal-like form, how subtly his shoulder and calf muscles moved under the sleek, dark skin; how they fascinated me! Willingly through the long journey they had served me, save at Khoms. I started, my dreaming suddenly ended, and almost involuntarily my spurs caused my horse to start ahead. The two men had so imperceptibly lessened their pace that now they had dropped just back of me, one on either side of my horse, and in Mohammed's hand was a wicked-looking knobbed club, which usually he had kept stuck in one of the packs. I knew that each carried a long Arab knife, so I ordered Muraiche to tell the men to keep alongside the donkey.

Down the other side of the moonlit valley I saw a caravan coming towards us heading for Khoms. Taking a small note-book from my pocket, I wrote, "Should any accident occur to me, thoroughly investigate my men, including the guard," and signed it. Tearing the leaf from the book and folding it, I watched the great lumbering camels approach us, and dropped a little farther behind, intending to give it to the head man of the caravan for him to bear to

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Drawn by Charles W. Furlong

A LOUNGING-PLACE IN KHOMS

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the Pasha at Khoms. Then I decided that under the circumstances there was not sufficient evidence to thus prejudice the Turkish authorities against my men, so I chewed it up and spat it into a patch of sand-lilies.

From the distance came the faint report of a gun. Every one of my men heard it, I knew, but no comment was made, and we pushed deeper into the mountains. On our left, looking toward the moon, objects were indistinct in the half-tone and shadow, while seen from there we appeared in full moonlight. Now and again I sensed moving shadows from that direction, but it was some time before I was sure that they were living forms following us, perhaps hyenas, jackals, or some sly chetah.

As we made sharp turns at times in rounding the mountains, and their sides stood out in silhouette against the sky, I bent low on my horse's neck and watched intently. At one of these turns where the sky cut deep into the mountainside, leaving every irregularity in relief against it, I noticed that men were following us, parallel to our course and a little ahead of it. First, away up on the side, a fezzed head and the barrel of a long Arab flintlock bobbed against the sky for a second, as, dodging catlike among the rocks, their owner rounded the side. Then a second and a third appeared, and I knew we were followed by thieves. This was not comforting; but if we were attacked, the guard's rifle, Muraiche's old-fashioned five-shooter, and my two revolvers would be more than a match for them in point of armament.

One thing puzzled me, however, until later. The manner of these desert thieves being invariably to attack from the rear, I could not account for their seeming to forge ahead of us. Watching my men, I saw that they, too, were aware of the thieves; and Muraiche, who had been watching me closely when we occasionally rode abreast, remarked: "This is a bad country here; I think robbers are following us."

"Yes," I replied; "there *are* men off there,—I have seen three."

"Allah knows, everything is in the hand of Allah. 'There is neither might nor power save in Allah, the High, the Mighty.'* La! Arbi, you must not ride behind, it is dangerous; you had better ride first."

"Then I will ride last, Muraiche, for I have the best weapons, and I can shoot better than any of you."

After a sharp turn we wound along a valley side. Just below us the dense foliage of an ancient olive grove shut out every gleam of light from its black interior, the gnarled old branches reaching out as though to drag into their depths any who might come within their grasp, and the same weird sensations of awe passed over me which I had felt as a boy when I pored over Doré's illustrations of the wandering Dante and Virgil in that wonderful, gruesome nether world.

My sensation was complete when, as though it was the most natural thing in the world for a small caravan to leave the trail, dangerous at its best, my guard led and the men proceeded to follow him toward the dark wood, which it was manifestly their purpose to enter.

"Muraiche," I called, "why are the men leaving the trail?" Perhaps he did not hear, for the ground was rough, and the stones rattled down the steep bank. "Muraiche," I called loudly and peremptorily, as I rode up to him, "tell the men to halt," at the same time drawing one of my pistols and resting it across my saddle. Then I repeated the question.

"The guard says it is shorter," Muraiche replied, still following the guard.

"Then let the guard take it if he chooses. Order the men on to the trail," and we scrambled our horses and donkey up the steep incline.

The guard turned in his saddle for a moment, made a low reply to Muraiche, then descended and disappeared in the darkness. Skirting the wood for half a mile, we passed beyond it, and my already well-aroused suspicions of intended treachery on the part of my men were confirmed, when in spite of the fact that the guard had by far the fastest-walking horse of our outfit and had taken a shorter route, there was no sign of him until we had passed a hundred yards beyond the grove and halted.

As he emerged I heard the faint click of his carbine as he pulled the bolt to a

* This saying is used by Moslems when anything alarming occurs.

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THERE SAT MURAICHE'S FRIEND—HE OF THE MARKET-PLACE

full-cock, upon which, half turning my horse, I awaited him; as he neared us I saw that he had been running his horse, which was breathing hard and sweating. Then the truth flashed upon me: my men were in league with the thieves, who, by a preconcerted arrangement, had gone ahead and hidden in the grove,—there to set upon me in the darkness, relying on my confidence in the guard to follow his lead. Failing in their end, the guard had stopped to parley with them and then made up time. Had their place of ambush not been so evidently dangerous to enter, they might have been successful. Nor would it have been the first time a guard and outfit had returned without the Arbi, telling a good story of how they were attacked by thieves and escaped while he was killed.

Now here in front of me that picturesque, venomous-looking devil sat, his rifle full-cocked across the pommel of his saddle, my other men at a little distance to my right, and I a good mark with my white sun-helmet, but my revolver resting on my saddle covered the guard.

"Muraiche, tell the guard to uncock

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MY REVOLVER WAS POINTING AT THE BREAST OF MOHAMMED

his rifle. It might go off by accident." With a sullen look the guard obeyed.

"Now tell him to ride first to protect the goods. Let the men with the pack-donkey follow, then you behind them. I'll ride last. If any thieves approach within gun-shot, warn them away at once or I shall fire. You understand?"

"Yes, Arbi," and we strung out in single file. My purpose was to place the guard who possessed the most effective weapon where it was practically of no use against me; for this gave me a screen of the men and animals. The danger from Mohammed and Ali depended entirely upon their ability to close in on me, so while in that position there was nothing to fear from them. As for Muraiche, he was under my direct surveillance with the advantage all my way, as I rode with drawn weapon.

But I knew the Arab well enough to know that so long as he is not excited or his fanaticism aroused he will not risk his own skin while strategy will serve his ends; and also knew that I had no one to depend upon but myself, and that my safety lay in maintaining as far as possible a normal condition of things. So I watched; watched my men in front, and watched to the side and behind for signs of the thieves, of whom I caught glimpses now and again. My Arabs' conjunction with these men thwarted, it was but natural that they should communicate with each other to further their plans, and in various ways they sought to do this. While caravan men, when marching through a safe district and many strong, often chant to ease their dreary march or to pacify the camels, in our circumstances the less attention we could draw to ourselves the better. So when Mohammed started to chant in a loud voice by way of giving information, I ordered him to be quiet.

Again, as we rounded a sharp bend, Ali made a break for the brush, but he started a second too soon. I saw him, and called his name sharply; he halted and returned to the caravan.

When we passed within gun-shot of objects which might conceal a foe I rode abreast of Muraiche, using him to screen myself, knowing well that they would only attack from the side which from their position placed us in the full moonlight. And in the narrow ravines, though he growled, I often crowded him close, affording little or no opportunity

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to the Arabs to single me out for a shot without endangering Muraiche. So we travelled until a thong of one of Mohammed's sandals broke on the rocky ground, and he asked to be allowed to drop behind a little and fix it. Since we were entering a wide open stretch below a long slope of hill, I acceded; but as he fell behind some distance, I called to him to come, and when he approached us I turned my attention to the men ahead, feeling a sense of relief that we were in more open country.

The moon was slightly behind us, high in the heavens now, and cast our shadows diagonally to the right and ahead of us. I watched the shadows of my horse and myself squirm and undulate as they travelled over the ground. As I relaxed from the tension under which I had been for a moment gazing unthinkingly ahead, the movement of another shadow caught my eye, that of an upward-moving arm and knobbed club. There was no time to look first. Instinctively my right hand thrust my revolver under my rein-arm, and I turned my head sharply to find, what I had expected, that my revolver was pointing full at the breast of the big fellow Mohammed, who, stealing up quietly behind me with sandals removed, had intended to strike.

"Boor-r-ro!" (go on), I said. Lowering his club, without a sign of embarrassment, he took his place in line, the others apparently having been oblivious to the whole affair.

After he left me, and the excitement of the moment had passed, cold chills chased one another up and down my spine. From then on I saw no sign of thieves. For five hours I had ridden with my finger on the trigger of my pistol covering my men. For five hours I had sensations which I trust I shall not experience again.

About one o'clock in the morning, high up on the hilltop we sighted the white walls of Kussabat, and, after some hard climbing, we came into full view of the silver city—glistening in a bath of silver as Khoms had shone in a flood of gold.

A few words with the town guard, and the great doors of its main gate, the Bab El Kussabat, creaked and groaned as they swung open, and we entered the city, clattered up the steep, narrow streets, where, from the low housetops on either side, sleeping forms muffled in barracans awoke and peered over at us, and big white wolf-hounds craning their necks set pandemonium loose from one end of the town to the other, as they snarled and yelped in our very faces.

Soon we were in a small fonduk with doors heavily bolted. The other occupants were a selected stock of camels, goats, sheep, and fowls taken from the Arabs by the Turks in lieu of taxes; in fact, the fonduk had been converted into a sort of pound. On the roof were a dozen or so of Arabs and blacks asleep, and I preferred their company in the moonlight to that of my four men under the dark archways. To prevent scheming, I took with me Muraiche, the cause of all the trouble. Some of these blacks and Arabs raised up out of their sleep to see, probably for the first time, an apparition in khaki and a white helmet. Then we lay down, and, thanks to the previous night's rest, I managed to keep awake most of the night. When Muraiche rolled over in his sleep, or a neighboring black muttered in his savage dreams, I would start from my dozing.

True, I gave them no baksheesh at the journey's end. I might have had them thrown into the foul Turkish prison of the castle; but, after all, it was the life of these men of the desert,—they had only tried their little game and failed.

And the stakes? My revolvers and ammunition, the leather of my saddle and riding-leggings, and perhaps a gold filling in my teeth. They knew I had no money, for in the presence of Muraiche I had deposited it at Tripoli, and Muraiche himself carried only the necessary funds for the journey. But modern weapons are a prohibited import, save for the Turkish army, and are worth their weight in silver to the Arabs.

Why such a risk for such small stakes? Well, why will the desert thief risk his life for a barracan, or an Arab scavenger dig up the corpse of a plague victim for the miserable piece of sackcloth that girds his loins?

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Mayne's Lady of Dreams

BY LILY A. LONG

MAYNE'S wanderings on the face of the earth had been somewhat out of the ordinary, and he was used to after-dinner demands for thrilling episodes. He understood, therefore, what was expected when his host turned to him, after a story of his own, with,

"Can you match that in your South-African experiences, Mayne?"

"Not exactly," Mayne said, carelessly. "I heard of a case, though, where a man had that kind of an experience. It was this way." And he picked up the first incident his memory presented and proceeded rather indifferently to relate it.

Then suddenly he saw, at the far end of the room, a girl who was leaning forward to watch and listen, with her elbow on the arm of her chair and her chin propped on her palm. He straightened up into alert attention, and his eyes held hers in a moment's tense and wondering question. The pause was hardly more than a dramatic suspense in his story, and then he finished his indifferent incident with a vividness, a flash, that electrified his listeners. They crowded about him, eager to question, to draw him out, to cap his story with others, and he laughed and talked with a verve that showed him at his best—a best that was a surprise even to those who thought they knew him. He was afire with interest and vitality and a queer suppressed happiness that transformed him. He hardly looked at the girl, who still sat watching and listening, but he was conscious of her every instant—conscious of every change in her face as she listened in smiling silence, conscious of every line in her drooping figure, of the cloudy gray gown that somehow set her apart from the brilliant women about her, even of the slender gold chain which was her only ornament. It was some time before his mind freed itself sufficiently from this dazzling maze to ask the ordinary questions: Who was she? When had she come in? She had not been at the dinner, that he knew. He had not seen her enter the drawing-room, though his eyes seldom failed to report to him even the trivial happenings about him. But she was there, she was there! He laughed aloud under cover of some poor jest, and then, in a sudden panic that she might slip away as tracelessly as she had come, he freed himself abruptly from the little group about him and crossed the room to where she sat. He was breathing hard, as though some threatened danger had been narrowly averted. Almost he put out his hand to guard against her escaping, but common sense intervened in time to save him. But he must do something to hold her. If only the others would keep away! Thank Heaven that their host had got started on another story.

"I believe that you, too, have a spirit for adventure," he heard himself saying. He was surprised, though thankful, that his voice sounded so natural, and he inly congratulated himself on the assurance with which he pulled a chair near hers.

She lifted her eyebrows in puzzled surprise at his words.

"What signs of it have you detected?" she asked.

"Your interest in my story was flattering."

"I was interested in your story because of you," she said.

"*That* is flattering to the point of intoxication."

She met his smiling eyes with a look much more cool and unembarrassed than his own.

"Then drain the cup of flattery to the bottom! I refused my dear Rhoda's invitation to dinner to-night because I am leaving town very early to-morrow morning; but I asked her to let me come in for a few minutes afterwards, so that I might see you. You are a great lion for our little town, you know."

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From any other woman it would have been a conversational challenge, but no repartee came to Mayne's lips. Instead he was almost breathless still. She waited an instant, and then went on, lightly:

"You see, I have long had a special curiosity about your doings. Several years ago I saw your name in a newspaper, and somehow it stamped itself on my memory. It was in an account of your explorations and discoveries—most unsatisfyingly inadequate, but unforgettable. I have watched ever since for some further account of your work, but I never heard of you again until Rhoda said you were to dine here. So you see I could not resist the temptation to come and look at you, even though I had a dozen matters of importance still undone on my hands. I suppose you are hardened to it!"

"When did you happen to see that newspaper paragraph?" His voice shook as though his heart were beating hard upon his throat.

"Oh, long ago,—three years ago,—more. It spoke about your going off into unexplored regions without even a guide, and losing yourself in the wilds for months and years, and then reappearing with treasures of new discovery,—like a diver with his pearl. How did it feel to be alone—so absolutely alone?"

"I am not sure that I realized it," he answered.

"If you didn't, that in itself would answer my question," she said, thoughtfully. "Certainly you were in a position to realize it, if any one ever was. Were you conscious of an audience in the background that would understand your work — newspapers, scientific societies, that sort of thing?"

"Perhaps I was when I first began. But that was long ago. Once in the wilderness, the immediate necessities of the day—foraging, cooking, getting specimens, keeping records—rather crowd other things out of one's mind. My world was a little one and not populous, but its demands upon me were imperious and not to be set aside for introspections."

"And you were satisfied? You didn't need human companionship? You weren't lonely?" She pressed the questions home with the urgency and directness of scientific inquiry. "All the rest I can understand or imagine—the work, the hardships, the excitement and satisfaction of discovery. But your own mind is what interests me. Could you live like that for years—it *was* years, wasn't it?—without feeling a need for the other world—this world of common human interests?"

Mayne had himself in hand by this time. He was used to shaping circumstances to his will, and he framed his answer deliberately.

"I'll tell you a little incident that may perhaps answer your question. If you had asked your question before that experience, I should have had no doubt in my mind about my answer. I thought I was quite satisfied—in fact, rather triumphantly satisfied—with my isolation. I enjoyed my irresponsible freedom with a keenness that was almost passionate. I had found the true way of life. London and New York were all very well for those who liked that sort of thing, but the thought of the hurrying crowds stifled me and I flung my arms wide, for I had the freedom of a continent. Then one summer—I think I had not seen a white face for some three years—I had a touch of fever. It laid me up for several weeks. Part of the time I was delirious, part of the time I was about half-way rational,—rational enough to know where I was and what was going on, but not sufficiently alert to take any interest in things. It was while I was in this state that I became aware that as soon as my man left me alone in my tent a woman was there watching over me—a white woman."

His glance flickered for an instant over her intent face, and then he dropped his eyes as before and went on steadily:

"She never spoke to me. I never tried to speak to her. It wasn't necessary. I knew that my well-being lay in her hands. It was enough simply to have her there. I would wait in feverish impatience for Gecko to get through and clear out, and then—then she was there. At once everything was all right. I would go off to sleep, sure that if I awoke and looked up she would still be there, sure that so long as she watched, all was well—more than well. It is hard to describe the strength of my trust in that silent com-

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panionship. It was like the confidence of the sea-birds who sleep on the waves."

"How long did it last?" she asked, with vivid interest.

"I don't know. Time is a poor measuring-rod for such experiences. Long enough, though, for me to learn every turn of her head, every line of her face." Again his look quivered over her face, and fell.

"Was it the face of a real woman—any one you knew?" she asked.

He chose his words. "It was a face I had never seen before."

She sank back in her chair and half sighed.

"You probably *were* lonely without knowing it, and so your subconscious longing brought up the image of a companion, just as starving men dream of feasts."

"That has the proper scientific ring," he said, lightly. "At any rate, I was quite conscious of my loneliness after that. Having once come to the surface, the feeling wouldn't down. So I gave up my wildernesses and came back to the world of men."

She looked surprised. "Really? Because of that?"

"You think that was not enough? I must have told my story badly."

"No, it was most interesting. Thank you for letting me have so intimate and personal an answer to my question." Then she smiled at him frankly. "You really owed me some special acknowledgment. I shall let myself believe that you do not tell that experience to the merely curious."

"I have never told it to any one but you," he said, quietly.

She looked up quickly, but if a question trembled near speech, she held it back. Instead she said, with an air of ending the conversation:

"I am very glad to have had this opportunity of really seeing you, Mr. Mayne. I shall know now that you are not a figment of my imagination."

She moved as though to rise, but with a quick gesture he restrained her.

"One moment, I beg. When and where may I see you? You will let me call, will you not? There are other things I want to tell you—no end of them."

She shook her head lightly.

"I am leaving town very early to-morrow morning."

"But you will let me know your address?"

"No," she said, quietly.

He frowned in bewilderment.

"But I must see you again, you know," he protested.

"No, I think not," she said, evenly. "I am going away."

"But not for always!"

"Yes."

He squared his shoulders unconsciously; then he leaned toward her.

"I am not going to lose you like this, after—"

"After fully ten minutes of after-dinner chat!" she mocked. "Why, you do not even know my name!"

"No, there are many details that I do not know. But I know you. However, you might tell me your name. It is not essential, but it might be convenient to know it."

Again she shook her head lightly.

"It is to be mine for so short a time that it really doesn't matter. Remember me—if you remember me at all—as you remember that woman in your vision—a memory without a name."

He was looking at her in dismay too profound to think of concealment.

"Do you mean that you are to be married?"

"No—oh no," she said, with a quick half-laugh. She glanced up at him, and the look she caught in his face drove the laugh from her lips. "I did not mean to make a mystery of it," she said, with frank dignity, but looking away from him. "It is only that I do not talk of it casually. I am going away to-morrow to join a sisterhood."

"A religious sisterhood?" he asked.

"Yes, a sisterhood of service."

"For life?"

"Yes."

"And you were going to-morrow!" he exclaimed. "Oh, that was cutting it rather too fine! Suppose I had not seen you to-night? But then, of course I had to. That was a part of the whole," he added, thoughtfully.

She frowned and did not answer. He understood, and smiled with sudden and disarming winningness.

"I wish I could say what I must say

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"A WOMAN WAS THERE, WATCHING OVER ME"

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without offending you, but I suppose I can't. You must not go to that sisterhood to-morrow."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Why?"

"It would be a mistake. Your life does not lie there."

"What do you know about my life—my reasons?"

"Very little,—and yet enough to feel sure that you are taking this step because you have found life as you know it empty, rather than because you have any assurance of finding fulfilment through this venture. You are only groping in the dark for something that you have missed."

She looked startled, and her hands, which had lain lightly in her lap, clasped each other hard.

"I cannot discuss this," she said, slowly. "I have thought it all over, to utter weariness. If I am making a mistake, it is in spite of my best endeavors to see. And I am the only one who can suffer by the mistake. I—I am going into my own wilderness to discover truth." She tried to force a smile as she looked at him, but he ignored the appeal.

"No," he said, gently.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because—*I* am in *this* world."

She frowned again and half rose, but he laid a quick detaining hand on hers for an instant.

"I know it sounds presumptuous,—wild,—anything you like. That isn't my fault. I *have* to speak at once instead of waiting and giving you a chance to get used to the idea gradually. I can't let you go off without speaking, when I know that you and I are to make each other's world. Be a little sorry for me! I have to say it in this abrupt way instead of in the way I should have chosen for my wooing!"

She would not smile. "How can you say that you know we are to make each other's world?" she asked, gravely.

He caught his breath.

"I *do* know," he said, after a moment. "But I am not asking you to take my assurance, of course. I only want you to postpone this final, fatal step until I can have a chance to let you find out something about me in the usual way. Give me at least a few weeks. Isn't the possibility that I may be right worth that much of a concession?"

She took refuge in laughter.

"This is very absurd, you know," she said, lifting frank eyes to his.

"Yes, I know. But let's assume that it isn't. Let's disregard—or, if you like, defer—the preliminaries, and take for granted that we have reached a point where without offence I may tell you that I love you."

"You *are* courageous," she murmured. "I understand now how and why you have succeeded. But do you take no thought of the embarrassing plight in which you would find yourself if I did not have enough prudence to make up for your obvious lack of that quality?"

He did not answer.

"You don't really expect me to take you seriously?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You are even more of an original character than I had dared hope."

Her tone sent the color to his forehead.

"Do you think I am speaking lightly? Do you think—good heavens!—that I ever could speak in this way to any woman in the world but you—*you?*"

She looked at him curiously.

"I don't know. How *can* I know?"

"Then I impress you as a liar—a cheap trickster?"

"No," she said, after consideration; "you impress me as an honest gentleman, so far as mere impressions go. My caution is not instinctive. It is purely civilized!"

He laughed in quick triumph.

"You are conceding a great deal in saying that! And remember in my behalf that I have been out of touch with civilization for a good part of my life. I have learned to treat my instinctive feelings with respect."

"That is one of the interesting elements in an adventurer's life. We who are civilized have acquired the habit of trusting instead to common sense."

"But I didn't suppose that a woman ever became hopelessly sunk in civilization. Common sense is a masculine tool, not fitted to your hands. Why depart so widely from your womanly sphere?"

"Because you have departed from yours. You force me to use common sense because you so conspicuously don't."

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He smiled at her. "When a man is in love, he is lifted out of the level on which he ordinarily lives. He sees things unseen and knows what he cannot prove. He becomes a poet,—almost a woman."

She laughed gently, as though by sheer force of persistence she might hold off this threatening intimacy and turn his personalities into the safe channels of mere conversation.

"You must write a book! You have found much in your wilderness besides scientific fact, and the world loves a new thing. Now I am sorry to have to say good night, but I am sure my carriage has been waiting a long time." Again she made that slight movement of rising, and again, impetuously, he detained her.

"One moment! This is maddening! How can I make you believe?—You really are going to-morrow morning?—Really?"

"I must!" she protested. "Think of it! Even if you *are* serious, how could I give up a definite purpose in life on this fantastic pretext and retain my own self-respect—or yours?"

He did not answer for a moment, but sat looking at her with an intentness that would have been disconcerting if it had not been so curiously absent-minded. Then he drew a long breath—a sigh of resolution.

"I am going to tell you the whole. It was your face I saw in that vision."

She looked at him quickly, keenly, questioning beyond his words. There was no doubting his earnestness now.

"It was your face I saw when, in that absolute loneliness, I reached out—or in—for the companionship which was my soul's birthright. And when I had seen you, there was no room for doubt or question as to what you meant to me. I knew, once for all. That's why I came back to the world. I've been looking for you, waiting for you, dreaming of you, ever since I had the misfortune to be so cured of my fever that I could no longer *see* you.—Don't look as though I were romancing! Don't you believe me?"

"I believe that you believe it," she said, slowly. "And of course that explains—justifies, if I may use the word—your astonishing proposition. Yes, I believe in *you*. But—"

"But not what I have told you?"

"I must believe that you had a dream,—well, call it a vision. It may even be that the face you saw in your dreams held some suggestion of mine,—I am not unique!—"

He checked her with an impatient gesture. "Don't tell me I don't *know* your face. That's absurd. A man can't be in doubt as to the woman he loves. When I saw you across the room, my heart stood still. For half a moment I thought you a vision, because I had not seen you come in, and that's the way I used to find you—*there*, when I wanted you, without knowing how or when you had come. Only you never came when any one else was in the room. Then in a second of course I knew you were real,—knew that my search had at last brought me to the hidden place I had blindly set out to find, ages ago. Why, I know every turn of your head, every slight change in your smile. I know when you are going to smile, before it comes to the surface. You wore some kind of a cloudy, billowy grayness—this gown is the right color, but it is too formal. It should be filmy and floating—"

She laughed a breathless little laugh, as of one swept against her will on a swift current of enchantment.

"I must send to dreamland for the pattern!"

But he was looking at her with an abstracted little frown.

"There was something you sometimes wore that I didn't like—a black cross. Oh, I remember that very well, because, for some reason that I did not understand, I had a curious resentment against it. But you didn't always wear it. When you did, I had a feeling that you were really afraid of it, though you were too proud to show it. Perhaps that was why I disliked it. Yet in itself it was beautiful and curious—an ebony cross of the Egyptian tau pattern, set with brilliants—"

The girl had looked startled at first, but now she was very pale. Unconsciously her fingers caught at the slender gold chain that hid itself in her bosom. Mayne's eye followed the motion, and then a sudden light of comprehension, of triumph, flashed over his face. He leaned toward her eagerly.

"What are you wearing on that chain?"

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"IT WAS YOUR FACE I SAW IN THAT VISION"

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She drew away from him defensively, and shook her head, but her eyes were troubled.

"You see!" he said, very gently.

For a moment there was silence between them, and then he went on as though they could now assume a mutual understanding.

"I understand now why I hated that beautiful cross. It is because it stands as the symbol of this other purpose of yours,—this plan which shuts me out of your life. If you and I had not met to-night, you would have shut yourself away from me. For all the rest of your life my love would have been unable to reach you—to make you hear or understand. But we did meet,—you did come. Doesn't that mean something to you? Doesn't it show that my place in your life was not to be ignored?"

She stirred restlessly. "But it is all settled! Why talk as though I could still choose?"

"If I had found you three years ago," he said, slowly, "if when you saw my name and could not forget it, though you have forgotten thousands of others more important, if then I had come to you myself and spoken as I have spoken to-night, would the thought of wearing *that* have ever come to you? Would you have felt any need of that enforced rule of service to satisfy your heart, to fulfil your life?"

"No,—I should not," she said, in a low voice. "But you did not come. In your own words, does not that prove something? In the mean time this other purpose has called to me, and I have listened. And is it not the higher life—that life of devotion?" She looked up with a wistful appeal in her troubled face.

"Not for you,—not for me," he said, quickly. "I do not speak of others. But I know what my life *must* be, if it is to be true and natural. And you,—oh, never fear there will not be room for devotion in the life we shall lead together! What else can there be, for every moment of it, to the very end?"

"Ah, but that is different! It is too—"

"Beautiful? Everything is beautiful when it is right. That is a sign!"

She shook her head. "Too temptingly easy! How can I be sure that you are not the last temptation of my faltering feet,—the last snare of Satan for my soul?"

"I cannot make myself feel that I am," he said, seriously, after a moment's grave consideration. "But suppose I am. *Suppose I am.* What then?"

She caught her breath in amaze.

"The truth that lies between you and me," he said, steadily, "comes up out of all the past and it reaches into all the future. Trust the silence—the silence in your heart as well as in mine."

The hostess, who had skilfully made their long tête-à-tête possible, now came near, and laid a hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder.

"Dear, your carriage has come. I should conceal the fact if my conscience would let me, but I suppose you must go, if you really are to take that wretched daybreak train."

Mayne had risen, and now stood looking down at the girl.

"Are you going to leave town to-morrow?" he asked, very quietly.

The girl wavered for an instant.

"No," she said, slowly, looking with desperate steadfastness at her hostess. "I have changed my plans for to-morrow. I have—postponed my going."

"Oh, dearie, I'm *so* glad! For how long?"

The girl rose, swaying somewhat unsteadily.

"I—can't say—now. I must go home! Thank you, Rhoda, for letting me come in, in this way. But now I think I am—tired."

"Let me take you to your carriage," said Mayne. His face seemed to have grown thin, but it was radiant with a light that was almost visible.

In silence she let him place her cloak about her shoulders. In silence she yielded to his guiding arm down the snowy steps. But as he stood bareheaded and silent at her carriage-step, she leaned forward impetuously and pleadingly.

"You mustn't misunderstand! I am only—only waiting to see. It doesn't mean—"

He laughed.

"It means — everything! It means sun, moon, and stars,—heaven and earth —the past and future of all the worlds! It means — that I shall see you to-morrow!"

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In Western Camps*

BY THE RT. REV. ETHELBERT TALBOT, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop of Central Pennsylvania

AS Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho my Sundays, during the summer months, were usually passed in the mining-camps of Idaho. At Challis, Bay Horse, Clayton, Silver City, Idaho City, Placerville, Murray, Wallace, Wardner, and many others, services were held annually, and in some of these places churches were erected and clergymen maintained. In those days the visit of a bishop was an occasion of unusual interest. The camps, as a rule, were far from a railroad, and the annual visit of the bishop brought into the life of the place a new interest, which, for the time being, was all-absorbing. Especially was this the case where, as often happened, the bishop was the only minister of any religious body who visited the settlement from year to year. If any of the young people were looking forward to being married, the important question was, "When is the Bishop coming?" He could not be expected to make so long a journey simply to perform the ceremony, but it was often possible to so time the event as to have it coincide with his visit, and hence it was desirable that the date of his coming should be widely published in the local papers some months in advance. Then there were the children to be baptized, when a feast was generally given and the neighbors invited to be present.

I recall very vividly my first visit to a certain mining-camp. It involved a stage ride of seventy-five miles over a rough mountain road. I reached the place about sundown on Friday evening. As I alighted from the stage-coach in front of the hotel, a little man demurely presented himself. He extended his hand and asked, "Is this the Bishop?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, Bishop, I am Brother May, the new minister. I arrived only yesterday. I am so glad to see you, Bishop; for this is the most God-forsaken hole I ever struck." "Oh, well, do not be discouraged, my good brother," I answered, "for if it is such a place as you describe, you and I are much needed here, and we shall find plenty of work to do. I shall see you a little later, and we shall have a good talk." So I passed on into the hotel.

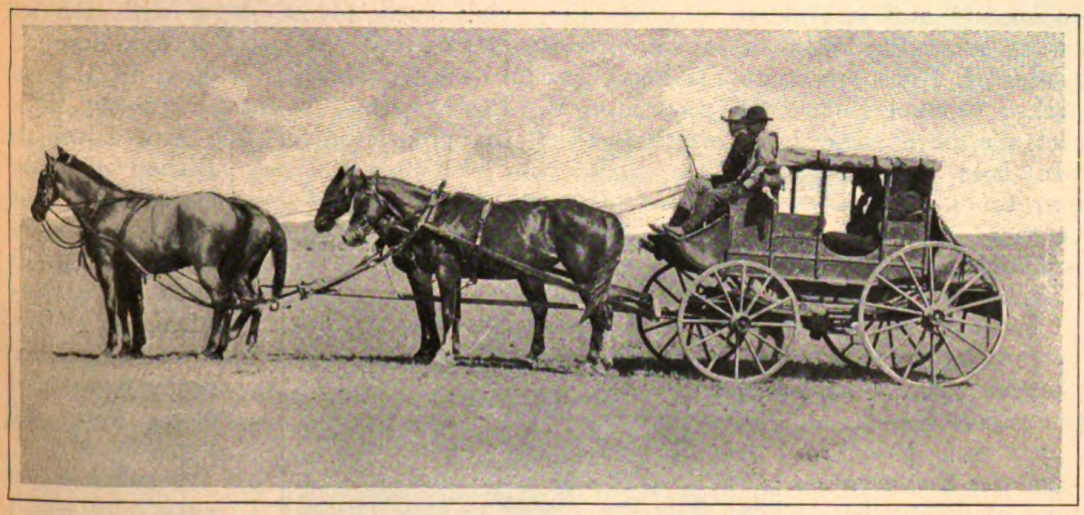
As I registered my name, I noticed, behind the counter, all the attractive paraphernalia of a first-class saloon. I was dusty and tired and hungry. After having made myself somewhat presentable, I was soon eagerly paying my respects to the various dishes set before me in the dining-room. Hunger is, indeed, the best sauce, and how I did relish the food in the mining-camps after those stage rides over the mountains! Dinner over, I returned to the hotel office. There I found Brother May awaiting me. I offered him a cigar, but he declined, with a look of some surprise that a bishop should be addicted to such a vice. I proposed a stroll up the canyon, for, after sitting on the stage-coach all day, I felt the need of a walk. Brother May was very communicative. He proceeded to tell me the story of his life. He said he had been living in San Francisco; that as a boy he had been apprenticed to a printer, and had learned to set type, and might have done well, but had fallen into bad company and acquired the habit of drink; that he had also been addicted to gambling; that he had gone from bad to worse, until finally he had lost his position and his friends and was an outcast. About that time there was a great revival in the city. He dropped in one night and became

* Bishop Talbot (now of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania) was the first Bishop of the missionary district of Wyoming and Idaho, which was established in 1886. For eleven years he carried on his work in the far West, journeying constantly over wide and wild territory, meeting at every turn unusual adventure.—EDITOR.

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BISHOP TALBOT ON A MISSIONARY JOURNEY

interested. He was gradually led to see the evil of his way, and determined, with God's help, to lead a new life. His conversion was so unmistakably the work of the Spirit of God that he felt he must consecrate the remainder of his days to the preaching of the gospel. He was over thirty years of age. He had no time to lose. The authorities of his church advised him to go to some theological seminary and prepare himself; but he told them that he knew the story of the cross and the love of God, and felt eager to proclaim the message to men. He asked for no large place, no important church. Indeed, he begged them to send him to the most neglected and sinful place to be found. "And so, Bishop," he said, "they sent me here. I came only yesterday. This is my first charge, and my church has certainly sent me to the most God-forsaken hole it could find." I again tried to reassure him, and suggested that while, as he said, there were many saloons in the camp, it was not strange that such a situation should obtain, as there was no church and no minister before he came. I also expressed the hope that he would find the people kindly and warm-hearted and ready to cooperate with him in his efforts to do them good. But he evidently considered the prospect almost hopeless. We arranged that I should preach in the dance-hall on the morning and evening of the approaching Sunday, and that he should hold forth at four o'clock in the afternoon. I told him that at my eleven-o'clock service I should take pleasure in announcing his appointment, and also formally introduce him to his flock and ask him to say a word to them. This conversation took place Friday evening.

After enjoying a good, refreshing night's sleep I found myself ready on Saturday morning to prepare for my Sunday duties. First of all, it was important to make sure of my congregation. I had come so far that I did not like the idea of a mere handful of women and children. I longed to get hold of the men. The main street seemed full of miners. It was pay-day, and the place presented a sort of holiday appearance. It occurred to me that it was a good opportunity to become acquainted. As I walked down the street, I saw advancing toward me an elegantly dressed gentleman, with large diamonds shining upon his spotless linen. There were seven saloons in a row. As I drew near my handsome young friend and was about to extend my hand, he surveyed me, concluded I was a parson and might wish to interview him on some subject with which he was not familiar, and suddenly disappeared into one of the saloons.

The experience was a little discomfiting, but I summoned up courage and determined to try again. The next man was in his shirt-sleeves, but had an open, frank countenance. I assumed as gracious and friendly an aspect as I could

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command and was about to greet him, when he too darted into a saloon. Twice defeated, I went back to the hotel, and asked Colonel Burns, the proprietor, to let me have some large writing-paper. In bold hand I wrote out a few notices. I announced that, as Bishop of Idaho, I had come to the camp, and would preach the next morning, Sunday, at eleven o'clock and in the evening at eight; that both services would be in the dance-hall. All were cordially invited to attend. Then the Colonel let me have some tacks. I put up a notice at the hotel, at the post-office, at the large store, and at the blacksmith's shop. I then stood off and looked to see if any one would read my notices. But, alas! there were already so many notices ahead of mine! One announced an exciting horse-race Sunday afternoon, a second a mine to be sold, a third a ranch to be rented, etc., etc. I soon discovered that my method of advertising was not likely to be successful. What more could I do? As I walked by the saloons, I observed that they were full of men. If only I were not a bishop, I reflected, the problem would be easy of solution; for then I could go into the saloons where the men are and deliver my invitation in person; but how would it look for a bishop to visit such places, even with the best of motives? At last I became desperate. I selected the first saloon in the row. I went in. I introduced myself to the proprietor. I told him I was the Bishop of Idaho, and had come in to pay my respects to him. He met me very cordially. "Why, Bishop, I am proud to know you. What will you have?"



BISHOP TALBOT
A photograph taken while on a hunting-trip

I thanked him and told him I should be greatly indebted to him if he would kindly introduce me to those gentlemen, pointing to a large room back of the saloon, where the men were gathered. "Do you mean the boys in the pool-room?" he asked. "Yes, I presume I do." Thereupon he came out from behind the counter, put his arm in mine in a familiar way, as though we had been boon companions all our lives, and escorted me to the open doorway of the pool-room. "Boys," he cried out, "hold up the game. Put up the chips just a minute. This is the Bishop right among us, and he wants to be introduced." With a politeness and courtesy which would have done credit to any drawing-room in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, the men rose from their seats and welcomed me. I said briefly: "Excuse me, gentlemen; I do not wish to interfere with your pleasure or your

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amusement. I have just come in to pay my respects to you. I am the bishop, and am going to hold services in the dance-hall to-morrow morning at eleven and in the evening at eight, and I shall be very glad to see you there." I remember that one of them, evidently speaking in a representative capacity, thanked me for letting them know, and asked me again the hour, and assured me they would all be present. In this way I visited all the seven saloons in the row. Everywhere I was treated with the most respectful consideration, and I did not hear one word that could have offended the most delicate conscience. When I had completed the round, I felt that I was reasonably sure of a goodly number of men as my hearers.

Coming out of one of the saloons, I suddenly encountered on the street my little friend Brother May, the new minister. He gave me a look of commingled surprise and pity, and with it a slight touch of scorn; but no words were exchanged between us. When, after my visitation of the saloons, I returned to my hotel, I found Brother May with his face buried in a newspaper. He hardly deigned to speak to me. He had been greatly shocked at seeing me emerge from a saloon. His ideals of the episcopal office had received a terrible blow. I asked him some question. He hardly vouchsafed a reply. I tried him again. At last he put down his paper, and looking at me with a much-aggrieved expression, said, "Look here, Bishop; didn't I see you coming out of a saloon?"

"Yes, Brother May, you did, and if you had watched me, you would have seen me coming out of seven." "Well," he continued, "all I have to say is I am sadly disappointed in you. My heart had gone out to you, and I was thanking God for sending you to this awful place, and now to think of a bishop going into one of those hells!" I tried to explain to my reverend little brother that I had visited more saloons that day than in all of the days of my life before; that I was not a drinking man, and regretted the evils of strong drink as much as he or any man could, but that I had come to get hold of those men; that I only visited the camp one Sunday a year, while he would have an opportunity every week to talk to them. Gradually it dawned upon him that my act was, after all, susceptible of a charitable interpretation, though he could not justify it; nor could he agree with me in thinking that my efforts to secure the presence of the men would prove successful, but felt sure they would not come out, no matter what they promised,—in short, that I had hopelessly impaired my influence with them. I could only ask him to wait and see. It was clearly evident that Brother May's faith in me had been subjected to a severe test, and had almost reached the breaking-point.

That evening we gathered together a few good people and practised some familiar hymns. A young woman was found who played the little organ. The morrow came—a bright and beautiful Sunday. As the hour of service approached, I could see that a great crowd was gathering. I had already put on my robes, and was seated on the platform of the dance-hall, where also the organ and the choir were placed. As the men filed in, they occupied every available space. I invited some to sit on the edge of the high platform. Others took advantage of the fact that the windows were opened and stationed themselves there. A large number had to stand near the doorway; but from the beginning to the close of the service a hushed and entirely reverential demeanor characterized the assembly. They listened most patiently to all I had to say. There was something peculiarly solemnizing and inspiring in those manly and earnest faces as they seemed to respond to the appeal I was making. After I had finished the sermon, I introduced Brother May. I told the men that while the church I had the honor to represent had not yet seen its way to send them a minister, yet I rejoiced that Brother May, representing another religious body, had come; that he was present in the congregation, and I was glad to introduce him; that he was to preach that afternoon at four.

Then Brother May arose. He was extremely short of stature, and had a long black mustache, curled up at the ends. He wore a bright-green cutaway coat, a blue waistcoat, and red necktie. His boots had high heels, tapered after the cowboy fashion. All eyes were instantly

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fastened upon him. A stillness that was painful fell upon the scene. Brother May stood near the platform. Instead of turning around and facing the people, he stood sidewise, looking at them over his shoulder. "Yes, brethren, as the Bishop has said, I am here, and I am here to stay. I have come to preach the gospel, and my first sermon will be at four o'clock here in this place. I want you all to be on hand, for God knows you need the gospel. Just think of it; you have seven saloons here in this camp. Seven dens of hell! The fact is, this is the most God-forsaken hole I ever struck." He sat down. There was no audible expression of dissent, but I could feel that my little brother had forfeited his opportunity to commend himself to the people. I was sorry.

Another hymn was given out, and I was about to dismiss the congregation with my blessing, when Colonel Burns, my landlord, stepped forward, and in a low but distinct voice said, "Bishop, haven't you forgot somethin'?" "What do you mean?" said I. "Why, the hat," replied the Colonel. "Excuse me," I answered; "you are right. I had quite forgotten the collection." "I thought so," said the Colonel. "It won't do to forget the hat, for yesterday was pay-day, and these boys have a lot of money, and if you don't get it the saloons will, and it is much better for you to have it. Now, Bishop, if you will allow me, I will run that part of the business myself."

"Very good," I said. "Have you any suggestions, Colonel?"

"Only this, Bishop: I wish you would give us about five hymns."

"Five!" I exclaimed. "You surely do not mean five hymns."

"Yes, Bishop," he replied. "I want plenty of time. I do not want to be crowded. The boys are a little slow on collections."

I stepped over to the organ and arranged with the young woman who was playing for us to give us five familiar hymns. We started in. The Colonel presented the hat to the man immediately on my left. He was sitting on the edge of the platform. He brought out a silver dollar, called a "wheel" in the language of the camp. The second and third men to whom the hat was passed followed the example of the first, each giving a dollar; but the fourth man seemed nervous, and hesitated while he fumbled in his pocket. After considerable delay he brought out a quarter.

"Oh, put that back. Come now, Bill," said the Colonel, "the Bishop is not after small game to-day. White chips don't go here. He wants a wheel out of you. Hurry up."

"But, Colonel," said the man, "I hain't got no wheel; I'm busted."

"Oh, what you givin' us?" said the Colonel. "Borrow one from Jack. Jack will loan you one."

I was not supposed to hear this dialogue, but the Colonel evidently took no pains to conceal what was going on. After some little parleying, Jack loaned his neighbor a "wheel," and the hat passed on. I can remember the Colonel, when he reached the crowd standing at the door, held out the hat with one hand, while with the other he expostulated with the men. The hymns were being rapidly used up, and at last the Colonel returned to the platform with the hat. His face beamed with satisfaction. After the service I asked him why it took him so long. "Oh," he replied, "Bishop, you see, I 'sized' up every feller accordin' to his pile. I know these boys. Most on 'em grub with me. I made one feller cough up a ten-dollar gold piece, and you will find a good many fives in the hat. Let's count it." I need not say that the collection was a generous one.

At four o'clock I went to the hall to help and hear Brother May. As yet no one had come. At length a few women and children and one old man straggled in. Brother May preached on the "Rose of Sharon." It was his maiden effort. The afternoon was very warm, and the perspiration poured forth as my little friend labored with the text. He was thoroughly discouraged, and could not understand why the hall was not full. I ventured to suggest that I feared he had not been very tactful in the morning when he told them that their town was the most "God-forsaken hole" he had ever seen. I learned afterward that Brother May remained at the camp only about three weeks. At the end of that time a committee waited on him. The spokesman said, "Brother May, we un-

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INDIAN TEPEES NEAR AN IDAHO MINING-CAMP

derstand you don't like our camp." "No," said Brother May; "it is the worst I ever struck." "Well, Brother May, would you like to shake off the dust of our camp and leave us for better diggin's?" "You bet I would," was the reply. "Well, will you leave if we give you seventy-five dollars?" "Sure I will." "Will you leave by to-morrow's stage?" "I certainly will." "Then here's your money." And Brother May departed for parts unknown.

To return to our Sunday's work. That evening there was another service and another great crowd. I begged the men to do something toward securing a minister and building a church. I reminded them that they had had no one to bury their dead, minister to their sick and wounded, baptize their children, administer the holy communion and preach the gospel. I told them I would be glad to cooperate with them in any effort they might make. When Monday morning came, a committee waited on me with a petition signed by more than a hundred miners, begging me to stay over and give them another talk that night. I consented, and the dance-hall was again completely filled. Tuesday morning, just before I took the stage, a committee came to me from a neighboring saloon with a subscription paper. One of the committee said:

"Now, Bishop, you have been going for us about not having a preacher. Here is a proposition. If you will stay here, and rustle up this preachin' business, and be our parson, we will stand by you to the tune of $2000 a year. Here it is down in black and white. This is all gilt edge."

Of course I was surprised and gratified. I replied that while I felt much complimented by their offer, it was evident they did not understand the nature of my office; that I was a bishop, and had to go from place to place, and could tarry nowhere long; that I was on my way to the next camp; but I added, "With this liberal offer of $2000 a year, I can send you a first-class man." They hesitated and seemed a little embarrassed. After some consultation one of them said:

"Bishop, that was not the deal. The boys subscribed this for you. If you can't come, we will have to make a new

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deal." With that they again disappeared into the saloon. Returning in a few moments, the spokesman said:

"Bishop, here is a new list. If you will send us a first-rate man, a good talker and a good mixer, we will guarantee him at least $1000 a year. Tell him, Bishop, there will be no trouble about money. He sha'n't be allowed to suffer. We boys will treat him white. Only, please remember," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't send us no stick."

They had not forgotten Brother May's rebuke, and were not willing to take any chances. The term "good mixer" was new to me then, but I learned it meant the qualities of good-fellowship and sympathy and fraternity. The successful man of God in the mining-camp need not lose his dignity or self-respect, but it is of vital importance that he be a man among men, and, above all, possess the capacity of loving men, and with the aid of that gift know how to reach their hearts.

The palmy days of the stage-coach in the Rockies have now passed away. The advent of the railroad has left comparatively small distances to be compassed by this primitive mode of locomotion. The day when six horses were the regulation number gradually gave place to that of the four-horse team; and now two horses sleepily plod along, and carry the mail and such occasional passengers as may be compelled to travel in this way. In my early days in Wyoming and Idaho there were some superb outfits and many interesting and enjoyable features. Runaways, breakdowns—narrow escapes of various kinds—often occurred, recalling the epitaph once found on an old gravestone:

Weep stranger for a father spilled
From a stage-coach, and thereby killed.
His name, Jay Sykes, a maker of sassengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers.

The long distances through a country almost entirely uninhabited exposed the passengers to hold-ups by the "road-agents," as the highway robbers are called out West. Especially was this the case when large sums of money had to be sent through Wells-Fargo's Express Company, or bars of gold and silver had to be carried from the mines. The robbers were wonderfully astute, and generally managed to know just when the consignments were made. At such times it was the custom of the stage company to have one or more fearless men, well armed, ride with the driver; but men who embark in the hazardous calling of the road-agent are very desperate, and take fearful risks when a rich haul is in sight. In these encounters it is simply a question as to which party shall get "the drop" on the other; for, however brave a guard may be, it would be sheer foolhardiness to refuse to throw up his hands when he found himself and companions suddenly covered by three or four deadly Winchesters. Again and again one desperate road-agent has been known to rob a stage-coach full of passengers and compel the driver to throw out the bullion and express-box, while those within the stage, though armed, have meekly looked on in amazement. I usually found it convenient, through the advice of my friends, to make my journeys when the stage did not carry such tempting booty; so it was never my fate to be held up, though frequently the stage which just preceded or followed mine was robbed. Therefore I never had Bishop Kemper's experience in the early days of Kansas. The bishop was the victim of a hold-up one night when he was the only passenger. The driver told the road-agent, who had covered him with a six-shooter, that his only passenger was a bishop. "Well," said the robber, "wake up the old man. I want to go through his pockets." When the bishop was aroused from a sound slumber and realized the situation, he gently remonstrated with the man behind the gun. He said: "Surely you would not rob a poor bishop. I have no money worth your while, and I am engaged in the discharge of my sacred duties." "Did you say you were a bishop?" asked the road-agent. "Yes, just a poor bishop." "What church?" "The Episcopal Church." "The hell you are! Why, that's the church I belong to. Driver, you may pass on."

When spring approached and the heavy snows in the mountains began to melt, there was more or less danger in

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fording the rivers. The Platte River in Wyoming was particularly treacherous in this respect. When I reached this river at one time on my way to Douglas, I was riding a bronco. The stream looked angry and swollen, and I was debating in my mind whether or not I should plunge in and swim my horse across. Just then a kindly ranchman came upon the scene. He remonstrated with me; he said my bronco was rather small for a man of my size; that the current was swift, and that he thought it would be unsafe to try it. But I said, "I must get to Douglas to-night." "Well," he replied, "I have a boat here, and will row you over, and we will lead the bronco." Accordingly we secured a rope, which we tied around the bronco's neck, placing the saddle and bridle in the boat. We then pulled out, but the bronco would not budge; and all the purchase we could get on him from the boat was unavailing. The ranchman suggested that we should row down the edge of the river and lead him until the bank should get so steep there would be no standing-ground for him. "Then," he added, "we can yank him in." That change of tactics was entirely successful, for we both took hold, and by a united pull brought him into the swift current. My companion was a good oarsman, and he struck out bravely, but it was soon evident that the bronco was making straight for the canoe. The ranchman became somewhat excited lest the pony should capsize us. "Beat him back, beat him back with the other end of the rope! There ain't no room in here for three." I landed several blows on the head of the determined little beast, but they did not seem to discourage him; and it required our combined effort to pilot that frail little craft to the other shore without being upset.

Those of my readers who have ever been at Lewiston, Idaho, will remember that just across the river Clearwater, which flows by the town, is an enormous and most dangerous mountain. If one can keep the road and has a good team, it is safe enough; but there are several places, called "hogbacks," where the road is barely wide enough to allow another team to pass; while on either side of this narrow driveway the mountain so suddenly recedes that a misstep must precipitate driver and team to imminent destruction. With this inviting prospect on the other side of the river, I found it necessary one dark night to cross the Clearwater and set out for the railway station some miles beyond. The clergyman at Lewiston had a fine pair of horses, which, while full of life, were gentle and trustworthy. On reaching the river, which the clergyman had forded a few days before, we found it unexpectedly swollen. A rope ferry regularly plied across the river, the boat usually landing at the far side of a little island, which teams could reach by fording when the stream was normal. My companion's eyesight was somewhat defective at night, and he did not observe that the river had risen so high as to entirely submerge the island. After hailing the boatman and giving him the signal to come over for us, we waited until we could see the light on the boat, which was approaching the spot where the island was supposed to be. We then drove in. We had not advanced far before I heard frantic screams from the boatman. "Go back; for God's sake go back or you'll drown." Meanwhile the buggy seemed to be fairly throbbing under the power of the current, and our horses had almost lost their footing. I begged my brother to turn round; but he would not. I then snatched the reins from him and got the horses round just as the boat came upon us. The captain said: "Well, parson, one more step and you and the Bishop would have been swept in. Were you trying to drown him?" The experience was one that I did not soon forget.

It was rather curious, and interesting to those who believe in thought transference or mental telepathy, that both my wife and daughter—the former being at that time in Missouri and the latter at school in Pennsylvania—were suddenly awakened that night out of sound sleep by the vivid and painful impression that I was drowning. They agree that the sensation was not in the least like an ordinary dream.

After we had been ferried safely over, we came to the mountain. The wind was howling, and almost blew the buggy off the hogback. Our lantern, suspend-

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ed from the dashboard, had been blown out. It was pitch dark. Suddenly I felt the buggy sliding down-hill and the horses gradually following. I jumped out, caught the horses by their bridles, and feeling my way back to the road, recovered the trail. When with great difficulty we had relighted our lantern, we found that we had been slipping over the edge of a precipice, and that a few more steps would have hurled us down hundreds of feet.

These are some of the perils by the way which added zest to one's travels, but which it is more pleasant to describe than to experience.

I must be allowed here to pay my grateful tribute to the respectful kindness and consideration always shown me by the stage-drivers. I cannot say that I never heard an oath; but again and again when one slipped out, most gracious apologies have followed. Bishop Clarkson's experience was never mine, but I can fully sympathize with his dilemma.

It seems that on one occasion the bishop was due to preach at a certain town on the prairies of Nebraska. It was in the spring, and the mud was up to the hubs in places. Already it was growing dark, and the lights of the village which the bishop was trying to reach seemed still a long way off. He became a little nervous lest he should be late for his appointment. Just then they encountered a mud-hole, and the stage-coach stuck fast. The driver laid on the lash, but in vain; the horses would not move. The bishop was on the box with the driver, who was getting desperate. Unable to stand it longer, he turned to the bishop and said, "Do you see those wheelers looking back at me?" "Yes, Harry; what does that mean?" "Bishop, you know I have always tried to treat you right, and I respect your cloth; but do you say you want to preach in that there town to-night?" "Of course I do, Harry. Why don't you whip your horses?" "Whip 'em, Bishop! Ain't I been a-whippin' of 'em my level best? Do you say that you must preach there to-night?" "Of course I must." "Well, Bishop, I ask it just once. You see, these horses are used to my style of talkin' to 'em. I know it's a bad habit, and I know it's wrong, but will you please give me a dispensation just this one time? If you will, I'll get you there or bust. What do you say, Bishop?" The bishop felt the case to be extreme. "Well, Harry, I suppose I'll have to. Fire away this one time." Harry ripped out an oath, and the horses got down on their haunches, cleared the mud-hole, and just in time landed the bishop in town.

Sanctuary

BY ETHEL A. MURPHY

INTO thy lap, O Night, I fling me down,
My broken body and my baffled soul,—
Let me forget the runners and the goal,
And the set faces straining toward the crown,
The quickly-fading wreath of men's renown;
Into thine arms, O Night, thy still control,
I give my spirit trembling with the roll
Of the great earth-din, seared by failure's frown.
Gone is the haughty lust for high command,
Gone the imperious rage for place and name;
As a child's toys from out its listless hold:
Lay on my throbbing lids thy healing hand,
And piteous, draw around my spirit's shame,
The blessed oblivion of thy mantle's fold.

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The Recrudescence of Madame Vic

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

WHEN Madame Vic—widow of the responsible Monsieur Vic, late a baker of substance in the Rue Bausset—described herself as a helpless dove vainly beating against the bars of her cage, it is of a certainty that she used figures of speech with a free tongue. One who is a widow, and appreciably above forty, and a Marseillaise, undoubtedly may claim without challenge a resemblance to creatures of various sorts widely distributed throughout the animal kingdom: but for one so conditioned to claim a resemblance to a dove, and specifically to a helpless dove, is to put a strain dangerously close to the breaking-point upon both the politeness and the imagination of even the Provençaux.

As to her alleged beating against the bars of her cage, that was another matter. There were facts in the case of Madame Vic which gave a colorable quantity of truth to her despairing metaphor. Moreover—and this made them harder to deal with—these facts were legal facts: constituting, precisely, the substance of the late Monsieur Vic's will.

"It is not, Monsieur," Madame Vic declared warmly — addressing herself to Monsieur Peloux, as that respected notary carefully refolded the will whereof the reading had been as a discharge of thunderbolts—"that I desire to marry again all in a moment. In truth, after so bitter an experience in matrimony, it is most reasonable—so far from again taking risks of evil—that I should seek to retire myself from the world altogether and become a nun."

"I beg of Madame that she will not become a nun," interposed Monsieur Peloux with a polite gallantry; and added, with a gallantry more subtle, the sententious abstraction: "The convent is the refuge of the ugly and the old."

"It is not, I say, that I desire impetuously to hurl myself into another marriage," Madame Vic continued, acknowledging the notary's handsome speech with an enchanting smile; "it is that I resent having put upon me the insolent command that I am not to marry at all. That—"

"Madame is not wholly accurate in

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her statement of facts," interrupted Monsieur Peloux, speaking with a notarial precision. "Under the terms of Monsieur Vic's will Madame is free—as free as air—to marry instantly the whole world." Monsieur Peloux waved his hand briskly and expansively: in a manner at once indicative of great rapidity of action, of atmospheric freedom, and of the terrestrial extent of Madame Vic's matrimonial possibilities.

"And having instantly with the freedom of air married the whole world—what?" Madame Vic asked with a poignant bitterness; and with a like poignant bitterness herself answered: "I receive again precisely the dot that I brought to this bowelless man of stone when in my young innocence I so disastrously wedded him! Precisely that! Not one sou more! All the fruit of my ceaseless toils and of my vigilant economies is wasted. All that justly is mine is snatched away from me. I am left to starve!"

"Pardon—but Madame evidently has not grasped with exactness the conditions which the will imposes upon her. They are both curious and unusual, these conditions. Moreover, being set forth in the language of the law, she reasonably may find them obscure. With Madame's permission, I will present them to her clearly, in plain words."

"Monsieur is amiable," Madame Vic replied with a cold civility. "Of a truth, this will—which Monsieur says is curious and unusual, and which I say is monstrous and abominable—is not a hidden mystery. Even my poor wits, which Monsieur no doubt rightly estimates as of a childish weakness"—Monsieur Peloux here made gestures expressive of deprecation—"can make meaning, but not reason, of it. Conceivably however, for the convincing of Monsieur that all is made clear to my meagre understanding, it may be well that he puts these despicable orderings and commandings into, as he phrases it, plain words."

Having thus spoken, Madame Vic ostentatiously disposed herself in an attitude of attention, and emphasized her attentiveness by holding her head a little on one side. With her head that way, even in her anger, Madame Vic distinctly was pleasing to contemplate. She was tall and well rounded and superbly blond, this justly disconsolate widow: of a type—the blending of the fair Phokaian and the massive Roman strains—that is uncommon in Marseille, and therefore is the more appreciated in the rare instances when it arrives. Moreover, she still was on the safe side of the catastrophe that was indicated as imminent by the luxuriant fulness of her bloom. Very soon, beyond question, the fall of the petals would begin: but for the moments remaining before that disaster overtook her she had the alluring charm—to pursue the botanical simile—of a lavishly exuberant rose.

In the interest of truth farther to pursue the simile, there were thorns about Madame Vic which equally had reached a very full development. As Monsieur Peloux knew—in common with the world in general—this interesting widow was endowed with an exceptionally high temper and with a most vigorously stubborn will. The fact also was notorious that she had exhibited these characteristics freely in a consistent effort to lead the late Monsieur Vic a dog's life of it; and had succeeded only partially in her strenuous undertaking because that resolute baker had been endowed with a still higher temper and a still more stubborn will of his own.

Monsieur Peloux was of an age, and also of a gravity, but within his body of a notary still was his heart of a man. Forgetting about the thorns—which Monsieur Vic most distinctly had remembered when framing his punitive testament—Monsieur Peloux could not but feel as he regarded Madame Vic, and especially as he regarded her blond head so felicitously at odds with the perpendicular, that a rank injustice had been put upon her under cover of the law. Obviously, to place any restrictions upon the prompt remarriage of such a widow—so nicely balanced upon the very apex of maturity; and so soon, toppling thence, to begin her sad progress down the declivity of age—was to do her a substantial wrong.

However, as Monsieur Peloux reflected with satisfaction, it was no affair of his. He was the exponent of the laws, not the maker of them; and in the present instance—since the will was not of his drawing—he was not even colorably re-

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sponsible for the injury that their too harsh application would set in train. It was therefore as the law's exponent—speaking in the calm voice of the notary, but with an inflection now and then which betrayed his heart of a man—that he set forth freed from legal verbiage the meaning of Monsieur Vic's malevolent testament in these terms:

"So long as Madame remains unmarried out of loving regard for the memory of her late husband"—as this phrase was uttered, and subsequently repeated, Madame Vic disturbed the pleasing poise of her head by tossing it angrily—"the whole of the property possessed by her late husband remains absolutely her own. To her belong without restriction the bakery and the business of the bakery; the moneys invested in securities; the three considerable properties here in Marseille; the pleasing bastide on the hillside above St.-Barthélemy; the vineyard at Cassis. In a word, Madame is the possessor of a fortune that will make her very much more than comfortable to the end of her days." At this point the notary paused.

"Monsieur will have the goodness to continue. If my poor intellect is not at fault there remain other conditions even more odiously insulting than the one which Monsieur has stated. That one is bad enough. It is in a convent, as Monsieur will observe, that I am to enjoy this fine fortune: most of which is of my own making—the fruit, as I have said, of my commendable toils and of my not less commendable economies—and all of which, without any conditions whatever, justly should be mine."

"To my regret," said Monsieur Peloux with feeling, "Madame's late husband, in point of fact, has seen fit to impose other conditions which do materially restrict her freedom of action in the enjoyment of her inheritance." Monsieur Peloux, his heart of a man asserting itself, heaved a sympathetic sigh.

"Stated in the fewest words," he continued, "the farther provisions of Monsieur Vic's will are to this effect: If Madame, out of loving reverence for the memory of her late husband, remains unmarried for the term of five years she still shall possess, should she then remarry, three-fourths of the entire estate. Should she marry at the end of three years, one-half of the estate still will be hers; and should she remarry at the end of one year, one-quarter. But should she marry at any time within the year immediately following her late beloved husband's decease, thereby bringing a scandal upon his memory and a disgrace upon—It is needless to pain Madame by repeating the precise wording. In its essence, the meaning is that should Madame remarry within a less period than one year she receives again only her marriage portion and the entire estate is lost to her. As a whole, the property goes to Monsieur Alexis Vic—"

"That unspeakable person no longer is alive," interrupted Madame Vic in tones of satisfaction. "His quarrellings with Monsieur Vic were malignant: growing out of his effrontery in opposing, because of what he had the temerity to declare was regard for his cousin's welfare, Monsieur Vic's marriage. As I perceive now, had his interested slanderings been successful, I should have been spared an age of misery. Not being successful, a breaking of relations with him followed of necessity. The partnership in the bakery was dissolved before my calamitous wedding took place. Since that deplorable event occurred, twenty years ago, we have had no word with him or with his. They went to Aix—he and his camel of a wife and his ugly little boy—and set up there a contemptible bakery of their own. I have been told that since his death his disgrace of a son has been making ducks and drakes"—Madame Vic's phrase was faire des ricochets—"of their pittance of a property. It is a providence that his odious plannings to prevent his cousin's marriage, and so to secure to himself his cousin's fortune, have not arrived. Thinking that matter over will give him a bad quarter of an hour in—in wherever he deserves to be!"

"But in effect," said Monsieur Peloux, "his plans have arrived—that is to say, they will arrive should Madame make effective by remarrying within the ensuing year the most drastic and the most regrettable of the provisions of Monsieur Vic's will. She will observe, farther, that should she remarry at the end of the respective terms of one year, of three years, and of five years, the bequests of

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three-quarters, of one-half, and of one-quarter of the estate to Monsieur Alexis Vic become operative."

"But Monsieur does not understand. As I have but just now told him, that animal—and equally his camel of a wife —no longer remains alive."

"But Madame does not understand. The bequest—my late honored colleague Maître Berteaud was not one to make a mistake so glaring—of course is to Monsieur Alexis Vic and to his heirs. The property—proportionally, or wholly, or not at all: the matter will be governed by Madame's own actions—will revert to, or will be lost to, Monsieur Alexis Vic's heirs."

"It will go to that profligate reptile of a son?"

"Precisely to—I accept Madame's terms of characterization—that profligate reptile of a son."

Having thus completed his exposition of the law, Monsieur Peloux remained sympathetically silent. Really, in the circumstances, there was nothing for him to say.

Through some painful moments Madame Vic also was silent—in bitterness of spirit contemplating her own disastrously narrow shoes. She could see no way to widen them: and when at last she spoke it was to utter the words which already I have quoted—with the admission that two-thirds of her metaphor put a strain upon even Provençal imagination and politeness—to the effect that she was a helpless dove beating against the bars of her cage.

That opinions should be divided in the case of Madame Vic was reasonable: there was much to be said on both sides. Equally was it reasonable that the line of cleavage should follow the line of sex; that the men should endorse approvingly, and that the women hotly should fly out against, Monsieur Vic's Parthian methods: which settled a score of twenty years' standing by inflicting a wound that rankled before it killed. In Marseille—a city where tongues wag easily—the vigorous interchange of these diverse opinions followed as a matter of course.

"It is an abomination in the sight of men and angels that such wickedness should be permitted," declared Madame Gauthier, a clear-starcher of position, addressing herself to Monsieur Fromagin, proprietor of the flourishing Épicerie Russe. "The atrocity of a will like that is beyond the limits of a dream. Madame Vic has had heaped upon her a whole mountain of wrong!"

Monsieur Fromagin chuckled. "What the angels may think about that matter," he answered politely, "Madame of course is in a better position than I am to know. But when it comes to the men, and especially"—here his politeness wavered—"to the married men, the case is different. Not one of us but holds, as I do, that Monsieur Vic most intelligently has served his widow a fit sauce to the roast that has been his unhappy portion through an age of miserable years." Broadly generalizing, and throwing his politeness to the winds bodily, Monsieur Fromagin added: "Widows, at the best, are menaces to the peace of society. They become a shade less dangerous when fitted with close collars and held by short chains."

"Madame Vic slaved constantly for that wretched old man's good and happiness—and every one of the years of misery that she gave him was most richly deserved!" Madame Gauthier responded: speaking with such heat—because of Monsieur Fromagin's infamous generalizations in the matter of widows—that she neglected to weigh, and still less to balance, her angry words.

Without pausing to adjust her conflicting contentions—obviously so radically opposed to each other that if either stood the other must fall—she continued: "It is known throughout the whole universe that Monsieur Vic led that martyred woman a life of weepings; that his ceaseless severities embittered every moment of her anguished days. Monsieur is pleased to assume to express the opinions of the married men upon this legalized iniquity. His dispositions and his experiences being known, those opinions are what I should expect of him. For me, I speak for the unfortunate married women: who can hope to find—from the tramplings of a malignant cruelty to which they are subjected unremittingly—only in sorrowing widowhood a sombre refuge in which to pass the bitter remnant of their agonized lives."

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MONSIEUR FROMAGIN, LEFT ALONE AMONG HIS ÉPICERIES, CHUCKLED AUDIBLY

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Madame Gauthier's pointed reference to the grocer's dispositions and experiences made the matter at once personal. As was notorious, Monsieur Fromagin's relations with Madame Fromagin were of a sort to make gall and wormwood seem sweet by comparison. When other matters of talk languished, the quarrellings of this couple afforded always a relishing topic of conversation in the Rue Bausset. Madame Gauthier's thrust, therefore, distinctly was a touch—but in making it she had opened her guard. Having been herself thrice married, her observations upon widowhood were ill-advised.

Discreetly ignoring her touch, Monsieur Fromagin took advantage of her opening. "It is curious to observe," he said, again in the tone of one who generalizes broadly, "how rigorously those trampled-upon unfortunates confine themselves—when they have achieved it—to the sorrowing widowhood that alone affords them, as Madame remarks with propriety, a sombre refuge for the bitter remnant of their agonized lives. From that sombre refuge, as Madame conspicuously is in a position to affirm with authority, all the forces of nature are powerless to drag them forth! If I am not in error, Monsieur Vic's will precisely safeguards his sorrowing widow in that sombre refuge where alone, by Madame's own showing, all that is to be hoped for of restful tranquillity is to be found. Also, if again I am not in error, Madame Vic has begun to take her own just precautions to secure herself against the dangerous host of suitors who plan to lure her from her present security into fresh matrimonial pains. It is no doubt as a protector against their aggressive wooings that the handsome young contre-maître for the bakery has been hired."

Monsieur Fromagin also had made a touch—and had lost it by failing to come instantly to a recover. His dragging in of Madame Vic's new foreman was one of those mistaken after-thrusts which too often spoil a fine assault at arms. It gave Madame Gauthier the opportunity to slip over the sharp attack upon herself by parrying neatly the attack upon her friend.

"Monsieur's conceptions of the conduct of a bakery are original," she observed reflectively. "No doubt he would have Madame Vic do her own bakings with her own hands. That would be excellent. It is work in which affluent women, owners of bakeries, habitually engage!" In Madame Gauthier's voice there was a fine note of scorn.

"I would have her, for the sake of that propriety to which she is a stranger," Monsieur Fromagin replied with a judicial severity, "employ as a contre-maître a man of a suitable appearance and of a suitable age."

"Monsieur himself, for example?" Madame Gauthier asked sweetly. "It is an arrangement that would be ideal! Many times the thought has occurred to me that Monsieur would be admirable as the almoner of a convent. For him to be the contre-maître in Madame Vic's bakery would be better still. His suitability of age and of appearance equally are unimpeachable. Scandals seeking to approach that bakery would draw back appalled!"

"Madame's parcels are tied and at her service," Monsieur Fromagin responded coldly—and added with a suave venom: "Madame's championship of Madame Vic's—shall we say?—eccentricities, is just. In what remains of Madame's life, even though that remnant is not excessive, events may continue to occur. It is reasonable that she should defend well what so frequently has been her own position—and what not impossibly may be her position on occasions yet to arrive. For me," Monsieur Fromagin's tone became offensively cordial, "my good-will is extended always to Madame's husbands; and shall continue to be extended to them always—as Madame, bravely emerging from her successive sombre refuges in sorrowing widowhood, adds to the series and her interesting panorama is prolonged."

Madame Gauthier, carried by her anger beyond all bounds of polite expression, committed the tactical error of lapsing into gross personalities. "At least," she exclaimed in a voice shrill and quivering, "there has not been included in that series a disgustingly ugly old bald-headed man more repulsive than all the beasts of prey—and that, Monsieur, every bit of it, is what you are!"

Having given vent to this ill-judged outburst—whereof the reckless violence

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was a proclamation that she was routed—Madame Gauthier snatched up her parcels and went out from the Epicerie Russe with the bunglingly vibrant motion of a furiously enraged hen.

Monsieur Fromagin, left alone among his épiceries, chuckled audibly. The outcome of the encounter distinctly was refreshing to his self-respect. In his debates of a similar character with Madame Fromagin the laurels almost uniformly went the other way.

In the matter of Madame Vic's contre-maître, the consensus of opinion in the Rue Bausset was in line with the views expressed sarcastically by Monsieur Fromagin. Excepting only a few kindly—or, as in the case of Madame Gauthier, interested—apologists, the dwellers in that thoroughfare held that Madame Vic had challenged sharply the convenances by hiring to direct the practical workings of her bakery a foreman at once so handsome and so young. The apologists made the point that the very youth of the contre-maître—he was no more than eight-and-twenty—saved the situation; to which the counterpoint was made that precisely because of his youth the situation was so compromised as virtually to be lost.

The affair being of a piquancy that would have aroused a community the most phlegmatic, the community directly affected by it—among the Marseillais a fight between sparrows will cause a commotion—fairly was set by the ears. As the passing of time gave opportunity for developments which indicated the approach of a crisis, the excitement became intensified. By the third quarter of Madame Vic's first year of probation the whole of the Rue Bausset was in ferment. Wagers for and against her winning through that year were made freely. At the Cercle Fraternel des Fils de Phocée—to cover all the contingencies of Monsieur Vic's testament—a tombola was arranged. So far as the Rue Bausset was concerned, a municipal election, with a Red mayor in candidacy, could not have made a greater stir.

Had the outcome of the matter rested solely with Madame Vic—her intentions, admittedly, being obvious—popular interest would have languished. There would have been no wagering. The tombola tickets would have been left unbought. It was the contre-maître who held the stage. What were his intentions in the premises was an open field for guess-work—and the lively zest of uncertainty remained until they should appear.

"It is credible, most easily credible, that Madame Vic should seek to ensnare her handsome young contre-maître into a marriage of misery," declared Monsieur Brisson, proprietor of the Pharmacie Centrale, as he prepared for Madame Chabassu her accustomed soothing-potion—to which she habitually had recourse (always a long while after Monsieur Chabassu had perceived that it was urgently necessary) when her nervous irritability fairly had passed endurable bounds. "That part of the matter," Monsieur Brisson continued, "makes itself. The part that is incredible beyond imagining is that the contre-maître should suffer himself to be ensnared!"

Actually, Madame Chabassu held this same opinion—but being naturally remonstrant, and most remonstrant when suffering an access of nerves, she promptly scouted it. "Since Madame Vic is neither infirm because of age, nor conspicuously displeasing in appearance," she said with energy, "I am at a loss to perceive why this marriage—more, that is, than marriages in general—should be fraught with misery. Equally am I at a loss to perceive—since the contre-maître, while not old, has arrived at years of discretion—in what respect the possible bridegroom is to be regarded as ensnared. Perhaps Monsieur will have the goodness to explain?"

"My explanation is made by an appeal to Madame's intelligence. Is happiness likely to arrive when an old woman marries a very young man?"

"It is not necessary that Monsieur should put a strain upon my intelligence by inviting me to consider abstractions. At the moment, we are speaking of Madame Vic and of her contre-maître. Madame Vic, if Monsieur will suffer me to contradict him flatly, is not an old woman; neither is her contre-maître a very young man."

"I would draw Madame's attention to the fact that such disparity of years as exists between these two renders their

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marriage not less repulsive than absurd. The immutable laws of society forbid a union so malevolently grotesque."

"Monsieur's knowledge of the immutable laws of society," Madame Chabassu replied dryly, "no doubt is in excess of mine. But I would point out to him that when a man, let us say of Madame Vic's moderate years, marries a somewhat younger woman, let us say of the age of the contre-maître—the two having in prospect a competence, perhaps affluence—I have yet to learn that misery is prophesied as the outcome of the marriage, nor is it usual to suggest that the young woman has been ensnared."

Not being prepared to deal offhand with Madame Chabassu's cleverly massed sophisms, Monsieur Brisson passed them over and attacked her argument in its more obviously weak point. "Did the competence to which Madame refers have even a prospective existence, I should not have the temerity to oppose her reasonings. As matters actually stand, I venture to recall to her memory the use that Love habitually makes of the window when Poverty appears at the door. Even were this marriage less revolting in its essence, that substantial objection to it still would remain."

"Monsieur forgets that even her husband's atrocious will cannot deprive Madame Vic of her portion. It is not a large portion, I admit; but, in connection with what the contre-maître himself will possess, it is to be considered. The contre-maître, as is well known, confidently asserts that he is about to inherit a fortune equal to the fortune which Madame Vic, conceivably, may forfeit in whole or in part."

"It is my conviction," said Monsieur Brisson earnestly, "that the contre-maître is of unsound mind. Assuredly, this fortune that he talks about is no more than air. As for Madame Vic's portion, it is—as Madame herself just now has stated—the merest trifle. Briefly, should success attend Madame Vic's brazen wooing of this unfortunate young man—whose mental derangement makes him all the more an object of pity—she will have lured him to a dismal life of poverty with a soon-to-be-decrepit old woman, who has a fiend's temper and the stubbornness of ten thousand mules. Her shameless doings, Madame, bring a black scandal upon your sex."

By thus in a manner involving Madame Chabassu in the matter, Monsieur Brisson went too far. He invited the personal rejoinder that he received.

"It is evident that Monsieur's conceptions of Madame Vic's character have undergone a change. Little birds have whispered that he himself forced proposals of marriage upon her almost on the day of Monsieur Vic's funeral—certainly before the publication of Monsieur Vic's will. I do him the justice to believe that he would have been less precipitate had he known the conditions which the will imposed."

In referring the announcement of this fact to the whisperings of little birds, Madame Chabassu had spoken with restraint. Actually, Madame Vic herself had proclaimed it, and in terms that had sent a wave of laughter throughout the whole length of the Rue Bausset.

Denial being impossible, Monsieur Brisson had open to him only the course that he took lamely. "My compassionate sorrow for that unhappy old woman," he replied, "I admit led me into an indiscretion. Mercifully, I escaped great misfortune. It is in keeping with your known character, Madame, that you refer in terms of derision to an act that was prompted by my goodness of heart."

"My known character is none of your affair, Monsieur," Madame Chabassu answered angrily. "It is not a public matter—as are your merciless dealings with unhappy old women, whom you habitually poison remorselessly by scores!"

Monsieur Brisson visibly shuddered and paled. He was not in the habit of poisoning old women remorselessly by scores; but, undoubtedly, one old woman really had been poisoned by a mistake of his making—and the blight that had fallen upon the Pharmacie Centrale as the result of that unfortunate error had brought him into very narrow shoes. It was, indeed, in the hope of mending his broken fortunes that his precipitate proposal to Madame Vic had been made.

Having controlled his shudder, but remaining pale, the pharmacien replied to Madame Chabassu's taunt with a coarse violence which put him in the wrong. "Madame will do well to reserve her in-

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sults for her unfortunate husband. The withering abasements which she puts upon that pitiful man are known to the whole city—equally to his and to her own disgrace. Madame's presence pollutes my respectable premises. She is ordered, I say ordered, to depart!"

"It is with pleasure that I act upon Monsieur's polite suggestion," Madame Chabassu answered affably. "No doubt Monsieur contrives his poisonings more agreeably when alone." And having fired this parting shot she retired from the pharmacy in good order—conscious that she retained possession of her banners and her drums.

Discreetly ignoring the spirited gossip concerning her indiscretion, Madame Vic maintained in the midst of all the outcry that there was about her an admirable attitude of dignified calm. Conceivably, her calmness was less real than assumed. Certainly, as time went on, even casual observers perceived in her manner an unaccustomed suave tenderness; and careful observers farther perceived an unaccustomed softness in her exceptionally fine—but normally a little too keen—blue eyes.

Monsieur Peloux, whose observations of Madame Vic were of a critical nicety, regarded these phenomena with interest. Being of a reticent habit, and of a profession that discourages tattling, he made no audible comment upon them; but the deductions which his intelligent mind drew from such exhibitions of unusual, and even unnatural, tenderness found expression now and then in a half-cynical smile. The point toward which she was heading he perceived clearly. What would happen to her when she got there he found less clear. But certainly, he reasoned, should the young baker be, as the old baker had been, a man of domineering temperament and pig-headed obstinacy, then would her venture land Madame Vic—who possessed precisely the same pleasing characteristics—in a veritable bed of thorns. With a fortune in hand, she would have a young husband to some extent in hand also; but the matter would take another color if in her haste to gain her young husband she should cast her fortune to the winds. Monsieur Peloux's smile over this combination of possibilities, as I have said, was only half cynical. There seemed to him to be a touch of pathos in Madame Vic's eagerness to clutch at her fleeting chances of happiness—and all for love to hold her bakery, and the remainder of her substantial possessions, well lost!

The possible saving grace in the situation—upon which Madame Vic relied confidently, but upon which the professionally distrustful notary refused to place any reliance whatever—was the positive and persistent assertion of the contre-maître (touched on by Madame Chabassu in the course of her animated conversation with the pharmacien) that he himself was about to inherit a fortune that would range him effectively in the world. Beyond this broad generalization he refused pointblank to go. Even Madame Vic—when matters had got to a pass when they could talk freely—could not wring from him a more definite statement than that the fortune which he stood to win certainly would equal the fortune which she stood to lose.

The vagueness of the contre-maître's profession, Monsieur Peloux argued, made it ridiculous.

The sincerity of tone and manner that accompanied it, Madame Vic argued, made it as credible as though the fortune had been exhibited concrete in houses and lands.

Actually, this intelligent widow was of a thrifty habit and had a marked aptitude for affairs. Temporarily, without doubt, the admirable normal adjustment of her reasoning faculties was disturbed by the too free play of her emotions. But, in spite of such disturbance, had she not been convinced of the truth of the contre-maître's professions—had she for one moment believed that her choice lay between a marriage sauced with poverty, and celibacy sauced with a comfortable amount of wealth—her emotions instantly would have been ousted by her rallying reason, and the contre-maître would have been whistled down the wind. She distinctly did not believe that these displeasing alternatives confronted her. On the contrary, she believed—even allowing for the loss of her inheritance—that love and riches smilingly approached her hand in hand. Undoubtedly, too, the resolute reticence of the contre-maître in regard to the riches counted with her

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MONSIEUR BRISSON VISIBLY SHUDDERED AND PALED

for almost as much as did his conspicuous lack of reticence—he was a most refreshingly energetic lover—in regard to the love. From a feminine standpoint, the element of mystery gave zest to her venture by casting over it the alluring glamour of romance.

Monsieur Peloux — instinctively distrusting mysteries and having no feeling for romance—would have none of all this airily fanciful reasoning. In the privacy of his own mind he admitted that young men have been known to be infatuated—such was the impolite word that he used in his thought—with elderly women; and even, after marriage, to remain infatuated with their elderly wives. But he argued that such cases are unusual; and he farther, and more to the heart of the matter, argued that Madame Vic's most marked characteristics were not of the sort—when revealed by intimate acquaintance—to invite infatuation: still less to encourage even a very thoroughgoing variety of that form of temporary madness to endure. He decided, therefore, that the contre-maître was playing, for his own purposes, a game of some sort that in the end must work Madame Vic harm.

Acting on this conclusion, and speaking in the capacity of her legal adviser, he ventured to urge his interesting client to save at least the beggarly fourth of her inheritance by rounding out the first and the shortest of Monsieur Vic's several probationary terms. His disinterested attempt to minister to Madame Vic's welfare was so ill received that he was forced to abandon it: with the reflection that when a woman fairly grips the bit between her teeth—and notably when the woman, being no longer young, takes to bit-biting in love matters—there is nothing left but to drop the reins.

A month less than the full year sequent to the removal of Monsieur Vic

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from his respectable bakery in the Rue Bausset to his respectable lot in the Cemetery of Saint Pierre, Monsieur Polverel—favorably and widely known throughout the Midi in commercial circles—came in the course of his commercial travellings to Marseille. As always, he stopped at the Grand Hôtel du Paradis. To his surprise, politely concealed, he found Monsieur and Madame Chabassu, the host and hostess of that well-conducted establishment, actually laughing together: precisely as though family jangles in the Grand Hôtel du Paradis were quite unknown. In justice to the worthy Chabassu the fact must be stated that these little domestic disamenities never were of his provoking. It was Madame Chabassu who had always the sharpened tongue.

"There is news to tell Monsieur that is supremely amusing," Chabassu declared delightedly while still shaking the commercial traveller's hand. "It is the most exquisite pleasantry that ever has been known in the Rue Bausset. Monsieur will laugh over it until he cries!"

"What has happened is droll beyond imagining," struck in Madame Chabassu, in haste to be first to tell about it. "The marriage between Madame Vic and her young contre-maître has arrived!"

"Good!" replied Monsieur Polverel. "It is what I looked for. My wager was well taken. I have won my ten francs. Truly, the joke is excellent. And the contre-maître? He marches well in the leading-strings held by his elderly bride?"

"It is the contre-maître who holds the leading-strings," Chabassu chuckled. "How the elderly bride marches in them is another affair!"

Monsieur Polverel looked puzzled. That he should look puzzled was what was expected of him. Monsieur and Madame Chabassu laughed.

"Ah, he is a deep one, the contre-maître," said Chabassu with conviction. "He follows well his race! That sharp young man, Monsieur, wisely made his sacrifices—that nothing might be left to chance. By marrying Madame Vic himself, and within the year, he composed the whole matter in a manner the most secure. The old Vic himself must be grinning by the hour over it, the old Vic—up there in the Cemetery of Saint Pierre!"

"That the contre-maître is—as the old Vic was—a brute and a deceiver, is unquestionable," Madame Chabassu interposed. "They say that when Madame Vic made her outcry at the Mairie he was as the old Vic alive again! He took her aside and whispered to her—what cruelties he uttered were not heard, but they may be imagined—and she went pale suddenly, and then was silent and cowed. Precisely the same used to happen when things came to a grave issue in the old Vic's time. When the old Vic's temper was up he was as an incarnate fiend! As for that part of the matter, it is outrageous. But it is to be supposed"—Madame Chabassu here pointedly addressed Monsieur Chabassu—"that thou shouldst find such deceivings and such cruelties amusing—thou!"

Monsieur Polverel opened his mouth to speak, but opportunity for speech was not given him.

"My angel," said the excellent Chabassu, "it is not I who would smile at such matters did they arrive in the ordinary way. Deceivings are not to my liking; and as to harshness, thou knowest that even when that nimble tongue of thine goes too quickly I am patient with thee—being sure always of the goodness of thy good heart."

"I will admit," replied Madame Chabassu guardedly, "that thou art not a brute always."

"My treasure, thy abounding merits so endear thee to me that I should be not less than a wild beast were I other with thee than considerately tender. Wert thou, as Madame Vic is, overbearing and ill-tempered thou wouldst find me a very different man!" These resolute words were spoken by the brave Chabassu in a tone of menace that caused Madame Chabassu to smile tolerantly; and that compelled Monsieur Polverel—to whom the customs of the family were no secret—to disguise a sudden snicker with an equally sudden and rather awkward cough.

"But in this case of Madame Vic," Chabassu continued, "it is altogether another affair. Her old first husband, assuredly, put severities upon her; but that she invited them by provoking him beyond all endurance is known to the whole world. Of a certainty, her young second

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"WHAT HAS HAPPENED IS DROLL BEYOND IMAGINING"

husband—whom she has taken in such unseemly haste—is but helping with his fresh severities to settle what Monsieur Vic looked upon, his will proves it, as an unsettled score."

"My good Chabassu," urged Monsieur Polverel, "I am in a sea of bewilderments. Tell me—"

"In taking any husband, in haste or slowly," said Madame Chabassu, going off at a tangent hotly, "the common decencies of life required that she should have commanded her wedding breakfast of us—here in the Grand Hôtel du Paradis. To command her breakfast of Monsieur Brégaillon was to affront us openly. For years we have bought our bread from the Vic bakery. We buy our bread from the Vic bakery no more! I will not deny that in the case of a woman so perfidious her old husband was justified in setting for her a snare."

Again Monsieur Polverel opened his mouth—and again closed it as Chabassu took the word.

"As ever, thou bright star of my affections, thou hast reason. Into the snare that rightly, as thou sayest, was set for her, she walked with her eyes open and of her own free will. That bombshells

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THEN, AT LAST, MONSIEUR POVEREL SAW DAYLIGHT

of retribution—of retribution the most complete and the most astonishing—instantly should explode around her was no more than she deserved. Her conduct in the matter of the breakfast was a hideous treachery. It is fitting that upon a woman capable of that treachery an outraged heaven should descend punishments the blackest and the most severe. What has happened"—Chabassu spoke with the air of one whose advice an outraged heaven had asked and taken—"has my approval, all entire!"

"M'sieu-Madame," Monsieur Polverel asked in tones of earnest entreaty, "I beg of you that this enigma may be made clear to me without more words. How is it possible that the contre-maître has gained anything for himself by marrying Madame Vic? How is it possible that he holds that violent woman in leading-strings? In what manner can he be settling Monsieur Vic's scores? What are the bombshells of retribution which have exploded? Why should Monsieur Vic be grinning over it all in his grave? In a word, M'sieu-Madame, what is the explanation of this maze of mysteries and contradictions—in which everything is as unreasonable and as impossible as in the most defiantly incredible of dreams?"

"The explanation, Monsieur," Chabassu answered, his fine stomach shaking with the laughter that gurgled in his voice, "is of a simplicity. At the Mairie, when they signed upon the register—not one moment sooner: the revelation came as a bolt of thunder—Madame Vic discovered that in spite of her new marriage she still carried her old name!"

The expression of hopelessness upon Monsieur Polverel's face became almost pathetic. "In one more moment, my good Chabassu," he said in a tone of despondent weariness, "I shall go entirely mad!"

"Surely Monsieur must understand?"

"I understand nothing. It is impossible of such confusions to make either head or tail."

Madame Chabassu came to Monsieur Polverel's rescue. "It was the young Vic

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whom Madame Vic married. Absolutely, the young Vic himself! And now Monsieur perceives?"

"The young Vic?" queried Monsieur Polverel. "How then could it be the contre-maître? I do not perceive at all!"

"It is that, Monsieur," put in Chabassu, "which makes the matter so entirely droll. The two—the young Vic and the contre-maître—identically are one. In marrying her contre-maître, Madame Vic married precisely the heir under Monsieur Vic's will to whom was to fall everything should she marry any one at all within the year!"

Then, at last, Monsieur Polverel saw daylight. He slapped his thigh resoundingly and laughed as only a commis-voyageur can laugh. "That young Vic," he said brokenly, but in tones of deep conviction, "is the most perfect of farceurs!"

"Absolutely, it is a joke of the most refined completeness," Chabassu responded. "Madame Vic, again being married, again is bridled and bitted. At the end of the venture she finds herself, in the essence of the matter, where she was at the start!"

"And she remains—" began Monsieur Polverel.

"As always," Chabassu interrupted with a chuckle, "she remains—Madame Vic!"

To-day

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WHERE hast thou gone, my Day?
I meant to follow,
Extracting from thine every hour its sweet;
But thou, beguiling hope with pledges hollow,
Art flown on wingèd feet.

Hardly I greet thy morn,
The glory dwindles;
And as I plan thy moments with delight,
The evening-primrose in my pathway kindles
Her taper for the night.

Ah, too precipitate!
Might I not linger
To gather a stray blossom by the way,
But pointing onward with thy warning finger,
Thou must outstrip me, Day?

Gladly I welcomed thee,
An eager lover
Who deemed he knew each fleeting moment's cost.
Is there no way, no method, to recover
The treasure I have lost?

Ah, no! From Time, alas!
One may not borrow;
Nor move him what is squandered to restore.
The tide flows back, and there may dawn a morrow;
Thee I shall find no more.

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The Long-lost Mani Bible

DISCOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

BY MAURICE BLOOMFIELD, Ph.D., LL.D.

Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, Johns Hopkins University

ORIENTAL scholars all over the world have fallen into the agreeable habit of meeting once in every three years in some attractive city, usually a seat of learning. These meetings go by the name "International Congress of Orientalists." The last two congresses, the thirteenth and fourteenth, took place respectively at Hamburg in Germany and at Algiers in French Africa. Both congresses were memorable for a certain shift of the centre of gravity of interest. Ordinarily western Asia and Egypt, India and Persia, hold the attention of these learned gatherings almost exclusively; at the last two meetings far-off East Turkestan, or Chinese Turkestan, decidedly held the centre of the stage.

Orientalists, as well as geographers, had not failed to note with ever-growing interest the accounts of travels in Central Asia which had taken place during the last thirty years or more. The reports of such eminent travellers and pioneers as Przevalski, Schlagintweit, Rockhill, Sven Hedin, and Klementz addressed themselves with special force to students of India, because they fairly reeked of Buddhism, and all Buddhism is Hindu. Descriptions of cities and temples, half buried in the sands of the desert in the great Tarim basin, finally aroused a degree of interest bordering on excitement in Russia and British India, and latterly also in Germany. Central Asia, especially East Turkestan, has been for some years, and is to-day, in the foreground of Oriental studies.

In 1900 the British government of India sent Dr. A. M. Stein on his memorable expedition from Kashmir to Khotan in the western part of Chinese Turkestan, not very far to the southeast of its capital city, Kashgar. At various points in the vicinity of Khotan, Dr. Stein undertook those remarkably successful excavations which are now known of all men through his own story in the very interesting book *Sand-buried Cities in Khotan* (London, 1903). Buddhist statues and frescos; votive tablets, containing pictures of Buddhist sacred history; manuscripts in ancient Hindu character, made of paper and leather; above all, many wood tablets with covers, which were used as vehicles for private and official correspondence and for legal documents—these were the objects that were easily fetched from the desert sands blown by the winds over the home of an ancient civilization.

Dr. Stein's discoveries made memorable the congress of 1902 at Hamburg; another Turkestan expedition, more than anything else, irradiated the congress at Algiers in April, 1905. In 1903 the German government sent an expedition under the lead of Dr. Alfred Grünwedel, one of the directors of the Berlin Museum of Ethnology, to Turfan, in the extreme east of Chinese Turkestan. This is the original home of the tribes whom the Chinese designated as Hiun, or Hun; the name is rendered in Sanskrit as Huna, in Greek as Χοῦνοι, and survives in English as Hun. Dr. Grünwedel reached Turfan by way of Mongolia, making this considerable city in the northeast of the country headquarters for his operations, just as Dr. Stein had operated in the southeast. Turfan—a city of about 50,000 inhabitants—may be found in lat. 43° by long. 91°, about thirteen degrees due north of no longer mysterious Lhasa, the capital of Tibet.

Dr. Grünwedel himself was not present at Algiers; the Berlin Ethnological Museum was represented by Dr. F. W. K. Müller, an eminent Orientalist of the younger generation. His Algiers address, and his printed reports concerning the

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most important find at Turfan, are the base of the following statement. In the latter days of the past summer (1905) I passed several weeks at Berlin. Both Dr. Grünwedel and Dr. Müller devoted much of their valuable time to quenching my strong thirst for Turfan antiquities. Untiringly they exhibited and explained the large mass of manuscripts and archæological finds, most of which were at that time not yet prepared for public exhibit.

The expedition returned with great booty. The sand-buried ruins in the vicinity of Turfan yielded in the first place, as was to be expected, Buddhist temples full of statues, frescos, and fragments of Buddhist manuscripts. Many of these are in Berlin, being fitted for exhibition. The frescos, now set in frames of white plaster, are especially beautiful, recalling in their art, though not in subject-matter, the Pompeian frescos of the Naples Museum. But the great find at Turfan is of another sort. It consists of the enormous number of about 800 fragments of manuscripts, more or less extensive, written in an alphabet which is a modification of the Syriac script that goes by the name of Estraggelo. The modifications of this alphabet are quite serious. Some of the Syriac letters are wanting; others are modified in form; and there are also some new letters. Yet the character is unmistakably Estraggelo. It happens that the texts contain several times, for reasons which will appear later, the names of the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel, Michael, and Sarael. Now the letters needed to write these names involve little or no modification of the ordinary Estraggelo: every reader of Syriac recognizes them at once.

These manuscripts are written for the most part on paper, but one is on silk, and a few are on white kid. These last were found in old shoes, being cut into the shape of a foot, and laid on the inner soles of the shoes, so as to strengthen the foundation. They are all written carefully and distinctly, with calligraphic chapter initials. Each page, in the manner of modern books, has at the top a heading, stating the contents of the page, in yellow, green, blue, or red. Some few contain miniatures of exquisite workmanship. The lines are in general very short; this is a noticeable peculiarity of the entire collection. For instance, one of the fragments which contains the names of the angels distributes the lines as follows:

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
dêv Yaqob prêstag	the demon, Jacob the angel
Khvadâŷ Bar Sîmûs	the Lord Bar Simus
Qaptînûs qêrdagâr	Qaptinus the mighty
Rûpaêl Gabraêl	Raphael Gabriel
Mîkhaêl Saraêl	Michael Sarael
Narsûs Nastîqûs	Narsus Nastiqus

But, be it understood, the character, and that alone, is Syriac. The majority of the texts are written in a medieval Persian dialect to which the name Sogdian has been given provisionally. Quite a number are written in Turkish. Of the Turkish texts, a number are written in the variety of Estraggelo described above; but there are also others written in an Uigurian alphabet, and again others in the variety of Hindu alphabet that goes by the name of Brahmî. However, the interest of the outside world is engaged by the novel variety of Estraggelo character which may fitly go by the name of Manichean Estraggelo. For the texts are throughout of Manichean origin: *the 800 fragments are remnants of the long-lost Manichean literature.* Such as they are they contain the sole remnants of the Manichean Bible. Our knowledge of Mani and the Manicheans up to this time was at second hand: reports of Oriental writers and Christian Church Fathers.

As regards the exterior of the manuscripts, their careful script and fond ornamentation, an Arabic writer, Al-Gahiz (died 859 A.D.), states that the Zandiks, or Manicheans, "were bent upon spending dear money upon clear white paper and shiny black ink, and that they put much stress upon their beauty and ornamentation." St. Augustine, in a polemic against Faustus, the African Manichean, zealously addresses the Manicheans: "As beautiful and big and precious as your books are—burn all these parchments, together with their elegant covers exquisite with illumined leather," to wit: *tam multi et tam grandes et tam pretiosi codices vestri—incendite omnes illas membranas elegantesque tecturas decoris pellibus exquisitas.*

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The fragments reveal in the clearest imaginable manner why the early Church regarded Mani, or Manichæus, as Antichrist, and thundered forth its anathemas against him, his father, his mother, and his followers. St. Augustine, in the tract just mentioned, reports that Mani in his epistles (of which he wrote many) described himself as the Apostle of Jesus Christ—*omnes ejus epistolæ ita exordiuntur: Manichæus, Apostolus Jesu Christi.* One of the Estraggelo fragments headed with the word Evangeliônîg—that is, "Gospel (of Mani)"—bears out Augustine's statement: "An Mânî Prêstag îg Yîsô"—"I Mani, the Apostle of Jesus." But this seemingly modest subordination is cancelled by all kinds of statements which ascribe to Mani the most superlative qualities and divine origin: "An angel came from the Paradise of Light, of distinguished name, elect, the God Mar Mani." Or, "I bless God Mani, the Lord, I revere thy great shining majesty."

Mani is frequently addressed as, or identified with, the Saviour: "Mayest thou come, my Saviour, life-giving God, Mar Mani, in the midst of the three sons of God!" Another time: "Mar Mani, O God, save me, O God, do thou save me!" And still more fervently: "Amen to thee, first-born Angel, God, Mar Mani, our Saviour." "He came from the Gods, Mar Mani, the God of brilliant glory, to the Paradise where the wind wafts lovely fragrance."

Other passages are of great interest because they couple the name of Mani with that of Christ in a different way, and, in fact, seem to identify them completely: "Holy Jesus, forgive my sins! God, Mar Mani, forgive my sins! Holy God, O Light, see me, O Strength, O Wisdom! O God save me!" In two other passages Christ is called "Virgin of Light," Yîsô Qanîgrôshan: the identification of this theological conception with Mani as God and Saviour is again complete: Mar Mani, Jesus, Virgin of Light, Mar Mani, create peace in me, O bearer of light! Mayest thou release my soul from this born death!" The other passage is even more ecstatic: "O Mani, son of the Gods, Lord, quickener of faith, great, elect, to thee I make obeisance! Radiant of countenance mayest thou become, Mani Lord, life-giver! He quickens the dead and illumines the dark. Guide me, O Mani, Lord, and Virgin of Light, answer me through thy lustre! O luminous Mani, Lord of increasing glory, life-giver, protect me in my corporeal state! Jesus, O Lord, release my soul from this born death, release my soul from this born death! Glorious is thy radiant throne."

Mani, as we have seen, has the fixed name Mar Mani (Mârî Mânî in the original). Mârî is the Aramean word for "my Lord," familiar to English readers through the New Testament expression *maranatha,* "the Lord has come" (I. Cor., xvi. 22). The Mandeans, another gnostic sect, knew him by the same name, which, there transcribed in Hebrew letters, reads מארמאנירא=*mâr mânî.*

Two Oriental writers, Ephraem the Syrian and Al Beruni, report that Mani came from Babel (Babylon). This is verified explicitly in a hymn of the Estraggelo manuscripts, in which Mani is made to say of himself: "Sprung I am from the land of Babel. I have come from the land of Babel to sound a call into the world." In another fragment Mani states that he is "a physician come from the land of Babel," meaning a spiritual healer. In addition to Babel, the land of Chorassan is frequently mentioned in these fragments. Chorassan is well known in Manichean tradition as the refuge and gathering-place of the Manicheans, after they were persecuted and driven out from Persia under the rule of King Bahram I., in the year 276 A.D.

In addition to the close juxtaposition, or perhaps father blending, of Jesus' name with that of Mani, Jesus is frequently spoken of as "Friend" (Persian *ariyâmân*). This combination is probably due in part to a more or less loose identification of Jesus with the Persian abstract divinity Airyama Ishya, literally "Friend of one's wishes." The complete mix-up of Christian and Persian religion, which is the most remarkable feature of Manicheism, places Jesus in other very questionable company, in addition to Mar Mani: "Jesus, O Lord, O Full Moon of growing glory! . . . Jesus, God and Vahman! Lustre, God! We praise God Narêsap, Lord Mani we will bless." The exact bearing of this passage is by

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no means clear, but Vahman (Vohu Manah, or "Good Spirit") and Narêsap are Persian divinities. Elsewhere Jesus is mentioned in connection with the Zoroastrian genius of holy learning, Srôsh, and the Yazatas, or Angels. Another time he appears with the "leaders of the Mazdayasnian (Zoroastrian) faith," and yet again with Zarvan (Zrvan), a philosophical personification of "Time," quite familiar in the sacred texts of Zoroaster.

The two chief divinities of the dualistic Zoroastrian faith, Ormuzd and Ahriman, in a way hold their respective positions. Ormuzd (Oharmîzd) is the god of Good, head of the Yazatas, or Angels; Ahriman (Aharmên) the god of Evil, head of the Devils (Dêvs and Pairikâs; also the dragon Azdahag, or Azi Dahaka, the Mazanian). In the final judgment good men become "pure and are led up to the sun and the moon, and to the Nature of Ormuzd the Divine." On the other hand — again the curious mixture of Christianity and Zoroastrianism—a pious Manichean calls upon the strong Angels, the mighty, Raphael, Michael, Gabriel, and Sarael, to protect him from all tribulation, and evil Ahriman. Another passage of a polemic character has a rod in pickle for those that claim that Ormuzd and Ahriman (good and evil) are brotners. In fact, the passage attacks the Zoroastrian faith in general through its outward symbol, fire-worship: "Furthermore, also they who adore the burning fire, from that they may themselves know that their own end will be in fire. And they say that Ormuzd and Ahriman are brothers, and in consequence of this word they come to destruction." The Zoroastrian faith *(dên mazdês)* is contrasted with the Manichean religion, which is technically called the "holy religion" *(dên yozhdahr)*.

The same passage polemicises against Christianity with quite praiseworthy impartiality. And, furthermore, idolatry, which is wholly repugnant to Mani's doctrine, also comes in for a share of reprobation: "They call upon the son of Maria, the son of Adonai . . . they the wicked of rights shall go to hell, for by them themselves wickedness is perpetrated. . . . Then at the end (the final judgment) all shall come that adore idols, on yonder day, the last, and go to perdition."

Mani's hostility towards Christianity is interesting because Mani himself is identified with Jesus. It becomes even more so when we find that the Estraggelo manuscripts contain fragments of the Gospels, and that these are likely to have formed part of the Manichean canon. They are not in the exact form of the canonical four Gospels, but appear to be closest to the apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter. Students of the New Testament will regret the fragmentary character of these texts. But such as they are they are plainly authentic. The following fragments speak for themselves:

. . . In truth he is the Son of God. And Pilate (Pîlatîs) answered thus: "I truly have no share in the blood of this Son of God." The Centurions and soldiers *(qatriônân vâ istratiôtân)* then received a command from Pilate: "Keep this secret." . . . On Sunday at the call of the birds came Maria, Salome . . . they brought fragrant herbs and nard; they came close to the grave . . .

Another fragment reads thus: . . . As did Maria, Salome, and Arsaniâh (Arsinöe?), when the two Angels spake to them: "Think of the word of Jesus, as he instructed you in Galilee: 'They will surrender me and crucify me, on the third day I shall rise from the dead. . . . Go to Galilee and report to Simon.'" . . .

A long series of pieces under the title, "The coming of the Son of Man," is practically identical with Matthew xxv. 31 ff. It winds up with the words, . . . The Lord will say: "That which ye did to the pious that did ye to me."

In general the manuscripts contain, in addition to these snatches from the New Testament, remnants headed with the word Shâpûrakân, the name of Mani's most celebrated work, his Gospel (see above), his Epistles, and fragments of Manichean cosmology, hymnology, polemics, and chronology. As a specimen of this more independent literature I shall pick out the following legend, mere snatch though it is:

The King of Kings Sapores (Shâpûr of Persia, crowned in 242 A.D.) had two brothers, Meshvan, the lord, and Mihirshah by name. And he was hostile to the wonderful religion of the Apostle of

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Light (Mani). He had planted a garden, beautiful, gorgeous, and vastly large, so that there was not its equal. Then the Apostle, when the hour of redemption had come, arose and stood before Mihir-shah, who was in the garden rejoicing at a great feast. . . . Then the King spake to the Apostle: "In paradise, which thou dost extol, is there perchance a garden like mine?" Then the Apostle punished this faithless speech; at once, by his might, he showed him the Paradise of Light with all Gods and divine Entities and the immortal Breath of Life.... Although he (the King) lay unconscious for three hours, yet what he saw he retained in his heart. Then the Apostle laid his hand upon his head, and he returned to consciousness. When he had risen he sank upon his knees before the Apostle, and seized his right hand. . . .

Mânî, or, as he is called by Occidental writers, Manes or Manicheus, was born in Babylon in the year 216 of our era. His father, Patak or Patekios, a man of strong religious temperament, joined the company of the so-called Mughtasilah, or "Baptists," a puritan ascetic sect of Gnostics in southern Babylonia. Within this community Mani received his own early religious training until his twelfth year. At that time, the legend has it, the boy Mani had already emancipated himself from this Baptist religion. An angel Eltaum brought a direct revelation from the King of Light. After this he labored for twelve years to perfect himself before publishing to the world his highly composite system. The climax of his life seems to have come in his twenty-eighth year, when he formally expounded Manicheism before the Persian King Shâhpûr (Sapores) the First. This event is narrated in Mani's most famous work, the *Shâhpûrakân*—that is, the book devoted to King Shâhpûr. He claimed to be the ambassador of the True God, the last and most perfect messenger whom Divine Wisdom had sent into the world. Just as Buddha had come to the land of India, Zarathushtra to the land of Persia, and Jesus had gone into the lands of the West, so Mani claimed to carry prophecy into the land of Babylon. In Persia, however, his religion always led a precarious existence, and he was finally, in the year 276, when sixty years of age, executed and flayed at the command of King Bahram I., because his doctrine was hostile to Zoroastrianism, the Persian national religion. The Persian priests denounced him as "Apostle of the Devil."

The religion which he founded was fundamentally gnostic, rooted in the ancient cosmology of his birth-land, Babylon. His notions of the origin and evolution of the world are fanciful and attractive, though inclining to garishness. The religion of Mani has been described as "a gorgeously glowing nature and world poem." The fundamental conception of the divine power, as reflected through the universe and in man, is light in distinction from darkness. Mani's system, gnostic at the root, is crossed with the Persian doctrine of dualism, the eternal conflict between light and darkness. Also, it has absorbed many of the minor myths and doctrines of the religion of Zoroaster. Especially the notions of the hereafter are largely Persian. Idolatry is considered abominable. The ethics of Manicheism are blameless; summed up, like those of Zoroaster and Buddha, in the triad, good thoughts, good words, and good deeds.

Through the door of dualism Christianity enters into the system. The dualistic doctrine assumes that good and evil, or light and darkness, are both primeval, but at the same time in eternal conflict with one another. Jesus is conceived as a spirit of the sun who has come into the world in order to shine upon the good creatures of light, and to remind them of their origin. Salvation depends upon Christ's doctrine as taught by Mani, his Apostle and *alter ego*. We have seen how freely Zoroastrian as well as Christian ideas are draughted into the service of Manicheism. The Estraggelo fragments show clearly that Christian and Zoroastrian influences have not been overrated by the Oriental and Occidental writers, to whom we owe our knowledge of Manicheism. On the other hand, Manicheism is by no means a Zoroastrian schism or sect, as is sometimes assumed even by scholars of high standing.

When Christian belief had overcome in the fourth century the old Greek and Roman gods, Hellenic religion, essentially still the Homeric theology, passed

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into ridicule. Kingsley's novel *Hypatia* sketches well the old Pantheon's struggle for existence when already in its final agony. Ancient philosophy, especially Neo-Platonism, was a more dangerous rival. The spread of the worship of the Persian god Mithra or Mithras—he also is mentioned in the Estraggelo fragments—threatened for a time to Mithraize the world, as Renan puts it. But during its entire history the early Church encountered no more dangerous rival than Mani and his doctrines. After Mani's execution his adherents fled in large numbers to Chorassan and Turkestan, to India and even to China. On its way westward this religion passed from Persia and Babylon into Syria and Palestine; thence into Egypt and into the Roman lands along the north coast of Africa. Africa became the centre of Occidental Manicheism. In the days of Augustine it flourished there exceedingly. This illustrious Father of the Church, during nine years of his earlier life, was a believer in Mani's doctrines. Later on, disappointed, he turned to Christianity and became a bitter critic of Manicheism, and the chief champion of Christianity in its struggle against Manicheism. Augustine's above-cited tract, "Thirty-three Books against Faustus," is one of the foremost sources of information on Mani's religion. Faustus and Felix were contemporary leaders of Manicheism with whom Augustine disputed hotly; Felix professed himself convinced by Augustine's eloquence, and embraced Christianity.

In the year 930 of our era a strong Turkish tribe, the Tuguzguz, in the vicinity of China, together with their Khan, or ruler, were still adherents of Mani, though the Turks in general had become Moslems. This monarch of the Far East had occasion to threaten Abulhassan Nasr, the ruler of Chorassan, who tried to wipe out Manicheism in Samarkand, with measures of retribution upon the Mohammedans in Turkestan. A Persian writer, Kardîzî, or Gurdêzî, reports of the Tuguzguz that they assembled in the house of the Prefect daily, 300 or 400 in number, and recited with a loud voice the books of Mani. One of the Estraggelo fragments contains a Manichean prayer for a Turkish Khan, who is addressed as Tengrî Khân Kül bilgä Khân: "May the guardians and protectors, the Gods, the shining, and the Angels rejoice thee at all times! Thy throne shall gain in strength; rejoicing mayest thou live to an old age!" A Chinese inscription, found at a place called Kara Balgassun, mentions the name of Mani as Mo-ni. As late as the tenth century the Arabic historian Massudi mentions the existence of Manichean Turks in Kûsân; and a Chinese ambassador, Wang Yen-tö, speaks of "Persian" religions and their Mani temples in Kautshang. Kûsân, or Kautshang, is a town in the neighborhood of Turfan, the scene of the discoveries described in this article.

Ten days after I left Berlin, about the middle of September, 1905, Dr. Grünwedel started for a second expedition to Turfan, sustained by a grant of 83,000 marks from the German government. The prayer of all those who are interested in the history of religion and human ideas will be that he may bring with him from the heart of Asia more and fuller records of Mani and his strikingly picturesque doctrines.

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The Hands of the Faithful

BY ALICE BROWN

"NO," he said to the florist, "don't do them up. I'll take them as they are."

He walked out into the May sunshine with the pink roses, vaguely feeling that they ought to add something to the richness of the day. It was, in his weak state, that of a man just recovering from illness, as if he craved some stimulant to waken in him a zest for that joy of life which had for the time escaped him. This, he told himself, must be a moment of great happiness. He had met death and been reprieved, he was engaged to Rose Cameron, and he was going to see her for the first time after her return from that unavoidable absence in Europe, an interval covering very accurately the period of his illness. He was glad she had been away. No comfort her presence could have lent him would have compensated for the irritation of knowing she saw him at his worst. At forty-six one needed all the small bravery of life to keep him in countenance. Last, in reviewing his reasons for present jubilation, he was a great author, a European review had lately told him, and before his illness the scene of another novel had flamed before him, the map of a country yet to be explored.

And after rehearsing all his pretexts for throbbing veins and high anticipation, the day still found him cold.

There was one strange feature of this walk, the goal of his desire: step by step went with him the memory of Anne De Lisle, the woman he had loved in youth, and whose death had not, so he had felt for years, left him free to love again. In that early relation there had been, as later knowledge tested it, something pathetically unfulfilled. He had loved her, but he had loved himself more. His own hopes, his prospects, his discouragements —those were what they had both dwelt on, and he sometimes wondered, in the silence left by her loss, if she had missed a comprehension or a tenderness he might have given. They had been absorbed in the book of his life; but there was her book also to read, and of that, until her death, he hardly turned a page. After that blinding moment, it was different. The pages then were sodden with his tears. He adored the memory of her, and out of a passionate ideal constructed a new loyalty. She had made him, this absent woman; she had bent his life. For out of his failure to her he had awakened to a poignant sense of the imperious rights of souls. Even his work stood secondary to that. He valued it, he had great zest in doing it; but always it slipped down a step in the scale compared with human needs and services. This conviction went so far that when his own command of the written word seemed most precious, something within him was sure to rise and blast the brave assurance in favor of the great give and take of actual life. Though a great author, he lacked the comfort of it, the bravado another man, not maimed by failure at the start, might have taken for a cordial. The world, too, was more his admirer than his friend. It had wearied of his persistent seclusion, his refusal to consider his work more awe-inspiring than that of the man who builds a bridge or digs a garden-bed. He had weighed its platitudes and knew, he thought, how exactly its interest in his intentions shrank beside its vanity in exploiting him. He would have none of it; and so, having for twenty years advertised himself as a recluse, the world had grown tired and had run after rush-lights that were at least willing to burn. Through all this he and the woman had seemed to be living alone and together working out a daily task; but when Rose Cameron dawned upon him like a sunrise in her young splendor, he wondered, with a force amounting to conviction, if he had waited only for that. The

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interval between loving and loving again seemed, by a fertile inspiration, to be not alone an observance due the woman who had gone. It was a part of a consistent faithfulness, and in it partook also the woman who had come. Not only had these cloistered years been given to mourning; they seemed now a germinative pause before new bloom.

To-day, as Anne De Lisle still paced beside him, he pondered a little at the still presence. He had been accustomed to think she came when there were arduous things to bear; but this was joy before him. Yet she had come, and he wondered with awe whether some things, begun as this was, had to be eternal. Then he mounted the steps and was directed, with a flattering haste showing he was expected, up the stairs and into the library, where Rose awaited him. She was standing by the window where she must have watched his coming—a slender shape in white, her girl face provocative of tender interest as when he saw it first. The round contour of her cheek and chin, the shadowing of the soft dark hair, the eyes with their frank challenge veiled by lavish fringes,—he looked at her, and forbore to speak. He had forgotten, questioning his own wasted face in the mirror, these last months, what youth was like. Between them the roses were laid on the table, he had touched her hands and found them cold, and still, as he remembered a moment after, when they sat looking at each other, he had not kissed her. He broke into his little humorous laugh.

"Perhaps it's because you seem too precious," he said.

"What?" she asked.

He leaned forward and laid a hand over hers lying on the table—a living model on the dark wood. "You don't seem to belong to me yet," he added, in a kind of tender apology. "I must get used to it again."

A great blush rose and overwhelmed her, brow and all. The first thrill of life he had known for months surged up responsive, as he felt his power to move her. She spoke with what seemed a careful tenderness to match his own.

"You have been very ill?"

"Forget it," he admonished her, smiling at the phrase. "I mean to."

She raised her brows in a pretty begging for indulgence.

"I couldn't come. You knew that."

"Indeed I did," he answered, heartily. "And it was better not. I didn't know I had so much vanity; but I'm afraid I couldn't have stood seeing you—or having you see me—while I was being oiled up to run again."

"That's not right," she said, gently, adding with an anxious note he liked: "But you *are* running again?"

"Oh yes! Walking, rather." Then he said more gravely, with a wistful tenderness suited to her youth so generously pledged to him: "I'm afraid I shall only walk, now, Rosamond. I'm going to be an old fellow before long. I hadn't thought of it before this knock-down, I give you my word. If I had—I hope I should have raised the courage to keep away from you."

She spoke with passionate reassurance. "It doesn't alter you. It's you—you we care about—all of us."

He rose and came a step nearer her, holding out his hands.

"Come, Rose," he said, smiling at her with eyes softened at her tone. "Come. I told you I must get used to you."

She had risen also with his movement, and upon the echo of his words came her sudden backward step, the repelling motion of her hands, involuntarily outstretched, and her sudden cry, "No, no!"

In that instant she had changed. Her girlish sweetness had given place to a woman's passion. It was as if he had seen the bud of maidenhood flame suddenly into bloom. But it was a strange new flower, not, his senses told him, for him to gather. He stood there with his hands outstretched, in the involuntary hope of soothing her through patience.

"Come, dear," he said again. "Don't be cruel to me."

"Am I cruel?" she cried, in swift self-blame. "Yes, you think so, too. You are right. I am cruel."

He had time, even in that moment of bewilderment, for a little side-track of wonder over the new tones in her voice. He had known her sweet, bewildering, gentle mocking, but not thus—a woman with the notes of life at her command, and all life's challenges flashing in her eyes and fixed in the curves of her grief-

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YOU DON'T SEEM TO BELONG TO ME YET"

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shadowed mouth. His hands dropped at his side.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked, with the grave gentleness that had brought about their intimacy. "You've got something to tell me."

"No!" she cried—"no!" and then she added slowly, "You force the truth from me."

"No," he assured her; "believe me, no. There's nothing you need tell me."

"Yes," she returned. She had paled, and the darkness of her hair had given her face a tragic outline. "You don't mean to, but there's something in you that demands the truth. I came home meaning not to tell you—to live it out alone."

He felt a sudden sickness, and accepted it with the patience of those who have often entertained the pangs of life.

"Sit down, dear," he said, grasping at some practical ease for both of them. "We can talk better so."

He took his own chair as he spoke, without waiting for her, because the weakness of his state reminded him anew how ill-equipped he was for any shock. She came slowly forward and stood by the mantel, resting her arm upon it and bowing her head upon her hands. Her shoulders trembled.

"Don't," he whispered.

After a moment she raised her head again and turned upon him the dry passion of a face forbidden tears.

"No," she answered, with a determined quiet, "I won't. Do you think I forget how weak you are? I seem to, but I don't."

He made an impatient gesture of the hand.

"Drop that," he commanded, frowning. "We must get at the sense of this. What is the matter?"

Her lips noiselessly formed the answer, "Nothing," and left the word unsaid.

"Don't tell me that," he insisted, with a calculated sternness. "Something happened to you while you were abroad."

She shook her head.

"Don't, child. I shall find you out. What happened?"

"We mustn't talk of these things," she burst forth. "Can't you see how shocking this is—to see you pale and miserable, and to know—not to have self-control enough to keep from troubling you?"

He sat regarding her in deep consideration, his brows drawn together over the problem of her misery. Suddenly his face cleared. A smile illumined it.

"Why, child," he said, "I know. You don't care about me any more. You've found it out, and you're afraid to tell me."

She bent her face to her hands and broke into tears. In that moment of her veiled vision he braced himself against the blow of a surprise that seemed incredible. In spite of all his disadvantages, once she had seemed to love him he had never reflected that she could do anything else. Indeed, it came to him now that until this shock of illness, reminding him that he was mortal, he had never thought of life or any of its possibilities as weakening for years to come. Yet in a moment he saw youth on one side of the world and himself, very much alone, on the other. There was a barrier between.

"Don't cry, child," he counselled, when he could summon voice and felt the victory of finding it would serve. "You mustn't cry."

"No," she choked, into her handkerchief, and he cursed his state anew, knowing what pity moved her.

"Now," said he, "let's talk it over. It's a simple matter. You make it terribly complex."

She turned on him her sodden face, quivering in its determination not to break again.

"I can't think of anything worse," she said, "now, when you're ill, to make a scene—"

"If you say anything more or think anything more about my being ill, you will compel me to damn my illness. I've done that quite frequently of late. However, I shall bless it if it causes you to estimate me better, or brings about a fuller understanding between us. I think you rather want to take off the little ring, dear, don't you?"

She looked at the blue stone where it shone dark against her finger. She could not answer.

"Want me to?" he asked. "Just be sure you don't care, dear, and won't re-

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gret it. Then pull it off and you'll feel better."

Involuntarily she obeyed him, and held it, hesitating, in the hollow of her hand.

"I wish you needn't give it back to me," he said, tentatively. "Can't you wear it on another finger? No, I suppose not. Or keep it in your trinket-box among other things? Can't you, dear?"

"I'll send it to you," she said, almost inaudibly, and laid it on the table between them.

He laughed. "Bless you, child, no! I can't let you play sense to my sensibility. There!" He took the ring and dropped it in his waistcoat pocket, where it seemed to burn him. Then he turned to her, and spoke with a beguiling warmth. "Who is he, Rose? Don't you want to tell me?"

Imperious life had flooded back into her face. "It isn't possible," she said, in a tone where hope struggled unwillingly against beautiful desire.

"What isn't possible?"

"That things should seem so tragic and yet be so—sweet."

The last word was almost a pathetic prayer to him to let them be sweet in spite of all.

"My dear Rose," he said, didactically, "I have a clever friend who tells me there wouldn't be any tragedies if everybody had common sense. I have common sense. I reek with it. You just play my way. Now"—he leaned forward, coaxing her—"who is he?"

Her lips opened, against preconceived resolve. To her, also, the incredible was happening. Here was a dear confidant miraculously made out of anticipated grief.

"I used to know him here," she breathed. "We met at dancing-school when we were children."

"Saxe King!"

"Yes. He is studying in Germany. We saw a lot of each other at the *pension*. I told him about you, I was so proud. He was kind to me—kinder because you were sick and I was worried. Then, one night—" her voice faltered.

"Don't tell me, child," he said, compassionately.

"Yes, I must tell you." Again her cheeks were flaming. "I want you to know what kind of girl I am. He kissed me. He wasn't to blame. He forgot. I forgot, too. Then I knew there was nothing like it—like him. But I was a traitor."

"Dear child!" he said. "Don't spoil it thinking foolish thoughts. Why, it's morning with you! You're Juliet at the casement. Write to him, dear. Tell him the balcony 'll be ready by the time he comes. Tell him we've put up the staging to-day, and the vines and things will be set out to-morrow."

He rose, steadying himself, as he did so, by the table. She crossed the pace between them swiftly.

"Oh," she cried, "how good you are! How good! how good!" Then a shade of bewilderment mingled with her hope. "Why," she said, "I never thought. You don't mind a bit. Perhaps you didn't care for me. Didn't you care at all?"

He was looking at her gravely, but in her wonder she forgot to note how pale he was. A smile touched his lips and eyes—a smile she had perhaps never seen there.

"Dear," he said, "I care for you very much. But there are a great many things I can't tell you and that you can't see perhaps until you 'come to forty year.' Things are harder then—and they are easier. But you write to him, child, you write to him."

She gave him both hands impetuously, and he raised them together to his lips. Then he got out of the room, knowing that she was standing there quite still, his roses forgotten almost beneath her hand. He went down-stairs and out into the street, and remembering suddenly that she had watched his coming and might also see him go, he straightened his shoulders and walked off buoyantly. Once round a shielding corner, he faltered, rested a moment for breath, and then turned down to the wider thoroughfare where he could take a car. Thereafter all he could remember of the ride was that the car was crowded, and that a woman holding a baby—an angelic-looking child—sat next him, and that he, vaguely irritated and compassionate because the child's legs hung uncomfortably, put his hand down at his side and gathered up the little feet, supporting

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"I'LL SEND IT TO YOU," SHE SAID, ALMOST INAUDIBLY

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them. At his own corner he released them gently and got out, and no one saw his service.

It was in his own library that he sat down to think, and realize that he had nothing left for action, only for the reflections that are like broken shards, vivid and keen-edged, but not to be cemented into any whole. At first he could scarcely tell how deep his wound was, or whether it bled too much. It must bleed a little, he told himself. He must be hurt. Yet how much he hardly knew, or whether the crimson flow was weakening his heart. That night, with the habit of those whom life has tutored, he was able to sweep his mind clear of harassment and to sleep, and the next morning dawned with the fiat that a new phase of life must begin. Holiday was over; now he must work, and accepting the decree, he sat down at his table for the first time since his illness and tried to begin his beautiful book. An hour's futile phrasing, and he laid down his pen and tore the page. He knew, he thought, his doom, and desolation fell upon him. The genius, whatever it was, that had brooded over him and moved his pen to action, had left him.

Thereafter for days he took himself to the library with a regularity which lulled his good attendant into the belief that he had assumed the old habit of work, too soon, perhaps, and yet not dangerously, since at night it left him calm. But he was not writing as of old; he was taking an inventory of his life. The long nights were not renewals; they were still, lucent expositions of what he had experienced and felt. He went back to the beginning, to the day of Anne De Lisle, and now, with a quickened sense of his own abortive deeds, he confirmed that older certainty that his relation to her, cut short by death, had been his first significant failure. He even nursed a pang at wondering how much sooner she had died because he had not understood and answered her in the vague stirrings of her virgin life. Then his work: whatever it had been, the human intention in it had not told. It was neither great enough to bear him to the zone of admirations outside criticism, nor, he told himself, did it reach the heart. If it had reached the heart as warm as it had left his own, there would be signs of it: flowers growing along the way, a bird in the thicket, the sound of moving streams. The universe had closed to him. He felt muffled, condemned to dwell forever in one spot of mental aridness, while other younger feet could press through other portals to the dawn.

Then he came to what had seemed speciously the crown of his whole life: Rose Cameron. He stripped the mantle from that dream and flayed it to the bone. At first he had been drawn to her by her dewy worship of what she called his genius, and then some light in her pure eyes had hinted at a worship of himself. Again he saw the dawn. Sleeping germs rose up in him and flowered; it was like youth, multiplied a thousandfold in the rich soil of manhood, and he believed in miracles. The miracle was that one could lose youth and have it, see love go and then recall it in another form, mourn and be gloriously comforted. Now in his pitiless self-scrutiny he saw that, too, for what it was. What she called his genius had overdazzled her. To find it at her feet and not accept it would have been disloyalty to the sum of great things as she saw them. He was a hero, and she longed to gird him with the sword. But at quicker footfall, a young voice calling, she had broken these slight loyalties and fled. That, too, was failure.

He seemed to be the victim of some great reaction, unguessed in its inexorable poise and swing until to-day. In his youth he had chosen life, as he saw it through the medium of ambition, and real life, in the woman who might have made it for him, had escaped him. Then he had chosen the life of love, and his work, mysteriously his through some divine decree, had also fled away and left him poor.

All through these days of dumbness, when he was not slipping the beads of remembered folly, he was sitting in his muffled stillness listening to the closing of the doors of life, or, as it seemed to him at times, stumbling about like a child, shut up for reasons, and reaching up to try one door after another, to find them fast. He took an inventory of what was left him. There was very little. The house where the doors had closed in

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upon him he had furnished himself, and he had a dull sense that he should get no comfort out of it. And outside life was going on, bourgeoning and swelling, and somehow, for no reason he knew, save that these were his waning years, hereafter he was not going to be able to smell or gather. The game was over before he fairly knew it had begun.

There one evening at his table Dr. Gardner found him, and after glancing at the untouched paper and dry pen, said, in what seemed an incidental kindliness, "Maynard, why didn't you send for me?"

Maynard roused himself out of his mental swoon. He performed the usual small hospitable offices to the extent of a pipe and a glass. But Dr. Gardner pushed them away and continued looking at him.

"Why didn't you?" he reiterated.

"I've been very well," said Maynard. At last he was patient with his state, because it no longer moved him. "I'm weak, that's all."

"Put away your writing and come into the air," said the doctor, again in the voice of one who found something fragile before him, a bubble of life, ready to escape him at a touch.

Maynard shook his head.

"I don't seem to want to. Too much trouble," he continued, looking neutrally before him.

"You've had some kind of a setback," said Gardner at last, in his impersonal voice. "Don't you think you'd better tell me?"

Then Maynard did look up, with a smile, languid enough but warmed by something of his old sunshine.

"Hands off, old man," he said. "You've got a streak of woman in you. That's why your sympathy is so beguiling. But don't you let me tell. I can't stand it."

At that moment the man came in and laid a stack of letters down before him. There were so many that some of them fell almost into his hand, and he drew it away to give them room. He looked at them idly.

"What an extraordinary mail!" he commented.

"Have you seen the papers lately?" asked Gardner, with a quickening in his voice. The color had risen to his face with the potential wisdom of the message he had brought.

"No; I don't read, these days."

"The amount of it is, some busybody has found out about your illness, garnished it up, and sent it to the papers. They're full of it."

"Oh no," said Maynard, whimsically, "not that, I guess. I'm not so important as all that."

"You'd better read them. Or—look at your mail. Read that."

Maynard put out his hand and with a random choice took up a letter. It was a poor little letter, in a feeble script. There was no signature, but it was a woman's hand, formed in country schools in older days. She had seen the news of his illness in the paper. It had been a shock to her, and she wanted to express, though late, her gratitude for all he had given her. She was thankful he was better. Yet, when he should die, "they will meet you and praise you," she wrote, "those who have come through much tribulation."

He laid down the letter. There was a blur before his eyes.

"Those who have come through much tribulation," he repeated. "That's a good line, Gardner." Suddenly with a sweep of the hand he pushed the letters over to his friend. "Open them, will you?" he begged, in a fever. "Are there more like that?"

Gardner began with a subdued haste, as if they were medicinal, reading a line here, a name there. They were of all sorts, from the almost forgotten schoolmate, separated from his fellow in the throng, to the critic of a later day, but they were, as if by an amazing intention, in one key. The world was sorry because he had been so near the leaving of it. And like those who, tongue-tied in daily life are yet shaken into outcry by a common danger, these men and women voiced their gratitude, and it might be, Maynard dared to think, their love. This was the fellowship he had created for himself, or that God, through giving him a gift, had created for him. He sat there with a hand shading his eyes, while Gardner, reading, glanced up, from time to time, to see if there had been enough. Maynard spoke at last.

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HE WAS TAKING AN INVENTORY OF HIS LIFE

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"That 'll do. I'll go through the rest to-morrow. They're curiously alike, Gardner."

"Yes, curiously. It seems to be affection. I won't say gratitude, because you don't like that. But it's a thing so foreign to this modern world that it's a miracle. It seems as if these people had been standing apart from you to give you breathing-room, not crowding, as if to let your arm have play. Doesn't it seem so, Maynard?"

Maynard nodded, his hand before his eyes. The doctor went on slowly, partly as if he sought out the right word to fit his patient, and partly because the moment really seemed to him amazing. "I never saw anything of the kind. It looks as if you had been, not ignored, but hedged about because you were so precious—a seed in a garden-bed, when there's no other seed exactly like it. I never heard of such a thing, in these days of hounding men to death because they have a gift. Usually, you know, it's—well, it's as if nature gave some of you a present and shut it up in your hand, and then the crowd runs after you and tumbles over you and tries to get a sight of it, as hens chase down one that's got a bug too big to swallow. But they've stood back. They've given you air. And now, when they think you've stumbled, they can't be quick enough with the glad hand."

Maynard had risen and walked to the window. He stood there with his back to his friend, and Gardner had a vague reflection of what he must be thinking, though not with the clarified vision that tingled over Maynard's nerves. He knew that Maynard in that instant saw himself, not as a suffering atom, but a citizen of worlds. The man had been sitting at his loom in darkness, and now a wind had risen and turned the fabric to the sun.

Maynard was speaking.

"Did you ever think we get to a place sometimes where we—we can't live unless somebody lives for us? We haven't breath enough. Somebody's got to pump it in. We haven't blood enough. Somebody's got to open a vein."

"Precisely."

"In the beginning our mothers live for us. We're fed. Then we think we feed ourselves. We get arrogant, and it isn't till we stumble that we know how weak we are, and then we find—God, man! it's fellowship. With their hands they bear us up—"

He stopped, and Gardner, watching him, did not speak. Maynard walked back to the table with a firmer step than he had taken for many days. He stood there, resting a hand on the blank pages at his place.

"I've got to get to work," he said, imperatively.

"You shall."

"You must police me a little, see that I don't go too fast—"

"I will. You've had some knock-down. I don't know what it is, and it isn't necessary I should. But it's bruised you. That's temporary, however. Mind me, and you shall sit here at your desk—"

"When?"

"To-morrow, for ten minutes. The next day, ten. In six months, your old four hours. Now you'll take some drops I have here and go to bed."

Before the sedative got its grip, Maynard, lying, hands crossed and will quiescent, was conscious of thoughts so comforting that they seemed like actual visitants—men and women who wished him well. They gave him a smiling sense that the world was richly peopled. When he had been most bereft, they made it apparent to him that he had been still companioned. When he had seemed to himself too poor a thing to be cast outside on the refuse-heap of abortive life, they had wrapped him in a mantle woven, they told him, by his own hands, and led him forth with pæans and rejoicing. Mysteriously among them was Anne De Lisle. She had been with him through it all, when his will swung from attainment to the human and back again to his dear task. Some beautiful poise had been kept because her hands had steadied it. That the slender threads of his own life had penetrated the life outside him was because she had helped to make them hold. It had ended by being her most beneficent gift to die that he might live, and she had been glad to offer it.

Then as the soothing drug laid firmer fingers on him, he saw himself as if for the moment he were detached from all his old desires. He seemed to be

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marching in a procession, the innumerable throng of silent and absorbed artificers. They were on their way to a temple—what temple he did not know; but as he tried to fix it, his drowsy mind insisted upon abstract definition in the words "one far-off divine event," and he accepted it as quite satisfactory to know that and no more. Each one of the workmen carried something, as if it were a gift intrusted to him to bear safely to the temple. At first it seemed to him that only the favored ones had gifts, and then he knew that all created things held something precious, and must guard it, whether it was the mother who must shield her child, or the poet who must keep the rhythm of his song, or the beetle that had sheen upon its wings. He did not clearly see how, but it was apparent to him, in the way of the vision, that there was more than this: for everybody was guarding not only his own gift, but the gift of everybody else. It was a web of service, a harmony of multitudinous notes, and all mysteriously for the temple.

And through the surge of deepening peace was the certainty that in the morning he should begin his beautiful book.

Kinship

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

IF life should give me all, and take my pain;
If every secret longing of my heart
That in my loneliness I tell apart
Were so to be fulfilled—tell me, what then?

If all my dreaming should be dream no more.
If I accomplished what I strove to do,
And roses blossomed on my branching rue,
And my fair hopes came true forevermore?

What then, what then? If Love should come in might
And with his sunshine drive all cloud away;
If sorrow nevermore should come my way,
And all that seems so wrong at last be right?

Tell me, what then? Ah, lonely then for aye!
Left with no longing, with no pain or doubt,
Alien to all the suffering about—
Forgetting how to dream, or do, or die.

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Ibex-shooting in the Mountains of Baltistan

BY JOSEPH CLARK GREW

FAR up in northern India, if you pass the first spurs of the Himalayas that rise gradually from the Punjaub, cross the great valley of Kashmir, and then again ascend and descend another mountain range that cuts off all behind it from the world below, you will come upon a country that for richness in all natural gifts, for healthfulness of climate, and for purity of atmosphere few parts of the world can rival, none certainly can surpass. You will find, if you are an artist or photographer, scenes of beauty and grandeur to inspire masterpieces; birds, flowers, rocks, if you are a scientist; tempting heights, if a mountaineer; native life, if you care to study; pleasing valleys, if you come to rest. But come as a lover of sport and you will have found the greatest resource the land can boast—a supply of game, both big and small, scattered over all the country from the lowest valleys to the topmost crags and snows. He is indeed fortunate who finds himself free to shake the burning dust of the plains from his feet and turn northward for a summer of shooting in the mountains of Baltistan.

The hot weather in Calcutta was at its height when April found us with our last preparations made for the trip northwards. I was glad that night, as we took the Punjaub express in Calcutta station, not to be numbered among those who had come down to see their friends off to the hills, who were themselves to stay behind, with two full months to look forward to before the welcome breaking of the rains would bring relief. Our short experience of that heat-parched city, its sleepless nights and furnace-breathed days, made doubly attractive the prospect of what awaited us and gave us no desire to prolong our stay.

There followed three interminable days of railway travel, fiery, sweltering days with the thermometer at 107 in our compartment and the breathless air enveloping us like a steaming blanket; two more days of dashing up into the mountains in that graceless vehicle the tonga, which for perfect discomfort is surpassed only by the Irish jaunting-cart, and then, one crisp, keen, glorious morning, which brought recollections of late October days at home, we awoke in the Dâk Bungalow at Baramulla, 7000 feet above the sea, to find the whole great valley of Kashmir spread out in all its freshness before us.

At our backs was the rugged mountain pass through which we had come in the night, before us a vast stretch of meadowland, brilliantly green, the blue Jhelum River winding in its midst, and around it, in a mighty panorama, the snowy summits of the Himalayas, with not even in the farthest distance a suspicion of haze to dull the clearness of the picture.

After a hot breakfast, prepared and served by the Chowkidar, we were off again, dashing down the long poplar-lined road that leads to the capital of Kashmir.

It is a gay sight that greets the traveller as he rattles over the bridge into Srinagar—that delightful Venice of the north, with its canals, its bridges, its old rickety houses jutting out over the river, and behind them its great lawns and chenar groves. Merchants are paddling up and down in their "doongas," displaying or delivering their wares; barges and ponderous house-boats are making for the country; English residents are skimming by in their light "kishtis," their Kashmirian crews, in bright uniforms, moving together in per-

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fect stroke. The sun seems to be always shining, the water sparkling, the natives laughing. Everything is bright, merry, and full of life.

On the evening of May 11, with everything finally in readiness for a start, we shoved off from the shore of the canal in Srinagar, and taking a glad leave of the crowd of merchants, coolies, and shikaris, clamoring up to the last moment for custom or employment, headed toward the Sind Valley, the road into Baltistan.

We were in two "doongas"—long, narrow boats with straw mattings at the sides to keep out the wind and rain—and a kitchen-boat for the supplies and servants. The next day about noon we reached our first halting-place, a village of a few little huts, called Gandarbal, and were obliged to spend the night, sending ahead a letter to the Tehsildar of the district to have forty coolies ready to take our outfit over the Zogi La Pass.

The route northwards is divided into stages or marches of from twelve to eighteen miles each, as a coolie, with his load, can travel only this distance in one day. Fresh coolies can generally be secured at the beginning of each stage, but in the approach and crossing of the Zogi La there are no villages large enough to supply them, which necessitates the employment of permanent ones for the five days' trip.

The coolies had arrived at dawn on the following day. Camp was broken, the luggage divided equally among them, and before the sun was well up we started on our first stage.

I may say that in point of size the personnel of our outfit, as I looked back and saw the cavalcade forming in single file behind us, fairly took my breath away. Kadera But and Salia Melik, our two venerable chief shikaris, headed on horseback what might have been called their respective companies; Sidka and Lussoo, the chota, or assistant shikaris, acted as their lieutenants; the seven or eight naukar, or servant coolies, who, unlike the relays of village coolies, were to serve as permanent camp servants, performed the duties of non-commissioned officers; while under their able guidance and the persuasion of several stout sticks our horde of forty-odd villagers composed the rank and file of this imposing if diminutive army. The two tiffin coolies, following close at our heels with their lunch-baskets, were certainly entitled to the regard usually accorded to color-bearers; and as for the commissariat, to leave nothing to be



THE REST-HOUSE AT NATAYUM

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COOLIES CARRYING BAGGAGE

desired in this military showing, the cook and my old Cingalese servant Thomas ably represented that indispensable department.

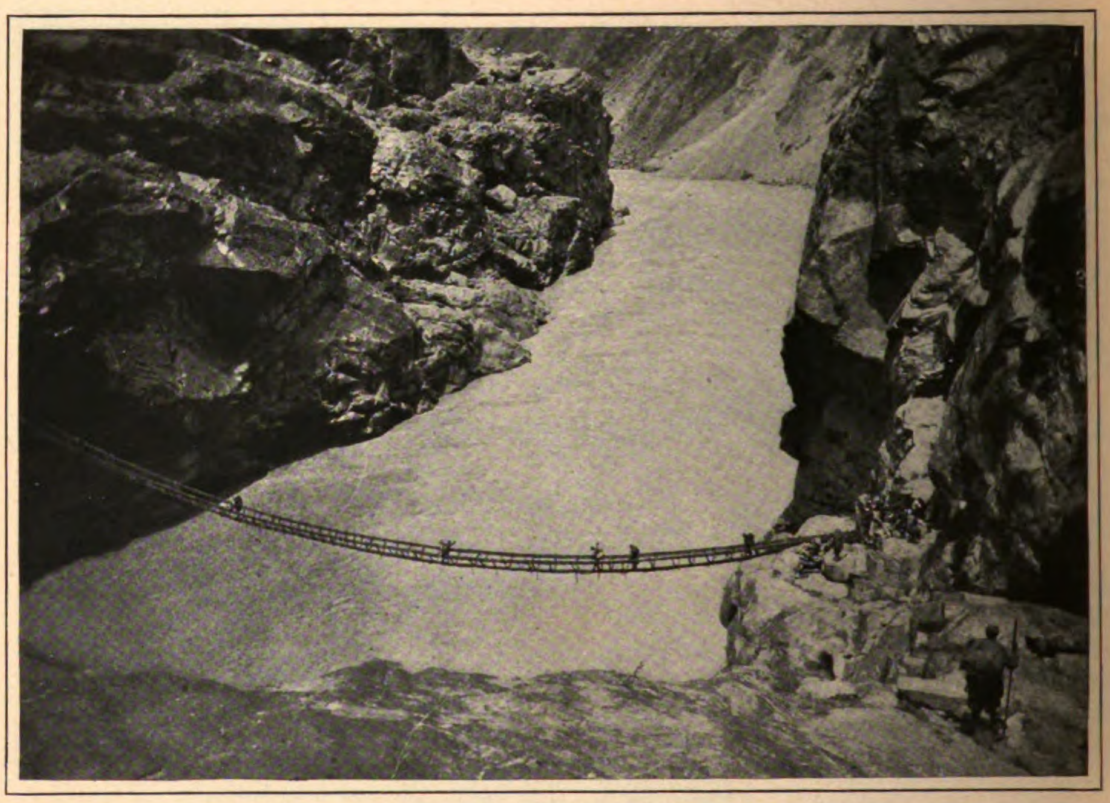
The road led between rice-fields and was muddy from recent rains, but no such petty annoyance could prevent our enjoying the surrounding scene: ahead lay the entrance to the Sind Valley, flanked on one side by towering snow mountains, on the other by deodar-clad hills, and at their base were many little native huts with grass-grown roofs, while blue and white irises dotted the river bank in profusion. At noon we reached the village of Kangan, the end of the first march, but as the coolies did not arrive till afternoon, it was impossible to push on. A spot was chosen on the smooth lawn beside the village for the tents to be pitched when they should arrive, and after lunch, or "tiffin" (each sportsman has a tiffin coolie, who accompanies him with lunch, camera, dry socks, and such other things as may be needed on the march), we lay down on the porch of a native house, and rather wearied from our first walk, were quickly asleep.

In the morning our trail led up the valley, still following the course of the Sind River, now rocky and turbulent, and of a beautiful opalescent color from the snow and glacial streams which supplied it. The middle of the day was excessively hot—a great change from the frosty early morning air,—but we rested an hour for tiffin under a great chenar-tree beside a brook, and in the afternoon pushed on to Goond, the end of the stage. Here we took our last view of the valley of Kashmir, framed in a vista of blossoming apricot-trees, meadow-land, forest, and river.

Two more stages were to bring us into surroundings as desolate and wintry as the present landscape was warm and beautiful. Baltal, directly beneath the Zogi La Pass, was reached after a march of ten miles, the whole trail across snow, or mud where the snow was melting, and colored glasses were most necessary to protect the eyes from the glare. There was no village at Baltal—only a low windowless hovel, called a "rest-house."

We were up at 4.30 to attack the pass before the sun should soften the snow. After two hours of climbing—a long

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A Native-built Rope Bridge in Baltistan

snow arête—apparently the top of the pass was reached, and from here on the going was level or slightly down-hill. It was well toward dark when the welcome village of Matayun appeared ahead in the distance.

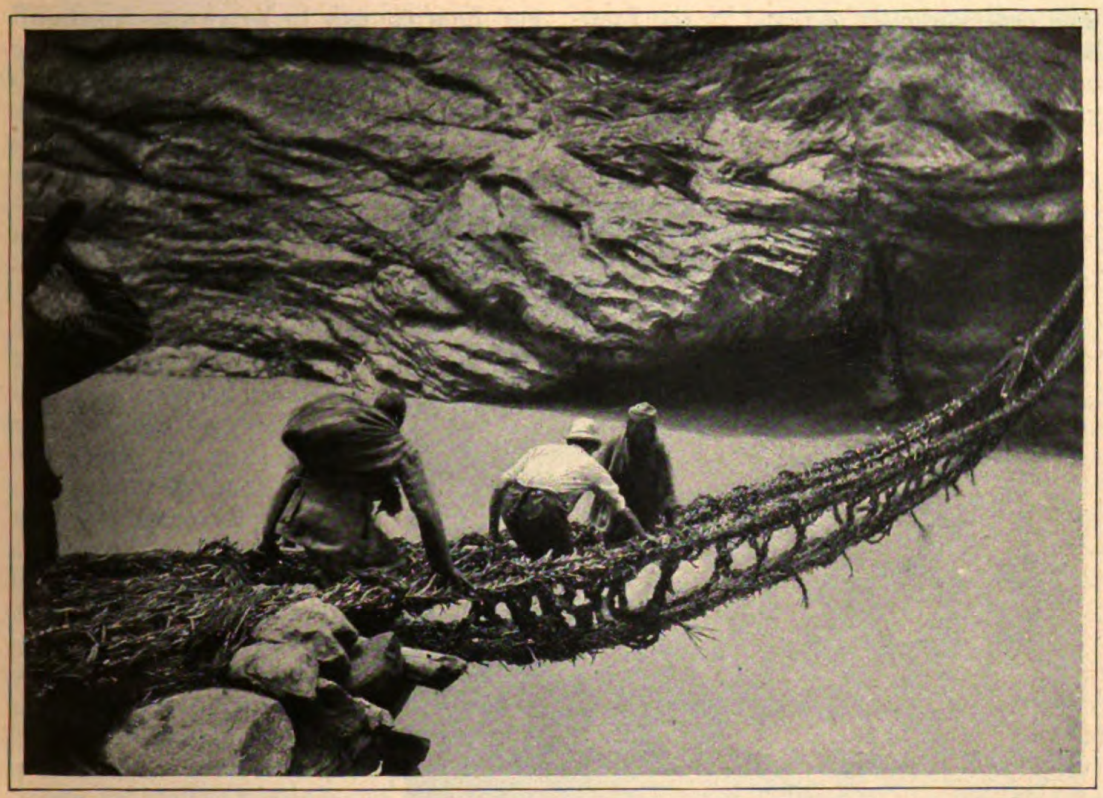
A few straggling buildings, built of stones in the shape of hollow squares, with courtyards inside and flat roofs, composed the village of Matayun. None of these had windows, and the filth within, where several natives lived, was enough to disgust the most hardened. We had some food on the top of one of these buildings in the teeth of a bitterly cold wind which had sprung up toward the end of the march, and then repaired to the usual "rest-house," where a fire had been prepared.

The following day brought us down below the snow-line, the trail leaving the gorge in which we had been since Sonamarg, and broadening out into a wide, brown plain, with the few scattered huts of Dras at its feet, the Dras River flowing through it, and superb snow mountains all around. Since from here on we could secure fresh coolies at the beginning of each stage, we paid off the thirty-seven who had taken our outfit over the Zogi La—eighty cents apiece, with eight cents as a present, or "baksheesh," for the full trip of five days. On figuring up our entire service expenses, I found that for the forty-eight men, two-thirds of whom would be dispensed with on reaching our new camp, my share amounted to $2 70 a day. Let one consider that a first-rate guide in the Maine woods at home is alone paid at the rate of three dollars a day.

The remainder of the journey to our first shooting-grounds was to be much less wearisome, since from now on the road led down into the valleys of Baltistan, bringing us among a new people and continually unfolding sights and scenes of the greatest interest.

The native Baltis are a wild-looking race; their heads are shaved on top and at the back, but at the sides their black hair is allowed to grow long and falls in unkempt locks; their dress is a single tunic of the roughest puttoo of the country—a coarse material which resembles sackcloth in texture. Their houses, in

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STARTING ACROSS THE BRIDGE

the smaller villages, are often mere caves in the ground, with a hole leading straight down for entrance, or else low huts of stone, seldom higher than a man's height, with flat mud roofs, windowless, and with but a single opening in the roof for the smoke of their fires to pass through. Yet with all their rough exterior they are invariably respectful to the white man, and never pass without the customary raising of the hand and "Salam, sahib," to which the white man answers, "Salam"—that is, "Peace."

The villages, which come at intervals of a few miles down the valley, lie each beside a mountain stream; for, as the river-basin narrows, the soil becomes dry and barren, and no vegetation can live without the necessary furrow irrigation. The wheat is cultivated in little terraces, banked by stone walls from the river to half-way up the mountainsides. Each village is an orchard of apricot and mulberry trees, which adds to the pleasant effect; and very refreshing it is, after tramping for hours through barren ravines and over hot, stony cliffs, to drop down into one of these villages, nearly drown one's self in the icy stream, and then lie back at ease on a cool lawn, shaded by these fruit-trees, to watch the tents pitched and supper prepared.

At the end of our second stage from Dras, on turning suddenly into a narrow and wild ravine of the Dras River, we came upon a little cleared space on the very edge of a precipice, where a Balti polo game was in full swing. Some eight or ten natives, in their long puttoo coats, were tearing up and down the field on shaggy little ponies, with rude, short mallets, and chasing a rough-hewn ball. A small crowd of natives watched the game from a large rock, which formed a sort of grand stand, while a flute and drum supplied weird native music for the occasion; and as we took our seats on the rock the players, seeing their audience increased by two weary but appreciative sahibs, went at it with vim, and gave as fine an exhibition of polo as the primitive quality of field, sticks, and ball would allow—a strange scene to find in such a wilderness. The game finished, a native dance was performed for our further amusement, and we were

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then ceremoniously escorted by the Lumbardar, who was captain of one of the teams, to the serai, or rest-house, of the village, where the usual gifts of nuts and dried apricots were brought us. The ripe apricot is too small to make a good fruit, but dried and pressed into balls of a dozen or so each, they form what is known as "kobani"—an indigestible but very delicious sweetmeat.



VIEW FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE

At the end of a long march of thirty-one miles the following day—four hours in the morning over a bad trail of difficult climbs and steep descents and seventeen miles in the afternoon to Tarkutti—we came upon our first "rope bridge" across the Indus. The ingenuity of the natives in making such a bridge with no material but twisted twigs, strong enough to hold the weight of any number of coolies with their loads and long enough to be swung from cliff to cliff across this great river, is a source of wonder. Yet there it swings, with three strands of twisted twigs, one for each hand to grasp, one to guide the feet, sagging gracefully from the tops of the mighty cliffs that flank the river, occasionally swaying slightly in the wind, but firm and safe as a bridge of rock and iron. The sensation when one has felt one's way to its centre and stands looking down at the torrent swirling a hundred feet below is, to say the least, a strange one. I was glad enough to creep across unencumbered; to have had to lug the heavy loads our coolies carried would have been a handicap which I should as gracefully as possible have declined.

A twenty-six-mile march on the following day brought us to Parkutta—a village rather larger than the others through which we had passed,—and as we entered it an amusing scene greeted us. Under an enormous chenar-tree in the centre of the town and completely shut off from the outside world by the dense foliage of the fruit-trees, was a little round cleared space, where, apparently, all the villagers were gathered in a circle, five or six deep, and with shouting, clapping, and the usual discordant Balti music, were beating time for six men dancing in the centre. These, with waving riding-whips, singing and laughing, careered madly round in the space cleared for them. I soon discovered from the Rajah of the district, who lives here, that they were the victorious team of the afternoon's polo match, celebrating their victory; and not only had the men turned out to cheer them, but the housetops near by were

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crowded with women and children—all showing their enthusiasm in the most vociferous manner. Indeed, it was not unlike a college football triumph at home, and away out here in the heart of Asia it seemed strange and picturesque. As we dismounted, there was at once a respectful silence, and the Rajah, coming out of the circle and salaaming, led us under the tree, where a shawl and chair were at once brought. He then offered us cigarettes, which we felt out of courtesy bound to accept, though they were exceedingly vile, and ordered the festivities to proceed. After the main dance was finished, each of the players danced alone, retiring in turn as he finished and salaaming to us. The music was afforded by six tomtoms, three flutes, and a big horn, which as usual created the most painful discords imaginable, and the natives howled in unison. It then occurred to us that we were ravenously hungry, having had nothing to eat for eight hours; and as the luggage was still some distance back on the road, we intimated to his Highness the Rajah that anything eatable would be most acceptable. Tea was at once brought in an enormous samovar—a kettle heated by coals in a chamber inside—and wheat cakes, which we gratefully received, and did not stand on much ceremony about falling to. The inner man having been temporarily satisfied, we repaired to our camp-ground, where the Rajah sat with us till the tents were pitched, smoking from a water-pipe held by a kneeling servant, and would not go even when we were most anxious to take our evening tub before dinner, though he looked at us in an appealing sort of way as if he too were quite ready to leave. Finally an interpreter came from the Rajah's house and whispered that his Highness had been awaiting our gracious permission to leave during the last half-hour. We gave it without delay, and are now wiser on points of Balti etiquette.

On the following morning the Rajah again appeared, no longer in his bright green riding-suit, English tan boots, and brilliant golf-stockings, but in white robes, and red slippers which turned up at the ends like the bow of a gondola. Having no extra knives, we were at a



A Native Dance

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loss to know what sort of a present to give him, but at last tried ten shot-cartridges, which he received with the most evident delight, and we took leave at once.

As we proceeded down through the valleys we were, it seemed, moving gradually from winter to spring and from spring to full-blown summer—as mellow and fragrant a summer as ever made life doubly worth living. The wheat was higher in the fields, the apricot blossoms had given place to full-formed fruit, the birds were of the most brilliantly colored plumage and seemed to fill everything with their song. Every village was a little paradise in itself. And though the midday was as warm as could be without making our marches uncomfortable, the nights and early mornings were always crisp and delicious.

At last, after sixteen long days of marching, in which time we had accomplished two hundred and seventy-six miles, we found ourselves at the mouth of the valley of the Basha River, where our first shooting was to be found.

Ibex-stalking is not easy, for the habits of the animals are all conducive to their safety, and their senses of sight, smell, and hearing are very acute. Before sunrise they graze down to the slopes, but as the sun grows hot they ascend again to the snow, where they sleep in inaccessible positions during the day, always with one or more females posted as sentinels. Towards four in the afternoon they again graze downward till dark. The whole success of a stalk depends, of course, on getting behind a ridge to leeward of the herd, and having them graze to within range, or else on following them carefully from ridge to ridge as they move off. If they remain out in the flat ground, approach is absolutely impossible. The game-laws of Kashmir allow six to each gun.

It was a great pleasure to feel a gun in one's hands again: a two weeks' march to one's shooting-grounds whets one's keenness for the sport as nothing else can do. Kadera and Sidka, my shikari and chota shikari, were moving about camp before the first appearance of dawn; I awoke to the welcome sound of a crackling fire and dressed at once, my teeth chattering in the cold morning air. A cup of steaming coffee, and we started single file for the head of the valley, where during the past few days several herds had been marked down. As we entered the upper section, the big mountain at its head was beginning to glow; the hillsides on the right were emerging from shadow, and gradually we could make out several dark spots about half-way up to the first ridge. They were the big herd of ibex which for two days past we had been watching eagerly from a distance, hoping vainly to see them move into a position where stalking would be possible. Now I saw at once that they were headed straight up toward the ridge which topped the first spur of the mountain; behind this there was a declivity; if they should disappear behind it, a successful stalk might be made, for the wind was towards us.

With the greatest caution we crept along the base of the mountain, crouched painfully, but not daring to let ourselves be seen for a second. A single glimpse of us would send the whole herd dashing off in a panic to their mountain retreats. When immediately below them, we halted, and without a whisper or motion waited and watched. They were maddeningly slow in their ascent to the ridge. This formidable mountainside which they were taking so deliberately and easily now would, I knew, have to be covered by us at top speed when once the last of the herd had disappeared, and the prospect made me doubly impatient to be off.

A full hour of shivering in the gully passed. Then the leader of the herd reached the top. He stood for a moment outlined against the sky, his great ridged horns curving gracefully over his back—I could see that they were over forty inches,—looked steadily over the ridge for several minutes to make sure that all was safe ahead, then turned to call his herd and disappeared. Without moving from my crouched position, I carefully removed all unnecessary clothing, shed my fur gloves, and slipped a cartridge into each barrel of the .450 cordite express. There might be no time for loading at the top. Kadera held the 30-40 Winchester, whose magazine was full, and started to follow my example of slipping a cartridge into the barrel, but

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SEARCHING FOR GAME

I motioned him to stop. Put anything into the hands of an excited Kashmirian but a loaded gun. One by one the rest of the herd stood outlined on the ridge and dropped out of sight, but the stragglers were slow, and without the fur coat my joints were already stiffening with cold. I moved slightly to ease my position—there was a scurry above us, and the straggling cows dashed over the ridge. No time for regret! If I had spoiled the stalk, there would be ample opportunity for remorse afterwards; now my only object was to get up to the ridge in the least possible time, and we started.

In the first five minutes of dashing up a mountainside, no matter in how good condition is the hunter, his breath leaves him utterly, his throat seems pulled together as if by a strangling rope, and his chest feels like caving in. He tells himself that he cannot possibly do it, that he must slow up or choke, and the surer he is that he has taken his last step, the harder he goes at it. The second five minutes are easier; his muscles limber up, his throat loosens, his breath comes more regularly; in the third five minutes he has no desire to stop. But this is just where a rest is necessary, for there is no use in coming on the game with the heart pounding like a trip-hammer. He must stop and imagine himself anywhere but about to reach, in the next minute, the point on which the whole success of his stalk depends. If he can do this, he will have almost immediate control of nerves and muscles.

I waited, then crept to the ridge and peered over. Two hundred and fifty yards away, filing slowly up a shale cleft in the mountain and totally unaware of our presence, were the whole herd, broadside on. With the telescope it was easy to pick out several fine heads, but they were shifting like a kaleidoscope, and at that distance we could hardly choose among them. It was fairly safe, though, to pick out any dark-colored buck. I rested the express carefully on the ridge, sighted, and fired. The buck I had aimed at stopped short, shot through the hind quarters; the second barrel sent him dashing off down the shale. The herd had split up and were dashing off in every direction, some tearing down the slope, starting small avalanches of shale and rocks in their flight, others

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making for the cliffs and scrambling up as only a goat can climb. Here was my second chance. I was sitting astride the ridge now. Kadera and Sidka had gone completely crazy with excitement; they were pounding me on the back and shouting: "Bara wallah, bara wallah, sahib! Maro!" ("Big one, big one, sahib! Shoot!") Needless to say their exhortations made shooting for the moment a physical impossibility, nor were they conducive to perfect coolness on my part. I seemed to see a regular kaleidoscope of "bara wallahs" in every direction. Then I managed to calm Kadera slightly, and taking the Winchester from him, held it on a buck who was trying to scale the apparently sheer face of a precipice to the left. He would have got up it, too, if I had waited a moment longer, but the first shot brought him tumbling, and he fell sheer twenty yards, quite dead. Another was still in sight far up the cliff, scrambling, slipping, leaping. I took the express and fired again, but it was a hard shot. The second barrel caught him amidships as he reached the level, and he made off, badly wounded.

The result of this first stalk was not all that could be desired, since of my three animals only one lay dead, and it was impossible to say how far the others might go before they dropped. Following a newly wounded ibex through the mountains is useless, for he will quickly distance the hunter and make for some inaccessible cliff before resting, but if allowed to go unwatched the chances are in favor of his soon lying down in a place whither he may later be tracked. But the first excitement of the hunt makes one keen for more.

The 1st of June dawned as all days in that wonderful country seemed to dawn, in a flood of sunlight, cloudless, and crisply cold. But before the great mountain at the valley's head had received the first tints of morning we were crouching behind a spur of the glacier and searching with the glasses the surrounding heights. It was but a few moments before a large herd was found far across on the steep mountainside which rose to the north, and though a full half-mile of serried glacier lay between, it seemed advisable to undertake the work and make our second stalk in country as yet undisturbed by firing.

The crossing was rather more than I had bargained for; again and again an impossible crevasse or an ice-covered slope that led to the edge of some ugly break in the glacier necessitated a retracing of our steps and a new start, and only at the end of two hours did we reach the farther side, weary and dripping.

A steep ascent of the mountainside followed, and once at the top, a sheltering tree afforded a few moments' rest, where we could observe the game unnoticed. The heads that appeared on that open mountain slope were larger than any we had yet run across. The larger bucks were all of the darkest brown, their horns curving magnificently over the backs and their beards hanging long and shaggy.

Before we had watched ten minutes the whole herd moved off behind a ridge, but as usual a solitary female was left posted, and the slightest movement from behind our tree would have spoiled it all.

The longed-for moment came after an impatient wait, the cow slowly moving behind the ridge, leaving a clear but hazardous slope for us to cross in order to get within range. It was surprising to me how we kept from slipping, but something on the plan of a hundred-yard dash and a rather studied nonchalance respecting the precipice just below brought us to the ridge without a stumble, and we dropped over.

The next five minutes made all the weary miles and days of travelling worth while many times over. My first impression was that we had somehow fallen in the very midst of a perfectly tame herd of the largest ibex on record, for the animals appeared so thunderstruck at seeing us quietly and suddenly drop in among them that for a moment they remained perfectly motionless. Then, of course, there was a scurry, and the sport began.

My first buck dropped before he had covered ten yards, and a careful shot from a knee rest brought down another that had gone but a short distance farther—two forty-inch heads. I was now allowed but one more by law and was unwilling to fire at any ordinary-sized head; several bucks were still in sight, but they

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THE BIG IBEX; LENGTH OF HORNS FORTY-FOUR INCHES

were scattered and were tearing up the mountainside at a rapid pace.

Kadera had, however, stopped my hand after the first two successful shots and pointed to a ridge far above, from behind which in a moment dashed a magnificent animal, with horns very much larger than any I had yet noticed. As I found afterwards, he had been crouched behind a rock when we had first come upon the herd, and it was for this reason I had not aimed at him at once. Though still not too late, the mark was a small one. Some six shots ploughed up the sand about him; then he stumbled, but regained his feet and was immediately lost to sight behind a ridge.

The account of how that superb animal was tracked by his blood trail far into the mountains, how his horns were found to measure fully forty-four inches from base to tip, and how we returned at dusk across the glacier to camp, worn out by the hardest of stalks, but happy in the realization of complete success, would be, I fear, of less interest in the recounting than was the experience itself. To complete the satisfaction, a telegram was found awaiting me at camp from the secretary of the Game Association in Srinagar, stating that the Basha Nullah could rightly hold two guns, and that we were justified in having claimed our share of the valley.

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The Awakening

OF HELENA RICHIE

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER IX

THE parting at the Stuffed Animal House the next morning was dreary enough. The day broke heavy with threatening rain. The man, after that brief flaming up of the embers of burned-out passion, had fallen into a weariness which he did not attempt to conceal. But the woman—being a woman—still tried to warm herself at the poor ashes, wasting her breath in a sobbing endeavor to blow them into some fitful ardor. There was a hurried breakfast, and while waiting for the stage, the desultory talk that skims over dangerous subjects for fear of getting into discussions for which there is no time. And with it the consciousness of things that burn to be said—at least on one side.

"I'm sorry I was cross last night," she murmured once, under her breath.

And he responded courteously, "Oh, not at all."

But she pressed him. "You know it was only because I—love you so? And to make a joke of—"

"Of course! Of course! Helena, when is that stage due? You don't suppose the driver misunderstood, and expects to take me on at the Tavern?"

"No; he was told to call here. . . . Lloyd, it's just the same? You haven't—changed?"

"Certainly not! I do hope he hasn't forgotten me? It would be extremely inconvenient."

She turned away and stood looking out of the window into the rain-sodden garden. Mr. Pryor lighted a cigar. After a while she spoke again. "You'll come soon? I hope you will come soon! I'll try not to worry you."

"Of course," he assured her; "but I trust your cook will be well next time, my dear."

"Give me a day's notice, and I will have another cook if Maggie should be under the weather," she answered eagerly.

"Oh, that reminds me," he said, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he went out to the kitchen. When he came back, he went at once to the window. "I'm afraid that stage-driver has forgotten me?" he said frowning. But she reassured him—it really wasn't time yet; then she leaned her cheek on his shoulder.

"Do you think you can come in a fortnight, Lloyd? Come the first of May, and everything shall be perfect. Will you?"

Laughing, he put a careless arm around her, then catching sight of the stage pulling up at the gate, turned away so quickly that she staggered a little.

"Ah!" he said in a relieved voice. —"Beg your pardon, Nelly; — there's the stage!"

At the door he kissed her hurriedly; but she followed him, bareheaded, into the mist, catching his hand as they went down the path.

"Good-by!" he called back from the hinged step of the stage. "Get along, driver, get along! I don't want to miss my train in Mercer. Good-by, my dear. Take care of yourself."

Helena standing at the gate, followed the stage with her eyes until the road turned at the foot of the hill. Then she went back to the bench under the silver poplar and sat down. She said to herself that she was glad he was gone. His easy indifference to the annoyance to her of all these furtive years, seemed just for a moment unbearable. He had not shown a glimmer of sympathy for her position; he had not betrayed the slightest impatience at Frederick's astonishing health, so contrary to every law of probability and justice; he had not even understood how she felt at taking the friendship of the Old Chester people on false pretences

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—oh, these stupid people! That dull, self-satisfied, commonplace doctor's wife, so secure, so comfortable, in her right to Old Chester friendships! Of course, it was a great thing to be free from the narrowness and prejudice in which Old Chester was absolutely hidebound. But Lloyd might at least have understood that in spite of her freedom, the years of delay had sometimes been a little hard for her; that it was cruel that Frederick should live, and live, and live, putting off the moment when she should be like—other people; like that complacent Mrs. King, even; (oh, how she disliked the woman!)—But Lloyd had shown no spark of sympathy or understanding; instead he had made a horrid joke. . . . Suddenly her eyes, sweet and kind and shallow as an animal's, clouded with pain, and she burst out crying—but only for one convulsive moment. She could not cry out here in the garden. She wished she could get into the house, but she was sure that her eyes were red, and the servants might notice them. She would have to wait a while. Then she shivered, for a sharp wind blew from across the hills where in the hollows the snow still lingered in grimy drifts, icy on the edges, and crumbling and settling and sinking away with every day of pale sunshine. The faint fragrance of wind-beaten daffodils reached her, and she saw two crocuses, long gold bubbles, over in the grass. She put the back of her hand against her cheek—it was hot still; she must wait a little longer. Her chilly discomfort made her angry at Lloyd, as well as hurt. . . . It was nearly half an hour before she felt sure that her eyes would not betray her and she could go into the house.

Somehow or other the empty day passed; she had Lloyd's novel and the candy. It was cold enough for a fire in the parlor, and she lay on the sofa in front of it, and read and nibbled her candy and drowsed. Once, lazily, she roused herself to throw some grains of incense on the hot coals. Gradually the silence and perfume and warm sloth pushed the pain of the last twenty-four hours into the background of her mind, where it lay a dull ache of discontent. By and by even that ceased in physical well-being. Her body had her in its grip, and her spirit sunk softly into the warm and satisfied flesh. She bade Sarah bring her dinner into the parlor; after she had eaten it she slept heavily. When she awoke in the late afternoon, she wished she could sleep again. All her thoughts ran together in a lazy blur. Somewhere, back of the blur, she knew there was unhappiness; so this was best—to lie warm and dull by the fire, eating candy and yawning over her book. When she thought at all, it was about her food, and she wished impatiently, that Maggie would get well.

The next few days of indolence and apathy, were given up to sleeping and eating. But at the end of the week the soul of her stirred. A letter from Lloyd came saying that he hoped she had the little boy with her, and this reminded her of her forgotten promise to Dr. Lavendar.

But it was not until the next Monday afternoon that she roused herself sufficiently to give much thought to the matter. Then she decided to go down to the Rectory and see the child. It was another dark day of clouds hanging low, bulging big and black with wind and ravelling into rain along the edges. She hesitated at the discomfort of going out, but she said to herself dully, that she supposed she needed the walk. As she went down the hill, the mist thickened into rain, which soaked her cloak, and made Dr. Lavendar reproach her for her imprudence.

"And where are your gums?" he demanded. When she confessed that she had forgotten them, he scolded her roundly.

"I'll see that the little boy wears them when he comes to visit me," she said, a comforted look coming into her face.

"David? David will look after himself, like a man, and keep you in order, too. As for visiting you, my dear, you'd better visit him a little first. I tell you—stay and have supper with us to-night?"

But she protested that she had only come for a few minutes to ask about David. "I must go right home," she said nervously.

"No, no! You can't get away,—oh!" he broke off excitedly—"here he is now!" Dr. Lavendar's eagerness at the sight of the little boy who came running up the garden path, his hurry to

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open the front door and bring him into the study to present him to Mrs. Richie, fussing and proud, and a little tremulous, was touching, if she had chanced to notice. But she did not notice—the child absorbed her. She could not leave him. Before she knew it, she found herself taking off her bonnet and saying she would stay to tea.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar, "I've got a bone in my leg; so you run and get me a clean pocket-handkerchief."

"Can I go up-stairs like a crocodile?" said David, gravely.

"Certainly, if it affords you the slightest personal satisfaction," Dr. Lavendar told him; and while the little boy crawled laboriously on his stomach all the way up-stairs, Dr. Lavendar talked about him. He said he thought the child had been homesick just at first; he had missed his sister Janey; "he told me 'Janey' gave him 'forty kisses' every night," said Dr. Lavendar; "I thought that told a story—" At that moment the crocodile, holding a handkerchief between his teeth, came, rapidly, head foremost, downstairs; Dr. Lavendar raised a cautioning hand;—"Mustn't talk about him, now!"

There was a quality in that evening that was new to Helena; it was dull, of course;—how very dull Lloyd would have found it! A childlike old man asking questions with serious simplicity of a little boy who was full of his own important interests and anxieties;—the feeding of Danny, and the regretful wonder that in heaven, the little dog would not be "let in."

"Who said he wouldn't?" Dr. Lavendar demanded, fiercely, while Danny yawned with embarrassment at hearing his own name.

"You read about heaven in the Bible," David said, suddenly shy; "an' it said outside were dogs;—an' some other animals I can't remember the names of."

Dr. Lavendar explained, with a twinkle that shared with his visitor the humor of those "other animals" itemized in the Revelations. It was a very mild humor; everything was mild at the Rectory; the very air seemed gentle! There was no apprehension, no excitement, no antagonism; only the placid commonplace of goodness and affection. Helena could not remember such an evening in all her life. And the friendship between youth and age was something she had never dreamed of! She saw David slip from his chair at table, and run around to Dr. Lavendar's side to reach up and whisper in his ear;—oh, if he would but put his cheek against hers, and whisper in her ear!

The result of that secret colloquy was that David knelt down in front of the dining-room fire, and made a slice of smoky toast for Dr. Lavendar.

"After supper you might roast an apple for Mrs. Richie," the old minister suggested. And David's eyes shone with silent joy. With anxious deliberation he picked out an apple from the silver wire basket on the sideboard; and when they went into the study, he presented a thread to Mrs. Richie.

"Tie it to the stem," he commanded. "You're pretty slow," he added gently, and indeed her white fingers blundered with the unaccustomed task. When she had accomplished it, David wound the other end of the thread round a pin stuck in the high black mantel-shelf. The apple dropped slowly into place before the bars of the grate, and began—as everybody who has been a child knows—to spin slowly round, and then, slowly back again. David, squatting on the rug, watched it in silence. But Mrs. Richie would not let him be silent. She leaned forward, eager to touch him—his shoulders, his hair, his cheek, hot with the fire.

"Won't you come and sit in my lap?"

David glanced at Dr. Lavendar as though for advice; then got up and climbed on to Mrs. Richie's knee, keeping an eye on the apple that bobbed against the grate and sizzled.

"Will you make me a little visit, dear?"

David sighed and looked at Dr. Lavendar. "I seem to visit a good deal; I'd like to belong somewhere."

"Oh, you will, one of these days," Dr. Lavendar assured him.

"I'd like to belong to you," David said thoughtfully.

Dr. Lavendar beamed, and looked proudly at Mrs. Richie.

"Because," David explained, "I love Goliath."

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar blankly.

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"It's blackening on one side," David announced, and slid down from Mrs. Richie's knee to set the apple spinning again.

"The red cheek is beginning to crack," said Dr. Lavendar, deeply interested; "smells good, doesn't it, Mrs. Richie?"

"Have you any little boys and girls?" David asked, watching the apple.

"Come and climb on my knee and I'll tell you," she bribed him.

He came reluctantly; the apple was now spinning briskly under the impulse of a woolly burst of pulp through the red skin.

"Have you?" he demanded.

"No, David."

Here his interest in Mrs. Richie's affairs flagged, for the apple began to steam deliciously. Dr. Lavendar, watching her with his shrewd old eyes, asked her one or two questions; but, absorbed in the child, she answered quite at random. She put her cheek against his hair, and whispered, softly: "Turn round, and I'll give you forty kisses." Instantly David moved his head away. The snub was so complete that she looked over at Dr. Lavendar, hoping he had not seen it. "I once knew a little baby," she said, trying to hide her embarrassment, "that had curly hair the color of yours."

"It has begun to drip," said David briefly. "Does Alice live at your house?"

"*Alice!*"

"The gentleman—your brother—said Alice was nineteen. I thought maybe she lived at your house."

"No, dear. Look at the apple!"

David looked. "Why not?"

"Why, she lives at her own house, dear little boy."

"Does she pay you a visit?"

"No. David, I think the apple is done. Why didn't you roast one for Dr. Lavendar?"

"I had to do it for you because you're company. Why doesn't she pay you a visit?"

"Because—oh, for a good many reasons. I'm afraid I must go home now."

The child slipped from her knee with unflattering haste. "You've got to eat your apple first," he said, and ran to get a saucer and spoon. With great care the thread was broken and the apple secured. Then David sat calmly down in front of her to watch her eat it; but after the first two or three mouthfuls, Dr. Lavendar had pity on her, and the smoky skin and the hard core were banished to the dining-room. While the little boy was carrying them off, she said eagerly, that she wanted him.

"You'll let me have him?"

"I'm going to keep him for a while."

"Oh, do give him to me!" she urged.

"Not yet. You come here and see him. I won't make ye eat a roast apple every time." He smiled at her as he spoke, for she was clasping her hands, and her leaf-brown eyes were eager and shining.

"I must have him! I *must!*"

"No use teasing—here comes Dr. King. He'll tell you I'm an obstinate old man. Hey, Willy, my boy! Ain't I an obstinate old man?"

"You are," said William. He had walked in unannounced, in good Old Chester fashion, and stood smiling in the doorway.

"Oh, plead my cause!" she said, turning to him.

"Of course I will. But it isn't much use; we are all under his heel."

They were standing, for Mrs. Richie had said she must go, when Dr. Lavendar had an idea: "Would you mind seeing her home, Willy?" he said in an aside; "I was going to send Mary, but this is a chance to get better acquainted with her—if you're not too tired?"

"Of course I'm not too tired," the doctor said eagerly, and went back to the fireside where Mrs. Richie had dropped on her knees before David. "I'm going to walk home with you," he announced. She looked up with a quick protest, but he only laughed. "If we let you go alone, your brother will think we have no manners in Old Chester. Besides I need the walk." And when she had fastened her cloak, and kissed David good night, and thrown Dr. Lavendar an appealing look, William gave her his hand down the two steps from the front door, and then made her take his arm. Dr. Lavendar had provided a lantern, and as its shifting beam ran back and forth across the path, the doctor bade her be careful where she stepped. "These flagstones are abominably rough," he said;

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"I never noticed it before. And one can't see in the dark."

But what with the lantern and the stars, there was light enough for William King to see the stray curl that blew across her forehead—brown, was it? And yet, William remembered that in daylight her hair was too bright to be called brown. He was solicitous lest he was making her walk too fast. "I don't want your brother to think we don't take care of you in Old Chester," he said; and in the starlight he could see that her face flushed a little. Then he repeated some Old Chester gossip, which amused her very much—and held his breath to listen to the delicious gayety of her laugh.

"There ought to be a better path for you up the hill," he said; "I must speak to Sam Wright about it." And carefully he flung the noiseless zigzag of light back and forth in front of her, and told some more stories that he might hear that laugh again.

When he left her at her own door, she said with a sudden impetuous timidity, "Dr. King, *please* make Dr. Lavendar give me the little boy!"

"I *will!*" he said, and laughed at her radiant face.

It seemed to the doctor as he went down the hill, that he had had a most delightful evening. He could not remember what they had talked about, but he knew that they had agreed on every point. "A very intelligent lady," he said to himself.

"William," said Martha, looking up from her mending as he entered the sitting-room, "did you remember to tell Davis that the kitchen sink leaks?"

"Oh!" said the doctor blankly; "well—I'll tell him in the morning." Then, smiling vaguely, he dropped down into his shabby old easy chair, and watched Martha's darning-needle plod in and out. "Martha," he said after a while, "what shade would you call your hair if it was—well, kind of brighter?"

"*What?*" said Martha, looking at him over her spectacles; she put up her hard capable hand and touched her hair softly, as if she had forgotten it. "My hair used to be a real chestnut. Do you mean chestnut?"

"I guess I do. It's a pretty color."

Martha looked at him with a queer shyness in her married eyes, then tossed her head a little and thrust her darning-needle into the gray stocking, with a jaunty air. "That's what you used to say," she said. After a while, noticing his tired lounge in the old chair, she said kindly, "Why did you stay so long at Dr. Lavendar's, Willy? You look tired. Do go to bed."

"Oh," William explained, "I didn't stay very long; he asked me to see Mrs. Richie home. She had taken tea with him."

Martha's face suddenly hardened. "Oh," she said coldly. Then, after a short silence, "Mrs. Richie's hair is too untidy for my taste."

When Dr. Lavendar went back into the study, David in profound meditation was curled up in the slippery leather chair—a strip of cowhide stretched the length of the frame that strained and creaked whenever the occupant moved.

"What are you thinking about so hard?" Dr. Lavendar said.

"Yesterday. After church."

"Thinking about yesterday?" Dr. Lavendar repeated puzzled. David offered no explanation, and the old minister searched his memory for any happening of interest after church, but found none. He had come out of the vestry and in the church David had joined him, following him down the aisle to the door and waiting close behind him through the usual Sunday greetings: "Morning, Sam!" "Good morning, Dr. Lavendar." . . . "How are you, Ezra? How many drops of water make the mighty ocean, Ezra?" "The amount of water might be estimated in tons, Dr. Lavendar, but I doubt whether the number of minims could be compu . . ." "Hullo! there's Horace; how d'ye do, Horace? How's Jim this morning?"—and so on—the old friendly greetings of all the friendly years. Surely nothing in them to make the child thoughtful?

Suddenly David got up and came and stood beside him.

"What is your name?"

"N. or M." Dr. Lavendar replied.

"What, sir?" said David in a troubled voice; and Dr. Lavendar was abashed.

"My name is Edward Lavendar, sir. Why do you want to know?"

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

HER SEWING WAS A PATHETIC BLUNDER OF HASTE AND HAPPINESS

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"Because, yesterday everybody said 'Dr. Lavendar.' I didn't think Doctor could be your front name. All the other people had front names."

"Well, I have a front name, David, but you see, there's nobody in Old Chester to call me by it." He sighed slightly, and then he smiled. "The last one who called me by my front name is dead, David. John was his name. I called him Johnny."

David looked at him with wide eyes, silent. Dr. Lavendar took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared for a minute at the fire.

"I should think," David said sadly, "God would be discouraged to have *everybody* He makes, die."

At that Dr. Lavendar came quickly out of his reverie. "Oh, it's better that way," he said, cheerfully. "One of these days I'll tell you why. What do you say to a game of dominoes?"

David squeaked with pleasure; he pulled up the round table close to Dr. Lavendar's elbow and poured the dominoes out with a joyful clatter. For the next half-hour they were both very happy. They discussed the relative merits of standing the dominoes upright, or putting them on their sides, and Dr. Lavendar built his fence in alternate positions, which was very effective. It was so exciting that bedtime was a real trial to them both. At the last stroke of eight, David clenched both hands.

"Perhaps the clock is fast?"

Dr. Lavendar compared it with his watch, and shook his head sympathetically. "No; just right. Tumble 'em back into the box. Good night."

"Good night, sir," David said, and stood hesitating. The color came and went in his face, and he twisted the top button of his jacket with little nervous fingers.

"Good night," Dr. Lavendar repeated, significantly.

But still David hesitated. Then he came and stood close beside Dr. Lavendar. "Lookee here," he said tremulously, "*I'll* call you Edward. I'd just as lieves as not."

There was a full minute's silence. Then Dr. Lavendar said, "I thank you, David. That is a kind thought. But no; I like Dr. Lavendar as a name. So many boys and girls have called me that, that I'm fond of it. And I like to have you use it. But I'm much obliged to you, David. Now, I guess we'll say good night? Hey?"

The child's face cleared; he drew a deep breath as if he had accomplished something. Then he said good night, and trudged off to bed. Dr. Lavendar looked after him tenderly.

CHAPTER X

APRIL brightened into May before David's visit to the Stuffed Animal House. Dr. Lavendar had his own reasons for the delay, which he did not share with anybody, but they resulted in a sort of intimacy, which Helena, eager for the child, could not refuse.

"He needs clothes," Dr. Lavendar put her off; "I can't let him come to you till Mary gets his wardrobe to rights."

"Oh, let me get his little things!"

—Now, who would have supposed that Dr. Lavendar was so deep! To begin with, he was a man; and an old man, at that; and with never a chick or a child of his own. How did he know what a child's little clothes are to a woman?—"Well," he said, "suppose you make him a set of night-drawers."

Helena's face fell. "I don't know how to sew. I thought I could buy what he needed."

"No; he has enough bought things, but if you will be so kind, my dear, as to make—"

"I will!" she promised eagerly, and Dr. Lavendar said he would bring David up to be measured.

Her sewing was a pathetic blunder of haste and happiness; it brought Dr. Lavendar and David up to the Stuffed Animal House very often, "to try on." David's coming was always a delight, but the old man fretted her, somehow;—he was so good! She said so to William King, who laughed at the humor of a good woman's objection to goodness. The incongruity of such a remark from her lips was as amusing as a child's innocently base comment.

William had fallen into the habit of drawing up and calling out "good morning" whenever he and his mare passed her gate. Mrs. Richie's lack of common

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sense seemed to delight the sensible William. When he was with her, he was in the frame of mind that finds everything a joke. It was a demand for the eternal child in her, to which, involuntarily, she responded. She laughed at him, and even teased him about his shabby buggy or his regular calls on Mrs. Drayton, with a gayety that made him tingle with pleasure. She used to wonder at herself as she did it—conscious and uneasy, and resolving every time that she would not do it again. She had none of this lightness with any one else. With Dr. Lavendar she was reserved to the point of coldness, and with Sam Wright's Sam, matter-of-fact to a discouraging degree.

She did not see Sam often in the next month. Benjamin Wright had ceased to find the boy's calf-love—which he had recognized long before the parents did—amusing. And, in consequence, on Sunday nights he detained his grandson to listen to this or that drama or poem until the boy could hardly hide his impatience. When he was free and could hurry down the hill road, as often as not the lights were out in the Stuffed Animal House, and he could only linger at the gate and wonder which was her window. When he did find her, he had an evening of passionate delight, even though occasionally she snubbed him lazily.

"Do you go out in your skiff much?" she asked once; and when he answered, "No; I filled it with stones and sunk it, because you didn't like rowing," she spoke to him with a sharpness that surprised herself, though it produced no effect whatever on Sam.

"You are a very foolish boy! What difference does it make whether I like rowing or not? I don't govern my likes and dislikes by boy's ideas."

Sam smiled placidly, and said he had had hard work to get stones enough to fill the skiff. "I put them in," he explained, "and then I sculled out in midstream, and scuttled her. I had to swim ashore. It was night, and the water was like flowing ink, and there was a star in every ripple," he ended dreamily.

"Sam," she said, "if you don't stop being so foolish, I won't let you come and see me—"

"Am I a nuisance about my drama?" he asked with alarm.

"Not about your drama," she said significantly; but Sam was too happy to draw any unflattering deductions.

When old Mr. Wright discovered that his stratagem of keeping his grandson late Sunday evenings had not checked the boy's acquaintance with Mrs. Richie, he tried a more direct method. "You young ass! Can't you keep away from that house? She thinks you are a nuisance!"

"No, grandfather," Sam assured him earnestly, "she doesn't. I asked her, and she said—"

"Asked her?" roared the old man. "Do you expect a female to tell the truth?" And then he swore steadily for a minute. "I'll have to see Lavendar," he said despairingly.

But Mr. Wright's cause was aided by some one stronger than Dr. Lavendar. Helena's attention was so fixed on the visitor who was coming to the Stuffed Animal House that Sam's conversation ceased to amuse her. Those little night-drawers on which she pricked her fingers interested her a thousand times more than did his dramatic visions. They interested her so much that sometimes she could almost forget that Lloyd Pryor's visit was delayed. For though it was the first of May, he had not come again. "I am so busy," he wrote; "it is impossible for me to get away. I suppose David will have his sling all ready for me when I do arrive?"

Helena was sitting on the porch with her clumsy needlework, when Sarah brought her the letter, and after she had read it, she tore it up angrily. "He was in Mercer a week ago; I know he was, because there is always that directors' meeting on the last Thursday in April, so he must have been there. And he wouldn't come!" Down in the orchard, the apple-trees were in blossom, and when the wind stirred, the petals fell in sudden warm white showers; across the sky, from west to east, was a path of mackerel clouds. It was a pastel of spring greenness—a dappled sky, apple blossoms, clover, and the river's sheen of gray-blue. All about her were the beginnings of summer;—the first exquisite green of young leaves; oaks, still white and crumpled from their furry sheaths; horse-chestnuts, each leaf drooping from its stem like a hand bending at the

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wrist; a thin flicker of elm buds, still distrustful of the sun. Later, this delicate dance of foliage would thicken so that the house would be in shadow, and the grass under the locusts on either side of the front door fade into thin, mossy growth. But just now it was overflowing with May sunshine. "Oh, he *would* enjoy it if he would only come," she thought. Well, anyhow, David would like it; and she began to fell her seam with painstaking unaccustomed fingers.

The child was to come that day. Half a dozen times she dropped her work to run to the gate, and shielding her eyes with her hand looked down the road to Old Chester; but there was no sign of the jogging hood of the buggy. Had anything happened? Was he sick? *Had Dr. Lavendar changed his mind?* Her heart stood still at that. She debated whether or not she should go down to the Rectory, boldly, and find out what the delay meant? Then she called to one of the servants who was crossing the hall, that she wondered why the little boy who was to visit her did not come? Her face cleared at the reminder that the child went to school in the morning.

"Why, of course! I suppose he will have to go every morning?" she added ruefully.

"My," Maggie said smiling, "you're wan that ought to have six!"

Mrs. Richie smiled, too. Then she said to herself that she wouldn't let him go to school every day; she was sure he was not strong enough. She ventured something like this to Dr. Lavendar when, about four o'clock, Goliath and the buggy finally appeared.

"Strong enough!" said Dr. Lavendar. "He's strong enough to study a great deal harder than he does, the little rascal! I'm afraid Rose Knight will spoil him; she's almost as bad as Ellen Bailey. You didn't know our Ellen, did ye? No; she'd married Spangler and gone out West before you came to us. Ah, a dear woman, but wickedly unselfish. Rose Knight took the school when Spangler took Ellen." Then he added one or two straight directions: Every school-day David was to come to the Rectory for his dinner, and to Collect Class on Saturdays. "You will have to keep him at his catechism," said Dr. Lavendar; "he is rather weak on the long answers."

"Oh!" Helena said, rather startled; "you don't want me to teach him—things like that, do you?"

"Things like what?"

"The catechism, and—to pray, and—"

Dr. Lavendar smiled. "Ye can teach folks to say their prayers, my dear, but nobody can teach 'em to pray. Only life does that. But David's been taught his prayers; you just let him say 'em at your knee, that's all."

David, dismissed to the garden while his elders talked, had discovered the rabbit-hutch, and could hardly tear himself away from it to say good-by. But when Dr. Lavendar called out that he was going, the little boy's heart misgave him. He came and stood by the step of the buggy, and picked with nervous fingers at the dry mud on the wheel,—for Dr. Lavendar's buggy was not as clean as it should have been.

"Well, David?" Dr. Lavendar said cheerfully. The child with his chin sunk on his breast said something. "What?" said Dr. Lavendar.

David mumbled a word or two in a voice that seemed to come from his stomach; it sounded like, "Like you best." But Dr. Lavendar did not hear it, and David ran swiftly back to the rabbits. There Helena found him, gazing through two large tears at the opal-eyed pair behind the wooden bars. Their white shell-like ears wavered at her step, and they paused in their nibbling; then went on again with timid, jewel-like glances in her direction.

Helena, at the sight of those two tears, knelt down beside the little boy, eager to be sympathetic. But he did not notice her, and by and by the tears dried up. After she had tried to make him talk of Dr. Lavendar, of school, of his old home, without drawing anything more from him than "yes, ma'am," or "no, ma'am," she gave it up and waited until he should be tired of the rabbits. The sun was warm, the smell of the crushed dock leaves heavy in the sheltered corner behind the barn; it was so silent that they could hear the nibbling of the two prisoners, who kept glancing at them with apprehensive eyes that gleamed with pale red fires. David sighed with joy.

"What are their names?" he said at last in a low voice.

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"They haven't any names; you can name them if you like."

"I shall call them Mr. and Mrs. Smith," he said with decision. And then fell silent again.

"You came to Old Chester in the stage with Mr. Pryor," she said after a while; "he told me you were a very nice little boy."

"How did he know?" demanded David.

"He is very nice himself," Helena said smiling.

David meditated. "Is that gentleman my enemy?"

"Of course not!"

"I'm glad."

"Mr. Pryor is nobody's enemy," Helena told him reprovingly.

David turned silently to his rabbits.

"Why did you think he was your enemy?" she persisted.

"I only just hoped he wasn't; I don't want to love him."

"What!"

"If he was my enemy, I'd have to love him, you know," David explained patiently.

Helena in her confused astonishment knew not what to reply. She stammered something about that being wrong; of course David must love Mr. Pryor!

"They ought to have fresh water," David interrupted thoughtfully; and Helena had to reach into the hutch for a battered tin pan.

She watched him run to the stable and come back, holding the pan in both hands and walking very slowly under the mottled branches of the buttonwoods; at every step the water splashed over the rusty brim, and the sunshine, catching and flickering in it, was reflected in a rippling gleam across his serious face.

All that afternoon he permitted her to follow him about. He was gently polite when she spoke to him, but he hardly noticed her until, as they went down through the orchard, his little hand tightened suddenly on hers, and he pressed against her skirts.

"Are there snakes in this grass?" he asked timorously. "A snake," he added, looking up at her confidingly, "is the only insect I am afraid of."

She stooped down and cuddled him reassuringly, and he rewarded her by snuggling up against her like a friendly puppy. She was very happy. As it grew dusk and cool, and all the sky was yellow behind the black line of the hills, she lured him into the house, and watched him eat his supper, forgetting to eat her own.

When she took him up-stairs to bed, Dr. Lavendar's directions came back to her with a slight shock—she must hear him say his prayers. How was she to introduce the subject? The embarrassed color burned in her cheeks as she helped him undress and tried to decide on the proper moment to speak of—prayers. But David took the matter into his own hands. As he stepped into his little night-clothes, buttoning them around his waist with slow precision, he said:

"Now I'll say my prayers. Sit by the window; then I can see that star when I open my eyes. It's hard to keep your eyes shut so long, ain't it?" he added confidentially.

Helena sat down, her heart fluttering in her throat. David knelt beside her, shutting first one eye and then the other. "'Now I lay me—'" he began in a businesslike voice. At the Amen he opened his eyes and drew a long breath. Helena moved slightly and he shut his eyes again; "I've not done yet.

"'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night—'"

He paused and looked up at Mrs. Richie, "Can I say colt?" Before she could reply he decided for himself. "No; colts don't have shepherds; it has to be lamb."

Her silent laughter did not disturb him. He finished with another satisfied Amen. Helena put her arms about him to raise him from the floor, but he looked up, aggrieved.

"Why, I've not done *yet*," he reproached her. "You've forgot the blessings."

"The blessings?" she asked timidly.

"Why, of course," said David, trying to be patient; "but I'm most done," he encouraged her. "'God bless everybody—' Dr. Lavendar taught me the new blessings," he interrupted himself, his eyes snapping open, "because my old blessings were all gone to heaven. 'God bless everybody; Dr. Lavendar, an' Mary, an' Goliath—'" Helena laughed. "He

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE FOUND MR. WRIGHT TOTTERING ABOUT HIS GARDEN-PATHS

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said I could," David defended himself doggedly—"'an' Danny, an' Dr. King, an' Mrs. Richie. And make me a good boy. For Jesus' sake Amen.' *Now* I'm done!" cried David, scrambling happily to his feet.

"And—Mr. Pryor, too? Won't you ask God to bless Mr. Pryor?"

"But," said David, frowning, "I'm *done*."

"After this, though, it would be nice—"

"Well," David answered coldly, "God can bless him if He wants to. But He needn't do it just to please me."

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Dr. Lavendar left David at the Stuffed Animal House, he didn't feel, somehow, like going home; the Rectory would be so quiet. It occurred to him that, as he was on the hill, he might as well look in on Benjamin Wright.

He found the old gentleman in his beaver hat and green serge dressing-gown, tottering up and down the weedy driveway in front of his veranda, and repeating poetry:

"O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood—

Hello! 'Bout time you came to see me. I suppose you want to get some money out of me for something?"

"Of course; I always want money out of somebody for something. There's a leak in the vestry roof. How are you?"

"How do you suppose I am? At eighty-one, with one foot in the grave! Ready to jump over a five-barred gate?"

"I'm seventy-two," said Dr. Lavendar, "and I played marbles yesterday."

"Come in and have a smoke," the older man said, hobbling on to the veranda, where four great white columns, blistered and flaked by time, supported a roof that darkened the shuttered windows of the second story.

He led the way indoors to the dining-room, growling that his nigger, Simmons, was a fool. "He *says* he closes the shutters to keep the flies out; makes the room as dark as a pocket, and there ain't any flies this time of year, anyhow. He does it to stop my birds from singing; he can't fool me! To stop my birds!" He went over to one of the windows and pushed the shutters open with a clatter; instantly a twitter ran from cage to cage, and the fierce melancholy of his old face softened. "Hear that?" he said proudly.

"I ought to come oftener," Dr. Lavendar reproached himself; "he's lonely."

And, indeed, the room with its mammoth sideboard black with age and its solitary chair at one end of the long table, was lonely enough. On the walls, papered a generation ago with a drab paper sprinkled over with occasional pale gilt medallions, were some time-stained engravings: "The Destruction of Nineveh"; "The Trial of Jeannie Deans"; "The Death-bed of Washington." A gloomy room at best; now, with the shutters of one window still bowed, and the faint twitter of the canaries, and that one chair at the head of the table, it was very melancholy.

"Sit down!" said Benjamin Wright. Still in his moth-eaten high hat, he shuffled about to fetch from the sideboard a fat decanter with a silver chain and label around its neck, and two tumblers.

"No," said Dr. Lavendar; "I'm obliged to you."

"What, temperance?" snarled the other.

"Well, I hope so," Dr. Lavendar said, "but not a teetotaler, if that's what you mean. Only I don't happen to want any whiskey at five o'clock in the afternoon."

At which his host swore softly, and lifting the decanter, poured out two good fingers.

"Mr. Wright," said Dr. Lavendar, "I will be obliged if you will not swear in my presence."

"You needn't talk to me," cried Benjamin Wright, "I despise this damned profanity there is about."

"So do I."

The very old man snorted. "I am always scrupulously particular in my language, sir, before females and parsons. Well;—I wanted to see you, because that jack-donkey, Sam, my grandson, is causing me some anxiety."

"Why, Sam is a good boy," Dr. Lavendar protested.

"Too good. I like a boy to be human

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at twenty-three. He doesn't know the wickedness of the world."

"Thank God," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Dominie, ignorance ain't virtue."

"It's a fair substitute. I wouldn't want one of my boys to be able to pass an examination on wrong-doing."

"But you want him to recognize it when he sees it, don't you?"

"If he knows goodness, you can trust him to recognize the other thing. Teach 'em goodness. Badness will label itself."

"Doesn't follow," Benjamin Wright said. "But you're a parson; parsons know about as much as females—good females. Look here! I have reasons for saying that the boy ought to get out of Old Chester. I want your assistance."

"Get out of Old Chester!—to see how wicked the world is?"

Mr. Wright shook his head. "No; he could see that here—only the puppy hasn't got his eyes open yet. A little knocking about the world, such as any boy ought to have, will open 'em. Besides, he's got—well, he's got some truck he's written. It isn't entirely bad, Lavendar, and he might as well try to get it published, or, maybe, produced in some theatre. So let him go and hunt up a publisher or a manager. Now, very likely, his—his *mother* won't approve. I want you to urge—her, to let him go."

"Travelling might be good for Sam," said Dr. Lavendar; "I admit that—though not to learn the wickedness of the world. But I don't know that it would be worth while to take a journey just on account of his writing. He could put it into an envelope and mail it to a publisher; he'd get it back just as soon," Dr. Lavendar said chuckling. "Look here, what's the matter? I can see you're concerned about the boy."

"Concerned?" cried Benjamin Wright, pounding the table with his tumbler and chewing orange-skin rapidly. "I'm damned concerned."

"I will ask, sir, that you will not swear in my presence."

Mr. Wright coughed. "I will endeavor to respect the cloth," he said stiffly.

"If you will respect yourself, it will be sufficient. As for Sam, if there's anything wrong, his father ought to know it."

"Well then, tell his—*mother*, that there is something wrong."

"What?"

Mr. Wright got up, and clasping his hands behind him, shuffled about the room Instantly one of the canaries began to sing. "Stop that!" he said. The bird quivered with shrill music. "Stop! You! . . . There's no such thing as conversation, with these creatures about," he added in a proud aside. "Did you ever hear such singing?"

Dr. Lavendar, unable to make himself heard, shook his head.

"If you don't stop," said Mr. Wright, "I'll wring your neck!" and as the bird continued, he opened the door. "Simmons! You freckled nigger! Bring me the apron." Then he stamped, and cursed the slowness of niggers. Simmons, however, came as fast as his old legs could carry him, bearing a blue gingham apron. This, thrown over the cage, produced silence.

"There! Now, perhaps, you'll hold your tongue? . . . Lavendar, I prefer not to say what is wrong. Merely tell Sam's —*mother*, that he had better go. If—she is too mean to provide the money, I will."

"Sam's father is not too mean to do anything for Sam's welfare; but of course, a general accusation is not convincing; should not be convincing—Why!" said Dr. Lavendar, interrupting himself, "bless my heart! I believe you mean that the boy is making sheep's-eyes at your neighbor here on the hill? Is that it? Why, Benjamin, the best way to cure that is to pay no attention to it."

"Sir," said Mr. Wright, sinking into his chair breathlessly, and tapping the table with one veined old finger; "when I was a young man, it was not thought proper to introduce the name of a female into a discussion between gentlemen."

"Well," Dr. Lavendar admitted, "maybe not—when you were young. But all of us young folks in Old Chester know perfectly well that Sam is smitten, and we are ignoring it."

"What! His—*mother* knows it?"

"His father knows it perfectly well," said Dr. Lavendar, smiling.

Mr. Wright got up again, his fingers twitching with impatience. "Lavendar," he began — another bird trilled, and snarling with annoyance, he pulled the

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blue apron from the first cage and threw it over the second. "These creatures drive me distracted! . . . Lavendar, to get Sam out of Old Chester, I might almost consent to see his — his — his *mother,* if there was no other way to accomplish it."

At that Dr. Lavendar stopped smiling. "Benjamin," he said solemnly, "if any foolishness on the part of the boy brings you to such wisdom, the hand of the Lord will be in it!"

"I don't want to see—her!" cried Benjamin Wright; "but Sam's got to get away from this place for a while, and if you won't persuade his—*mother* to allow it, why I might be driven to seeing—her. But why shouldn't he try to get his truck published?"

Dr. Lavendar was very much moved. "If you'll only see your son," he said, "this other business will straighten itself out, somehow. But—" he paused; "getting Sam's play published isn't a very good excuse for seeing him. I'd rather have him think you were worried because the boy had an attack of calf-love. No; I wouldn't want you to talk about theatrical things," Dr. Lavendar ended thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Well, the fact is, Samuel has no sympathy with dramas or playhouses. I do not myself approve of the theatre, but I am told respectable persons have adopted the profession. Samuel, however, can't find any good in it."

"He can't, can't he? Well, well; it was efficacious—it was efficacious!"

"What was efficacious?"

Benjamin Wright laughed loudly. "You don't know? He never told you?"

"You mean what you and he quarrelled about? No; he never told me."

"He was a fool."

"Benjamin, if you were not a fool at twenty-four, you missed a good deal."

"And now he objects to theatrical things?"

"He objects so intensely," said Dr. Lavendar, "that, anxious as I am to have you meet and bring this foolish and wicked quarrel to an end, I should really hesitate to have you do so, if you insisted on discussing that subject."

Benjamin Wright lifted one trembling fist. "It was efficacious!"

"And you would give your right hand to undo it," said Dr. Lavendar.

The very old man lowered his shaking right hand and looked at it; then he said sullenly, "I only wanted his own good. You ought to see that—a parson!"

"But you forget; I don't know what it was about."

Mr. Wright's face twitched. "Well," he said spasmodically, "I'll—tell you. I—"

"Yes?"

"I—" his voice broke, then he coughed, then he tried to laugh. "Simple enough; simple enough. I had occasion to send him to Mercer. He was to come back that night." Mr. Wright stopped; poured some whiskey into his glass, and forgetting to add any water, drank it at a gulp. "He didn't come back until the next afternoon."

"Yes. Well?"

"In those days I was of—of somewhat hasty temper."

"So I have heard," said Dr. Lavendar.

Benjamin Wright glared. "When I was young, listening to gossip was not thought becoming in the cloth. When he came, I learned that he had stayed over in Mercer—without my consent, mark you—*to go to the theatre!*"

"Well?" said Dr. Lavendar. "He was twenty-four. Why should he have your consent?"

Mr. Wright waved this question aside. "When he came home, I spoke with some severity."

"This quarrel," said Dr. Lavendar, "is not built on such folly as that."

Benjamin Wright shook his head, and made a careless gesture with his trembling hand. "Not—entirely. I reproved him, as I say. And he was impertinent. Impertinent, mind you, to his father! And I—in those days my temper was somewhat quick—I—"

"Yes?"

But Mr. Wright seemed unable to proceed, except to say again, "I—reproved him."

"But," Dr. Lavendar protested, "you don't mean to tell me that Samuel, just for a reproof, an unkind and unjust reproof, would—why, I cannot believe it!"

"It was not unjust!" Benjamin Wright's melancholy eyes flamed angrily.

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"I know Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar. "He is obstinate; I've told him so a hundred times. And he's conceited—so's everybody, more or less; if in nothing else, we're conceited because we're not conceited. But he's not a fool. So, whether he is right or not, I am sure he thinks he had something more to complain of than a good blowing-up?"

"In a way," said the old man, examining his ridgy finger-nails and speaking with a gasp, "he—had. Slightly."

Dr. Lavendar's stern lip trembled with anxiety. "What?"

"I—chastised him; a little."

"You—*what?*"

Benjamin Wright nodded; the wrinkled pouches under his eyes grew dully red. "My God!" he said plaintively; "think of that—a hasty moment! Thirty-two years; my God! I—spanked him."

Dr. Lavendar opened his lips to speak, but found no words.

"And he was offended! Offended? What right had *he* to be offended? *I* was the offended party! He went to a low theatre. Apparently you see nothing wrong in that? Well, I've always said that every parson had the making of an actor in him. It's a toss-up—the stage or the pulpit. Same thing at bottom. But perhaps even *you* won't approve of his staying away all night? Smoking! Drinking! He'd been drunk. He confessed it. And there was a woman in it. He confessed that. Said they'd all 'gone to supper together.' Well; I suppose you'd have had me smile at him, and tuck him up in bed to sleep off his headache, and give him a stick of candy? That wasn't my way. I reproved him. I—chastised him. Perfectly proper. Perhaps—unusual. He was twenty-four, and I laid him across my knee, and—well; I got over it in fifteen minutes. I was, perhaps, hasty. My temper in those days was not what it is now. But I forgave him in fifteen minutes; and he had gone! He's been gone—for thirty-two years. My God!"

He poured out another finger of whiskey, but forgot to drink it. A canary-bird chirped loudly, then lapsed into a sleepy twitter.

"I was well rid of him! To make a quarrel out of a thing like that—a joke, as you might say. I laughed, myself, afterwards, at the thought of it. A fellow of twenty-four—spanked! Why didn't he swear and be done with it? I would have reproved him for his profanity, of course. Profanity in young persons is a thing I will not tolerate; Simmons will tell you so. But it would have cleared the air. If he had done that, we'd have been laughing about it, now;—he and I." The old man suddenly put both hands over his face, and a broken sound came from behind them.

Dr. Lavendar shook his head, speechlessly.

"What's the matter with you?" cried Benjamin Wright, pulling off his hat and banging it down on the table so fiercely that the crown collapsed on one side like an accordion. "Good God! Can't you see the tomfoolery of this business of thirty-two years of hurt feelings?"

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"What! You excuse him? When I was young, parsons believed in the Ten Commandments; 'Honor thy father and thy mother—'"

"There is another scripture which saith, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.' And when it comes to the Commandments, I would commend the third to your attention. As for Samuel, you robbed him."

"Robbed him?"

"You took his self-respect. A young man's dignity, at twenty-four, is as precious to him as a woman's modesty. You stole it. Yes; you robbed him. Our Heavenly Father doesn't do that, when He punishes us. We lose our dignity ourselves; but He never robs us of it. Did ye ever notice that? Well; you robbed Samuel. My—my—*my!*" Dr. Lavendar sighed wearily. For, indeed, the matter looked very dark. Here was the moment he had prayed for—the readiness of one or the other of the two men to take the first step towards reconciliation. Such readiness, he had thought, would mean the healing of the dreadful wound, whatever it was; forgiveness on the father's part of some terrible wrong-doing, forgiveness on the son's part of equally terrible hardness of heart. Instead he found a cruel and ridiculous mortification, made permanent by thirty-two unpardoning years. Here was no sin to command the dreadful dignity of

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repentance, with its divine response of forgiveness. The very lack of seriousness in the cause made the effect more serious. He looked over at the older man, and shook his head. . . .

How could they pay their debts to each other, this father and son? Could Benjamin Wright return the self-respect he had stolen away? Could Samuel offer that filial affection which should have blessed all these empty years? A wickedly ludicrous memory seemed to forbid the solemnity of a reconciliation; below any attempt the father might make, there would be a grin, somewhere; below any attempt the son might make, there would be a cringe, somewhere. The only possible hope was in absolute, flat commonplace. Play-writing, as a subject of conversation, was out of the question!

"Benjamin," he said with agitation, "I thank God that you are willing to see Samuel; but you must promise me not to refer to Sam's play. You must promise me this, or the last end of the quarrel will be worse than the first."

"I haven't said I was willing to see him," Mr. Wright broke out; "I'm *not* willing! Is it likely that I would hanker after an interview? All I want is to get the boy away from Old Chester, and to do that, I would even— But if you will tell his—relatives that, in my judgment, he ought to go away, that is all that is necessary."

"No! You must urge it yourself," Dr. Lavendar said eagerly. "Put it on the ground of calf-love, if you want to. I'll tell Samuel you want to get Sam out of town because you're afraid he's falling in love with Mrs. Richie; and you'd like to consult him about it."

But the old man began a scrabbling retreat. "No! No!" he said, putting on his hat with shaking hands. "No; don't tell anybody anything. I'll find some other way out of it. Let it go. Seeing his—relatives is a last resource. If they are so virtuous as to object to plays, I'll try something else. *Object?*" he repeated. "Gad-a-mercy! My discipline was successful!" He grinned wickedly.

Dr. Lavendar made no reply. The interview had been a strain, and he got up a little feebly. Benjamin Wright, as he saw him to the door, swore again at some misdemeanor on the part of Simmons, but was not rebuked.

The old minister climbed into his buggy, and told Goliath to "g'long." As he passed the Stuffed Animal House, he peered through the little dusty window of the hood; but David was not in sight.

CHAPTER XII

"I THINK," said Dr. Lavendar, as he and Goliath came plodding into Old Chester in the May dusk, "I think I'll go and see Willy. He'll tell me how much Sam's love-making amounts to."

His mind was on the matter to such an extent that he hardly heard Mary's anxious scolding because he looked tired; but his preoccupation lifted at supper, in the consciousness of how lonely he was without David. He really wanted to get out of the house and leave the loneliness behind him. So after tea he put on his broad-brimmed felt hat and tied a blue muffler around his throat—Dr. Lavendar felt the cold a good deal; he said it was because the seasons were changing—and walked wearily over to Dr. King's house. That talk with Benjamin Wright had told on him.

"Well," he said, as the doctor's wife opened the door; "how are you, Martha?"

"Very tired," said Mrs. King. "And dear me, Dr. Lavendar, you look tired yourself. You're too old to do so much, sir. Come in and sit down."

"I'll sit down," said Dr. Lavendar, dropping into a chair in the parlor; "but don't flatter yourself, Martha, that you'll ever be as young as I am!" ("He *is* failing," Mrs. King told her husband afterwards. "He gets his words all mixed up. He says 'young' when he means 'old.' Isn't that a sign of something, William?" "It's a sign of grace," said the doctor, shortly.)

"I want Willy to come over and give my Mary a pill," Dr. Lavendar explained. "She is as cross as a bear, and cross people are generally sick people—although I suppose that's Mary's temperament," he added sighing.

Martha shook her head. "In my judgment *temperament* is just another word for temper! I don't believe in making excuses for it. That's a great trick of William's, I'm sorry to say."

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"I should have thought you'd have cured him of it by this time?" Dr. Lavendar murmured; and then he asked if the doctor was out.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. King, dryly; "Willy always manages to get out in the evenings on one excuse or another. You'd think he'd be glad of a restful evening at home with me, sometimes. But no; William's patients need a surprising amount of attention, though his bills don't show it. When Mrs. Richie's cook was sick—just as an instance,—he went six times to see her. I counted."

"Well; she got well?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Got well? She'd have got well if he hadn't gone near her."

Dr. Lavendar chuckled. Martha began to stroke the gathers on a bit of cambric with a precise needle that suddenly trembled.

"Of course, the woman herself was not to blame; it's only just to say that. And there's one thing about me, Dr. Lavendar; I am *always* just. No; she was not to blame; it was Mrs. Richie who sent for William. She is the most helpless woman I ever saw, for her years; —she is at least forty, though she uses sachet-powders, and wears undersleeves all trimmed with lace, as if she were sixteen! I don't want to find fault, Dr. Lavendar, but I must say, flatly and frankly, that *I* wouldn't have trusted that little boy to her."

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar, "I trusted *her* to the little boy! She'll be so busy looking after his sleeves, she'll forget her own."

Mrs. King sniffed, doubtfully. "I'm sure I hope you are right; but in my opinion, she's a very helpless and foolish woman;—if nothing worse. Though according to my ideas, the way she lets Sam Wright's Sam behave *is* worse!"

Dr. Lavendar was suddenly attentive. "How does she let him behave?"

"Well, he is so daft over her that he neglects his work at the bank to write verses. Why doesn't she stop it?"

"Because," said William King, appearing in the doorway, smelling honestly of the barn and picking off a straw here and there from his sleeve; "she knows nothing about it."

Dr. Lavendar and Martha both looked up, startled at his tone.

"Women," said the doctor, "would gossip about a—a clam!"

"I am not gossiping!" Martha defended herself; but Dr. Lavendar interrupted her, cheerfully.

"Well, *I* am. I came over to gossip with William on this very subject.—Martha, will you let him put a match to that grate? I declare, the seasons are changing. When I was your age it wasn't cold enough to have a fire in May.—Look here, Willy, what do you mean by saying Mrs. Richie doesn't know Sam's sentiments?"

"I mean that women like Mrs. Richie are so unconscious, they don't see things like that. She's as unconscious as a girl."

"*Tck!*" said Martha.

"A girl!" said Dr. Lavendar.—"Say a tree, or a boy; but don't say a girl. Why, William, everybody sees it. Even Benjamin Wright. Of course she knows it."

"She doesn't; she isn't the kind that thinks of things like that. Of course, some women would have discovered it months ago; one of your strong-minded ladies, perhaps—only Sam wouldn't have been spoony on that kind."

"Well!" said Martha, "I must say, flatly and frankly—"

But William interrupted her—"To prove what I say: she lets him come in and bore her to death, just out of kindness. Do you suppose she would do that if she knew he was such an idiot as to presume to—to—"

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "as there is so much ignorance about, perhaps Sam doesn't know he's lost his heart?"

But at that William laughed; "*He* knows! Trust a young fellow! That's just the difference between a man and a woman, sir; the man always knows; the woman, if she's the right kind, doesn't—until she's told."

"*Tck!*" said Martha.

Dr. Lavendar looked down at the bowl of his pipe; then he said meekly, "I was under the impression that Eve ate her apple before Adam had so much as a bite. Still, whether Mrs. Richie knows the state of Sam's affections or not, I do wish she would urge him to put his mind on his work. That's what I came

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in to speak to you about. His father is all on edge about it, and now his grandfather has taken it into his head to be worried over it, too. But you know her better than the rest of us do, and I thought perhaps you'd drop a hint that she would be doing missionary work if she'd influence the boy to be more industrious."

"I'll go and talk it over with her," Martha volunteered. "I am always ready to advise any one."

William King got up and kicked at a lump of coal in the grate. "I am sure you are," he said dryly; "but no talking over is necessary. I shall probably be going up the hill in a few days, and I'll say a word if Dr. Lavendar wants me to. Nothing definite; just enlist her sympathy for his father—and get her to protect herself, too. He must be an awful nuisance."

"That's it!" said Dr. Lavendar. "I'd do it myself, but you know her better than I do. I'm getting acquainted with her through David. David is really a remarkable child! I can't tell you how I miss him." And then he began to relate David's sayings, while Martha sewed fiercely, and William stared at the hearth-rug. Dr. Lavendar watched them with swift glances over his spectacles; before he finished his stories, he had wrung a reluctant laugh from the doctor, and Mrs. King did not sew so fast. Then he went home, not much rested by his call.

But the result of the call was that at the end of the week Dr. King went up to the Stuffed Animal House.

"We are shipwrecked!" cried Mrs. Richie, as she saw him coming down the garden path towards the barn. Her face was flushed and gay, and her hair, shaken from its shining wreath around her head, hung in two braids down her back. She had had a swing put up under the big buttonwood beside the stable, and David, climbing into it, had clung to the rigging to be dashed, sidewise, on to the rocks of the carriageway, where Mrs. Richie stood ready to catch him when the vessel should drive near enough to the shore. In an endeavor to save himself from some engulfing sea, which his playmate had pointed out to him, David had clutched at her, breaking the top hook of her gown and tearing her collar apart, leaving her throat, white and round, open to the hot sun. Before the doctor reached her, she caught her dress together, and twisted her hair into a knot. "You can't keep things smooth in a shipwreck," she excused herself, laughing.

David sighed, and looked into the carriage-house. In that jungle—Mrs. Richie had called it a jungle—were wild beasts; there were also crackers and apples,—or to be exact, breadfruit and citrons,—hanging from what George called "harness-racks," though of course, as thoughtful persons know, they were trees; David was to gather these tropical spoils, and then escape from the leopard, the shark, the crocodile! And now here was Dr. King, spoiling everything.

The doctor sat down on a keg and looked at the two, smiling. "Which is the younger of you?" he said. It came over him, in a gust of amusement, what Martha would say to such a scene, and he laughed aloud.

"Dr. King," said David, in a small distinct voice, "won't Jinny run away, if you leave her so long at the gate?"

"Oh, David!" cried Mrs. Richie, horrified. But the visitor threw back his head with a shout.

"That's what my wife would call speaking 'flatly and frankly'! Well, Mrs. Richie, I never wrote a better prescription in my life. You look like a different woman, already."

And, indeed, the youth in her face was as careless as David's own. But it flagged when he added that he hoped her brother would not think the care of David would be too much for her.

"Oh, no," she said, briefly.

"I feel like saying 'I told you so'! I knew you would like to have a child about."

"I do, but he is a tyrant. Aren't you, David? I have to get up for breakfast!"

"Terrible," said William delightedly.

"Why, but it *is*. I don't know when I've done such a thing! At first I thought I really couldn't. But I couldn't leave you all by yourself, down-stairs; could I, David?"

"I'd just as lieves," said David, gently.

"Oh, how like your sex!" Helena cried.

"What do you suppose I've come for?" Dr. King began in the bantering tone

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one uses to a child. "I've come to get you to exert your influence to improve business. *Business!*" he repeated, delighted at his own absurdity; "a lady who finds it hard to get up in the mornings."

She looked at him ruefully; "I'm lazy, I am afraid."

"No, you're not—it's a very sensible thing to do, if you are not very strong. Well, I must tell you what we want; Sam Wright is anxious, because young Sam neglects his work at the bank, and—"

"But he doesn't like business," she explained with a surprised look; and William laughed with pleasure.

"So that's a reason for not attending to it? Unfortunately, that's the young man's own point of view. He's a queer youngster," William added in his kind voice.

"I don't think it's queer not to like disagreeable things," Helena said.

"Well, no; but all the same, we've got to stand them. Sam has no patience with anything disagreeable. Why, when he was a little fellow—let me see, he was younger than David; about four, I think—he scratched his finger one day pretty severely; it smarted, I guess, badly. Anyway, he roared! Then he picked up a pair of scissors and ran bawling to his mother; 'Mamma, cut finger off! It hurts Sam—cut finger off!' That's been his principle ever since: 'it hurts—get rid of it.'"

"I don't blame him in the least," Helena protested gayly; "I'm sure I've wanted to 'cut finger off.' And I have done it, too!"

"Well," said the doctor with great pretence of gravity, "I suppose, then, we'll have to tell old Mr. Wright that nobody must ever do anything he doesn't want to do? It appears that he's worried, too, because the young gentleman isn't industrious. The fact is, he thinks Sam would rather come up here than work over his ledgers," he teased.

At which she jumped to her feet with a nervous gesture of her hands. "But I wish he wouldn't come. I don't want him to come. I can't help it; indeed I—I can't help it!" She spoke with a sort of gasp. Instantly David, who had been lounging in the swing, slipped down and planted himself directly in front of her, his arms stretched out at each side. "I'll take care of you," he said protectingly.

William caught his breath. No one could have heard the frightened note in her voice without understanding David's impulse. The doctor shared it. Evidently Sam had been making love to her, and her very innocence made her quick to feel herself rebuked! William felt an ardent desire to kick Sam Wright's Sam.

But Mrs. Richie was herself again; she laughed, tho' not quite naturally, and sat down in the swing, swaying slightly back and forth with an indolent push of her pretty foot. David lounged against her knee, eying the doctor with frank displeasure. "I am sure," Mrs. Richie said, "I wish Sam would attend to his ledgers; it would be much better than making visits."

"Dr. King," David inquired, gently, "are you going pretty soon?"

The laugh that followed changed the subject, although warm in William's consciousness was the thought that she had let him know what the subject meant to her, and that he shared a secret with her. She had told him, indirectly perhaps, but still told him of her troubles with young Sam. It was as if she had put out her hand and said, "Help me!" Inarticulately, he felt what David had said, "I'll take care of you!" And his first care must be to make her forget what had distressed her. He said with the air of one imparting interesting information, that sometime in the next fortnight he would probably go to Philadelphia on business. "Can I do any errands for you? Don't you ladies always want ribbons, or something?"

"Does Mrs. King let you buy ribbons for her?" Helena asked indolently.

"Ribbons! I am to buy yarn, and some particular brand of lye for soap."

"Lye! How do you make soap out of lye?"

"You save all the"—William hesitated for a sufficiently delicate word—"the—fat, you know, in the kitchen, and then you make soft soap."

"Why! I didn't know that was how soap was made."

"I'm glad you didn't," said William King. "I mean—it's disagreeable," he ended weakly. And then, to David's

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open joy, he said good-by and jogged off down the hill, leaving Mrs. Richie to her new responsibilities of discipline.

"Now, David, come here. I've got to scold you."

David promptly climbed up into the swing and settled himself in her lap. Then he snuggled his little nose down into her neck. "I'm a bear," he announced. "I'm eating you. Now, you scream and I'll roar."

"Oh, David, you little monkey! Listen to me; you weren't very polite to Dr. King."

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" roared the bear.

"You should make him feel you were glad to see him."

"I wasn't," mumbled David.

"But you must have manners, dear little boy."

"I have," David defended himself, sitting up straight. "I have them in my head; but I only use them sometimes."

Upon which the disciplinarian collapsed; "You rogue!" she said; "come here, and I'll give you 'forty kisses'!"

David was instantly silent; he shrank away, lifting his shoulder against his cheek and looking at her shyly. The childish loyalty made her eyes sting; "I won't!" she reassured him, tenderly.

But she said to herself she must remember to repeat the speech about manners to the doctor; it would make him laugh.

William laughed easily when he came to the Stuffed Animal House. Indeed, he had laughed when he went away from it, and stopped for a minute at Dr. Lavendar's to tell him that Mrs. Richie was just as anxious as anybody that Sam Wright should attend to his business. "*Business!*" said the doctor, "much she knows about it!" And then he added that he was sure she would do her part to influence the boy to be more industrious. "And you may depend upon it, she won't allow any love-making," said William.

He laughed again suddenly, aloud, as he ate his supper that night, because some memory of the afternoon came into his head. When Martha, starting at the unusual sound, asked what he was laughing at, he told her he had found Mrs. Richie playing with David Allison. "They were like two children; I said I didn't know which was the younger. They were pretending they were shipwrecked; the swing was the vessel, if you please!"

"I suppose she was trying to amuse him," Mrs. King said. "That's a great mistake with children. Give a child a book, or put him down to some useful task; that's my idea."

"Oh, she was amusing herself," William explained.

Mrs. King was silent.

"She gets up for breakfast now, on account of David; it's evidently a great undertaking!" the doctor said humorously.

Martha held her lips hard together.

"You ought to hear her housekeeping ideas," William rambled on. "I happened to say you wanted some lye for soap. She didn't know soap was made with lye! You would have laughed to hear her—"

But at that the leash broke. "*Laughed?* I hope not! I hope I wouldn't laugh because a woman of her age has no more sense than a child. And she gets up for breakfast, does she? Well, why shouldn't she get up for breakfast? I am very tired, but I get up for breakfast. I don't mean to be severe, William, and I never am; I'm only just. But I must say, flatly and frankly, that ignorance and laziness do not seem *funny* to me. Laugh? Would you laugh if I stayed in bed in the mornings, and didn't know how to make soap, and save your money for you? I guess not!"

The doctor's face reddened and he closed his lips with a snap. But Martha found no more fault with Mrs. Richie. After a while she said in that virtuous voice familiar to husbands, "William, I know you don't like to do it, so I cleaned all the medicine-shelves in your office this morning."

"Thank you," William said, curtly; and finished his supper in absolute silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The University of Geneva

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

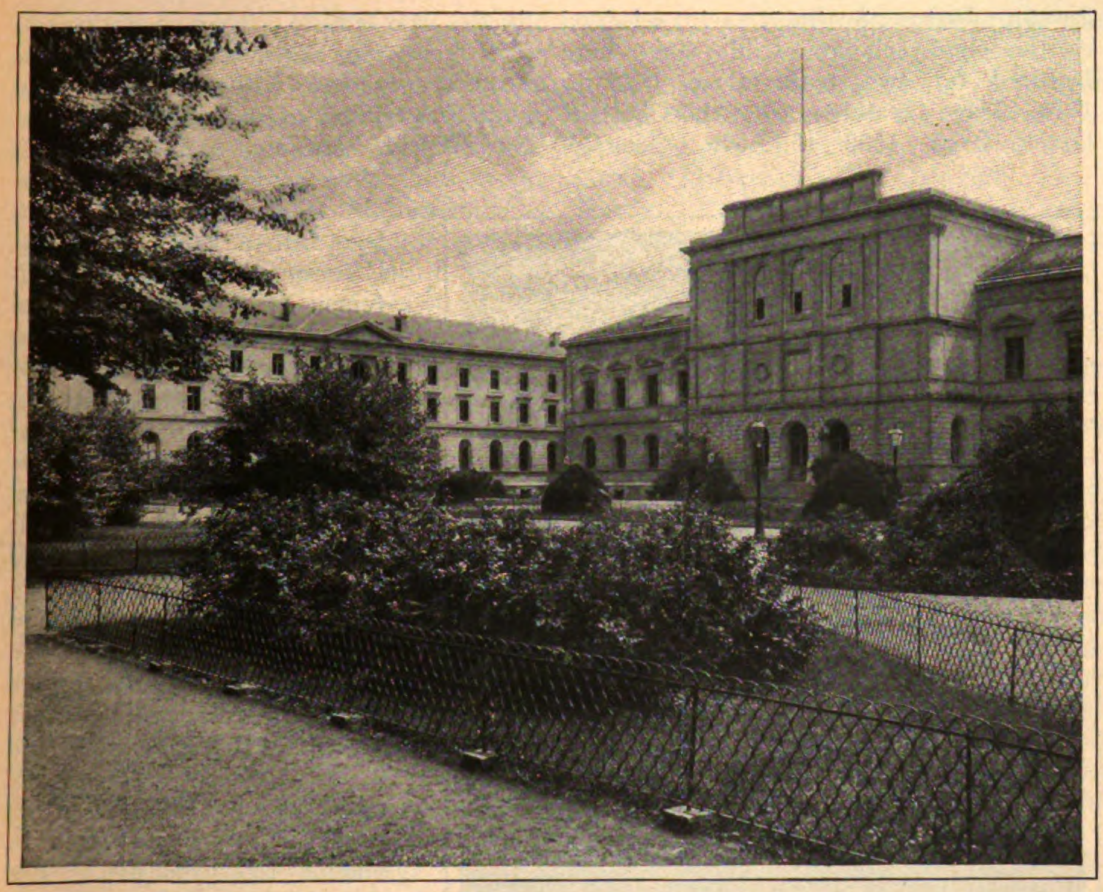
President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College

UNIVERSITIES, like poems and pictures, are largely determined in their character by their environment. Given a location wherein great history has been making for two thousand years; where Germany, France, and Italy unite as on neutral territory; a spot which Ruskin calls the "most lovely and the most notable, without any possible dispute, of the European universe"; given, too, a climate in which, as say the guide-books, "the heat is always bearable and the cold is never excessive"; and given, also, a people whose fathers have won their political independence, and are able to maintain their political rights rather by the sufferance of the European concert than by the force of their own arms; a city which M. Guizot used to say represented one of the two ecclesiastical centres of Europe; a city, moreover, whose people have been called the most cultivated of the world, whose social relations are simple, free at once from the extremes of both luxury and poverty; a people, furthermore, small in numbers, as compared with the population of metropolitan cities; a community, also, progressive without radicalism, one whose religion is both Protestant and Catholic, in whom also is found the heritage of great respect for education,—given all of these conditions:—what shall be the type of the university that shall emerge? How far forth shall early conditions determine future and ultimate development? The early people of Geneva, says John Morley, "had a zeal for religion, a vigorous energy in government, a passion for freedom, a devotion to ingenious industries, which marked them with a stamp unlike that of any other community." The type, indeed, shall not be an Oxford, for Oxford is the home of the Middle Ages and the nurse of high and narrow traditionalism. Neither shall it be a Leipsic or a Berlin, for the university on the Spree represents imperialism in scholarship. Nor shall it be a St. Petersburg, for the university on the Neva stands for limitations in undergraduate movement and student life. Rather the result shall be an illustration of the Aristotelian doctrine of the golden mean—a university in which students shall neither be so numerous as they are in Berlin nor so few as they are in Rostock; in which professors shall belong to the great third estate of scholarship and teaching; in which the courses of instruction shall embody the large historic movements of learning and of tuition; and in which student life shall be simple without plainness, and dignified without luxuriousness. Such, indeed, is the result as embodied in the University of Geneva.

Behind this result, at present obtaining, lies a prolonged and pregnant history. This history begins, for our present purpose, with John Calvin, under whose guidance and inspiration Geneva founded, in 1559, an academy having the four faculties of Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Theology, and the Natural Sciences. It is to the disadvantage of Calvin that the greatness of his fame as a theologian has obscured his merits as an educator and administrator. Of him a writer of the traditions and beliefs of George Bancroft could say:

"Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools. . . . The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots; the ships from Holland that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists. He that will not honor the memory and respect the influence of Calvin, knows but little of the origin of

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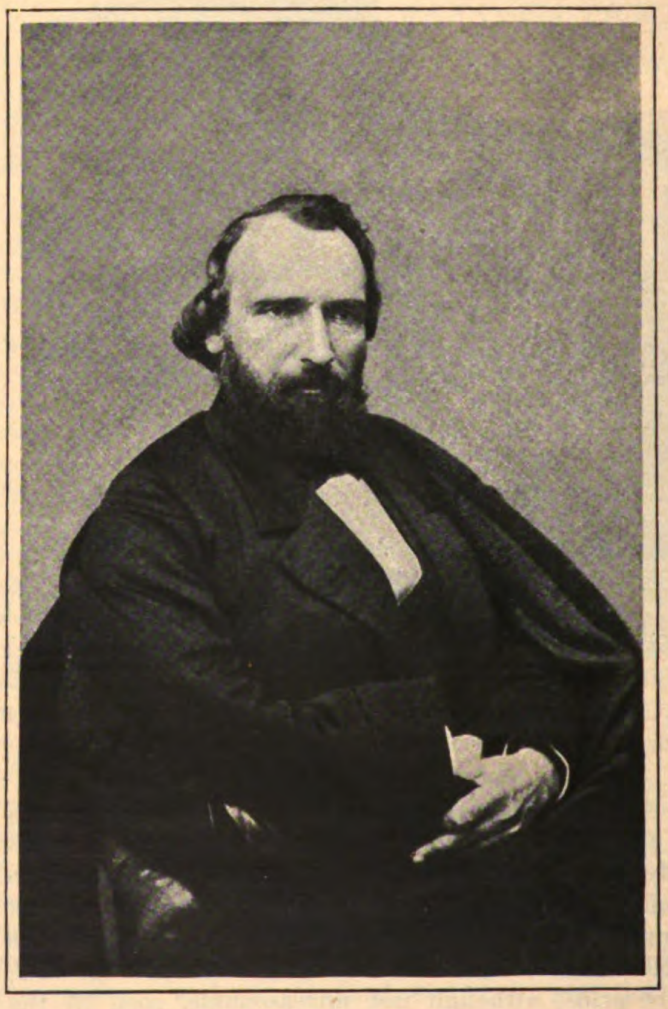


THE UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA

American liberty." In the regard which Calvin paid to education, elementary and advanced, he was simply illustrating and promoting the intellectual movement which preceded, accompanied, and followed the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. The principles upon which the academy of Calvin at Geneva was founded were logically and pedagogically sound, and its methods of administration efficient. The general course of study was not unlike that prevailing to-day in the best fitting schools, omitting the sciences and the modern languages. The Greek and Latin authors read then are the ones which are still read, and the order of reading was that which yet obtains. The students in Calvin's institution were obliged to follow a strict regimen. The rules governing their behavior were more personal than emerged in the history of Harvard College, almost one hundred years after. Cards, dancing, banquets, "les réunions joyeuses *inter pocula*" were prohibited. Even the freedom of "drinking punch in a sober manner," which was later allowed to Harvard men, was denied to the Genevese student. The moral and ecclesiastical beliefs, too, to which the teachers were obliged to assent were stiff, although not unreasonable, seen in the light of the religious methods of the second half of the sixteenth century. Anabaptists, as well as Romanists, were not to be suffered to ravage the sheepfold of the true faith. Great names adorned the history of the institution at the beginning and for more than a century and a half. The greatest of these names, after that of Calvin, was Besa, who was his successor in the Chair of Theology, in whose arms he died and who for forty-one years was a teacher. From many parts and for diverse purposes, came those who were enrolled upon the teaching staff. Thomas Cartwright and Andrew Melville came from England as lecturers. From Germany, as well as from France, also were called professors.

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Joseph Justus Scaliger, acknowledged as the chief scholar of his time, here lectured for two years, from 1572 to 1574. Isaac Casaubon filled the Chair of Greek from 1582 to 1596. Charles



HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

Frederick Necker was a Professor of Law from 1725 to 1762. Jacob Vernet served in the Chair of Literature from 1739 to 1756, and in that of Hebrew from 1756 to 1786. Horace Benedict de Saussure was Professor of Philosophy for almost a quarter of a century, beginning his term in 1762.

In the last years of the eighteenth century occurred a singular episode in the history of the university. Political disturbances were ravaging the academic establishment. The professors were dissatisfied with their environment. It was a time in America when the French influence was strong. From both Geneva and from the State of Virginia came intimations of a willingness to transplant the faculty of the university to the New World. Jefferson had given up his idea of trying to develop the old William and Mary College into a State university. Correspondence between Jefferson, Washington, and representatives of the university at Geneva shows that had the people of Virginia favored the scheme, the Academy of Calvin might have become the University of Jefferson. Among the teachers whom it was proposed should come to America were Mouchon, Pictet, Senebier, Bertrand and L'Huillier, Prévost and De Saussure. These men were distinguished largely for their researches in mathematics and in the physical and natural sciences. But the conservative Virginians thought the scheme too expensive. The appeal which Jefferson made to Washington for support did not receive encouragement. The sober-minded Washington doubted the wisdom of bringing a body of foreigners into America who might not be familiar with the language and whose political environment was unlike our own. He also believed that if foreigners were to be elected as professors they should not all hail from a single nation. The verdict of Washington restrained the enthusiasm of Jefferson. Presently the project came to an end. Jefferson had to wait more than a quarter of a century before founding a university, one into which he did finally bring several great men and foreigners. The Academy at Geneva was thus privileged to pursue its normal and historic development. In the year 1873, more than three centuries after the foundation of the Academy, the university was finally and formally established.

The physical conditions were and are not without a certain general relation to

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the great principle of Aristotle of the golden mean. On one side of a noble park stand the buildings erected thirty years ago. The main entrance is made through the Bastions, symbol of rest and of pleasure. The rear walls abut on the public street, significant of human relationships. Near by is the noble theatre. The buildings are three, built on as many sides of the square, yet so united as to appear as one. The architecture is of the German type, of strength and of plainness. In the central hallways reminders of the University of Berlin emerge. The lecture and other rooms, too, represent the German type. Much, also, of the physical apparatus seems to have a certain heaviness indicative of Teutonic origin. If the Germans, by the way, are greater than the Americans in forming theories of the great laws of nature, in making instruments to present these theories and to illustrate these laws the new people over the seas are far more apt.

A similar large and common character is manifest in the courses of instruction which are offered the students. Unique courses are seldom proposed. I find, for instance, no such affluence of offerings of courses in the mathematical and physical sciences as Harvard University sets forth in these departments. Leaving out certain subjects offered by the *privat docents*, the better denominational colleges of Illinois, of Minnesota, or of Iowa are giving as full instruction to their students in the great scientific subjects as the University of Geneva. The comparison to the American college cannot be so fully or advantageously extended as to cover the *sciences sociales*. The historical grammar of the Romance languages, the classification and general history of the sciences—historical and geographical—and Egyptology, represent courses, too, which are not given in the larger share of the American colleges.

Yet the place occupied by the "Seminary" in Geneva is one which represents an opportunity seldom offered to the American student. The opportunity is becoming open to him, and as he proves himself more worthy of the closer personal association which it represents, and more able to discuss the problems which it formally and informally offers, it will become his privilege more constantly and in larger relations.

The type of theology which is taught in the lecture-rooms of the university is not what would be called in New England "Calvinistic." Although Dean Montet, Professor Chantre, and other members of the faculty of theology still think of themselves as the spiritual descendants of John Calvin, yet the kinship is one rather of atmosphere than of specific beliefs. The rallying cries are "essential religion," "spiritual Christianity," "vitality and breadth," and "freedom of thought." The ideal conception, both theological and political, is found in the free church in the free state. The members of the faculty find their theological associates in such scholars and teachers as Otto Pfleiderer and Adolf Harnack of Berlin, Professor J. Eslin Carpenter of Oxford, Dean Fremantle of Ripon, Professor Oort of Leyden, and in leaders of the liberal movement in religion of the United States, such as Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard, and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot.

Forces which make a college valuable to a student are numerous and diverse in origin and application. Among such forces are the personality of the teacher, and, to a degree, his reputation, the formation of the habit of work, the enrichment of friendship, and a deepening acquaintance with humanity. The personalities who constitute the faculty of Geneva and of the other Swiss universities do not, or cannot, lay claim to such eminence as belongs to Haeckel at Jena, to Weissman at Freiburg, in Baden, or to several of the great men at Berlin. The most famous member of the staff of Geneva of recent decades was, of course, Amiel.

But the fame of Amiel is not primarily academic. He belongs to humanity and not to the plane-trees. Amiel died in 1881. One of his students said to me recently that his college lectures were comparatively without interest. The number of his students was small. Purposely, he declined to impress either his personality or his message upon his auditors. His respect for their individuality was so great that he refused to ask them to accept of his own. "He protects the intellectual freedom . . . of his students

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with the same jealousy as he protects his own. There shall be no oratorical device, no persuading, no cajoling of the mind this way or that." Mrs. Ward also says in her preface to his *Journal,* "As a professor he made no mark." She further quotes one of his students as saying: "His pupils at Geneva never learned to appreciate him at his true worth. We did justice, no doubt, to a knowledge as varied as it was wide, to his vast stores of reading, to that cosmopolitanism of the best kind which he had brought back with him from his travels; we liked him for his indulgence, his kindly wit. But I look back without any sense of pleasure to his lectures." For, in the academic lecture he was a different being from the writer of the *Journal Intime. Schematismus* took the place of interpretation, intellectual framework of speculation, and formal presentation of formal truth stood in the stead of expositions of the relation of man to the two worlds of the finite and the infinite between which he ever moves. It was not until after the publication of a few of the seventeen thousand pages of his manuscripts that his students and the Genevese realized that their city had had its Dante. In the university signs of his presence are not lacking. A noble bust stands near the entrance to the Aula—a bust which conveys an impression of spirit, vigor, and the alertness of a doer in the world's work far more impressively than any one of the several photographs which I have seen intimates.

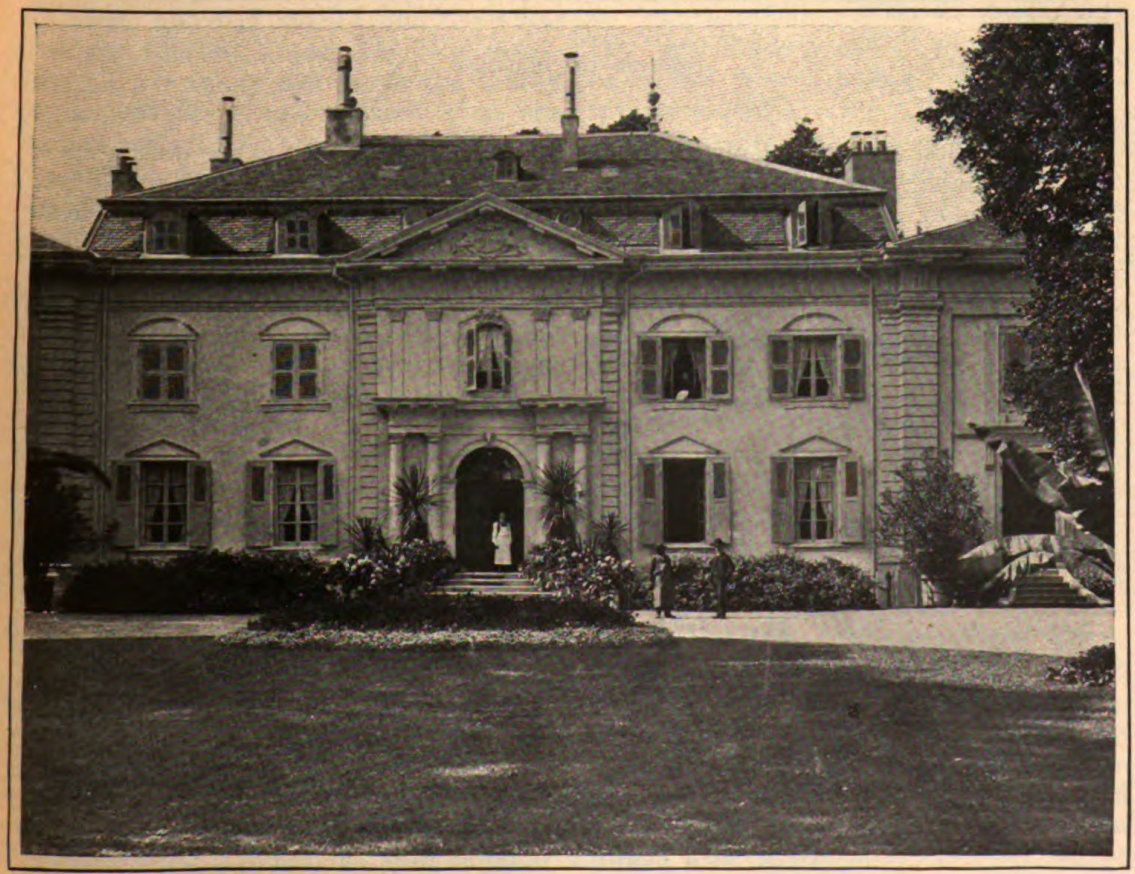
But an environment historic and vital may, in certain respects, have an influence as valuable as is the influence of personality. An environment — noble, impressive—touches the student of the University of Geneva. For here Rousseau labored to make the community, as well as Calvin the church, democratic. Here the cause of international arbitration began its great and enlarging history and achieved one of its greatest results, settling grave questions touching England, the United States, and the world, in what is known as the Geneva Award. Here the Red Cross movement had its origin, and here, too, the cause of minority representation in political bodies—a cause which is sure to have its revival—took its beginning. Amiel says, under date of the 6th of July, 1880, "Geneva is a caldron always at boiling-point, a furnace of which the fires are never extinguished. Vulcan had more than one forge, and Geneva is certainly one of those world-anvils on which the greatest number of projects have been hammered out. When one thinks that the martyrs of all causes have been at work here, the mystery is explained a little; but the truest explanation is that Geneva,—republican, protestant, democratic, learned, and enterprising Geneva —has for centuries depended on herself alone for the solution of her own difficulties. Since the Reformation she has been always on the alert, marching with a lantern in her left hand and a sword in her right."

Personalities many and great have their association for the student in this academic neighborhood. The streets are generally named after the great men of Geneva. For it is not simply the city of Calvin and of Rousseau, it is the city of Voltaire, of Madame de Staël, of Necker, and of men as diverse as Sey, the political economist, of Ampère, and of Albert Gallatin. Here Guizot spent his early life; here John Knox preached two years, and hither in 1829 came Sir Humphry Davy to die, having as his companion his "greatest discovery," Faraday. Time would fail one to tell of Victor Cherbuliez, of Wagner—who here wrote a part of his *Valkyrie,*—of musicians, of statesmen, of poets, like Byron, whose personalities or works are associated with the little city and make it of inspiring and achieving force for the student. This influence of atmosphere belongs to all the students in at least some degree. It also serves to unite the diverse conditions of men and women who hither come into the academic community. For the community is composed of both men and women, of students of the summer schools as well as of the more regular matriculants, and of hearers —a form of the university community which exists in many Continental universities in a larger degree than in the United States, and which is worthy of a more careful elaboration. The summer school in the French language and literature appears of special significance. It is designed particularly for foreign teachers

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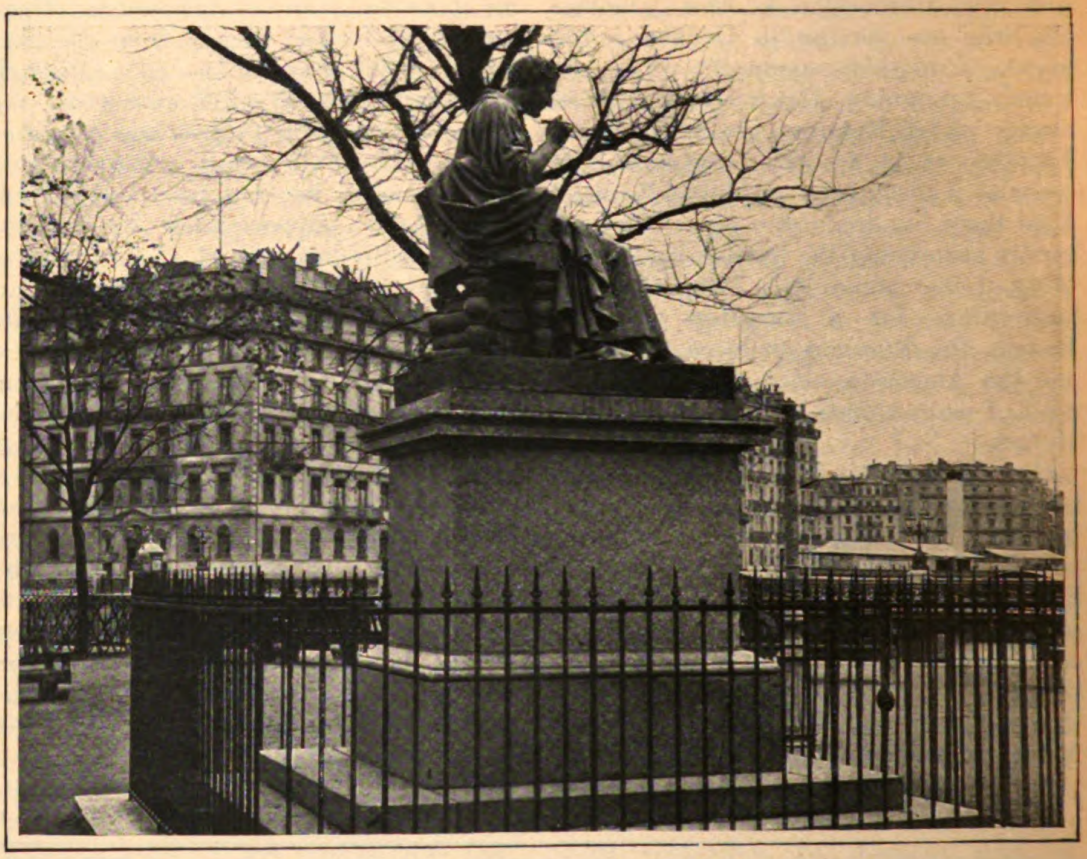
who give instruction in this language and who are staying in Geneva a few weeks. Into this community come constantly foreigners of many nationalities, among whom Russians are conspicuous. For Geneva is a city of refugees. It occupies a place such as Holland's cities filled three hundred years ago. The university partakes of the freedom and hospitality of its community. Many Germans matriculate for a semester to learn French, the Russians to learn medicine, and the Americans—not many—to learn a bit of many things, or, less often, much of one.

Geneva is only one of the universities of its little Switzerland. Basel, founded in 1460; Lausanne, founded as an academy in 1537, and as a university in 1890; Zürich, founded in 1832; Bern, founded in 1834; Freiburg, founded in 1889—have each secured a high educational place, though in its historic impressiveness Geneva is unique. But Geneva and her five companions are noble illustrations of the spirit and power of democracy. Their support is derived largely from the cantons in which they are located. Although the constitution of 1848 authorized the federal government to erect and to maintain a polytechnic school and university, the university has not been established. The cantons support their universities with a willingness which is as great as obtains in the States of the American Union touching their respective State universities. The University of Zürich is maintained by a commonwealth of but three hundred and fifty thousand people, and within an area of less than seven hundred square miles. Basel, with a population of less than one hundred thousand, supports its university. They are examples of the power of an enlightened democracy which interests itself in the highest education. This interest is not confined, either, to the cause of liberal learning. For the technical schools of Zürich are among the best of the world.



CHÂTEAU OF VOLTAIRE AT FERNEY, NEAR GENEVA

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STATUE OF ROUSSEAU

The republic of the United States and the republic of Switzerland are alike in their belief in the necessity of the highest education for the highest life of the people. The spirit of Geneva and the spirit also of every worthy university town is well indicated in an inscription which is cut in a stone tablet, placed in the centre of the outer wall of the building, to the effect that in the dedication of this building to the higher studies the people of Geneva acknowledge the benefits conferred by an institution which guarantees the fundamental principles of liberty. This sentiment, liberally translated from the French, is only a modern version of the Hebrew principle, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

At the Wind's Will

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

LIKE autumn leaves we whirl and dance,
Blown by the wayward wind of chance,
Along life's path in antics droll,
Yet dreaming we ourselves control.
Wisely we prate of mind and will.
Striving with cunning phrases still
The wind's dominion to deny;
But when it drops, how still we lie!

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The Averted Stepmother

BY MARIE MANNING

THEODORA might never have realized that she was "The Lady of the House" had she not read this comprehensive distinction on the cover of a circular on the hall table. A letter had always seemed to her the most mysterious and desirable thing in the world. Day after day, as far back as she could remember, she had examined the mail on the hall table in the hope of finding one for Miss Theodora Tryon, but no one seemed to have anything to communicate to her, either of a business or social nature, and she had reached the age of "seven, goin' on eight," without ever having had a letter. To-day, however, marked an epoch in her life. She had gone to the hall table, merely as a matter of form, and had spelled out three letters for Charles Tryon, Esq.;—a magazine in a wrapper had borne the family name and the house address; then she had turned to the strange envelope and read, "To the Lady of the House," and in a flash of delightful surprise realized that it was intended for herself. In thinking it over it pleased her better that the unsealed envelope should designate her by her title rather than her name; it seemed more of an honor to be "The Lady of the House" than to be Mr. Tryon's little girl.

Theodora took her mail and went on the back porch to read it. Picky, who was waiting for his customary after-breakfast frolic, looked jealously at the scrap of paper that was absorbing his little mistress to the exclusion of those attentions that he had grown to regard as his due. He waited his opportunity, crept into her lap, and shivered sympathetically,—Picky could shiver sympathetically whenever he elected, even as certain ladies of the stage may weep at will, for Picky was black-and-tan. Furthermore, it might as well be stated first as last, Picky's life was one of falsehood and deceit. For while he answered to the masculine pronoun, dropped a nose on his paws at "Down, sir," rushed from the most engaging of bones at Theodora's "Here, sir," Picky was as true a lady as ever dreamed of romance and said no when she meant yes.

Primarily Theodora had had nothing to do with this deception as perpetrated upon an unsuspecting world; her grandmother had begun it during those anxious days when Picky's hopes of joining the family circle hung in the balance. Grandmother Tryon was against it from the beginning. Picky had no ancestry, was a foundling, in fact, but Theodora had coaxed her father into saying yes, and grandmamma had finally come to change the pronoun that she employed to designate Picky from "it" to "he." Old Mrs. Tryon's philosophy was bounded on the four corners by elegance, dignity, complacency, and a profound disbelief in everything north of the Mason and Dixon line. In accordance with Grandmamma Tryon's code of manners all dogs were "he," while all cats, both stern and gentle, were designated by the feminine gender, for some oblique reason of decorum known only to herself,—which in the case of Alcibiades, her own individual cat, constituted no inconsiderable slur on the sacred pronoun. Picky had served the days of his probation with so much tact as to attain to a family membership in good and regular standing. He had witnessed great changes during his three years' residence, and was already giving himself the airs of an old retainer. Grandmamma Tryon no longer went about jingling her keys and lowering a voice to a terrifying whisper when things did not suit her. Theodora had cried a great deal when grandmamma had first gone away—she had tied a black bow about Picky's neck, and then locked him in the garret lest her father should notice it and rob him of his trapping of woe as one unworthy to mourn.

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Then Theodora became "The Lady of the House," albeit she was unaware of the dignity until that very morning.

She spelled through her circular—it was a cordial invitation to buy a sewing-machine on the instalment plan. She thought it very civil of them to be so concerned with her predicaments about sewing. It was strange, too, that they should have known what a state her clothes were in since Grandmamma Tryon had gone. Could Aunt Winship have spoken of it to strangers? Aunt Winship was her father's sister, and she was always driving over from Greenville to urge that Theodora be sent to boarding-school. Theodora's father then promised to see about it immediately, and thought of it no more when Aunt Winship's back was turned. Hideous as the thought of boarding-school was, there was one more dreadful still, and that was the fear of a stepmother. She had never heard of such a thing in Grandmamma Tryon's time, but shortly after she became "The Lady of the House" and seemed disposed to defer to her own inclinations in such matters as going to bed and the amount of face-washing to be endured, Lucinda, the colored housemaid, who also performed such casual valeting for Theodora as the fastening of back buttons and the braiding of pigtails, had taken it upon herself to insert a few burs in the complacently worn mantle of authority.

"You-all sutney do need a stepmother, de way you-all ack, hollerin' fit to kill w'en I combes de tangles out'n yo' har an' not lettin' me wash yo' face in de cornders."

To which Theodora inquired, with a conspicuous lack of interest, "What is a stepmother?"

"Lordee! doan' you-all know what a stepmother is?—no wonder you ack so ornary. A stepmother—a stepmother—" Cindy rolled her eyes; her powers of speech seemed to stop short of describing anything so dreadful. "A stepmother," she repeated, "hit's de lady er gemman marries to beat de fust wife's childun."

Theodora would have explained it herself on the ground that she was "a nervous child," but after Lucinda's definition of a stepmother she felt suddenly frightened and ill.

"What mek you tak' s'long to git yo' shoes off? Dem laces tied into knots agin?" Cindy inquired, when the quiet from the foot of the bed had been prolonged to a suspicious length.

"I'm not feeling overwell, thank you, Cindy." And Theodora presented a straight little back for the last of the unbuttoning.

"I knows w'at's de matter wif you-all; you's a chicken-hearted, da's w'at's de matter; w'at I done tole you 'bout'n a stepmother made you 'fraid."

"It never. And I ain't going to say my prayers out loud to you to-night; I'm going to say 'em to God." She put her head in the bedclothes and was quiet a long time. This was no time for baby prayers like "Now I lay me," with a calamity like a stepmother at hand. Scraps of Bible readings and sermons that she had heard came floating to her mind, and from them she finally constructed the following prayer: "God of wrath, let a wind come upon this house and blow it down, or let Picky and me be slain for a sacrifice, but never let me have a stepmother. Amen." She waited till Cindy's footsteps died away, then crept to the back stairs and whistled softly for Picky, who, knowing full well that he was a contraband, was in hiding. Theodora clasped the possible sacrifice to the divine wrath in her arms and cried over him. But Picky, knowing nothing of these things, merely shivered ecstatically at having eluded Cindy.

Theodora could not remember having heard of this terrifying creature that was likely to invade their home at any moment until Cindy had spoken of her; after which dread awakening there were reminders of the menace on every side. The fairy-book that had been sent by the aunt in New York abounded in stories of stepmotherly torture. At least half the tales seemed to begin, "Once on a time there lived a beautiful princess who had a cruel stepmother," and the development of the tale more than justified the second wife's qualifying epithet. All Cinderella's troubles rose through a stepmother, as did those of the little princess in "The Seven Brothers." And these victims, reasoned Theodora, usually had some kindly disposed fairy godmother who intervened when matters really be-

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came too bad, and bore off the long-suffering one with all the paraphernalia of splendid climax. Theodora's godmother had been the aunt in New York that sent the fairy-book; was she, then, herself a fairy? The question grew too importunate to be trifled with longer, and one day Theodora asked her father, "Is Aunt Eliza a fairy?"

"No, my dear," he had answered, looking up from the newspaper; "your aunt Eliza is a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Now, father, if anything dreadful was to happen to me, could Aunt Eliza come here an' turn a punkin into a carriage 'n' bear me away?"

And her father, his mind still intent on the newspaper, had answered vaguely, "No; even Eliza's talent for organization stops short of the pumpkin."

So Aunt Eliza was no fairy; Theodora might expect the worst! The world seemed a different sort of place after this. Sometimes, even in sunny daylight, it had the creepy feeling of the long passage under the back stairs at twilight, when a lurking spectral hand seemed to lie in wait for an unwary ankle. Then the stepmother feeling would grip her with a hideous goblinry, and she would spend whole days in a sort of numb panic, which Cindy called "bein' good,"—as a result of which there was no diminution of the housemaid's stepmotherly chronicles, that the work of chastening might go on. Sometimes the little girl wondered if Cindy could be telling her the truth. Aunt Sally, the cook, had more than once said in Theodora's presence that Cindy "war natchral bohn triflin'," and this had not been without its undermining effect. Aunt Sally's words carried weight; she was a member of the church, "a daughter of Zion," and furthermore she enjoyed so lively a fear of hell that when she got angry she did not flounce like Cindy, but only complained of a "mizry" in her head, and wrapping a towel round it, sang sad hymns. These sterling qualities made the cook a person of consequence in Theodora's eyes, and she determined to consult her in regard to the pending plague.

"Mawnin', little mistis. You-all find yo'se'f well dis mawnin'?" Aunt Sally had inquired, as Theodora came into the kitchen after breakfast. "You-all 'members dis yere is bakin'-day and wants er piece er dough, I raiken?"

"No, Aunt Sally, I don't want any dough," she said, with the conscientious abstraction of one whose thoughts were on weightier themes; "I just wanted to ask you who made stepmothers?"

"Gawd, He done mek 'em, chile, but sometimes hit look lak He kinder slack wif His jawb."

The Lady of the House left untouched the scrap of dough that Aunt Sally had thrust toward her as a propitiatory offering suggested by impending tribulations, and put the question,

"Does every one who is like me have to have a stepmother, Aunt Sally?"

"Dey ain't 'bleeged ter, but most in gininally dey does. You see, widdermen is powerful he'pless; or dat's de 'scuse dey meks fo' takin' wives secondly and sometimes thudley—"

"But, Aunt Sally, I am the 'Lady of the House'; I am really and truly; it said so on a letter that came to me to-day, asking me to buy a machine."

"Umph—um!" Aunt Sally made the absolutely untranslatable sound in her throat that only a negro can make, expressive of an amused incredulity. "Hit sholy am agreeable to me if yo' pa am done satisfied."

Theodora cast aside the bit of dough that she had been modelling into a little man, with more or less streaked results, and stood up as straight and tall as her limited stature would permit,—somewhat straighter and taller, in fact, than she really was, for with her dignity at the bar Theodora did not hesitate to employ the aid of tiptoes.

"You sholy am growin'; but de question am, is a growin' chile everyt'ing?" inquired Aunt Sally, with the disquieting interrogation of age. The Lady of the House left her little dough man on the kitchen table, though she had pinched a set of buttons down his corpulent body during the anxieties of the discussion. Picky was on the step waiting to contribute any shiver in the emotional gamut that the situation might call for. Theodora had barely spoken to him when he shivered sympathetically.

"Now you come with me," she admonished him, with the maternal brevity of one who expects instantaneous obedience

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and no questions asked. They walked down the road, a sedate little girl and a sedate little black-and-tan. Picky would have loved to show off and pretend that there were wild beasts in the hedge and that he had run them to cover and merely waited the word from his little mistress to shake them to death, but there was about Theodora a something on this occasion that made him hesitate,—and Picky was nothing if not sympathetic. Theodora, after her talk with Aunt Sally, felt cruelly the need of the friendly word that only Jennie McGuffey could supply.

Theodora and Jennie were "bosom friends," but not always had the course of true love run even as smoothly as at the present time. In Grandmamma Tryon's day the friendship had presented, outwardly, the reserved amenities of alien social classes. Theodora, driving beside her grandmother in the old-fashioned chariotee, would bow primly to Jennie swinging on the front gate. The stolen confidences of the wood-pile, in which everything from fairies, grown-ups, dolls, Picky, the younger McGuffeys, and the reality of Santa Claus was discussed, never for a moment troubled Grandmamma Tryon, for the significant reason that she never dreamed of such a thing as an intimacy between her granddaughter and one of the McGuffeys. Even now that The Lady of the House was practically her own mistress, the McGuffey friendship was not a wholly approved estate, and few things were harder for her than Cindy's supercilious, "Whut mek you-all play wif dat low-down w'ite trash fo'? Dey is po' w'ite, dem Guffeys, da's whut dey is—po' w'ite, an' I'm gwinter tell yo' pa."

"Now, Cindy, Jennie is one of nature's aristocrats," Theodora would loyally insist; she had heard her father employ the term, and forthwith demanding an explanation, had subsequently adopted the phrase as a really handsome ornament to her vocabulary.

Nature's aristocrat lived in a frowsy shingled house at the turn of the road, that swarmed with children who looked as if they had swapped clothes entirely in the interests of the comic element. On seeing the McGuffeys, who numbered nine strong, one was conscious of an irresistible impulse to undress them and redistribute the garments with some scheme of proportion relative to the container and the thing contained. Jennie was chief of the McGuffeys. She was conjointly the mainstay of the family and the menace of the neighborhood. No one dared resent any act of vandalism on the part of the eight remaining McGuffeys if Jennie, the ninth and greatest of these, was there to resent it. The rest of the family had no apparent interest in household concerns. Their relationship to the frowzy house was analogous to that of boarders—dissatisfied boarders who intended to make a change as soon as they could escape with their trunks. They slept in the beds made by Jennie's busy if not wholly capable hands, they ate the meals that her vagrant fancy prompted, they wore the clothes that she patched with the bravado of a crazy-quilt, but they accepted it all in the protesting spirit of those whose domesticity is ladled out at so much a week.

In the mean time, Jennie's household cares did not hamper to any extent her fine untrammelled vocation for mischief. Between the hectic intervals of cooking and bed-making she found ample opportunity to pour a can of kerosene into the cistern of some neighbors of whom she disapproved, and gave other evidences of a gift too harrowing to chronicle in detail. Mrs. McGuffey referred to Jennie's dual personality as "bright-minded." She diagnosed it thus, and stopped at the diagnosis, as conservative physicians deal with diseases on which there are few scientific data. She heaped domestic tasks on Jennie, that the scantier leisure might present fewer opportunities for the pursuit of mischief. For this reason it was more difficult to obtain an interview with the "bright-minded" daughter of the house than with a member of the family belonging frankly to the leisure class. Mrs. McGuffey had a way of standing between Jennie and the outer world, in the interests of neighborly peace. The proper mode of procedure therefore in this delicately diplomatic business of interrogating Jennie was for Theodora and Picky to hang about in the offing until noticed by one of the leisure-class McGuffeys who did not hesitate to make terms with his sister's confederates for the delivery of messages.

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Jennie came from the back of the house furtively. Picky wagged his tail with a frankly restrained heartiness; it was no time for foolish enthusiasms.

"What d'you know?" demanded Jennie, who had no appetite for acquired facts at large, as an outsider might have gathered from the query, but who wanted without circumlocution the latest information on the subject then absorbing them—namely, stepmothers.

"I think I'm going to get one," and Theodora's eyes began to fill.

"Baby! Baby! Cry-baby!" Jennie flung at her, not with the intention of adding insult to injury, but that the scornful epithets might prove a counter-irritant to the tears. "Course you'll get one 'f you begin to cry. It's like bein' afraid of gettin' a whippin'; *then* you get it every time." Jennie seemed to speak from a ripe human experience, which undeniably carried weight.

"What would you do, then, if you stopped now and never cried the least little teeny mite?" meekly demanded the disciple.

"I'd never let her ketch me,—never be took alive!" dramatically announced Jennie, who, despite her multifarious duties, sometimes found time to read her brothers' *Dandy Dick Detective* stories.

"But I don't see how I can help it if she just comes."

"Well, you are a silly!" and Jennie sniffed contemptuously. "Act so mean that she'll be scairt to come; a lot of grown people are 'fraid of children when they're plum wicked. D'you think if mommer died-an'-went-to-heaven that we'd have a stepmother?"

"No, indeedy," said Theodora, with deep conviction. "But, oh, Jennie, you don't have to act as wicked as you do sometimes, 'cause your mamma is alive."

"I could be a heap wickeder 'n I am if I tried. Pshaw! I'm not really wicked; I'm only mischeeveyus," Jennie announced, not without pride.

"I'll try just as hard as ever I can to be bad,—real, sure-enough bad."

"No one can do more'n that," commended Jennie, who was not without a sincere affection for platitude.

"Jennie! You Jennie!" came in accusing accents from the house. "What are you doin'?"

"Pickin' up chips to light the fire," the daughter of the house called, suiting the action to the word, and at the same time admonishing Theodora: "You get over the fence, right quick now, and I'll hand you Picky; our cat's humpin' her back at him, an' the first thing you know there'll be trouble."

Besides the trusty daughter of the house of McGuffey and the equally trusty black-and-tan, Theodora had another friend, who perhaps in a way was more to her than either of these. There was in this third friendship an essence more subtly penetrant than the ruggeder attributes furnished by "nature's aristocrat" and the faithful Picky. This third friend was qualified not only by traits of character, but by a cruel similarity of their sorrows, to sympathize with Theodora in the impending crisis,—he knew all about step-troubles, this little boy who lived in a book in Uncle Bushrod's room. Theodora, in her capacity of Lady of the House, was fond of prowling about this unused room that had always exercised a peculiar fascination for her. She had been favorably impressed with the appearance of the book from the beginning,—its mottled russet back had a certain tempting quality, like a pear flaunting its charms from a low-hanging bough. "You'd better bite and see how good I am" was written all over it—and Theodora had bitten. The pictures lured her on,—the very first one, of the old lady in the coal-scuttle bonnet peering through the latticed window of the little cottage snuggled in vines, made her feel that she wanted to know the people that lived there. And that other enchanting one of the little boy visiting in the boat-house, occupying a chair of honor while his nurse's relations looked at him admiringly—for the little boy who lived in the brown book was none other than David Copperfield, and Theodora was discovering him entirely alone.

She had spelled her way into a very considerable share of David's fortunes before she realized the bond between them. And then it was that she began to taste for the first time the sweets of real companionship. Jennie might call her "baby" and even worse, for crying, but what did Jennie really know about this

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menace that hung about her from morning till night? And Picky, what could he know about this frightful creature that might give him away without a word? Dogs didn't have stepmothers; what could they know? But David, who had had Mr. Murdstone, knew, and Theodora would spell and spell, while the letters danced through the quivering rainbow of tears. And when the dusk crept in at the windows and she could see to spell no more, Theodora would put her wet cheek against the brown cover of the book and whisper into the pages, "Poor David; poor little David."

There was an indefinable charm about these visits to David in Uncle Bushrod's room. The place had a quality, too subtle for definition perhaps, that the rest of the house lacked—a feeling of pleasant surprise. Something like waking up in a strange delightful place was part of it; a sense of freedom from intrusion was another ingredient; and there were many more that were perhaps all the better for the reason that Theodora did not quite understand their witchery. The room was still arranged as the young soldier had left it when he went to give his life for the lost cause. Grandmamma Tryon in her day would never let it be disturbed but for the weekly sweeping and cleaning, and Cindy, the superstitious, would not have dared to arrange a piece of furniture differently from the way it had been placed in "ole mis's time fo' fear dat she come back an' ha'nt." There was a faded green carpet on the floor that looked like moss when the sunlight showed every tiny twig in the fairy forest. The furniture was stiff and plain, and there was nothing else but the shelves of books and the daguerreotype on the mantel that Theodora would look in at one angle and see nothing, but at another showed a pretty lady with curls. It was significant of Theodora's sensibility that she never let Picky come into Uncle Bushrod's room and that she had never mentioned this retreat to Jennie.

These were some of the diametric influences at work in the life of Theodora when Aunt Winship drove over from Greenville with thrilling news not only for the Lady of the House, but also for the retainers below-stairs. Theodora's father, who had been away from home for quite a while, was to return with some guests; among them, Miss Virginia Foster, who was going to be Theodora's new mamma.

"My stepmother, you mean, don't you?"

"It's quite the same thing," Aunt Winship announced, with some degree of asperity. But there was no time for hair-splitting distinctions in regard to titles; the entire house had to be overhauled according to Aunt Winship's ideas, and Theodora had to be fitted to innumerable pretty dresses and frilly aprons, which would have been a joy, indeed, had they not been mingled with that draught of universal bitterness, the stepmother. At night, with her head buried in the pillows, she prayed wicked secret prayers: "Dear Lord, help me to be bad—so awful bad that no one will be my stepmother, for Christ's sake. Amen." Besides the appeals for divine aid in the paths of evil, Theodora found herself greatly sustained by Jennie, who proved to be not only a tower of strength, but also a storehouse of resource. Jennie plumbed the depths of wickedness into abysses compared to which the episode of the kerosene and the neighbor's cistern was but a merry prank. Theodora listened to these proposed rites that were to avert the source of all evil with the reverence of a young devotee serving the first weeks of her novitiate. And going home, she prayed nightly for strength to be the handmaiden of the "bright-minded" McGuffey, her works and inspirations. Not that the devilment proposed by Jennie appealed to her in the least; she regarded the various recipes for grown-up torture that she was to practise as soon as the enemy arrived with positive aversion, but if a stepmother was to be forestalled by these means, she must be the last to show the white feather.

She used to take her difficulties to David in the faded green room, and when it grew too dark to spell his story she would talk to him about her predicaments. It was very wicked to do all the mischievous things that she was rehearsing under the management of Jennie, but wouldn't he have done them too if they could have kept away Mr. and

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Miss Murdstone? and David, in some wholly delightful make-believe way, always assured her that his conduct would have been precisely the same under the circumstances, had the inspiration only occurred to him. The little boy in the book was a great comfort to The Lady of the House in this stormy season; and when Cindy called her down-stairs to supper, she never failed to kiss her favorite picture of him—the one where he dines alone, at the inn, on his way to school and the obliging waiter eats his dinner—a tender "good night."

Theodora hardly knew herself after Aunt Winship had dismissed her as "finished," and told her to go into the drawing-room and wait for the guests. Such a frilly and beribboned Theodora as she saw in the looking-glass—a Theodora with curls and the shiniest of little black slippers. You would never have believed her capable of all the naughtiness that lay in wait for the unsuspecting company. And Picky, too, had a vague baffled feeling, with a pink ribbon bow knotted under his left ear. He did not know just what sort of a shiver a pink bow demanded. They settled themselves at the front drawing-room window, primped to the verge of utter wretchedness, unhappy but determined. The carriage was already at the door. Theodora's father handed out first an elderly lady, then a half-elderly lady, and lastly a very pretty young lady, who stepped briskly like a boy, and had little rippling dark curls under her fur cap.

"That is going to be your new mamma, Theodora," said Aunt Winship, who, at a judicious point of vantage behind the muslin curtains, was managing to see a great deal.

The Lady of the House concentrated her powers of vision on the prospective stepmother, and when she caught her eye she made first a "plain face," then a "brownie face," when she found that no one else had noticed. Far from being offended, the young lady in the fur cap only smiled back, and when Theodora responded with a still more terrible "brownie face," to show that absolutely no quarter might be expected, the prospective stepmother answered back by wrinkling up her own short and wholly adorable nose. But The Lady of the House was not to be placated, and presently when she was introduced to Miss Virginia Foster, who stooped to kiss her, Theodora whispered in her ear, "I hate you; I hate you." But evidently Miss Foster was a person of unbounded amiability, for instead of resenting this, she rippled out the merriest kind of a laugh and said, "I'm sorry, Theo, I can't say the same for you, but really I love you already." Later, in the course of human events, when the company began to stumble into one infant pitfall after another, and there could no longer be any doubt as to the source of all the practical jokes in which none of the grown-ups saw the faintest trace of humor, Aunt Winship, with many apologies, finally bore her culprit niece to bed, insisting that she had never known her to behave like this before.

Theodora lay in her little white bed, and her heart thumped with the excitement of the day. Picky, still baffled by his pink bow and the additions to the family circle, stirred uneasily at the sound of a light footstep. "'Sh-sh-sh!" said somebody, pausing at the nursery door, and Theodora knew by the long slender figure that stood framed in the lintel that the enemy was at hand. "Go away, go away; I hate you." And she sat up very straight, fearing that even now the Murdstone tortures might begin.

"Please don't hate me, Theo. I know what you think, and it isn't true; really it isn't, dear." The enemy evidently intended to stay, for she settled herself comfortably on the floor beside Theodora's crib, quite unmindful of her beautiful white dress, and continued as if the welcome from The Lady of the House had been most cordial. "I know you think I came here to be your stepmother"—at the mere thought of this the enemy again rippled into a delicious laugh. "Indeed I did not, Theo; that is a romance of Aunt Winship's brain. If you weren't so little I could tell you—as I fear I shall have to tell Aunt Winship—that I have quite other plans. Don't you believe me, dear?"

Theodora was silent. In all her councils of war with Chief-of-staff McGuffey she had never considered the possibility of the enemy's absolute denial of the intention of crime. They had never done

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it that way in the story-books; neither had the strategist McGuffey suggested even the chance of it. Nor were the stepmothers of her imagination and Jennie's, against whom she had so desperately fortified herself, beings of youth, beauty, and prettily affectionate ways. Was this but a stepmotherly trap, warier and subtler than any devised by tellers of fairy-tales? She looked at the young woman with wide, frightened eyes. Picky rumbled in his throat a note of unmistakable warning.

"Don't you believe me?" repeated Miss Foster, and very tenderly she took the little girl and the protesting Picky in her arms. "If we're ever to be friends, you know," she added, lightly, "it's time you knew that I really do always speak the truth."

To the abstract situation Theodora had been hardly equal; but to the comfort of being held with such tender strength in Miss Foster's warm young arms she succumbed at a stroke. Of course it was all Aunt Winship's mischief-making, after all, as the chief-of-staff, with all her astuteness, might have known. When had Aunt Winship ever come to soothe one to sleep in this beautiful fashion? And Theodora was so tired, so unresisting.

"Of course I believe you," the child said, sleepily; and then she murmured, as Miss Foster thought, quite out of the land of dreams, "On your way down-stairs —tell David—tell him it's all right." Picky looked from his little mistress to Miss Foster and shivered intelligently.

A Memory

BY EMILY SARGENT LEWIS

MY Mother died when I was four,
That's why I can't remember more
Of what she used to do and say
So long ago—I'm six to-day.

I know one day she climbed with me,
Way up into the apple-tree,
The flowers fell down upon us so
We laughed and played that they were snow.

And then I used to help her fill
The blue jar on her window-sill
With crackers—just for my own self—
It's high up now upon the shelf.

Her hair was very black. I think
Her dress was almost always pink.
If God would let her come to-day
I'm sure I'd know her right away.

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The Anatomy of a Steel Rail

BY HENRY COOK BOYNTON, S.D.

Department of Mining and Metallurgy, Harvard University

WHO would ever think, to look at a dull fragment of iron or steel, that such a piece of metal had an internal history! But if this same inert, apparently insensible, piece of metal be polished and suitably prepared for examination under a microscope, its internal organism is more clearly and surely shown than the interior skeleton of a man when pierced by the X-ray.

However shapeless or structureless this piece of iron or steel seems to be, it is now perfectly easy to show by a proper treatment what the metal is composed of, how it was treated, and what makes it good or bad; in fact its entire "family skeleton" can be exposed with the greatest of ease. If it was created good, and has since degenerated through hard usage or abuse, or if it was predestined to be bad all its life, these properties and a great many more can be shown with an ordinary compound microscope.

It was only a few years ago that any intelligent engineer would have said, "If you will tell me the chemical composition of your metal, I will tell you whether it is of good or bad quality." This statement has been lately proved to be absurd. He might just as well have said, "If you will tell me how much carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., there is in a certain man's body, I can tell you if he is a good healthy fellow."

Many times lately has the engineer's statement been disproved. A boiler explodes and scalds many men, an apparently sound rail breaks under the load of the "Lightning Express" and hundreds are hurled to destruction; yet chemical analysis of both the defective metals used showed them to have been apparently reputable; they had the requisite amounts of carbon, manganese, and silicon, and not too much sulphur or phosphorus, but just like many a person who mingles with his associates for years, and some day suddenly is found to be "bad," so did these metals outwardly and inwardly, as far as the chemist was concerned, appear to be fulfilling their duties as respectable adjuncts to our civilization.

But take the bad boiler-plate or the defective rail and prepare it for examination under the microscope, and the whole reason for its failure to do its duty becomes as clear to the trained metallurgist—the man who studies the internal architecture of metals—as that the arsenic which the physician finds in the stomach of the lifeless patient was the cause of his death.

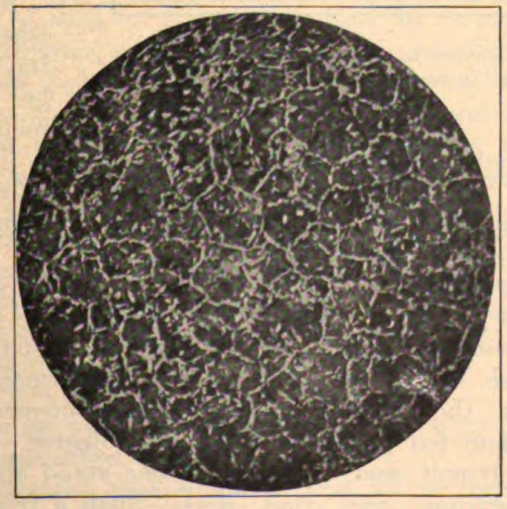


Fig. 1.—Steel rail of good quality, magnified 100 diameters. Rolling finished at the right temperature

To elaborate a little farther, let us take a steel rail, a plain every-day steel rail such as is used on all our railroads to hold up the daily loads of human beings and freight transported from one place to another. This rail is the band which joins one State to another, the East with the West, and one country with its neighbor. This rail was shaped

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from a huge white-hot piece of steel by being passed successively through properly shaped rolls. Suppose we saw out of the centre of this rail a small specimen, about a one-half-inch cube, and explain how it may be treated to bring forth its internal skeleton.



Fig. 2.—Ten-ton Bessemer Converter in full blast, making ten tons of rail steel in ten minutes

After cutting out our specimen with a steel saw, the piece must be ground to a plane surface on an emery-wheel, given a second and smoother finish on another wheel fed with flour-emery, lastly receiving its final polish on two wooden wheels covered with the finest and smoothest broadcloth and fed respectively with a paste of tripoli and rouge powder. (It is a curious fact that the piece of steel receives its final preparation for inspection exactly like some persons, with the same powder.) This whole operation of polishing, when done by an expert, occupies only about fifteen minutes.

Emerging from the rouge treatment, the metal stands forth in its best clothes, with not a spot or scratch to mar its silvery-white and mirror-like face. Like the ordinary working-man with his overalls off, a clean shave, and his best clothes on, you would hardly recognize the plain ordinary work-aday steel rail with its old coat of brown or black.

But some one may ask, "Why do we seldom see steel with this silver-white color?" We do occasionally, as in razors, knives, etc., but ordinarily the moisture in the air so quickly attacks such a polished surface that if unprotected it speedily gains a coat of iron oxide or rust. A metallurgist keeps all his polished specimens of iron or steel in a desiccator, a receptacle which is kept free from moisture by some chemical that absorbs water, and in this way the prepared faces keep bright and untarnished for months and sometimes years.

Now that our nicely polished steel is ready to have its picture taken, it must be given a little treatment to make visible under the microscope just what its interior architecture really is, just as the expert photographer suggests "Be natural" to his patrons.

The treatment consists simply in subjecting our piece of rail to the action of some reagent, some chemical compound, or to any treatment which will attack the different components of our metal to a different degree, and which will make each one stand out plainly from his fellows. Such a treatment is generally an "etching," and in the case of our steel rail we immerse it for a few seconds in

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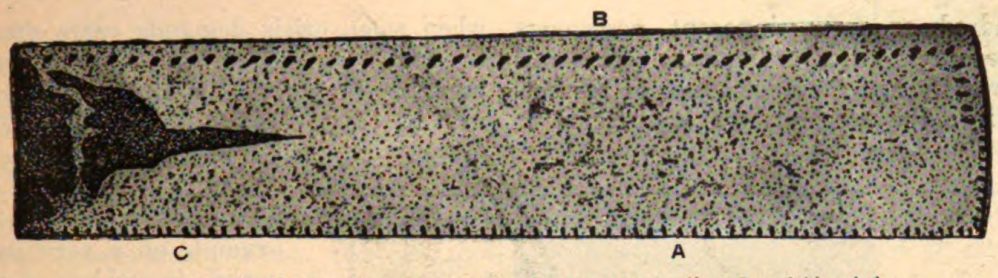


Fig. 3.—Longitudinal section of steel ingot, showing a "pipe" at C, and blow-holes at A and B. (Diagram from Howe's *Metallurgy of Steel*)

a solution of nitric acid and alcohol. The acid first attacks the junctions of the different grains in the metal, then the grains themselves, coloring some brown or black, but leaving others white. Then our rail stands out in its true colors; it has lost some of its previous polish, but its whole true framework, its structure, lies plainly before us. But to the ordinary observer the polished surface of the metal shows practically no change; its polish is a little less brilliant, and only a slight grayish appearance is visible to the unaided eye.

"How then," says the layman, "can you tell if that was a good or a bad rail?" Then comes the microscope, that simple instrument which has revealed so many wonders. It enables the expert physician to tell the difference between the blood of a human being and that of other animals; the mineralogist, to discriminate between very minute particles of quartz or diamond; the zoologist, to watch the embryonic development of the starfish; and it now permits the metallurgist to study the anatomy of so apparently lifeless a thing as a piece of steel.

With a vertical illuminator, or kind of reflector which takes the light rays from any source and bends them through a right angle, and then permits the observer to look through it down on to the polished surface of metal—equipped with such a reflector attached to an ordinary microscope, and with a number of different lenses called objectives and eyepieces, the metallurgist can look at his piece of rail under a linear magnification of forty to a thousand diameters. This means that if a spot measuring one-hundredth of an inch across be magnified one hundred diameters, the original spot would appear to the eye of the observer one inch in diameter.

Can you conceive of anything in that rail that could escape the trained eye when under a magnification of one thousand diameters? It would have to be more elusive than the tiny germs which medical men look for as the cause of most of our contagious diseases, than the 500,000 bacteria in a cubic centimeter of the ordinary milk we drink.

By throwing the structure which we see under the microscope upon a ground glass in a special camera, and then substituting a photographic plate for the ground glass, a picture can be obtained in the usual way of photography. Such a portrait of our rail may be seen in Fig. 1, which is a fair average sample of a good steel rail.

By examining this picture a little more closely, we notice light and dark areas; the former are the pure iron grains, or ferrite, as the metallurgist calls them, and the latter "pearlite," because it looked like mother-of-pearl to the person who first discovered it. The ferrite makes the rail tough to resist fracture, and the pearlite is the part of the metal which contains the carbon and which makes the rail hard and stronger than iron and enables it to wear well under the friction of the car-wheels. The metallurgist at a glance knows this to be the normal structure of a *good* steel rail such as

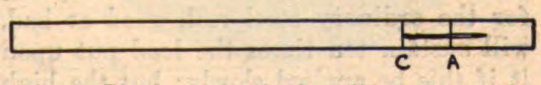


Fig. 4.—Diagram of the pipe in a "bloom," a partially rolled steel ingot

daily and hourly fulfils its duty all over the world.

But let us return to the rail which broke, which could not stand the speed of the express-train, and as a result a

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hundred or more innocent passengers were either killed or injured. This rail outwardly had the appearance of respectability; the section boss had tested it with his sledge many times; it had held up bravely under many a train; but suddenly it "went bad."

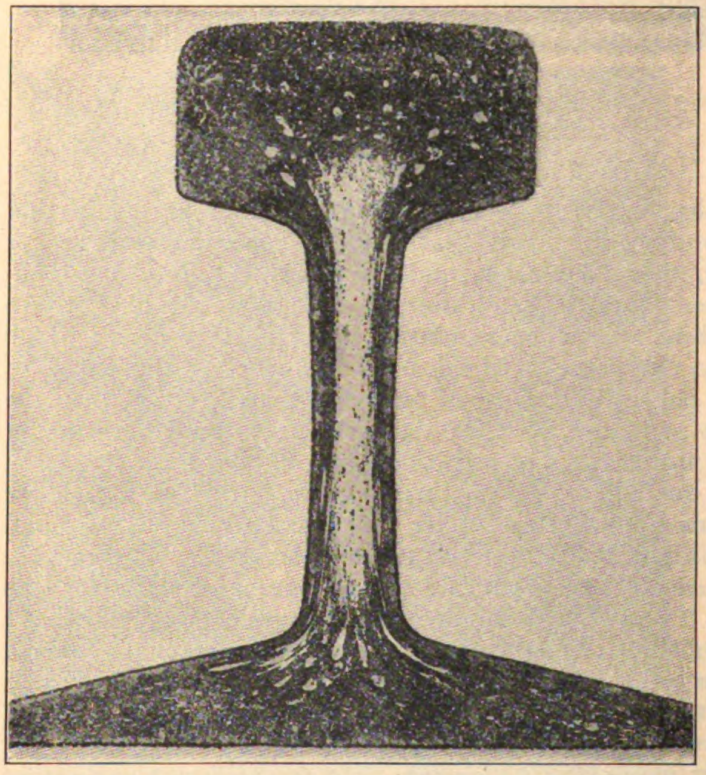


Fig. 5.—Etched section of a bad rail, showing the "pipe." (The light area is the revealed "pipe")

A good steel rail on the open road will stand at least ten years of active service, years during which the swiftest passenger-trains with the heaviest of all cars, the "Pullmans," go pounding across the joints. The freight-trains with their more ponderous engines and more heavily loaded cars seldom break a rail, on account of their much slower rate of speed; for the ordinary steel rail, good or bad, will sustain ten times the load put upon it if this be applied slowly; but the high speed of the heavy passenger-train is apt to make the bad rail succumb to the sudden shock of the gigantic monster which hammers down upon it. How similar is this property to the traits of man. An individual may do his work satisfactorily when no difficulties confront him, but when put to a great test, when some crisis demands extra energy to resist an apparently overwhelming pressure, he collapses while his associate who has more potential energy weathers the blow.

The rail which is put in a critical place, as for example on a very sharp curve, is seldom found wanting, for the very reason that only the best selected stock is used for such a locality, and a dangerous curve is always assiduously watched by the section-man and the division superintendent.

The faulty rail, however, on the straight track, which got slipped in with the good ones, is the one to be dreaded, for after leaving the mill there is no possible way to distinguish this physically incompetent piece of steel from its good neighbors.

For a better understanding of some of the imperfections of rails let us digress a little to explain the birth of the rail. The steel for a rail is made from a molten mass of cast iron, or pig-iron, which is iron containing a large amount of impurities, the most notable of which is carbon. This cast iron is run, white hot and liquid, from a blast-furnace into a Bessemer converter, through the bottom of which air under pressure is blown in large quantities. The impurities in the pig-iron are burned by the oxygen in the air-blast, and pass off as gases or rise to the top of the refined metal as slag, essentially a silicate of iron. Fig. 2 is an illustration of a Bessemer converter in full blast.

The whole operation of converting ten tons of cast iron into steel takes only about ten minutes, and when complete the molten mass is made to absorb the required amount of carbon to give the necessary strength to the rail by adding spiegeleisen or ferromanganese, both alloys of iron and manganese containing carbon.

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We now have a molten mass of steel, which is poured into iron moulds to solidify. When cool the moulds are stripped off and we have left large masses or ingots of steel, and this steel is only an alloy of iron and carbon with a few impurities present in very small quantities. From one of these ingots several rails may be made by reheating and passing it through suitably shaped rolls.

I have shown here in Fig. 3 a diagram of a longitudinal section of one of these ingots. It is not at all homogeneous, as can readily be seen, and has a cavity or "pipe," above C, which is caused by the unequal cooling of the sides and the top. The black spots near the edge, A and B, are called blow-holes and are caused by imprisoned gas; they are subsequently closed by the rolling, so that they are not detrimental to the quality of the steel rail.

Now here comes a secret: this "pipe" cavity should be all cut off, as a rail which is rolled from the end of the ingot containing this pipe is sure to be faulty, for it will always contain this cavity, which will be but imperfectly closed by the rolling and only elongated. To be absolutely sure that all the pipe is removed, from twenty to forty per cent. should be cut from the top end of each ingot. Of course the rail manufacturer is very loath to waste so much of his steel, for it means that the butt ends of all these ingots will have to be remelted to be of any use.

Let us suppose, for sake of illustration, that only ten per cent. is cut from the top of each ingot, which is often the case; a "pipe" rail then goes out to the stock pile with the good ones. Such a rail is like a false-hearted apple; it may look fair and sound on the outside, but internally—well, the expert metallurgist alone can detect it.

The microscope, however, is generally resorted to too late to save the lives of the poor unfortunates who happen to be on the train when one of these rails fail to do its duty. But the microscope will show the defects of this deceptive steel if the rail be examined before it goes upon the market, and if all railroads refused to buy rails from a company which occasionally lets such poor stock slip in with the good, the manufacturers would be forced to use more care in filling their orders.

Of course I do not mean to convey the idea that all railroad accidents result from faulty rails, but if the selling of a defective rail were made a crime to the maker, it would help to lessen the avoidable chances for an accident, the conditions of which are under our control. We might then with our famed progressiveness as a nation more nearly approach the enviable record of Great Britain with her minimum of deaths from railway travel.

But now suppose we have before us a fractured rail broken by the impact of a heavy train going at a high rate of speed? Suppose we polish it and examine it in just the same way that we did our good rail? What shall we find?

We may find a partially welded pipe, which, it goes without saying, is a source of weakness. This cavity, which originated in our ingot when rolled, will look like the diagram in Fig. 4. It can be readily seen that the long bloom, as it is called, should be cut at C, and the butt sent to be remelted; but if cut at A, as often happens, the end of one rail, just where great soundness is desired (near the joint), will be very weak.

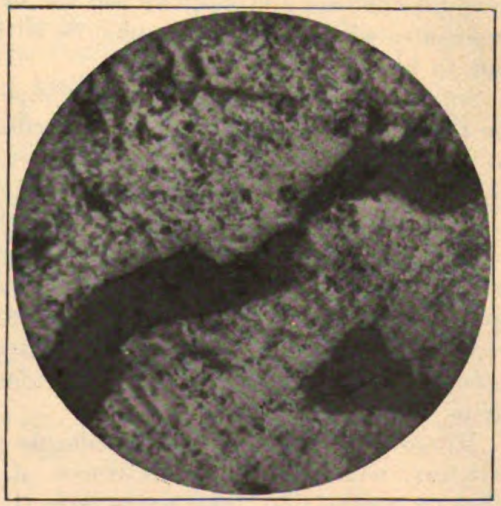


Fig 6.—Section of a steel rail containing too much sulphur. The dark areas are the sulphur flaws. Magnified 100 diameters

Such a pipe will be revealed almost instantly by etching a cross-section of the

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rail and examining under the microscope; in fact in some cases the microscope is wholly superfluous, for the defect and the reason for the disaster will be visible to the naked eye. See Fig. 5.

Let us go back to our ingot once more; at the foot of the pipe—the part which solidifies last, since top and sides cool first—here will be most of the impurities in the steel, the most deleterious of which are phosphorus and sulphur. Now a few tenths of a per cent. of phosphorus or sulphur in a steel rail will make it "bad." These seemingly infinitesimal amounts of sulphur make a rail snap suddenly if worked hot; and worse yet, phosphorus will cause a fracture from a sudden shock when the metal is cold. Therefore phosphorus and sulphur are the evil associates which a steel rail must be without to be classed as "good."

So, you see, if no more than the "pipe" be removed, the segregation of impurities at the bottom of this cavity might cause the rail to snap as instantly if the load of the train above hammered down too suddenly as if it contained the pipe. Such a rail can generally be detected only by the etching method and the microscope. Fig. 6 shows a rail with a great many sulphur flaws present, the dark areas representing the flaws.

Moreover, a rail low in phosphorus or sulphur, which contains no traces of a pipe or segregation, may prove defective.



Fig. 7.—Steel rail, magnified 100 diameters. Made of good steel, but rolling finished at too high a temperature

Chemical analysis again fails. The composition of the rail is normal. What then is the matter? On polishing and etching and examining under the microscope the structure seen in Fig. 7 is brought to light. To the inexperienced it looks all right, but to the steelman it shows that the rolling of the rail was finished at too high a temperature, that the grains of the steel are too large, and long experience has shown that these large grains produce brittleness, and when the greatest toughness combined with strength is required, the finest possible grains should be sought for. This may be accomplished by continuing the rolling down to a certain "critical temperature," below which no crystallization takes place when the rails cool after rolling. Such a structure is seen in Fig. 1. Such a rail will be strong, yet tough, and will resist sudden shocks.

But a word more; I do not intend to convey the meaning that the microscope is the telescope by which all the ills prevalent in metals can be viewed face to face; but as used by the scientific man, together with his indispensable etching compounds, this same microscope is able in many cases to give a clear clue to the sins of our metals and their makers.

(The author is much indebted to Professor Albert Sauveur for the loan of several of the illustrations, and also for very valuable advice and assistance in preparing this article.)

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The Desert

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

NOW mark you, God made Him an Eden, of old,
And made Him a man and a maid;
He gave them to live in His garden of love,
To live with Him there unafraid.
They ate of the fruits and the honey,
They took of the knowledge and lust,
Then fled from the punishment bitter
And humbled themselves in the dust
To pray and beseech Him for mercy,
As all of the penitent must.

Then, mark you, God made Him a mountain,
And, mark you, He made Him a sea,
But life took its root on the topmost crag,
Where it seemed no life could be,
And life was aswarm in the deepmost cave
That the ocean could fill with His tears,
And the cries and prayers and moans arose
From it all, to seek His ears—
The cries and prayers and moans of things
Alive and filled with fears.

And God was beseeched from morn till night,
And beseeched from night until day
By things that plead to save their lives
The while they fought for prey;
And nowhere peace from the wails and moans
Could God in His anguish know
Till He made Him a place, a desolate place,
Where naught of Life may grow—
A desert as bare as the new-made air,
To which He may sometimes go.

Then hark you, beware of the desert
Where only God may bide—
God all alone, and nothing of Life
In that desolate region wide.
No insect, bird or snake is there,
No animal, grass, or stone,
And all of the man who ventured to cross
Is a whitened and crumbling bone;
For this is the desert that God has made
As a place to be alone!

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The Conquered

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

"NO, you didn't see me at church yesterday," explained Mrs. Andrews. "And I wasn't sick nor tired out; I hadn't any such good excuse. I did what I've never done before and what I thoroughly disapprove of—I left my own church and went to hear another preacher!" Her tight little mouth snapped shut in lines of an imperturbable complacency. She had spoken with emphasis and deliberation, as one should who has carefully weighed her words and calculated their probable effect. Then, with elaborate unconcern she applied herself to the affair of the moment. Picking up a roll of red flannel, she shook out a clumsy little garment, surveyed it contemptuously, and began to trim it into shape as if wholly absorbed in her appointed task.

A wave of half-frightened curiosity ran over the little gathering. For the Ladies' Benevolent Society had always prided itself on its loyalty. Its interests seldom strayed beyond the limits of the parish; it went faithfully to prayer-meeting of a Wednesday night, and it considered a church supper or a Sunday-school fair the most exhilarating of festivities. That the minister should be the object of an admiring and reverential regard, accepted unquestioningly as an element in the natural order of things, was part of its tradition. If any recalcitrant member ever harbored a feeling of discontent, she would preserve a discreet silence in public, venturing to voice her sentiment only in the bosom of her family. Hence Mrs. Andrews' open statement had the dignity of a pronunciamento; it produced the thrill of the unexpected, and the current of detraction, hitherto dammed by habit, began to flow irresistibly.

"Well, you had a lucky escape—that's all I have to say." Mrs. Porter sprang to the charge. "It was worse than usual. Forty-five minutes did Mr. Maxwell preach, by John Porter's own watch, and when he got through you couldn't have told what he'd been talking about!" She spoke recklessly, with a sense of guilt. There was something revolutionary in this candid expression of secret opinion; it was like dishonoring the flag of one's country.

"Of course you went to hear Dr. Cameron, Mrs. Andrews?" a pretty young woman queried. "My husband and I heard him Sunday night a week ago. Isn't he *great?* His church was crowded to the door, and he simply swept us all off our feet. *He* can preach, there's no doubt of that,—he's so uplifting."

"Indeed he can!" was the fervent reply. "We heard an elegant discourse yesterday morning. The South End Church is in luck to get such a man; it was running down fearfully, but he's building it right up. Oh, there's no question about it, to my mind—a young unmarried man is what every church needs,—some one thoroughly up-to-date, who knows all the new ways of parish work and can draw in the young people."

There was a murmur of dissent from some of the more conservative spirits.

"A good wife is the making of a minister, according to my way of thinking," said one.

"I'm sure I don't know how we'd get along without Mrs. Maxwell," added another.

Emboldened by this temporary reaction in favor of existing conditions, a quiet little woman spoke up from her corner:

"*I* thought parts of Mr. Maxwell's sermon were real sweet. It was too long, but what he said about children in the home was just beautiful."

"That was his subject, you know, Mrs. Andrews," Mrs. Porter elucidated. "*The Ideal Home.* He'd said it all before, a dozen different times, of course. His text was from the 127th Psalm—"

"He read it with such feeling," the

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protesting little woman urged. "It brought tears to my eyes to hear him and to think he'd no little ones of his own."

"Yes, that *is* a pity, I've always thought. They're both so fond of children, and my boys do say Mr. Maxwell has a regular knack in the Sunday-school—if he can't preach a sermon," Mrs. Porter conceded.

"He brought my Tommy into the church," a repentant voice sounded. "I'll always be grateful to him for that, and I ought to be ashamed to go back on him."

"Well, he's driven my boy away." Mrs. Andrews was implacable. "James simply *won't* go to church. He says it bores him to death and makes him cross for the rest of the day. He says he gets lots more good out of reading a book at home."

Some of the women looked their doubt as to whether the rebellious James invariably substituted a book for the sanctuary, and the frivolous young married woman said with a giggle:

"My husband says he doesn't mind going to church at all when Mr. Maxwell preaches; he can just settle back in his pew for a comfortable nap and feel sure he's not missing anything."

"Do you s'pose Mrs. Maxwell knows it—how people are beginning to feel?"

"*Beginning* to feel!" Mrs. Andrews scouted the suggestion. "Bless your heart, they've felt so for six years or more,—they're only just beginning to have courage to say what they think. And of course she knows. Mrs. Maxwell's far too clever a woman not to understand everything that goes on in this parish,—she'd sense it quickly enough even if she never heard a murmur. Besides, with her brains, of course she knows her husband can't preach—"

"Poor soul! I declare, sometimes I feel sorry for her."

"It's not her you need feel sorry for—*she*'ll always get along,—it's him. For I must say, a better, kinder man never lived—"

"Hush! here she comes," a startled voice warned them.

The women bent over their sewing, their chatter suddenly ceasing as the minister's wife pushed open the outer door and entered the overheated church parlor. She brought with her an atmosphere of freshness and vitality, of large and wholesome things. She was a tall woman, holding herself nobly; not beautiful, but her stately head wore a crown of rich brown hair, and her irregular features were illumined by a peculiarly warm and tender smile—a smile not of eyes and lips alone—which shone softly through the whole face like the outer breaking of an inner light. She flashed it now upon the little group of benevolent workers. Not one of them was woman of the world enough to cover the sudden silence by an instant change of topic, and all were conscious of a momentary awkwardness as they greeted her. But if she saw it she did not allow it to affect the cheerfulness of her manner, and the slight quiver of her sensitive lips passed unnoticed.

She apologized for her tardiness. "I was detained unexpectedly,—Mr. Maxwell needed me. He is not well; I feel quite worried about him. He has been troubled with severe headaches lately, and last Sunday he was wretched." A flush rose to her cheek, and she added with perceptible effort: "He preached with great difficulty."

There was an embarrassed pause. Then the quiet little woman in the corner rushed to the rescue.

"I thought Mr. Maxwell's sermon was sweet," she reaffirmed earnestly. "Part of it—that part about children—just went to my heart."

His wife threw her a grateful glance.

"Mr. Maxwell always speaks from his heart." Then, being the president of the society, she took up the gavel, called the meeting to order, and proceeded to conduct its business with quiet decision and efficiency. A close observer might have detected that her attitude to the women about her had a certain aloofness in spite of its friendliness. Cordial and sympathetic in her relation to all, she was intimate with none, and perhaps they instinctively cherished underneath their admiration that indefinable resentment which the lower often feels toward the more highly developed type.

Her quick, competent fingers soon finished the piece of work she had undertaken, and she excused herself early. As

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she stepped outside the door she drew in a long whiff of the sparkling air, apparently for pure delight in breathing. She was vibrant with health and energy, responding in every nerve to the delicious autumnal tang in the air, to the sunset fires still lingering on the horizon, to the quiet beauty of her surrounding. It satisfied all her æsthetic instincts, this home of hers—the vine-covered parsonage under the shadow of church and parish-house, set back from the street in an expanse of close-trimmed turf. She lifted her head to the spire cutting the transparent twilight sky. How she loved the church!—winter or summer, under its veil of russet or pale-green leafage it always gratified both heart and eye, appealing to that artistic sense which in her was inseparable from religious emotion.

Now, in the gathering dusk, a pale band of light streamed out from the lamp in her sitting-room, and she saw her husband's figure at the window as he drew down the shade. Her bright look faded, and a sigh caught her unawares. She stopped on the threshold to compel her features to their usual serenity.

He was lying on a couch as she entered, his face turned from the light. She quickly pulled off her coat and gloves, then bent over him, laying cool firm fingers on his forehead.

"How good your touch is, Anne! For me there is healing in it, always."

"This evening, I hope so," she answered, lightly. "For you know we have an engagement; we're to dine at the Bradleys' to meet Dr. Cameron and his mother."

He sat up, running his fingers through his grizzling hair in dismay.

"I'd forgotten all about it. Why, Anne, I'm not fit to go; you'll have to excuse me, dear." And he lay down again.

She hesitated, then spoke very gently: "I think, if you possibly can, you must go, David,—for many reasons. It would be a discourtesy to Dr. Cameron and to the Bradleys to leave them in the lurch at the last moment."

"But you can go, dear; you'll explain how it is. My head is really very bad just now—"

"I'm so sorry!" Tenderness was in her tone and touch, but still she persisted. "But I mustn't go without you. The Bradleys are very formal, and this is to be quite an affair. They couldn't fill your place so late, and I should be a superfluous woman. Dinner engagements are serious matters, you know, dear." After years of city life she still found it necessary to exhort him as to the importance of certain social usages.

"Well,—if you think I really ought, I'll 'make an effort,'" he quoted from his favorite author, with an attempt at humor. "But I'll be a death's-head at the feast, I'm afraid—"

"You needn't say much," she consoled him, having gained her point. "I'll do the talking for both of us—"

"As usual," he interpolated.

"And you can have an hour's rest before you need begin to dress. Lie here quietly; I'll shade the light and give you a dose of bromide. Don't worry; the Bradleys are going to send for us, and I'll call you in plenty of time. Everything will be ready for you; I'll lay out your clothes and put in all the buttons."

Dropping a kiss on his cheek, she hurried away. But an hour later, after he had struggled into his evening clothes, he was manifestly too ill for farther exertion. Faint and trembling, he leaned his head against Anne's shoulder as the Bradleys' carriage was announced, and she herself, recognizing the inevitable, bade him stay at home and go to bed. So she perforce drove away to the dinner alone. She was not seriously disturbed by his condition; her own perfect health debarred her from full understanding of physical suffering; besides, other cares pressed much more heavily upon her mind. It was true that she felt the situation in her husband's church and realized the inadequacy of his preaching as no one else could do. She was so keenly alive to the atmosphere of criticism that every speech, every whisper, seemed to touch some sore spot in her consciousness. What he might see or feel she did not know; the subject was an impossible one between them—a living wound which they instinctively avoided. At times she suspected that

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his uncertain health was merely the indication of mental worry, and, secure in her own vigor and strength of will, she almost resented his headaches as a form of moral cowardice. She longed to spur him on to fresh endeavor. She was so used to spurring and prodding, poor Anne! As she looked back over the years it seemed to her she had done little else.

Born and bred in the same country town, they had made a boy-and-girl marriage while they were still ignorant of life and of themselves—two simple creatures driven together by the urge of youth and sex, which in their case was subtly disguised and sublimated by an infusion of religious sentiment. They had been blissfully unconscious of those latent diversities of capacity and temperament which the inexorable years were to develop and reveal. Anne became zealous, ambitious, her resources increasing, her points of contact multiplying; David rested content to do the day's work. And as time went on, the element of condescension in her affection grew into a nagging pain to the woman. Her eager spirit never ceased its restless beating against the dead wall of her husband's limitation.

A certain youthful spiritual ardor had helped him through the early years of his ministry and won for him his place in a growing and important church. She had glowed with pride when this call came, throwing herself into the new work with all the force of her nature, despising nothing as too small which might contribute to David's success, yet rejoicing in the opportunities of a wider field. How she had hoped that he might make himself a power in the city's life! She pressed him into civic and social movements, urging him to join clubs and unions, to speak here and there, to meet all the eminent teachers and reformers of the day. And always, with the same sweet gentleness, he yielded to her urging. But little by little she recognized that the various boards and committees to which he had been appointed at his first coming were dropping him from their rolls, and that his name appeared with less and less frequency on programmes of public speaking. In all serious discussions among ministers and scholars he would lean back in his chair, listening with a vague, pleased smile, taking no part, though on such occasions she would try nervously to be at his elbow that she might help him over hard places with her nimbler tongue and wit. She prodded him intellectually, she talked over his sermons, suggesting texts and ideas; she bought those modern theologico-scientific works which dispose so readily of all the problems of the universe, laying them open before him on his study table. He would pick them up idly, turn them over with mild curiosity, then put them down unread. His Scotch-Irish tradition held him in the path of a rigid orthodoxy, and he felt no need of compromises and adjustments, satisfied to preach the doctrines of his church as he had received them from his fathers. So Sunday after Sunday he stood in the pulpit, reading his carefully written platitudes in simple fashion, and during the week he went about among his parishioners, faithfully paying his official calls, never deaf to any cry of suffering, and with a great heart of sympathy for sickness and poverty and age. And gradually all relation with the world of intellectual endeavor ceased; dinner invitations became few, and their engagements narrowed down to quiet tea-drinkings with the plainer folk of the parish.

The Bradleys, being people of social import, had brought together a more brilliant company than the Maxwells were usually asked to meet. Anne, as she entered the drawing-room, was conscious of a novel sense of freedom. It was distinctly pleasant to be able to let herself go without feeling obliged to strain a nervous ear and eye in her husband's direction. The Reverend David was so apt to drop all conversational responsibility and to sit in benignant silence, contributing nothing.

Anne explained his illness, uncomfortably aware of the polite incredulity and suppressed vexation in Mrs. Bradley's face as she accepted his apologies. Not that she really regretted the minister's absence,—it was merely the hostess's annoyance that her invitation, given with a sense of patronage, should be so little appreciated. Anne felt that she must do her best to efface the apparent slight. Her eyes shone, her ready smile came and went; she was quick of tongue, and

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she knew that the men at the table were inwardly dubbing her a charming woman. The young minister, Dr. Cameron, sat opposite to her, and several times she caught his amused, interested glance while she argued, half laughing, half in earnest, with her neighbor—a prosperous elderly iron manufacturer who had waxed eloquent over the charms of the simple life as he sipped his champagne and did full justice to a redundant menu. Having achieved wealth and position by a lifetime of hard work, he was now ponderously asserting his belief that the secret of human welfare lay in submission.

"This is especially true of a woman's lot, of course," he added. "For you must admit that your lives are shaped without your volition—you take the things that offer, not the things you would choose."

"What a paralyzing notion! If we do, it's a fault, not a virtue. There's a dynamic quality even in women, and I believe thoroughly in our right to fight for personal happiness. We aren't insistent enough in our demands; we've grown into that bad habit of acquiescence which you're advocating until we've lost sight of our claim on the universe. Surely fulness of life is our inheritance, and what we need is to learn how to grasp it, —else why are we here?" She delivered her fiat triumphantly.

Dr. Cameron, his strong, handsome young face alive with response, leaned across the table.

"Isn't happiness, like truth, a process rather than a definite accomplished fact? —a struggle, a going on? I've a fancy we can't always recognize either."

"Oh, I know your theory," cried Anne. "But I don't, I won't accept it. A mirage, always eluding us, luring us on to the unattainable;—no, that's too attenuated for any really vital human being. I should lose my respect for the reality of life if I let myself believe in anything so shadowy. I want something fundamental, permanent, positive, — I want to be able to stop at a given moment and say: *Now* I am alive in every part of me, I am happy!"

"Like another Faust, you wish to seize 'the moment flying.'" Dr. Cameron smiled at her half compassionately. "But that preceded final ruin, you remember."

"Ah, I don't mean to *delay* the moment necessarily,—merely to recognize it when it comes. For that's the real secret of satisfaction, after all,—a fully awakened consciousness."

"Isn't that the highest form of consciousness which feels the beauty of the undeveloped, the incomplete?"

But she shook her head, smilingly unconvinced. "No, no; you can't upset my faith in the possibility of fulfilment, —here and now, on this much-maligned old earth of ours." Then, as the talk drifted into other channels she leaned back in her seat, fanning herself lightly and studying the faces around the table. This was her rightful sphere, she felt, among people of brains and culture,— the sphere in which she was truly herself and at home.

But her nature was too large for petty envy, and when the women were alone in the drawing-room after dinner she was able to say with the utmost sincerity to the young man's mother:

"I am so glad to meet you and your son, Mrs. Cameron. I went to his installation and sat just behind you, though of course you didn't see me. I watched your face while he was speaking—he was so fine, so earnest—and I knew how you felt. I think your heart must have been ready to break with pride and joy." Impulsively she put out both hands to the older woman, her smile almost trembling into tears. Few people could resist that look of Anne Maxwell's, and Mrs. Cameron did not try. She returned the hand-clasp warmly.

"My dear, you are right. It was one of the good moments of life. I *was* proud,—and happier than I can express —just a foolish, fond, uplifted old woman, forgetting everything but her boy and his noble work. And I hope the same happiness may be yours some day,—if you have a son?" And Anne, moved suddenly beyond the power of speech, could only shake her head in a silent negative.

The Reverend David was better the next day, and through the week he went about his parish work in his usual manner. But Anne, watching him closely, noted that anxious lines were beginning to mar the calm benignity of his face and that his step dragged heavily. Feeling that

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the situation was practically non-existent so long as definition were avoided, she assumed a light and artificial air which effectually precluded the possibility of any confidence on her husband's part. She was therefore wholly unprepared to face an issue when he burst into her little sitting-room on Saturday morning with a most uncharacteristic impetuosity. He had gone to his study an hour earlier, and she had imagined him patiently toiling over his sermons.

"Anne, I've something to tell you," he said, seating himself in a low chair beside her, determination in his whole bearing despite the trembling of his voice and hands. "Anne, it's bad news. I've just heard from one of our trustees that the Bradleys are leaving the church. They mean to give up their pew, and they're taking their letters to Dr. Cameron's."

A pause. Then Anne spoke, and the cool indifference of her tone held no suggestion of wounded feeling.

"Well, since they wish it, let them go. Certainly we don't want unwilling people in our congregation. And the Bradleys are worldly,—we've always known that,—not the right stuff to build with."

"The Bradleys have contributed more, financially, than any other one family. That must be considered; it ought not to count, but it *does*, unfortunately,—especially with the trustees. And last spring the Dales and the Enrights left, too."

She looked at him in surprise. He was gripping the arms of the chair with nervous fingers. Evidently he had gathered up all his forces for the effort of facing facts squarely. And she felt a sudden thrill of respect for his unlooked-for strength.

His eyes were on hers as he continued: "The church is not prospering; there is no vitality, no interest. You know it, I know it, the trustees know it. Something must be done, and I've made up my mind to do the one necessary thing. I am going to offer my resignation."

This she had certainly not expected! She sat dazed, blankly confronting him, struggling with the unwelcome idea, deprived of all power of expression.

"I have been thinking of this for a long time—all through the autumn, in fact,—and I've been making inquiries. I can get a position as secretary on one of the mission boards, and I'll give up preaching altogether." Actually there was a certain zest and hopefulness in his expression. He looked up brightly, as if anticipating some agreeable and inspiring possibility. Then his eyes returned to her face. "Anne, poor girl, it's hard for you,—I realize that—it means giving up our home, living on a smaller salary,—everything will be different. Oh, my dear, please say something!" He finished desperately, alarmed at her hard fixed look.

"The house and the salary—they're not worth considering, not for a moment, in comparison with other things," she said, slowly. "You wrong me when you speak of them. But your high calling, David,—what of that?"

"Preaching isn't the only good work in the world." He grew lame and inexpressive.

"No, but it's *your* work—your chosen work. Oh, David, I cannot let you abandon it; I should be weak and cowardly if I gave my consent."

"Isn't there courage—a poor sort of courage, perhaps,—in being able to give up when it's necessary?"

"Not for you—not for you!" She sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, her voice ringing. "No, no, never, David! Your work is part of you—you *can't* give it up without surrendering your best self. Why, dear, don't you remember our early days?" Coming close to him, she laid her arms about his neck in an exquisite tenderness. "That was what first drew me to you—your earnestness and consecration. We dedicated ourselves to the work together. I was so happy because your calling was one I could share; I was never shut out from any part of it. To give it up!—it's monstrous, it's incredible— I could as easily tear out my heart." She quivered with passionate feeling. "All the hopes of my life are bound up in it. I had such faith in you, I have longed to see you grow in honor and usefulness,—oh, make me *proud* of you, David!"

He took her appealing hands in his. "Poor Anne! I wish I could—I wish from my heart I could!"

"You can, you must! It's not too late. I know how you feel,—you're tired

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and discouraged—but I'll stand by you and help you through this hard time. All churches have their periods of apathy and dissatisfaction; the only way is to ignore it, to go on bravely and faithfully. We'll fight the battle together, and if there's any virtue in our united strength, we'll conquer!"

So he yielded. "Very well, then, we'll stay and face it. But I wish I could believe that it's the best way."

"It *is* best. I have no doubt—I know!" And in her triumph she did not notice how the light had faded and the old fagged look had come back to his face.

The Reverend David astonished his hearers on Sunday. He seemed worn and tired as he took his place in the pulpit, but his sermon had an unusual freshness and vigor. It was original; it struck a new note. Anne became at once aware of the responsive attitude of the congregation; it was delightful to see their eager surprised attention. Mrs. Andrews unfolded her disdainful lips, wishing in her heart that she had brought the rebellious James; Mr. Porter sat upright and forgot to look at his watch; and the young Benedick in his corner wakened from slumber. The peroration was positively kindling, read in the rich full voice which was nature's greatest gift to the Reverend David. Anne's own eyes brimmed as she raised her head after the benediction.

They were lingering at the church door, he and she together, when one of the elders joined them.

"That was a beautiful sermon, Mr. Maxwell,—a very fine discourse indeed, sir. I've never heard you preach anything I liked better."

Anne looked at David in sudden anxiety. Why hadn't she prepared for this contingency by swearing him to secrecy? She trembled at his reply.

But in him there was no hesitation. He had only one thought, and his answer came with the utmost simplicity and directness.

"Ah, it *was* a good sermon, Mr. Knight! My wife wrote it, every word of it. I was ill yesterday—another of my bad attacks,—and she came to my rescue, as she always does. She's my better half in every sense of the word." His mild blue eyes beamed as they rested upon her, and he laid his hand on her shoulder in all the pride of possession. No hurt feeling, no envy in his tone—nothing but delight in her ability. Not even a consciousness of the criticism his avowal might possibly awaken. Anne gave him an affectionate glance. How could she have imagined, even for a moment, that he would be guilty of subterfuge? Everything was clear and straightforward to David.

But she herself was painfully conscious of the strictures of the congregation. The story of the sermon became common property, of course, as she knew from half-laughing innuendoes, sometimes open allusions. She realized that instead of sustaining and helping her husband, she had merely placed him in a false position, impossible of explanation. Yet it had happened naturally enough. She had written the sermon without his knowledge, and as he found himself physically incapable of completing his own he had consented to accept her work, saying when she had finished reading it to him:

"Thank you, Anne. It would be a pity—yes, it would be *wrong*—to keep back such a sermon as that."

But when she rather timidly proffered her help for the following Sunday, he declined emphatically.

"No; I was willing once, in a time of emergency, but I can't do it again. A man must stand on his own feet and do his own work, no matter how poorly. It's my responsibility; nobody can lift it from me,—not even you, dear." His lips closed tightly in a sort of nervous determination and his forehead gathered into the strained puckers she was beginning to dread.

A few days later she was somewhat disconcerted when he failed to come into the dining-room at their luncheon hour, for his exactitude and punctuality seldom wavered. After waiting fifteen minutes she hurried to the study in vague alarm. There was no answer to her knock. She pushed open the door and saw him bowed over his desk,—utter dejection in every line of his figure, his gray head dropped in his arms.

"David, what is the matter? David!" She ran to him and knelt by his chair.

He raised a piteous stiffened face, trying to force a smile.

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Drawn by Christine S. Bredin

"WE'LL FIGHT THE BATTLE TOGETHER," SHE SAID

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"It's come at last, dear,—what I've been fearing,—that's all. They want me to resign. Read this letter, Anne."

He pushed a sheet of paper toward her and watched her with apprehensive eyes as she unfolded it. It was an official-looking document, signed by one of the oldest and most influential of the elders. She read it aloud slowly:

"My dear Mr. Maxwell,—It becomes my painful duty, in behalf of the Session, to apprise you of the fact that we have recently conferred together as to the condition of affairs in the church, and have arrived at the conclusion that radical change is necessary for our best good. You are no doubt aware of the present state of inactivity and lack of interest, and are unquestionably troubled by it; perhaps, in your eagerness to fulfil your responsibilities and acquit yourself of your duty, you have not seen what is evident to others—that churches, like secular institutions, lose their effectiveness by running too long in the same grooves, and are sometimes wakened to new life by reconstruction and readministration. This is equally true of the individual: a man works with redoubled efficiency when he finds a fresh field for his labors.

"Conditions have greatly changed since you came to us. The needs of the church have multiplied and grown complex, and to meet them satisfactorily a different quality of ministry is required. It would seem, therefore, that the time had come when a severance of our connection might conduce to our mutual advantage in the end, painful though the idea of separation may be.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Maxwell, this opinion of the Session implies no want of attachment to you personally, or of recognition of the great and good work you have done among us. It is merely our regretful acknowledgment of the mutability of human conditions and requirements. Should you agree with our conclusions and take the step of asking to be relieved of the charge, we shall of course make it our business to see that your immediate future is comfortably provided for, and that some honorable post is secured for you at no distant date.

"With prayerful good wishes and unchanging esteem and regard, I am,

Faithfully yours,

William Knight."

Anne put down the letter, staring fixedly before her. So this was to be the end of her struggle—humiliation, bitter and stinging. Her whole being was shaken with a tumult of rage and revolt. The pompous phrases, which in another connection would have moved her to ridicule, lashed her in the face like whips of scorn. She sat silent, not daring to speak until she should be able to control the anger that surged in her. Her husband's labored breathing made no impression on her brain; she was so absorbed in her own pain that she forgot his share in it—until a sudden heavy thud recalled her. David had slipped from his seat and lay in a huddled unconscious heap on the floor.

The weeks that followed were the hardest of Anne Maxwell's life. David's overstrung nerves had at last snapped under the long strain to which they had been subjected. Now the tension was relaxed, the cords slackened, and his collapse was complete. He lay tossing on a sick-bed. The singular form of his malady was his terrified shrinking from his wife; her appearance sufficed to throw him into a panic of restlessness, and finally doctor and nurse were obliged to refuse her admittance to the room.

The days passed wearily. His life was never endangered, but she was torn with anxiety as to his mental condition. Cut off from her usual activities, she roamed about the house, busying herself with trivial cares and ceaselessly occupied with the same round of bitter reflection. She upon whom he had once leaned for support was worse than useless—something to be avoided, a menace, a positive danger. Life seemed flat and unprofitable, devoid of significance, without dignity or purpose. The present fiasco was a stultification of all her years of striving. It was such a cheap, paltry failure—almost funny;—she could readily imagine how the outer world would smile. An inconsiderable minister, asked to resign because his people were bored by his dull sermons! There was no distinction in

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meeting such a situation as this;—she could better have borne a tragedy. Well, everything she had grasped at evaded her; the full realization was never hers. What was the inner meaning of things if hope were given only to be denied, desire to be unfulfilled, faculty to remain forever unexpressed? Why should one always be hurt in the tenderest spot? Why must she suffer humiliation who had felt within herself such unbounded capacity for the rapture of gratified pride—who had thrilled over the mere dream of her husband's achievement? Then an old pain awoke—her disappointed mother-instinct. Why should such power of love and tenderness find no outlet? She searched vainly for a thread of rationality in the tangle of her existence.

She was indulging in these ruminations as she dusted her husband's study one morning. His shelves being always a miracle of order and precision in arrangement, her attention was easily caught by a faded book-mark hanging out from the leaves of a fat green volume —the *American Anthology*. The Reverend David had never been a student of poetry, except of a simple didactic kind, his imagination stopping short at an appreciation of Whittier and Longfellow. So, in affectionate half-pitying curiosity, she took the book down, wondering what poem had caught his fancy. It opened at the following lines, which were heavily underscored and blurred:

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell
in the Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife; . . . .
. . . . The hymn of the low and the humble,
the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely
a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,
whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they
had grasped at—

She could read no farther. A great sob shook her, and for the first time she found the relief of tears. David, poor inarticulate David! He had suffered, then, even as she. How little she had known him—how little they had known each other, since he had never turned to her for sympathy in what must have been to him the long ordeal of life. He had kept his disappointment and his self-distrust locked in his own dumb breast. No wonder he shrank from her now.

The sense of her pitiless lack of comprehension tempered the rebellion of her mood. She was bending over the tear-stained poem, inexpressibly shaken in her self-confidence, when a summons came from the nurse. For David had passed the crisis of his illness; his strength was returning, and with it his mental balance. The first evidence of this was his demand for his wife.

He lay among his pillows, wan and white, but the light of reason shone in his blue eyes, and his smile had its old sweetness as he lifted his hand in welcome. Anne folded her own over it, and fell on her knees at his bedside.

"David! my dear, dear David!"

His first speech was characteristic in its practical simplicity.

"Well, dear,—it must be the secretaryship, after all, I guess. A long rest in the South, somewhere, as soon as I'm able to be about; then we'll settle ourselves and take up the burden again. Poor Anne! poor girl!"

"Don't!" she implored,—"don't speak of that, don't think of that! You must rest and get well—that is all I care for."

"I *must* speak," he said, resolutely, though his voice was feeble. "There are things that must be said between us, and the sooner the better. It has all been such a mistake, Anne, from the beginning. I've been guilty of the sin of presumption; I was not called to high service—only the humble task is mine—" He paused painfully, and she, recognizing the solemnity of his mood, did not interrupt him, but listened with bent head.

"I can't preach—I was never a preacher. The will to do isn't enough—it takes so many gifts to be a preacher!" There was something of the old whimsicality in his voice and smile. "I'm only an every-day man fitted for commonplace work,—but, oh, it's been a long, hard road I've had to travel before I could come to this!"

Still speechless, she tightened her clasp of his hand.

"But giving up isn't the hardest part of it," he went on presently, his voice deepening in fervor. "Anne, it's the

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wrong I've done you. *That* has tortured my conscience. I ought never to have let you marry me—I ought to have seen. You are a wife for a great man; you should have the best that life can give,—and I—I've lagged behind you, dragging you back,—oh, don't I know it! haven't I felt it! That day I read your sermon—it was a kind of a transport and a pain to me—I didn't always understand what you'd written, dear; it passed me. My thought follows yours so slowly. I've hurt you cruelly; I've taken your life and spoiled it. Forgive me, dear, for I have nothing in the world to give you but a heart of love—"

Her face was hidden against his pillow, and in the moment which followed she fought her battle in silence. She saw the future stretching before her in long reaches of monotonous days, with lesser means and smaller opportunity. She went down into the depths of self and buried there all the fair misleading hopes and dreams of her life. Then, in a sudden illuminating flash of consciousness, she realized that never till that moment had she truly loved her husband. Even this—the most intimate and personal of feelings—had not come to her finished and complete; she too had travelled a weary road to reach it. Her restless ambition, coercing him to tasks beyond his strength, had stood as a barrier between their souls. Goaded to his hurt, he no longer needed her as his stimulus; henceforth a closer, tenderer duty was hers—to be his refuge and solace. And, after all, she had her woman's portion; she was rich in the inexhaustible treasure of his truth and faithfulness.

He was gazing at her with hungry eyes, and in answer she broke into a sob which had a ring of triumph under its pain. She folded him in her arms with a great pity and tenderness, lulling him like a child on her breast.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, we love each other,—and that is enough."

Astraea

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

SINCE I avail no more, O men! with you,
I will go back unto the gods, content;
For they recall me, long with earth inblent,
Lest lack of faith divinity undo.
I served you truly while I dreamed you true,
And golden pains with sovereign pleasure spent:
But now, farewell! I take my sad ascent,
With failure over all I nursed and knew.

Are ye unwise, who would not let me love you?
Or must too bold desires be quieted?
Only to ease you, never to reprove you,
I will go back to heaven with heart unfed;
Yet sisterly I turn, I bend above you,
To kiss (O with what sorrow!) all my dead.

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New York Revisited

BY HENRY JAMES

II

MY recovery of impressions, after a short interval, yet with their flush a little faded, may have been judged to involve itself with excursions of memory—memory directed to the antecedent time—reckless almost to extravagance. But I recall them to-day, none the less, for that value in them which ministered, at happy moments, to an artful evasion of the actual. There was no escape from the ubiquitous alien into the future, or even into the present; there was an escape but into the past. I count as quite a triumph in this interest an unbroken ease of frequentation of that ancient end of Fifth Avenue to the whole neighborhood of which one's earlier vibrations, a very far-away matter now, were attuned. The precious stretch of space between Washington Square and Fourteenth Street had a value, had even a charm, for the revisiting spirit—a mild and melancholy glamour which I am conscious of the difficulty of "rendering" for new and heedless generations. Here again the assault of suggestion is too great; too large, I mean, the number of hares started, before the pursuing imagination, the quickened memory, by this fact of the felt moral and social value of this comparatively unimpaired morsel of the Fifth Avenue heritage. Its reference to a pleasanter, easier, hazier past is absolutely comparative, just as the past in question itself enjoys as such the merest courtesy-title. It is all recent history enough, by the measure of the whole, and there are flaws and defacements enough, surely, even in its appearance of decency of duration. The tall building, grossly tall and grossly ugly, has failed of an admirable chance of distinguished consideration for it, and the dignity of many of its peaceful fronts has succumbed to the presence of those industries whose foremost need is to make "a good thing" of them. The good thing is doubtless being made, and yet this lower end of the once agreeable street still just escapes being a wholly bad thing. What held the fancy in thrall, however, as I say, was the admonition, proceeding from all the facts, that values of this romantic order are at best, anywhere, strangely relative. It was an extraordinary statement on the subject of New York that the space between Fourteenth Street and Washington Square *should* count for "tone," figure as the old ivory of an overscored tablet.

True wisdom, I found, was to let it, to make it, so count and figure as much as it would, and charming assistance came for this, I also found, from the young good-nature of May and June. There had been neither assistance nor good-nature during the grim weeks of mid-winter; there had been but the meagre fact of a discomfort and an ugliness less formidable here than elsewhere. When, toward the top of the town, circulation, alimentation, recreation, every art of existence, gave way before the full onset of winter, when the upper avenues had become as so many congested bottle-necks, through which the wine of life simply refused to be decanted, getting back to these latitudes resembled really a return from the North Pole to the Temperate Zone: it was as if the wine of life had been poured for you, in advance, into some pleasant old punch-bowl that would support you through the temporary stress. Your condition was not reduced to the endless vista of a clogged tube, of a thoroughfare occupied as to the narrow central ridge with trolley-cars stuffed to suffocation, and as to the mere margin, on either side, with snow-banks resulting from the cleared rails and offering themselves as a field for all remaining action. Free existence and good manners, in New York, are too much brought down to a bare rigor of marginal relation to the endless electric coil, the monstrous chain that winds round the general neck and

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body, the general middle and legs, very much as the boa-constrictor winds round the group of the Laocoon. It struck me that when these folds are tightened in the terrible stricture of the snow-smothered months of the year, the New York predicament leaves far behind the anguish represented in the Vatican figures. To come and go where East Eleventh Street, where West Tenth, opened their kind short arms was at least to keep clear of the awful hug of the serpent. And this was a grace that grew large, as I have hinted, with the approach of summer and that made in the afternoons of May and of the first half of June, above all, an insidious appeal. There, I repeat, was the delicacy, there the mystery, there the wonder, in especial, of the unquenchable intensity of the impressions received in childhood. They are made then once for all, be their intrinsic beauty, interest, importance, small or great; the stamp is indelible and never wholly fades. This in fact gives it an importance, when a lifetime has intervened. I found myself intimately recognizing every house my officious tenth year had, in the way of imagined adventure, introduced to me—incomparable master of ceremonies after all; the privilege had been offered, since, to millions of other objects that had made nothing of it, that had gone as they came; so that here were Fifth Avenue corners with which one's connection was fairly exquisite. The lowered light of the days' ends of early summer became them, moreover, exceedingly, and they fell, for the quiet northward perspective, into a dozen delicacies of composition and tone.

One could talk of "quietness" now, for the shrinkage of life so marked, in the higher latitudes of the town, after Easter, the visible early flight of that "society" which, by the old custom, used never to budge before June or July, had almost the effect of clearing some of the streets, and indeed of suggesting that a truly clear New York might have an unsuspected charm or two to put forth. An approach to peace and harmony might have been, in a manner, promised, and the sense of other days took advantage of it to steal abroad with a ghostly tread. It kept meeting, half the time, to its discomfiture, the lamentable little Arch of Triumph which bestrides these beginnings of Washington Square—lamentable because of its poor and lonely and unsupported and unaffiliated state. With this melancholy monument it could make no terms at all, but turned its back to the strange sight as often as possible, helping itself thereby, moreover, to do a little of the pretending required, no doubt, by the fond theory that nothing hereabouts was changed. Nothing *was*, it could occasionally appear to me—there was no new note in the picture, not one, for instance, when I paused before a low house in a small row on the south side of Waverley Place and lived again into the queer medieval costume (preserved by the daguerreotypist's art) of the very little boy for whom the scene had once embodied the pangs and pleasures of a Dame's small school. The Dame must have been Irish, by her name, and the Irish tradition, only intensified and coarsened, seemed still to possess the place, the fact of the survival, the sturdy sameness, of which arrested me, again and again, to fascination. The shabby red house, with its mere two stories, its lowly "stoop," its dislocated ironwork of the forties, the early fifties, the record, in its face, of blistering summers and of the long stages of the loss of self-respect, made it as consummate a morsel of the old liquor-scented, heated-looking city, the city of no pavements, but of such a plenty of politics, as I could have desired. And neighboring Sixth Avenue, overstraddled though it might be with feats of engineering unknown to the primitive age that otherwise so persisted, wanted only, to carry off the illusion, the warm smell of the bakery on the corner of Eighth Street, a blessed repository of doughnuts, cookies, cream-cakes and pies, the slow passing by which, on returns from school, must have had much in common with the experience of the shipmen of old who came, in long voyages, while they tacked and hung back, upon those belts of ocean that are haunted with the balm and spice of tropic islands.

These were the felicities of the backward reach, which, however, had also its melancholy checks and snubs; nowhere quite so sharp as in presence, so to speak,

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of the rudely, the ruthlessly suppressed birth-house on the other side of the Square. That was where the pretence that nearly nothing was changed had most to come in; for a high, square impersonal structure, proclaiming its lack of interest with a crudity all its own, so blocks, at the right moment for its own success, the view of the past, that the effect for me, in Washington Place, was of having been amputated of half my history. The gray and more or less "hallowed" University building—wasn't it somehow, with a desperate bravery, both castellated and gabled?—has vanished from the earth, and vanished with it the two or three adjacent houses, of which the birthplace was one. This was the snub, for the complacency of retrospect, that, whereas the inner sense had positively erected there for its private contemplation a commemorative mural tablet, the very wall that should have borne this inscription had been smashed as for demonstration that tablets, in New York, are unthinkable. And I have had indeed to permit myself this free fantasy of the hypothetic rescued identity of a given house—taking the vanished number in Washington Place as most pertinent—in order to invite the reader to gasp properly with me before the fact that we not only fail to remember, in the whole length of the city, one of these frontal records of birth, sojourn or death, under a celebrated name, but that we have only to reflect an instant to see any such form of civic piety inevitably and forever absent. The form is cultivated, to the greatly quickened interest of street-scenery, in many of the cities of Europe; and is it not verily bitter, for those who feel a poetry in the noted passage, longer or shorter, here and there, of great lost spirits, that the institution, the profit, the glory of any such association is denied in advance to communities tending, as the phrase is, to "run" preponderantly to the sky-scraper? Where, in fact, is the point of inserting a mural tablet, at any legible height, in a building certain to be destroyed to make room for a sky-scraper? And from where, on the other hand, in a façade of fifty floors, does one "see" the pious plate recording the honor attached to one of the apartments look down on a responsive people? We have but to ask the question to recognize our necessary failure to answer it as a supremely characteristic local note—a note in the light of which the great city is projected into its future as, practically, a huge continuous fifty-floored conspiracy against the very idea of the ancient graces, those that strike us as having flourished just in proportion as the parts of life and the signs of character have *not* been lumped together, not been indistinguishably sunk in the common fund of mere economic convenience. So interesting, as object-lessons, may the developments of the American gregarious ideal become; so traceable, at every turn, to the restless analyst at least, are the heavy foot-prints, in the finer texture of life, of a great commercial democracy seeking to abound supremely in its own sense and having none to gainsay it.

Let me not, however, forget, amid such contemplations, what may serve here as a much more relevant instance of the operation of values, the price of the as yet undiminished dignity of the two most southward of the Fifth Avenue churches. Half the charm of the prospect, at that extremity, is in their still being there, and being as they are; this charm, this serenity of escape and survival positively works as a blind on the side of the question of their architectural importance. The last shade of pedantry or priggishness drops from your view of that element; they illustrate again supremely your grasped truth of the *comparative* character, in such conditions, of beauty and of interest. The special standard they may or may not square with signifies, you feel, not a jot: all you know, and want to know, is that they are probably menaced—some horrible voice of the air has murmured it—and that with them will go, if fate overtakes them, the last cases worth mentioning (with a single exception,) of the modest felicity that sometimes used to be. Remarkable certainly the state of things in which mere exemption from the "squashed" condition can shed such a glamour; but we may accept the state of things if only we can keep the glamour undispelled. It reached its maximum for me, I hasten to add, on my penetrating

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into the Ascension, at chosen noon, and standing for the first time in presence of that noble work of John La Farge, the representation, on the west wall, in the grand manner, of the theological event from which the church takes its title. Wonderful enough, in New York, to find oneself, in a charming and considerably dim "old" church, hushed to admiration before a great religious picture; the sensation, for the moment, upset so all the facts. The hot light, outside, might have been that of an Italian *piazzetta;* the cool shade, within, with the important work of art shining through it, seemed part of some other-world pilgrimage—all the more that the important work of art itself, a thing of the highest distinction, spoke, as soon as one had taken it in, with that authority which makes the difference, ever afterwards, between the remembered and the forgotten quest. A rich note of interference came, I admit, through the splendid window-glass, the finest of which, unsurpassably fine, to my sense, is the work of the same artist; so that the church, as it stands, is very nearly as commemorative a monument as a great reputation need wish. The deeply pictorial windows, in which clearness of picture and fulness of expression consort so successfully with a tone as of magnified gems, did not strike one as looking into a yellow little square of the south—they put forth a different implication; but the flaw in the harmony was, more than anything else, that sinister voice of the air of which I have spoken, the fact that one *could* stand there, vibrating to such impressions, only to remember the suspended danger, the possibility of the doom. Here was the loveliest cluster of images, begotten on the spot, that the preoccupied city had ever taken thought to offer itself; and here, to match them, like some black shadow they had been condemned to cast, was this particular prepared honor of "removal" that appeared to hover about them.

One's fear, I repeat, was perhaps misplaced—but what an air to live in, the shuddering pilgrim mused, the air in which such fears are not misplaced only when we are conscious of very special reassurances! The vision of the doom that does descend, that had descended all round, was at all events, for the half-hour, all that was wanted to charge with the last tenderness one's memory of the transfigured interior. Afterwards, outside, again and again, the powers of removal struck me as looming, awfully, in the newest mass of multiplied floors and windows visible at this point. *They,* ranged in this terrible recent erection, were going to bring in money—and was not money the only thing a self-respecting structure could be thought of as bringing in? Hadn't one heard, just before, in Boston, that the security, that the sweet serenity of the Park Street Church, charmingest, there, of aboriginal notes, the very light, with its perfect position and its dear old delightful Wren-like spire, of the starved city's eyes, had been artfully practised against, and that the question of saving it might become, in the near future, acute? Nothing, fortunately, I think, is so much the "making" of New York, at its central point, for the visual, almost for the romantic, sense, as the Park Street Church is the making, by its happy coming-in, of Boston; and, therefore, if it were thinkable that the peculiar rectitude of Boston might be laid in the dust, what mightn't easily come about for the reputedly less austere conscience of New York? Once such questions had obtained lodgment, to take one's walks was verily to look at almost everything in their light; and to commune with the sky-scraper under this influence was really to feel worsted, more and more, in any magnanimous attempt to adopt the æsthetic view of it. I may appear to make too much of these invidious presences, but it must be remembered that they represent, for our time, the only claim to any consideration other than merely statistical established by the resounding growth of New York. The attempt to take the æsthetic view is invariably blighted sooner or later by their most salient characteristic, *the* feature that speaks loudest for the economic idea. Window upon window, at any cost, is a condition never to be reconciled with any grace of building, and the logic of the matter here happens to put on a particularly fatal front. If quiet interspaces, always half the architectural battle, exist no more in such a structural scheme than

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quiet tones, blest breathing-spaces, occur, for the most part, in New York conversation, so the reason is, demonstrably, that the building can't afford them. (It is by very much the same law, one supposes, that New York conversation cannot afford stops.) The building can only afford lights, each light having a superlative value as an aid to the transaction of business and the conclusion of sharp bargains. Doesn't it take in fact acres of window-glass to help even an expert New-Yorker to get the better of another expert one, or to see that the other expert one doesn't get the better of *him?* It is easy to conceive that, after all, with this origin and nature stamped upon their foreheads, the last word of the mercenary monsters should not be their address to our sense of formal beauty.

Still, as I have already hinted, there was always the case of the one other rescued identity and preserved felicity, the happy accident of the elder day still ungrudged and finally legitimated. When I say ungrudged, indeed, I seem to remember how I had heard that the divine little City Hall had *been* grudged, at a critical moment, to within an inch of its life; had but just escaped, in the event, the extremity of grudging. It lives on securely, by the mercy of fate—lives on in the delicacy of its beauty, speaking volumes again (more volumes distinctly, than are anywhere else spoken) for the exquisite truth of the *conferred* value of interesting objects, the value derived from the social, the civilizing function for which they have happened to find their opportunity. It is the opportunity that gives them their price, and the luck of there being, round about them, nothing greater than themselves to steal it away from them. They strike thus, practically, the supreme note, and—such is the mysterious play of our finer sensibility!—one takes this note, one is glad to work it, as the phrase goes, for all it is worth. I so work the note of the City Hall, no doubt, in speaking of the spectacle there constituted as "divine"; but I do it precisely by reason of the spectacle taken *with* the delightful small facts of the building: largely by reason, in other words, of the elegant, the gallant little structure's situation and history, the way it has played, artistically, ornamentally, its part, has held out for the good cause, through the long years, alone and unprotected. The fact is it has been the very centre of that assault of vulgarity of which the innumerable mementos rise within view of it and tower, at a certain distance, over it; and yet it has never parted with a square inch of its character, it has forced them, in a manner, to stand off. I hasten to add that in expressing thus its uncompromised state I speak of its outward, its æsthetic character only. So, at all events, it has discharged the civilizing function I just named as inherent in such cases—that of representing, to the community possessed of it, all the Style the community is likely to get, and of making itself responsible for the same.

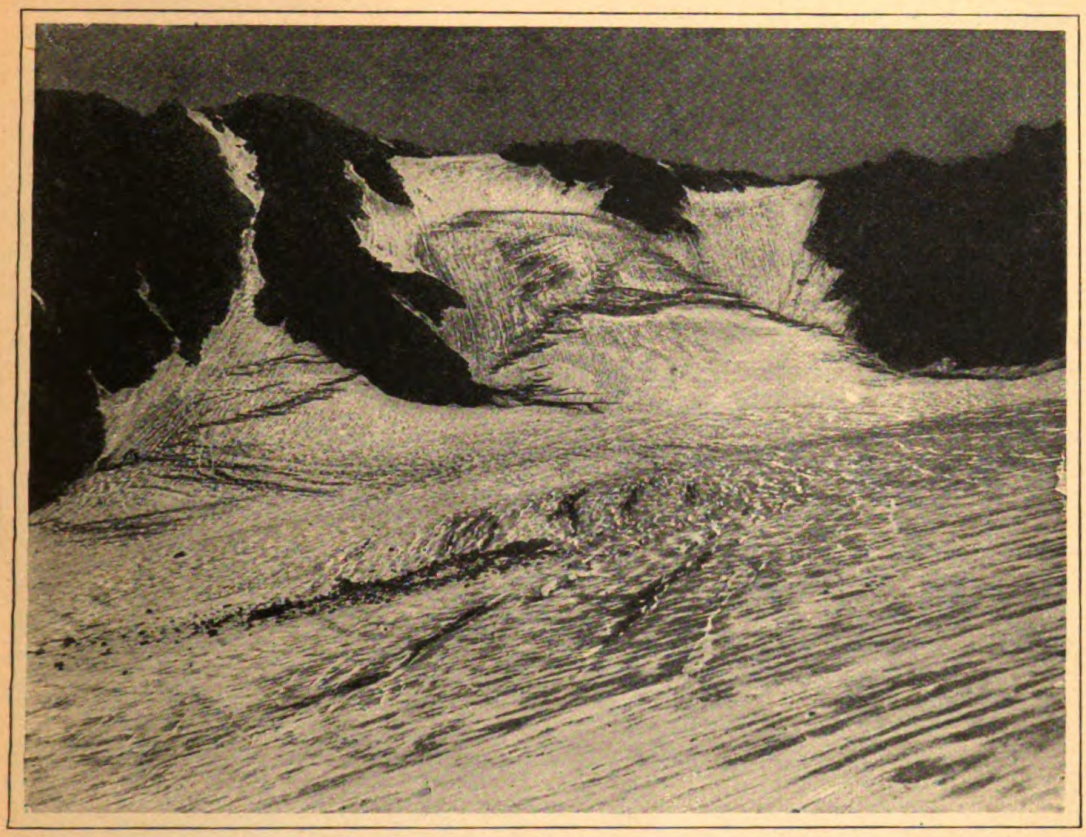
The consistency of this effort, under difficulties, has been the story that brings tears to the eyes of the hovering kindly critic, and it is through his tears, no doubt, that such a personage reads the best passages of the tale and makes out the proportions of the object. Mine, I recognize, didn't prevent my seeing that the pale yellow marble (or whatever it may be) of the City Hall has lost, by some late excoriation, the remembered charm of its old surface, the pleasant promiscuous patina of time; but the perfect taste and finish, the reduced yet ample scale, the harmony of parts, the just proportions, the modest classic grace, the living look of the type aimed at, these things, with gayety of detail undiminished and "quaintness" of effect augmented, are all there; and I see them, as I write, in that glow of appreciation which made it necessary, of a fine June morning, that I should somehow pay the whole place my respects. The simplest, in fact the only way, was, obviously, to pass under the charming portico and brave the consequences: this impunity of such audacities being, in America, one of the last of the lessons the repatriated absentee finds himself learning. The crushed spirit he brings back from European discipline never quite rises to the height of the native argument, the brave sense that the public, the civic building is his very own, for any honest use, so that he may tread even its most expen-

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sive pavements and staircases (and very expensive, for the American citizen, these have lately become,) without a question asked. This further and further unchallenged penetration begets in the perverted person I speak of a really romantic thrill: it is like some assault of the dim seraglio, with the guards bribed, the eunuchs drugged and one's life carried in one's hand. The only drawback to such freedom is that penetralia it is so easy to penetrate fail a little of a due impressiveness, and that if stationed sentinels are bad for the temper of the freeman they are good for the "prestige" of the building.

Never, in any case, it seemed to me, had any freeman made so free with the majesty of things as I was to make on this occasion with the mysteries of the City Hall—even to the point of coming out into the presence of the Representative of the highest office with which City Halls are associated, and whose thoroughly gracious condonation of my act set the seal of success upon the whole adventure. Its dizziest intensity, in fact, sprang precisely from the unexpected view opened into the old official, the old so thick-peopled local, municipal world: upper chambers of council and state, delightfully of their nineteenth-century time, as to design and ornament, in spite of rank restoration; but replete, above all, with portraits of past worthies, past celebrities and city fathers, Mayors, Bosses, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen at large, Generals and Commodores at large, florid ghosts, looking so unsophisticated now, of years not remarkable, municipally, for the absence of sophistication. Here were types, running mainly to ugliness and all bristling with the taste of their day and the quite touching provincialism of their conditions, as to many of which nothing would be more interesting than a study of New York annals in the light of their personal look, their very noses and mouths and complexions and heads of hair—to say nothing of their waistcoats and neckties; with such color, such sound and movement would the thick stream of local history then be interfused. Wouldn't its thickness fairly become transparent? since to walk through the collection was not only to see and feel so much that had happened, but to understand, with the truth again and again inimitably pointed, why nothing could have happened otherwise; the whole array thus presenting itself as an unsurpassed demonstration of the real reasons of things. The florid ghosts look out from their exceedingly gilded frames—all that *that* can do is bravely done for them—with the frankest responsibility for everything; their collective presence becomes a kind of copious telltale document signed with a hundred names. There are few of these that at this hour, I think, we particularly desire to repeat; but the place where they may be read is, all the way from river to river and from the Battery to Harlem, the place in which there is most of the terrible town.

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ARAPAHOE GLACIER, SEPTEMBER 2, 1902

A Colorado Glacier

BY JUNIUS HENDERSON

Curator of the Museum, University of Colorado

AGES ago, when the climate of the Rocky Mountain region was very different from that of the present day, when the annual snowfall greatly exceeded the annual loss by melting and evaporation, snow accumulated to an enormous depth along all the higher portions of the range. As the snow continued to pile up and pressure increased, it formed ice, which began to flow slowly to lower levels. The glaciers thus formed extended their icy tongues down preexisting mountain gorges, sometimes for many miles, until they reached levels where the mean annual temperature was sufficient to melt the ice as rapidly as it moved downward. The ice reached a thickness of hundreds, sometimes even thousands, of feet, as shown by perched boulders, glacial scratches and *roches moutonnées*. These ice-streams greatly modified the valleys in which they flowed, changing their V shape, characteristic of stream-formed gorges, to the U shape of glacial valley topography. They rounded off angular rocks and produced on a grand scale the *roches moutonnées* typical of glaciated mountain regions. They built great moraines, well defined and having steep sides, as would be expected in a region where valleys were bordered by precipitous cliffs and material was so abundant and accessible. Then the climate again changed and the glaciers slowly retreated, until now they are represented chiefly by remnants of *névé* rest-

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A VIEW OF GOOSE LAKE

Roches moutonnées, with Arapahoe Cirque in the background

ing in the arms of glacial cirques at altitudes of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea-level.

It had long been supposed that no true glaciers remain in the Rockies south of Wyoming, a supposition now known to be incorrect. North of Long's Peak two ice-fields have been described and referred to as glaciers by men whose determinations are entitled to considerable weight, though on the whole they partake more of the nature of *névé* and are so considered by some geologists. This difference of opinion is entirely excusable on the ground that the dividing line between *névé* and glacier is indistinct, "the one passing into the other by insensible gradation." However, explorations carried on in the last five years have brought to light an ice-stream which is so distinctly a glacier as to leave no chance for a dispute as to its character. It has been visited by experienced geologists, mapped, photographed and thoroughly studied.

Arapahoe Glacier is about a mile long, and is situated amid scenery as inspiring as any in the southern Rockies. It occupies an amphitheatre or glacial cirque upon the east side of the Arapahoe Peaks, the peaks and their thin, sharp, serrated connecting ridge forming the semi-circular rim of the cirque, the ridges running eastward from the north and south peaks forming the walls of the ancient glacial valley. The highest point on the rim of the cirque is 13,700 feet above sea-level.

The glacier once extended down North Boulder Valley about eight miles, and has left in its retreat a great network of moraines to delight the student of glacial geology, and a magnificent chain of glacial lakes to please the eye of the landscape artist. Upon the banks of one or another of these lakes our annual exploring expeditions have camped in early September for a number of years, living close to Nature, surrounded by scenery

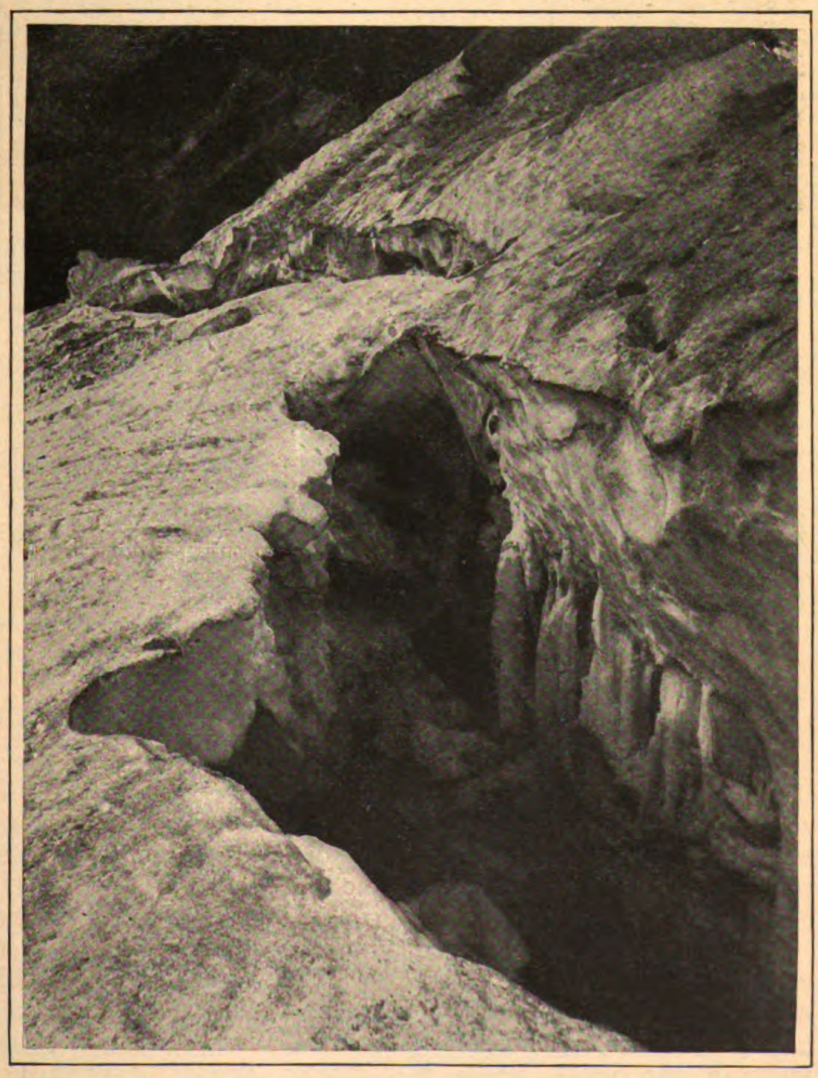
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which in a large measure compensated for the hardship of climbing rugged peaks and picking our way through an untrodden wilderness of stunted conifers, huge boulders, high precipices, and deep canyons. At night the music of a dozen waterfalls lulled us to sleep as we stretched our weary limbs upon beds of fragrant fir and spruce boughs. Among these peaks the fauna and flora are quite different from those of lower levels, and the trees tell in unmistakable language of deep snows and continual west winds, in some cases growing flat upon the rocks, in others holding their heads erect but throwing their branches out horizontally to the eastward, in order to oppose the least possible resistance to the wind.

On the ice we find all the phenomena of well-defined alpine glaciers the world over, but the first evidence of present glacial work we noticed in the stream and lakes fed by the melting ice. The lakes most remote from the glacier were clear as crystal; but as we approached the ice, the water took on at first a greenish tinge, gradually deepening and whitening as we progressed, until at the end of the ice-tongue we found it milky white, made so by the contained sediment or "rock-flour" ground from its granitic bed by the moving ice-stream.

The next thing to attract attention was the perfect freshness of the terminal moraine. All along the valley we had passed and crossed ancient moraines from which the fine mud had been removed by the storms of centuries, but here at the present terminus is a heterogeneous mixture of wet materials varying from the finest silt to boulders weighing many tons, looking as if the mass had just been deposited there by a gigantic steam-shovel. The lake for which it operates as a retaining dam is evidence of a recent recession of the ice front. The moraine is the omnivorous recipient of everything that falls upon or into the ice, in addition to the rock-flour and other material carried along beneath it.

Another striking feature of the glacier is the stratification and banding of the ice, characteristic of all glaciers. These were once supposed to be distinct features due to two very different causes, but in the light of recent investigations this



THE "BERGSCHLUND," ARAPAHOE GLACIER.

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may be doubted without danger of being considered a heretic. It seems quite possible that the banding and stratification, considered as a whole, simply represent successive seasons or falls of snow, first appearing in a poorly defined way in the *névé* and acquiring better definition with the downward progress of the ice. Another feature which serves to distinguish glacier-ice from *névé* is the distinct granular crystalline structure.



A Crevasse on Arapahoe Glacier

Arapahoe Glacier is remarkable in the definite symmetry of its *Bergschlund*, the great semicircular crevasse extending across the face of the ice-stream and marking the point where the glacier proper, by accelerated movement, breaks away from the *névé*. Its crevassing systems, too, are very definitely outlined. Where the ice flows over a sudden change in the slope of the valley floor, yawning crevasses are opened to unknown depths by the stretching of the ice. They vary from a few inches to many feet in width, and are often several hundred feet in length. In making his way amid the maze of crevasses a sudden slip may plunge the explorer to an instant death; and, be it remembered, ice does not afford the most secure foothold in the world, so that a slip is altogether too easy. Furthermore, caverns sometimes form with but a thin covering of ice, and a heavy fall of moist snow, drifting with the wind, often covers crevasses of sufficient width to engulf a human being. Such covered crevasses are particularly apt to occur early in the season, before the preceding winter's snows have been melted back. Men have unconsciously and unconcernedly crossed Arapahoe Glacier on what they supposed was solid ice, where a few weeks later the melting of the slight crust of frozen snow exposed the *Bergschlund* twenty feet in width. In the Swiss Alps at least one instance is known where a man has fallen into a crevasse, and his body has been carried downward and years later deposited on the terminal moraine. On

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LAKE DAMMED BY PRESENT TERMINAL MORAINE OF ARAPAHOE GLACIER
Ice-tongue extends into lake. Photographed August 30, 1902

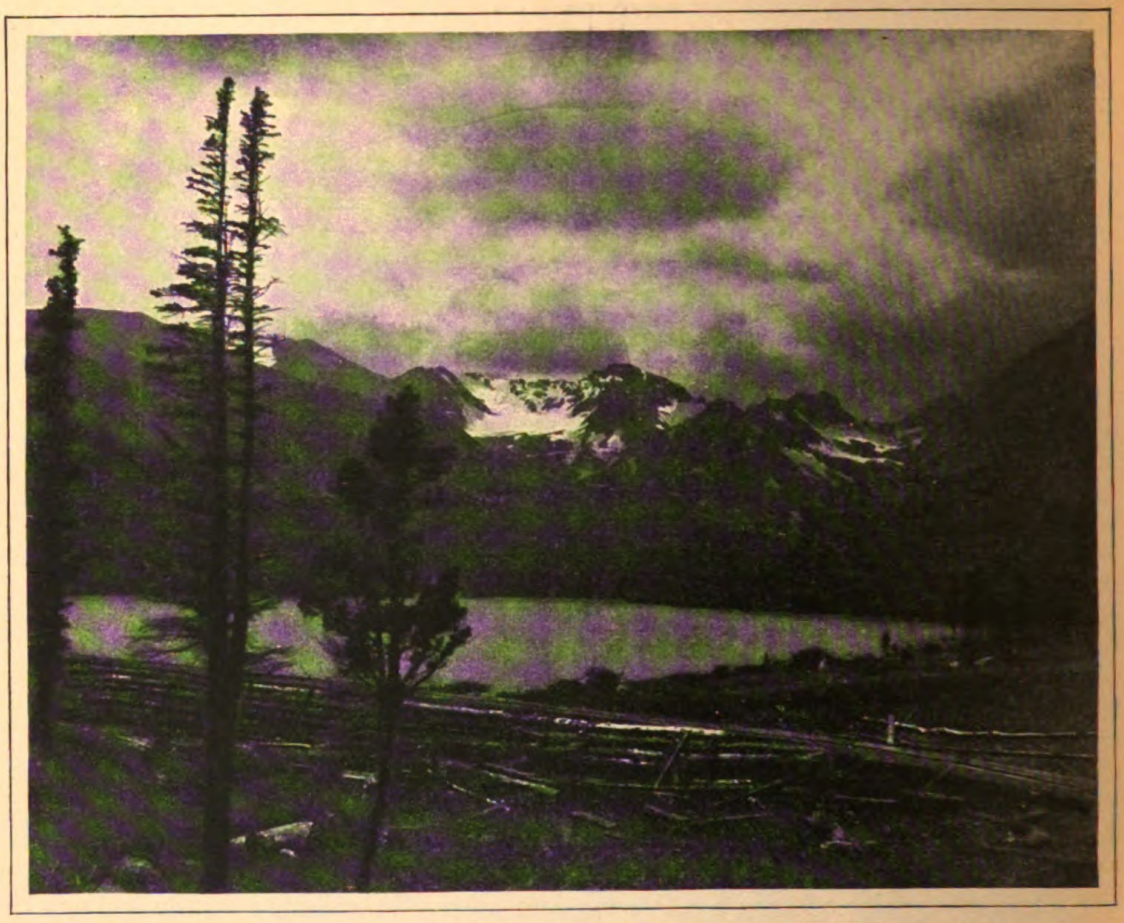
the terminal moraine of Arapahoe Glacier we recently found the carcass of a mountain-sheep melting out of the ice, where it had been in cold storage for many years, perhaps even centuries. The most reasonable supposition, in view of all the circumstances, is that it broke through or slipped into a crevasse and was carried downward to the terminus by the movement of the ice. Crevasses may open slowly and quietly, or with astonishing suddenness. The writer was once treated to a perfect cannonading upon Arapahoe Glacier, the ice cracking almost beneath his feet several times in succession, with thunderous roars, forcibly reminding him that he had business imperatively requiring his instant presence elsewhere.

Another source of danger from which there have been some narrow escapes at the terminus of Arapahoe Glacier is the instability of boulders upon the fresh moraine. On ancient mountain moraines one may generally feel safe in trusting his weight upon the edges of large boulders, because they have been for ages settling into more and more secure positions. On fresh moraines, however, they are often deposited in nicely balanced positions, or reduced to such condition by the washing away of the finer materials around them, so that the slightest pressure may overturn boulders weighing several tons. For this reason experienced glacialists avoid the fresh deposits whenever practicable, and when forced upon them, proceed with the utmost caution.

No measurements were necessary to convince our first exploring party that the ice was moving. To the student of glacial phenomena the evidence on every hand was as easily read as a printed page and as convincing as a mathematical demonstration, but it remained to determine the rate of movement. Consequently, on a later visit, we set up the instruments on the granitic north wall and placed a line of zinc tablets across the face of the ice. Returning exactly one year later, we found that the tablets had moved in amounts varying from 11.15 feet at a point 300 feet from the edge, to 27.7 feet at a point near the centre.

The existence of this glacier within a few miles of civilization for so long a time before recognition of its true char-

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SILVER LAKE, WITH ARAPAHOE IN THE DISTANCE

acter seems rather astounding. Hundreds of tourists had gazed upon it from the rim of the amphitheatre, late enough in the season for the melting of the surface snow to disclose the crevassed and stratified ice, which should have attracted attention. It may be that other glaciers in the less accessible fastnesses of the Colorado Rockies await discovery by observant explorers able to recognize them when found, and the pleasure of making new discoveries and adding to the sum total of human knowledge should be sufficient incentive for the lover of Nature whose eyes are keen, whose lungs are elastic enough for high altitudes, whose muscles are strong, and whose nerves are steady enough for hard climbing in a rugged land. Even though no new discoveries be made, what pleasure can be greater than getting away from the well-beaten paths, where everything is new and strange, and where Nature's building has been on a grand scale? A school-teacher, after following the writer along the difficult ridge from the south spur to the north spur of Arapahoe Peaks, and reaching a point attained by but few of the tourists, gazed out over the awe-inspiring expanse of mountains and valleys, visible for at least 150 miles to the north, south, and west, and many miles to the east, and at last broke the silence of the mountain solitude with the exclamation, "I tell you, it makes a man a better American to see this!"

Why should Americans go abroad to see the sights of foreign lands, who have not the faintest conception of the wonders of our own land to be found by getting away from the regular lines of travel, which naturally and almost necessarily follow the lines of least resistance, which lead them away from the grander views?

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The Conversion of Jabez Trimble

BY PASCHAL H. COGGINS

"WHERE you bin this last half-hour, Jabez?"

Mrs. Trimble asked the question rather from some vague sense of matrimonial duty than from any conscious impulse of curiosity. She did not look up from her work, and if her spouse had been prepared with any sort of an answer the chances are a dozen to one that the whole matter would have dropped right there. As it was, however, there followed a moment of unaccountable silence. Then it dawned upon Mrs. Trimble that, contrasted with his customary style of locomotion, there had been something positively obtrusive in the modesty with which her husband had just entered the room. It was not Mrs. Trimble's habit to allow her suspicions to remain long in a liquid state.

The ivory crochet-needle had ceased to move, and for a single instant the bit of red and white worsted hung motionless in her fingers—as ominous as the sword of Damocles suspended by its single thread. Then dropping the work into her lap, she hitched her chair forward to escape the eclipse of the big red-shaded lamp, and fixed the partner of her joys and sorrows with her glistening gold-rimmed spectacles.

"You don't mean t' tell me that you've bin a-spookin' through th' parlor while Lizbeth's a-sittin' with her company?"

Mr. Trimble made a ridiculous feint of not catching the exact point of her observation. Manifestly he did not mean to tell her—if he could possibly avoid it. It was Jabez's misfortune, however, that his histrionic powers had been but imperfectly developed, and beneath the steady focus of those glittering spectacles his feeble little pretence faded and shrivelled for one uncomfortable moment, and then, as it were, evaporated and left no mark.

"Why, Marthy, I don'no' as you could call it spookin', even if I hed. It 'd jest 'a' bin makin' a visit, same as anybody else."

"Jabez Trimble, hev you or hev you not bin in that parlor since supper was eat?"

The injustice of this form of argument aroused Jabez to an attitude of self-defence. Laying aside his paper, he slowly unhooked his spectacles from behind his ears, and producing a bandanna handkerchief of most ample proportions, began to polish the lenses.

"Marthy," he said, slowly, as he breathed first upon one and then the other of the glasses, "to th' best o' my recollection th' taxes on this house for this present current year has bin fully paid and satisfied. Seems like I remembered attendin' t' the matter myself. That bein' th' fact,"—he paused and made a deliberate inspection of his work by test of the lamplight,—"why, I rather calcolate to continue to circolate more or less about th' premises—includin' of the parlor—at jest sich various times as shall, may, can, or must be most satisfactory to myself. And moreover besides," he went on as he crumpled his handkerchief into a ball preparatory to returning it to the tail pocket of his coat, "I don'no' as there's any special call for askin' Lizbeth, 'r anybody else, for a permit b'fore startin' out."

This announcement was followed by a more or less impressive silence, but neither the spirit of masculine independence which breathed through its elaborate periods, nor the abstract question of right which it presented, could deflect Mrs. Trimble a hair's breadth from the main question.

"How did you ever come to do such a luny trick? Did you knock before you went in?"

Mr. Trimble answered the last question first, and didn't answer the first question at all.

"Don'no' as I did jest exactly what

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yo' might call knock, Marthy. It 'd look sort o' queer, wouldn't it—a man o' my years a-goin' about his own house a-tip-tappin' on th' doors? Look 's if he warn't quite sure he was t' home. Howsumever, I didn't hev any great sight o' trouble a-gittin' in."

"And what did yo' do then?"

"Why, then— Oh yes—soon's I'd turned up the lamp a bit I says 'howdy' t' the young fellow, an' he shakes hands an' goes ahead an' has a spell o' what th' parson calls real edifyin' conversation. Warn't nothin' light or friv'lous about it, I kin tell you that t' begin with. You ought t' hear him talk— Say, Marthy," Mr. Trimble broke off suddenly, "did you know them old Greeks ain't all dead yet? I reckoned they was all finished up a million years ago, an' th' Romans on top o' 'em, and all th' hull lot was covered with a mile or two of solid earth. Seems t' me I learned that in school. Well, anyway, he asked me how I thought th' Greeks 'd come out if they really got to fightin' with th' Turks. Of course I thought he was a-guyin', and—well, lookin' at it back'ards, I guess perhaps my remarks didn't connect very close with the facts o' the case."

"Yo' don't say?" spoke up Mrs. Trimble, with a cheerfulness that caused her husband to look at her fully three seconds in silence. Then in quite another tone of voice she proceeded with the investigation. "What did yo' do next?"

"Oh—why—I don't recollect as I did much o' anything. That young fellow, though, after we'd shook hands, he jest sits his chair down clost alongside of Lizbeth, and then right while we was a-talkin' he reaches out an' takes her hand, and he sort o' strokes it th' hull rest o' th' time. There warn't no hitchin' up sidewise, or reachin' round b'hind the back o' th' chairs, like you'd natur'ly expect when her dad was right on hand a-watchin'."

"Jabez, yo' ought t' hev squeezed yourself right in between 'em. Like as not yo' did, though?"

"No, I didn't; but that young fellow's coolness sort of friz th' flow o' my ideas. I was a-doin' well enough up to that time, exceptin' p'r'aps about them Greeks. Well, all of a suddent, an' without meanin' it, I asks Lizbeth if she knowed how you was. An' she laughs an' says she guesses you was lonesome. An' then I says 'good-by' t' young Hopper, and—"

"Land o' Beeswax! you didn't take him for George Hopper? You didn't call him that—not to his face?"

"Why, yes, I s'pose so—of course I did. You don't mean, Marthy—"

"I mean, Jabez Trimble, that you ain't got no more o' that horse-sense you talk so much about than—than a mud-turtle."

The old lumberman remained discreetly silent.

"If I didn't know for a positive fact," resumed Mrs. Trimble a moment later, "that you think the world and all of Lizbeth, I'd b'lieve your hull objec' in life was to hinder her from gittin'—gittin'—"

"Gittin' what, Marthy?"

"Why, from gittin' vis'tors and friends like other girls o' her age. It was th' way you talked on the verandy that evenin' 'at druv George Hopper away, an' you didn't even know he'd stopped comin'. As for that, though, I reckon he'd hev stopped before this, anyway."

Mr. Trimble, having recovered in a measure from the shock of his own misadventure, inquired mysteriously,

"Marthy, who is this one, anyway?"

"Jabez, you've held that youngster on your knee a dozen times, and once you—but I reckon that's enough for a start."

"Say, Marthy," Mr. Trimble broke out two minutes later, "yo' don't mean t' tell me that this chap's Tom Berwick's young 'un, that went to Californy with Tom's sister years ago, and was— Oh, of course not. That one was drownded."

"Keep on a-goin' over all the dead children you ever knowed, Jabez, an' then take up th' livin' ones, and you'll get the right one after while. Might save some time, p'r'aps," she added, as she straightened out a snarl in her worsted, "by only takin' the boys. Clarry Berwick was a girl."

"'Tain't th' least mite o' use, Marthy; I can't never guess him. Might as well tell me—unless you'd rather I'd go back to th' parlor and ask?"

"He's the widow Graham's son, Burton, an' him an' our Lizbeth used t' go t' Miss Spergeon's school together when they warn't knee-high to a bantam

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Drawn by M. Cowles

"THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING WRONG DOWN AT GEERSON'S," HE SAID

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rooster. The way them young ones hung on to each other, I never seen th' like. Why, lots an' lots o' times I've seen 'em marchin' off t' school together carryin' each other's lunch-pails. Sort o' bearin' each other's burdens! That's th' way they looked. I see 'em as plain this minute as when they was callin' for me to come out and open th' big gate. Catch me a-forgettin' people!"

"Oh, that's th' lot, is it? I remember that family well enough. Why, Marthy, his dad was th' chap that people used to talk so much about his fiddlin'. Don't you mind—"

"Yo' don't need t' tell me, Jabez. Professor Graham was 'lowed to be the best performer on the violin this side o' Cleveland."

"He never done a real day's work in his life," said Jabez, scornfully.

"Well, anyway, Jabez, he died. After that his widow, she took her little boy—that's Burton, in there—to Cleveland, and tried to give him some sort o' an education. Things in the money way was al'ays pretty tight with 'em. And now they've come back to Overton, an' Burton and our Lizbeth seems to hev begun right where they left off."

"What's this one learned t' do? Perform on the jew's-harp?"

"He's got a place in Geerson's bank. He's the bill clerk, I think Lizbeth says."

The old lumberman leaned back in his chair and rubbed his chin in silence.

"Can't see as that family's advancin' up'ards in th' scale very rapid. The daddy tickled people's ears a-rubbin' dry catgut, an' th' son he scratches with a pen in other people's blank books. 'Twixt fiddlin' and scribblin' it's chuck an' chuck, accordin' t' my thinkin'. I wouldn't give a rotten knot-hole for twenty fellows o' that sort 'round a lumber-yard."

"Well, Jabez, ev'rybody don't hev to jest fit th' lumber business, do they?"

"P'r'aps not, but I tell yo', Marthy," he exclaimed, with the vigor of a man mounting his hobby, "I've got mighty little use for these chaps that go through life 'thout addin' anything to the world's goods—anything that you can see and handle. The man for me's the one that takes off his coat an' goes out in th' hot sun an' makes two blades of grass grow where there was only one before."

"That's a fav'rite sayin' o' yours, Jabez, that one about makin' two blades o' grass grow in place o' one?"

"That's b'cause it's so mighty plain. Gads! The man that can't catch on t' that sayin', offhand an' 'thout a dictionary, needs t' have a gardeen app'inted by the court."

"Yes, it certainly is *plain* enough," assented Mrs. Trimble, "but somehow or other, 's far's I'm concerned, it never seemed t' me like it was o' very much use—that partic'lar sayin'—not to a man who never done one blessed thing in this world exceptin' t' make no trees at all grow where God Almighty hed planted forest. How 's it strike you, Jabez?"

It struck Jabez in such a way that, to use the picturesque language of the prize-ring, he never came out of his corner.

"Never thought of it at all, did you, Jabez?"

Still there was no reply.

"And like as not," persisted Mrs. Trimble, "there's some other things you never thought about. F'r instance, it may be, p'r'aps, that all men that play on a fiddle 'r cut down trees ain't all jest exactly alike. Some of 'em may be good and some bad. That bein' th' case, why, p'r'aps the best way'd be t' examine each one of 'em sep'rate, like yo' do with grocery-store eggs, an' not break 'em all into one bowl t' begin with."

"Well, Marthy, I don'no'. P'r'aps you're right."

On the morning following Mr. Trimble's not wholly propitious introduction to his daughter's company that young lady entered the breakfast-room with something of active expectancy in her manner.

"Where's pa?"

"Your pa? Why, your pa, he took his breakfast ahead o' time this morning. There's some sort of a yeller-pine dicker a-goin' on, and your pa was t' meet th' president of the other company at the hotel. He 'lowed he'd be in plenty o' time."

There had been a frown on Lizbeth's forehead as she entered the room, but it was already being contradicted by a smile of merriment, which was struggling visibly for possession of her frank brown eyes and half-parted lips. As

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Mrs. Trimble closed her explanation the eyes of the mother and daughter met, and the frown vanished, leaving the smile in full possession.

"But it wasn't one bit funny, mamma —not at the time. Pa said some of the most ridiculous things. Why, he talked about old Hercules at the battle of Marathon, and lots more just like that."

"Well, daughter, you know your pa well enough to understand that he's got t' hev his little jokes. It's bin that way ever since he was married, an' a long time before, I reckon."

"And, mamma, he took Burton for George Hopper, and they look about as much alike as you and I."

"As t' that part of it," replied Mrs. Trimble, as she passed Lizbeth a cup of steaming coffee, "a girl that changes beaux so rapid that her own folks can't keep up with 'em—"

"Beaux? Mamma, you know perfectly well that I never cared for George Hopper —that is, not in any—any particular way."

Mrs. Trimble laughed aloud.

"Which means, I s'pose, that as to Burton Graham it's quite a different matter?"

The girl was silent for a moment, and then looked up from her plate. Her merriment had ceased.

"Mamma, I do like Burton very, very much."

The color rushed to her cheeks, but she met her mother's eye unflinchingly. A frivolous speech died upon the older woman's lips.

"Does Burton like you?" she asked, presently.

"Yes."

"Has he told you so?"

"Yes, mamma. He told me so when we were very little children, and he has never taken it back. We have liked each other always. Why, mamma, we've never once quarrelled, not even when we were little bits of tots."

Suddenly—but it would have puzzled her to tell why—there were tears in Martha Trimble's eyes, and her arm was about her daughter's waist.

"If I was you, dear," she said, her very sentiment taking a practical turn, "I don't think I'd pester your pa much about what happened last night."

So it came about that Jabez Trimble experienced an uneasy sort of relief when two or three meals had passed and there had been no objectionable references to his untimely incursion into the parlor. A week of unbroken domestic harmony, however, restored his confidence—and something more. The "something more" was his incorrigible impulse to tease.

Lizbeth was accustomed to his teasing, but her heart grew heavy as her ear caught the apparently unconscious note of contempt which ran through all his jesting references to Burton Graham. It put upon her naturally joyous nature a painful constraint whenever the two were thrown together, even in her own home, and as time wore on it filled her with an actual dread of that moment when they must confront each other and deal with the subject so charged with her own happiness and theirs.

Except in his own house Mr. Trimble saw but little of young Graham. One bright afternoon, however, as he was standing at the window of his office, he chanced to witness a meeting between the pair. Beyond the manifest pleasure of their greetings, nothing attracted Mr. Trimble's attention until Burton turned to accompany his sweetheart up the street. Then, with a queer little gesture —at once imperative and affectionate— Lizbeth thrust into Burton's hand the library book she was carrying, and took from him his small paper parcel. The subtle flash of a woman's love was in the act, and it reached the old man standing at the window. "Bearing each other's burdens." Instantly his wife's reminiscence came to his mind.

"Doll-baby play."

And so at length the time came when Jabez was obliged to take the young bank clerk seriously.

Under the circumstances of his courtship it is not, perhaps, surprising if Burton Graham approached the office of the Milton Falls Lumber Company upon a certain Monday afternoon with something of inward trepidation. The seclusion of an unlocked office door during the final hours of a busy day did not invite to special confidence, and Jabez Trimble at his desk presented a much more formidable front than in the relaxation of his own home.

Hat in hand, the young man greeted

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the other across the broad expanse of the president's desk. Mr. Trimble acknowledged the greeting and, sitting quite erect, motioned his visitor to the single chair which confronted his own. Young Graham hesitated a moment, and then plunged at once into the deep water of his errand.

"Mr. Trimble, I want Lizzie for my wife. She and I understand each other, and I've loved her for a very long time. I have never loved any other girl, and now I've come to ask your consent to our marriage."

His words were deliberate, and yet when he had finished he was acutely conscious of the abruptness of his speech. There was a pause of mere uncertainty, and an expression of surprise came over the face of the old lumberman. Then, pulling himself together, the old man looked Burton in the face and told him it was the hardest question he ever had to answer. He must have time, a week or ten days to think it over. Burton, assenting, sought to fill an awkward minute with inquiries after Mrs. Trimble before taking his leave.

When he had gone, Jabez Trimble sat at his desk with his eyes fixed on the door, and his face was a study. Something had happened, or not happened, contrary to all his past experience, and he was trying to make it out.

During the week that followed, no word upon the all-important subject was uttered in the presence of the girl whose happiness hung in the balance. There were not wanting tokens, however, that the question lay heavy upon the old man's mind. Sometimes he would forget his paper, while his eyes followed Lizbeth about the room as if she had suddenly taken on some new qualities of mind or body. Once, too, as he was passing her chair, his rough hand rested upon her head, and his fingers followed down her dark curls and lingered for a moment upon her full white neck. He was proud of her always, but the crust of habit had so hardened into constraint that his feelings rarely broke through into visible expression. The first week of Burton Graham's probation passed by and his question had received no answer.

It was Tuesday morning of the second week.

"Why, Jabez, what is it?"

They were at the breakfast-table, and Mrs. Trimble's quick eye had caught the startled glance which her husband had sent, first towards Lizbeth and then in her own direction. By the time she had spoken he was again intent upon the paper spread open beside his plate.

"Don't know as it's much o' anything," he replied, doggedly, but instantly realizing the hopelessness of procrastination, he added, "only ev'rything swells up so when these reporter fellows git a-hold of it."

"What's it about?"

"Why, 't seems there's been something or other wrong down at Geerson's—some cash missing, they say—and late last night a couple o' the clerks was took—was—arrested."

He had tried not to look at Lizbeth, but he did so now in spite of himself.

"Burton?"

Awkwardly he nodded assent. Then, yet more awkwardly, he added, "But you can't b'lieve one-half o' ten per cent. of what you read in the papers."

The girl turned to her mother.

"Oh, it isn't true. Burton could never, never do that."

Then her face was turned dumbly back to himself, and he saw the color fade from her lips and her hands clasp the edge of the table. Before he could reach her, her eyes closed and, with a single soblike respiration, she sank back in her chair unconscious.

Half an hour later, when his daughter had recovered from the first harsh shock of the news, Jabez Trimble took his hat from the rack.

"Marthy, I reckon there's no reason for my not goin' t' the office?"

"Ain't you goin' t' see Burton? You ought to, Jabez."

"I don'no' 'bout that. Anyway, now, I'm goin' t' the office," and without a word of consolation for Lizbeth he left the house.

At about eleven o'clock Mr. Trimble, having made a semblance of covering the routine of the morning's work, left the office, with word that he would not return until afternoon.

Contrary to the habit of years, he turned his footsteps northward and strolled out through the scattered sub-

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urbs of the city until he came to the river. Here he paused for a moment, irresolute between two indifferent paths, and then pursued his way down the stream. Twenty minutes later he was seated beneath the shade of a great oak, very solemnly flipping dead acorn-cups into the sluggish current. The mood and occupation were about as foreign to Jabez Trimble's natural self as playing marbles in Overton Common. Very soon, however, even this diversion had ceased. In his own slow laborious way the old lumberman was struggling with his problem.

Yet the old gentleman's ordeal was less severe than that of his wife and daughter at home. Mrs. Trimble realized that Lizbeth's distress was deeper than any philosophy which she could just then bring to bear upon the case, and, for possibly an hour, she succeeded in keeping both Lizbeth and herself busy. She had set about the preparation of their noon meal, when she felt the girl's arm drop suddenly about her neck, and heard her troubled voice:

"Mamma, it's of no use; I can't bear it. I can't. I'm going to the—the prison to see Burton. You must go with me."

The mother drew the daughter close, patting her lovingly on the hand.

"I don't blame yo' one mite, dear, not one mite. I'll go with you. I can't noway see why your pa couldn't have said right out what he meant to do."

When, early in that afternoon, Jabez Trimble entered the office of the superintendent of the Overton city prison he found that official alone.

"Well, Mr. Trimble," queried the officer, when they had exchanged greetings, "what can we do— Oh yes, I reckon I know without asking. Just come right in through here."

As the officer spoke he lifted the hinged bar into the private office. Jabez, bewildered, passed behind the railing.

"I wish to see a young man o' th' name o' Graham, who was—"

"They're right in here," interrupted the officer, in a whisper, with his hand on the knob of the door leading into what proved to be a private consultation-room. Before Mr. Trimble could make response, the door was partially opened and he caught a glimpse of the group within.

Mrs. Trimble, Lizbeth, and young Graham were sitting about a small table, the young man talking and the women bending forward to catch his words. Just within the door Mr. Trimble paused, manifestly taken aback by what he saw.

"Well, Marthy," he said, awkwardly, "there don't seem to be nobody absent, leastwise not on our side o' th' house."

Burton had already arisen, and with an involuntary movement of the hand was coming forward as if for greeting. His night of anxiety had left him pale and nervous, and added singularly to the youthfulness of his appearance. As he caught Mr. Trimble's speech, he checked himself and stood for a moment ill at ease, with one hand resting upon the back of the chair.

"My mother has been with me all morning," he said.

Jabez joined the little group, drawing his own chair between those of his wife and daughter.

"I was sorry to hear o' this thing. Sort o' bad break, wasn't it?"

The words fell harshly upon Burton's ears, and his manner showed it.

"I hope, Mr. Trimble, that you do not for one moment—"

"Well, anyway," interrupted the other, with a motion of the hand, "I didn't come to talk about that. There's another matter. Some'eres about a week ago you came t' my office with a question I couldn't answer offhand, an' I asked for time. Now I've come t' answer it."

For an instant Graham was unable to speak. He found himself overwhelmed by the thought, not that Mr. Trimble believed in his guilt, but that the old lumberman had seized upon his misfortune as a pretext for peremptorily breaking off the engagement. He felt at once the injustice and the helplessness of his own position.

"You must give me time. I have a right—"

"Oh, papa, papa, you haven't come here to tell Burton—to tell us—*that?*"

Lizbeth's voice, resonant with sudden feeling, silenced even Graham. Her hand went to Burton's, resting white and listless upon the table.

"I've come to answer the question, and I'm goin' t' answer it in my own way, so's when I'm through there won't

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be any trouble in knowin' what I mean. They say you womenfolks can tell all about the rights and wrongs of a thing without takin' time to think—by intooishun. Well, I'm only a man, so when I came up against the question whether Burton Graham here was the right sort for our Lizbeth, I hadn't no other way than jest to put together all the things I'd noticed about him, an' then foot 'em all up, same as I would a bill fer lumber, an' stand by th' bottom figgers. That's what I did, Marthy, and that's what I'm goin' to do."

The husband and wife gazed into each other's face for a moment. Then Mr. Trimble turned back to Burton Graham.

"You an' me ain't built out o' th' same sort o' timber, and I never warmed to you very much. Then you've al'ays had some ways about you that went dead agin' my grain. They warn't things a man could talk much about, but they al'ays sort o' riled me. You'd take Lizbeth's hand, or you'd put your arm along the sofy when she was sittin' next t' you, right while her ma and me was in the room. Fer a good bit I didn't nohow like it."

He came to a full stop and involuntarily turned to his wife.

"But, Marthy, when I got right down close to think it out, why, it struck me that p'r'aps, after all, a young fellow that's open and aboveboard in love with a girl, and that's perfectly honest himself, ain't got no special call t' hide his meanin', even from the girl's dad."

"Why, Jabez, there warn't anything wrong in that. That didn't never trouble me any," said Mrs. Trimble.

"An' as far's I could notice," continued her husband, dryly, "it didn't never trouble Lizbeth neither. But there's other things—one in partic'lar. What you says t' me at th' office," turning again to Burton, "stumped me more'n anything I've had to handle for a good many years. What you says was, 'Mr. Trimble, I've loved your Lizzie for a long time, an' I ain't never loved any other girl, an' now I want you to agree to our gittin' married.' I waited for him to say something else, Marthy, but he hadn't another blessed thing to say. Of course I reckoned he'd tell something about his wages, an' th' chances of a rise, and, p'r'aps, whether there was anything coming to him from any relatives. You recollect, Marthy, how on the correspondin' occasion I showed your dad a deed for a full quarter-section o' mighty good timberland? But I soon seen that Burton here hadn't so much as thought o' doin' anything o' that sort, and somehow or other, jest at that moment, I didn't seem to have the nerve to bring him right down to the point."

He paused to look his auditors in the face and fill his lungs for further speech.

"Marthy, the way he looked when he said our Lizbeth was th' only girl he'd ever loved was like he was layin' down fifty thousand dollars in government bonds for security."

"You don't understand Burton," Lizbeth burst forth. "You can't, papa. It would seem to him just like offering to buy me."

The old man took his daughter's hand in his own broad palm.

"Marthy, the thing has sort o' haunted me ever since. It was miles outside of any idees I'd ever had, an' yet I couldn't quite git rid of it. P'r'aps you won't b'lieve it, but at first it sort o' frightened me. Then I laughed at myself for growing soft in my old age, but that didn't stop it. The fact is, it's been pretty sort o' tough.

"But this morning, Marthy, it all come t' me as clear as th' risin' sun. If what I was really after was jest the happiness of this girl of ours, and nothin' else in God's world, why, then the young fellow has put up a pretty tol'rable good quality o' security. She can't sell it, but I reckon she can always draw on it in time o' need. And what's better," and he looked Burton squarely in the face, "as far as th' Almighty has given me any power t' judge o' human nature, it ain't goin' t' wear out, an' it can't be stolen. So, last an' final, whenever you two want t' git married, why, you'll have all the blessing a rough old fellow like me can—"

He stopped abruptly. The little touch of humor which now and again had helped him through had suddenly vanished from his soul. He leaned forward on the table, just a rugged old man from out whose life was slipping forever the most joyous thing it had ever held.

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There fell upon the little company a silence born of sudden tenderness and the fear of tears.

Presently there came a rap at the door, and when it was opened Mr. Caleb Geerson, the senior member of the firm of Geerson and Co., entered the room. He was manifestly ill at ease, but he had come with a definite purpose.

"I have hastened here, Mr. Graham," he said, after a bow to Mr. Trimble and the ladies, "to say that it was all a most deplorable mistake. The bills have been found."

"Well, blame me!" remarked Jabez, recovering his spirits and looking not at Mr. Geerson, but at the faces of the little group about the table, "If somehow I hadn't sort o' took that part o' it fer granted."

Something in the tone seemed to arouse Jabez to a final rally.

"I don't care a pinch o' tan-bark about th' trouble at th' bank."

Then very gently removing Lizbeth's arm from about his neck, he turned towards his wife.

"'S far as I'm concerned, Marthy, that part o' th' business settled itself in less 'n one minute by the clock. Th' man that our Lizbeth thinks enough of t' want to marry, when she's had th' chance to know him she's had in this case, ain't built o' th' stuff they make sneak-thieves of. There'll be some explanations, of course, but they'll come from the other people."

Again Lizbeth's arm was about her father's neck, but now the girl's eyes sought those of her lover.

Both at that instant were gazing through tears at that infinite happiness which true love forever holds as its promise before the face of youth—the brightest vision upon all this great round earth.

"You blessed, blessed papa! And you can't even guess what a load you've lifted from my heart."

The old man saw and heard, and perhaps there came to him some quick vision of the long, long past. With a gentleness that seemed made yet more gentle by the very awkwardness of the act, he reached forth his hand and laid it upon the arm of the woman whose face had once been so like the one which now pressed against his own rough cheek. His words came slowly, and sometimes by manifest force of will.

"Marthy, I s'pose it won't be long before you an' me must be goin' the rest of the way alone, and sometimes, I reckon, it 'll be sort o' lonesome without this little girl of ours. If we warn't too old —you an' me—and these children could learn us that way o' theirs of carryin' each other's burdens—not b'cause they're overheavy, Marthy, but jest b'cause they *are* each other's burdens—why—somehow—p'r'aps on account of it being them that showed us how—it 'd sort of seem t' make th' goin' easier. Marthy—don't yo' think—"

Jabez Trimble's voice went out, but the light that beamed upon him through the gold-rimmed spectacles, even though it came at last through tears, was like the mellow warmth of a glorious autumn day.

Dejection

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE sun is gone; and the forsaken sea—
Wherein all depths of tenderness appear,
Her glance a tear
Looks back at me
Where I upon the strand,
The centre of the lone horizon stand,
Forlorn as she,
To know that when her darkness drifts away,
Mine own shall stay.

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Ways of the Kentucky Cardinal

BY JENNIE BROOKS

OUR little bird, garbed in olive tints, with golden-gray breast, wings and tail feathers touched with scarlet to make her gay, located her first nest in our vicinity five years ago. This first nest I was able to secure in the early summer, and a bird's nest is an ever-varying marvel, each year differing in its construction, even though the same material may be used. This first one, however, was but the precursor of better things to come. A new era had arrived, and an æsthetic sense was being developed in my lady. The nest had been placed in the most secure nook imaginable, just under the overhanging eaves. The roof was so thickly draped with vines, neither sun nor rain could discommode the little Hausmutter as she brooded her young. Usually the cardinal makes her nest loosely, but, watching the robins and orioles busily gathering up strings, this one grew covetous, and came herself to the grape arbor, daintily picking from the rags the finest ravellings. Later we found them twisted into one side of the nest.

The next year we found her again picking at the ravellings of the rags we had torn into strips for the other birds, and, understanding at once her desire for finer material, we hastened to hang in cobwebby festoons upon the trellis a few yards of spool cotton cut into lengths. Hardly waiting for us to leave them, she flew down, and in the most dainty, careful way drew out one at a time, not taking greedy mouthfuls as robins do, and carried it off to her nest, the long thread trailing through the air behind her as she went. Her delight was evident, and she worked all the morning, cheered and encouraged by her beautiful, but lazy, spouse, who whistled his loudest in approbation.

Our first intimation that the young birds were hatched came in the tiny chirpings we heard—"zip," "zip," exactly like the note of the old ones, only much softer. A peep into the nest, which was very near to the locality of the previous year, showed us, some two weeks later, three dove-colored young ones. That very evening the mother bird warned them to fly, probably fearing depredations from us; but we were fortunate enough to find one of them fluttering in the grass, and were surprised to discover all its plumage of a warm dove color. Spreading out the wings of the little bird, each quill showed a rosy tint, and beneath the wing, also, was a promise of the brilliant garb they would put on when baby days were over. Until the cardinals are nearly grown, the two sexes are very similar in coloring.

After shifting all responsibility for the young birds on to their own inexperienced shoulders, the old ones began a second nest. The first nest we then captured, to find it truly up-to-date, tailor-made.

The second nest showed very little until the falling of the leaves, but the locality was an open secret, for the male bird roosted in the thick vines close beside his mate, and as he would persist in his singing, no one was at a loss to tell the whereabouts of his home. This bird had, and *has*, the most astonishing voice I ever heard, and it did seem that summer as if even the birds themselves stopped to listen when he sang at twilight. One by one their voices dropped away as, just when the stars came twinkling out each evening, he flew to the highest tree-top in our garden and poured out his heavenly notes. The purity of tone it is impossible to describe, and his wonderful range and flexibility of voice I have never heard equalled in any bird.

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The vesper song, even, did not satisfy his soul, and often when a light shone from our window across the vine where he slept, at ten or eleven o'clock at night, he suddenly awakened and began to sing. Out into the stillness of the night he flung the exquisite sweetness of his song. His first note was always very high, then a slide down one octave exactly, over and over again. Then came the trilling, perfect bubbles of music, and a run from low C up to B flat and C, in endless repetition, until, breathless and sleepy, he must perforce give over the concert until dawn. But repeatedly subdued half-tones came out from among the leaves, as if he were hardly yet persuaded that the lamplight was not some new kind of sunrising.

The next year, on a May-day morning, we, sitting under the branches of a maple-tree, suddenly noticed a cardinal bird diligently bustling about under the hedgerow. She looked at us, then flirted the leaves about in a tremendous "pother"; pulled bark fibres, filling her mouth with material, then tossing it recklessly away; slipping up and down through the hedge, incessantly calling out, "Chip," "Chip," and flying ostentatiously into the maple above our heads, deporting herself in a manner that plainly betokened a wish for somebody to interest himself in her affairs. Naturally, we were the ones she had in mind, as no one else was in sight; so, as I idly watched, it gradually dawned upon me she must be the last year's tenant of our garden, and, remembering old favors, was bidding for new, and I hastily ran into the house for some thread with which to test her memory.

I lightly laid the first strand of spool cotton on the grape-vine trellis, when, like a flash, the bird darted to it and swept away with it down into the garden. This proved her identity. A new cardinal would have been quite ignorant of the uses to which thread could be put, but this little home-maker had sampled the material last year and the year previous and found it good. Thus, you see, she remembered, and, as her nest was not even started, showed her preference at the outset, and also knew where to come. While she was gone on her journey I pulled yards more thread from the spool, breaking it into lengths of a yard and a half or two yards, festooning it along the trellis and on the grape-vine. Back she came, and almost beneath my hand gathered up thread after thread, until she had a mouthful, then off again around the corner of the house. Again and again she returned, in a positive ecstasy of delight over the thread. She would alight on the end of the trellis and then hop bravely up to within my reach, daintily select her threads, and away she would sail through the air, with long streamers floating after her. Little wonder she disdained ordinary things—straws and sticks and bits of bark, when she had in mind the lacy fabric she wove on the leafy spindle of a maple branch. For she had begun her nest at the very top of a young maple—a maple just planted and putting forth new leaves.

How she revelled in the abundance of the material I gave her! Last year she had shared it with the robins, jays, and vireos; this year she herself was the "early bird." It was all her own, and greedily she appropriated it. Last year, and the year previous, she had used it tentatively, one thread at a time, watching carefully as the other birds had gone away laden with the spoil of rags and twine, and contenting herself with a smaller quantity of thread, as if she were not certain how to use it or how it would wear. Last year it was only the finest ravellings she daintily plucked from strips of cloth used by other birds, and the several threads I gave her on the hint she gave me that rags were too coarse. This year the thread was what she wanted, nothing more, nothing less, and before she was through with me she had used that morning between two and three hundred yards of thread. Last year she daintily tested the thread before finally appropriating it, pulling it over and over the trellis; but this year's eagerness showed her evident satisfaction with last year's architectural efforts, and also showed the larger development of her artistic talents.

Her royal mate offered no helping hand, seeming to think his part consisted in escorting her to and fro on her journeyings, whistling loud approval; and as for herself, she kept up a continual sort of "croon" as she busily worked. Such treasure-trove was not found every day,

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and she made haste to secure as much of it as possible. As I unrolled the last yard from the spool, I told her firmly that she could have no more. "What you have done with the quantity that you have already taken is a mystery that remains to be unravelled when you are through with your nest," I said, "but there is an end to all things, even to a spool of thread, and you have reached it. Take, then, if you will"—and she stood with her head on one side, listening wisely to my words, if not understanding them—"the spool itself, for I have a fancy to see how much weight you can carry in that rose-red beak of yours." Tying a yard and a half of thread to the spool, I placed it on the ground, twisting the thread up among the grape-vines, and sat down to see what she would do.

The spool was a new object, and as such was to be guardedly examined and mistrusted. So the madame perched herself above the spot where it lay, tilting far over, first on one side, then on the other, consumed with curiosity, but not quite daring to investigate. But the last remaining thread she coveted, and she finally gave it a vigorous jerk. Up bobbed the spool like a live thing, and down it dropped again as, in affright, she retreated to a pear-tree. Returning to the charge, she was accompanied by her mate, and together they discussed the dangers of the situation, he, following an ancient example, urging the feminine part of the family to make the venture. And she did. Boldly snatching the attached thread, she rose into the air, dragging with her the spool. Startling apparition! And she promptly freed herself from it. On the trellis the pair once more talked things over, and after repeated urgings, "Oh, try it *once* more," the female pounced bravely into the grass after the white trail of the thread, and this time, regardless of consequences, swept away with the spool dangling half a yard below her.

After her I ran to see the result. Into the top of the maple she went, and there deposited her thread, for her nest was cozily placed on the exact top of it, with the threads woven about the young branches springing thickly. In a twinkling, as she released the thread, down came the spool through the leaves, falling directly at the foot of the tree. Astonished (for she had just turned herself about to secure it), but not vanquished, she flew out of the tree and to the ground, again seizing the thread and carrying the spool aloft once more. This time she pulled it over the branch, and, evidently thinking it secure, let go of it, only to witness once more its disappearance. This second accident caused great excitement. The male bird joined her, and the two birds, with heads high and crests erect, hopped around and around this inanimate object that firmly refused to stay "put." Whatever were their thoughts or the trend of their conversation, with great patience the female cardinal tried once more to weave the attached thread into the lacelike structure of her nest, but to no purpose, as the spool fell for the third time through the leaves; and then she let it lie, and to spare their feelings I carried it away.

As I looked up into the tree, the finished nest presented a beautiful and wondrous appearance. The thread, snow white, hung like festoons of hoary lace from all sides of the nest, curiously woven and intertwined, and, from beneath, it hung to the length of nine or ten inches as the nest rested among the thick foliage of green leaves. Of nothing but thread was the foundation, as we found after the nest was deserted, wound around and around two small maple branches, as an oriole twists her threads, and with strands innumerable. Syringa twigs in great number were mixed into the upper part of the thread, to make a firm foundation, then above all this came the piece of paper the cardinal invariably uses—a twist of clean white tissue-paper in this case. Had that bird an idea of the fitness of things? Did it not seem so? But white tissue was a scarcity in the market, evidently, for above this were laid, one upon the other, three pieces of clean manila paper. Then came strips of grape-vine bark, a bit of blue and white cord, and some withered grasses. The upper part, composed of bark, was most carelessly tossed in; the lower part was of thread woven, intertwined, looped and draped with as much care as any skilled lace-maker could have given to it. How did she do it with her blunt beak, made only for rough work?

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Love of beauty she must have had, for the threads served the purpose of decoration, and not much of anchorage, and were entirely useless and unnecessary in the nest proper—the upper part made of bark, where she placed her eggs. Imitativeness? I wonder. Had she watched the oriole? If so, she far surpassed her teacher. And such rejoicing as followed the completion of this wonderful nest! Such foolish rejoicing, far too loudly voiced for safety. Almost the entire day that unwise male bird sounded a "Rubaiyat" in praise of his home—such a jewel of a nest! What jubilant notes! What a medley of trills and whistles and shouts!

The old proverb was again fulfilled—pride and vainglory met with their deserts. The period of incubation had almost rounded out, when I noticed on a day a certain very silent blue jay sitting meditatively about. To my eye he had a guilty look and, on general principles, I drove him out of the vicinity. Then I went to investigate. The beautifully woven fabric was torn and tangled in hopeless confusion. One side of the nest was torn out, and, as the nest hung at an angle, I could see that the eggs also had disappeared. This accounted for the appearance of that brigand, the jay. During the day the cardinals returned to our trees, the jay also, with whetted appetite; but the outraged parents pounced upon him as furiously as a pair of cats and buffeted him until he was glad to escape with his life.

But the maternal instinct was strong in that softly feathered gold-gray breast, and in three days the brave little mother builded a second nest. She did not go to the old nest, as you might think, and pluck from it the now useless threads to weave into her second nest—not she! She never went near it, for I watched every moment of its building. Why did she not, I wonder. It would have been an easy matter to pull some of them out, and it was quite near the place where she made her second home. Like a true philosopher, she ignored the past with its sorrows, kept away from suggestive scenes, and as energetically, if not quite as joyously, prepared the cradle for her second brood. Did we help her again? Well, we did, and watched her fly this time quite over the house to her new home. Where, then, could it be? I ran around the house, and there on the windlass of the well I surprised the male bird in full song, gazing with upturned head into the woodbine.

In among those leaves must be the persevering home-maker, and, sure enough, out she flew as we watched, and away she went over the house to the place of the thread. "Well," I said, "I'll lighten your labors pretty quickly, also coax you to where my mother can see you," and on a near window-sill—a sill as near to the windlass of the well as to the nest, I trailed long lengths of thread. They caught her bright eyes instantly on her return. How delightedly she looked at them! Such great luck to have them so near! Dare she really venture to the sill of that open window? Down she flew, but just missed grasping a thread as she passed swiftly by. On to the windlass, then down again, again missing the thread. It was quite evident she must alight to gain her object, and, deciding to risk it, she plucked up courage and flew on to the sill. There she lifted her head high, took a cool survey of us, of the room, and finding things very peaceful and quiet on this summer Sabbath morning, I watching her from my chair and the dear mother gazing delightedly at her from the pillow, she leisurely selected thread after thread until she had a mouthful, and off she went to her nesting-place not ten feet away.

"Hurrah!" shouted her mate from his fence-post of observation—and though he didn't exactly *say* these words, his notes were plainly congratulatory,—*"that's great!"* but he took precious good care to keep at a safe distance himself until the female had become more confident, and as she lingered each time a little longer on the window-sill, he finally plucked up sufficient manliness to come himself and make at least a show of helping her. His enthusiasm for work soon flagged, and he contented himself with watching her and whistling to keep her courage up.

This nest was placed quite near to an up-stairs window and on a level with it. I could look into it from the window and easily reach it with my hand. It was modelled on the lines of her first nest—

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threads and syringa sticks; but time seemed to press, and she worked in a tremendous hurry, using much less thread and with little artistic effect. In all, I think there were about seventy-five yards of thread in this nest, as my spool was a little more than half full. The season was advancing—June 16—and as yet she had neither chick nor child. On Tuesday the first egg was laid, so you recognize her need for haste in preparing a receptacle for it; a second egg was in the nest on Wednesday, and on Thursday the last egg appeared, and again the patient little bird began her vigil.

I now spent most of my time at the window watching the ways of my bird neighbor. At first she eyed me with suspicion. It was pretty close quarters, but I had conversed with her at such length during the nest-building time, that she knew my voice and soon began to answer me in low trillings—trillings that could scarcely be heard—and turn her head to look at me in a friendly way. The mate was not friendly. When he first darted in among the leaves, bearing to the lady of his choice a fine green worm, and espied me at my window, he left in great alarm, not even stopping to feed his mate, and alighted on the windlass, shouting loudly, "Whoo-oo!" "Whoo-oo!" over and over again. But I never stirred, and as he could not, as a gentleman, gorge himself while his wife went empty, he had finally to give in and come back to her with the worm. How she coaxed and called him each time he returned with food and affrightedly made many dashes at the nest ere he alighted! But he soon learned to look upon me as a fixture and to regard me with indifference.

The hot summer days ran on and on, adding familiarity to our friendship with the birds, until the mother bird and I reached that enviable stage of long silences, and my lady would barely open a sleepy eye if I essayed conversation, and then, closing it, would sit and nod, nod, nod, as an old lady does over her knitting. It was amusing to see her thus napping in the summer heat, wearing the most utterly bored expression you could imagine, her head slowly dropping to one side until it reached an angle too acute, when she would pull herself together and straighten up, only to yield a moment later to the utter weariness caused by engrossing cares of motherhood.

Fancy, then, my hurt surprise when my visit to her on a certain hot noontide was received with warlike demonstrations. She had fed from my hand as she sat on the nest many and many a time, but now, as I held out to her a morsel of white bread, she started up with glittering eyes and wildly ruffled plumage, a perfect fury in feathers, betraying by the glitter of her eye her kinship to the snake. Innocent of offence, I continued to urge upon her my largess, when she slipped off the nest and gave my finger a vicious dig. Her loss of self-control proved her undoing and betrayed her secret. A tiny pink morsel lay in the nest—the first bird was hatched! No wonder she was fierce, after the mishap to her first nest. Who would want a giant's great big hand to come poking insolently about the cradle of one's first-born? No wonder she stood "at arms"! But, really, I think, after all our good-fellowship, she might have trusted *me*. The birdling was only a trifle pinker than any new little human baby, and possibly thrice as large as a young humming-bird. It was almost naked, only a little fuzz showing on the wings and on the top of its head. Little time was given for even a glimpse, as the mother bird was back on the nest in a trice. Nor did I ever know her to be away from the nest unless the male bird was on guard, until the birds were nearly grown. Experience had been a good teacher. On the next day two birds were in the nest; the next, three youngsters crowded together beneath her warm breast. How wonderful now was her instinct! No more close sitting on the nest; rather, she seemed to hold herself over the young birds so lightly as if to give breathing-space for the small lungs. How they did sleep, those youngsters! Cuddled in a warm little bunch, they slept by the hour, the mother, perched on the edge of the nest, keeping guard. Their rapidity of respiration was astonishing, and they panted like small steam-engines, as if they must breathe as fast as they could and grow as fast, so as to lose nothing of life.

Whether birds so young already partake of the peculiarities of what is called "immature" birds — half-grown

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birds,—I do not know, but I do know that two of these birds looked gray even when only economically wearing their skin, and one was quite pink, and in the third nest made all three birds were pink. Possibly all of them were male birds in the last case, the pale rosy coloring being only a forerunner of the vivid red of the future.

Well, my young birds grew and grew apace, and the old birds gradually lost the puffed-up pride of first parentage, admitting my always-willing-to-be-friendly self again to their confidence, and the female came quite readily on to the window-seat for the crumbs I laid there, and even inside.

It was marvellous how they feathered out. The wings on one day showed only gray quills with tiny paint-brush ends sticking out, and the next had burst forth into soft dove-colored feathers—dove color with a warm rosy tint—precisely as a flower blossoms in a night. On the fourth day, Tuesday, a slit appeared in the centre of the eyelids of the first-born; the next, the slit had widened; and on the sixth day the young bird had its first glimpse into a wonderful world of leaves and blue sky. The eyes of the remaining birds opened in succession, and on the tenth day after the first hatching, when I made my noonday visit, two birds were just fluttering from the nest. Between hopping and beating their wings, they managed finally to climb out of the nest, one perching on the rim of it, the other fluttering on to a twig close to my window. There they sat in round-eyed wonder, staring about them like owls, as though they would say: "Well, this is the kind of place the world is, is it? Not so very much, after all!" And when I reached forth a hand, like Noah, and drew a bird in, it evinced no surprise of any kind, but sat gravely on my finger, eying me with an unblinking stare. But the old ones took things not so easily, for they flew at me like demons until I retreated into a farther room, carrying off my prize for closer inspection. What a beauty it was! and how complacently it hopped from finger to finger of my hand! But as the outraged parents dashed against the now closed window in fierce rage, I opened the door down-stairs to which I had carried my captive and let him go, not an instant too soon, for the cardinals flew at me viciously. It seemed inexcusable, but the dooryard was unsafe for the rest of the day, for as the third youngster fluttered out, they all three fell among the woodbine, and when one of us made a dash to bring in a bird to examine it, it was at the risk of our eyes. They permitted us to throw out crumbs, and came quickly to eat them, bringing the young ones; but it was very evident that it was their day "out" and our day "in."

We secured the nest and found it made of successive layers, first a piece of paper bearing the words, in large letters, "Premium," "A number *One*," evidently the heading of some prize-paper advertisement. Then came the thread, yards and yards of it, secured to the woodbine and interlaced around many tiny syringa twigs. Then upon this a piece of brown manila paper, and then a few pieces of bark; then a third piece of paper with large type head-lines, "What shall be done with Aguinaldo?" more twigs and bits of bark; then a fourth piece of paper from a select sheet headed "Times-Star," announcing a bargain sale of housekeeping goods.

Such a tiny pocket of a nest as it was, after all, to have held such a vigorous family! The hollow of it was no larger than the curve of my palm.

The flitting was on a Friday, and on Tuesday following the female was again at nest-making—her third nest, two sets of eggs having been laid already and one brood hatched.

This nest was hung to the wire netting where the honeysuckle clung. It could be entered from either side—outside from beneath the leaves, or inside from the porch side. It was cunningly located beneath the thickest leaves. But did my lady choose the easier way? Not at all. No matter how many people were occupying the porch, she would, after exercising or going for water on the south side of the house, fly into the maple-tree at the south end of the porch, and from there sweep over our heads, the entire length of the porch, alight on a tiny twig that protruded on the wire side of the nest, and then slip through the meshes as neatly as you please. She sometimes added to the charm of her flight by sitting on

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the twig for two or three minutes, before stepping into the nest, and pouring forth notes of bewildering sweetness. This was her especial accomplishment—to fly home and, before settling down to the monotony of brooding, whistle ecstatically. Many times in the day did she repeat this. Occasionally on the nest she would whistle and call in such low, clear tones, raising her head to listen for my answer or for her mate's, if he were in the vicinity, that I felt she had, in the joy of maternity, forgotten all its pain, and the tragic episode of the blue jay was as though it never had been. Oftentimes I held my face close to the netting and conversed with the little mother as she wearily wore away the hot, hot, hot days, and she would respond by an uplifted head and a kindly reception of my words.

In this nest, in course of time, were three babies, all of them pink, pink as pink, and even smaller than the first ones—the first day one, the second day all three. On a certain day the female would not leave the nest at all. All day long she sat on the twig or the edge of the nest, and we knew that flying-time was at hand, and promptly posted ourselves near by to observe. When her patience was almost worn out, one little bird struggled out of the nest and up on to the vine, then a second and a third—

> A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
> A little piping of leaf-hid birds,

truly,—and guiding them, guarding them, cheering them on, the parent birds hung about the young adventurers. At nightfall they were yet in the vines, but in the morning all were gone but one, and as I picked him from the leafy covert, with kindliest intent to show him the way to his "mammy," that "mammy" swooped down upon me from goodness knows where, for I had not suspected her being in the neighborhood, and showed me so unmistakably that she could take care of her own family, that I dropped her birdling and retreated in anything but good order.

The next spring our cardinal found the leafy garden lonely. The friend of all the birds, one blossomy April day, fled into a Far Country, and, missing her, my bird went away, bewildered, choosing a location in my neighbor's garden, building her first nest away from our place. One day later, as I sat lonely by my window in the still house, into the grape trellis descended our cardinal bird, peering at me with inquiry. With a jumping heart I watched her, and wildly hoping she might even at this early date want to build again (the young ones were scarcely out of the nest), I dropped my work, snatched up a spool of thread, and hurried outside to tempt her. There, by the trellis, I unrolled yard after yard of thread as she cunningly watched me, but I had scarcely left them when my lady came edging shyly along the trellis, snatched up one thread and flew away with it over the low roof of the kitchen. I returned to my window and watched her until she had carried away all of the thread; then I went out with more, and this time following her flight, behold! there where she had built the year before was a tangle of white threads hanging in the green leaves of the woodbine. She had come back to me; old friends were best!

This second nest was not long a-building. Her second brood was scarcely on its wings when my lady again turned over to her almost exhausted mate—for he had had all the rearing of the first brood—the three hungry youngsters who had quickly become burdensome to herself, for she wanted to build again. This time she made a nest in the Osage hedge, still using the thread. So ended the fourth summer.

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As a Man Sows

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

"RODNEY DENNIS, by your own admission and by the findings of this court you are declared guilty. Is there anything you wish to say before sentence shall be passed upon you?"

The Judge's voice, inflexibly just, unsparingly distinct, had in it a ring of contempt.

For the first time since the trial began the prisoner raised his iron-gray head from his breast and took cognizance of his surroundings. His eyes rested on the Judge's bench, at whose foot a ray of sunlight, penetrating an unshaded window, lay quivering like a criminal. Thence his glance passed slowly to the two-tiered jury-box, and to the dull-green tables where the lawyers sat, ominously impassive, and so to the space reserved for spectators. It was filled with his fellow citizens, the idle, uncaring faces crowded in close like a living mosaic-work. Most of them he knew by sight. Many had been his friends. But not even the last cruel judgment-day of all was to bring him before a more dreaded tribunal. Earthly courts balance their scales only with justice, not with mercy.

The pitilessness of the atmosphere struck through him like an arctic wind. He shivered, grasping the back of his chair with both hands to steady himself. He had given his age as forty-seven, but he looked an old, old man.

It had not been a long trial. The prisoner had confessed, and the weighing of the evidence had been soon over. The jury had not left their box. Indeed, they had consulted together but for a moment's space, when the foreman—the man with the crimson tie—had delivered the verdict. So short a trial for so long a sin! So short a trial, so swift a condemnation, so unendurable a hereafter!

The question was repeated, and from behind the last row of seats the Judge's son—a young, slim lad with his father's resolute mouth and chin—shook back a mop of yellow hair and craned his slender neck for a better view.

The prisoner drew in his breath harshly. "Yes," he answered, "I have something to say."

A surprised expectancy stirred audibly in the room at his words, like a breeze rustling through withered leaves, and the man's pallid face, refined, clear-cut, and set like a mask, went whiter still. Pushing aside the chair, he struggled to straighten his spare frame, and confronted the crowd of curious gazers, with his head forced high and eyelids dropped desperately. Beads of sweat broke out on his drawn forehead. He brushed them away with a blue-veined delicate hand. Then suddenly he lifted his eyes, and the people held their breath. A naked soul looked out at them from an immeasurable abyss of torture. They glanced round upon each other uncomfortably, confusedly conscious of an impropriety in their presence, as if finding themselves unexpectedly in an inquisition chamber.

A moment the man stood so—a creature pitifully racked in their sight. Then his lids fell again, and the spectators breathed more freely, watching lynx-eyed for what might be to follow. He began abruptly now, his speech low and rapid:

"It was for my boys' sake. They were all I had left—the two of them. Their mother died when the youngest came. They were clever—extraordinarily clever! as much cleverer than I as a burin is finer than the fingers guiding it. And my pride in them outran even my love for them, though I could have been crucified daily with joy to save them the semblance of a pain. My life was nothing but a garment for their use. They would outgrow it—I meant them to outgrow it, through the education that I should give them. That was my one devouring desire. It ate into my life

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as an acid eats out metal. Waking or sleeping I thought of nothing else. Freezing or starving I thought of nothing else. I must give my sons an education worthy of them. And how was I to provide it? I had no money—no kin. Food and clothes my boys could do without. Kin and friends they could do without. But an education of the best they must have. The thought dogged me till it became a living part of me. I was that thought vivified. An education they must have. Do you understand now why I did it?—how there was no choice in me but to do it? Is a man accountable when a force stronger than himself lays compulsory hold upon him? Every bill that I forged was for their education—for that only. From the first to the last not one was for myself. Nor on them did I spend a dollar of the accursed stuff except for their education. On that I spent royally. But in everything else they remained a poor man's sons. They lived as I lived. They went shabbily clad, badly housed, niggardly fed—even the youngest—hungry often. Only in their education I denied them nothing. All that money could buy of learning I snatched at for them with both hands. Every scrap of knowledge that was to be had in exchange for coin I hunted out and lavished on my two boys at cost of my soul's blood."

He raised his voice a little, and once more his eyes flashed out their unbearable message of pain.

"Ah, you think it an easy means to an end, the shortest of roads to a fortune! You think that I did it to spare myself honest work. You imagine the secret shame of the sin to have been its only price. But I paid for it—oh, I paid for it! and with a life of double toil and hardship. All the interminable days through I slaved at a public desk to earn the pittance that we starved by. And through the longer and deadlier nights, while others drugged their miseries in sleep, I slaved on still, by stealth, behind barred doors and locked shutters, dropping with fatigue and fear, benumbed by the cold, famishing for food, bolted in alone with the one goading ambition that had me by the throat. You know nothing of the horrors of that solitude, shot through with the dread of discovery as a paper is interwoven with its water-mark. The commonest sound—a rain-drop on the pane—the whir of a striking clock—the creaking of the chair leather—just the glimpse of my own frightened shadow—shocked my blood to ice, and undid a whole month's labor with one ungovernable shudder. Oh, those vampire nights! They sucked from me my youth, my strength, my manhood, my last glimmer of self-respect. I lived a lifelong death-agony. Yet I would have borne it all twice over for my boys' sake, only that they—"

He choked and stopped. The courtroom was very still, and through its silence there came to him subtly the sense of a sympathetic current flowing warm across the atmospheric chill. He moved a step forward and began again:

"I meant, when their education was completed, never under any stress—not though life itself hung on it—never again to engrave the smallest note. I meant to die honest, as I had taught them to live. I was only borrowing this money from the government. It was a loan that I was investing in the safest of securities—not in luxuries, but in knowledge; not in comforts, not in necessities even, but in tools—tools that my sons might do earth's best work among the world's best workers. It was a trifling sum to borrow for such an end. And my boys were to repay it for me. There are different ways of settling a debt. It need not always be coin for coin. My boys' lives were to pay back strength for my weakness, truth for my falsehood, honor for my disgrace. They were to be everything that I had failed to be—everything that I hadn't it in me to be. I was making of them men that their country should be proud of. If the means I took for this was a sin, at least they were blameless of my fault. No wrong-doing of mine touched my boys. Lilies may grow out of a dunghill and be lilies still."

A sob forced its convulsive way up, shaking him from head to foot. But he gulped it down and lifted his head once more. In his ashen face his eyes were devastating flames.

"Two for one it was to be!" he cried, passionately. "I was to give back my two sons' lives for mine, their brains for mine, their souls for mine—their two

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clean high souls, honorable, unstained—for my one sullied soul. Would not that be double restitution? What though I lived in hell, doing hell's work? I had the right to damn myself for their sakes if I chose. Were they not to redeem my worst past with their future? Were they not— O God!—God!"

Before the agony in his face men and women shrank back and lowered their gaze. Then, tongue-tied and embarrassed, impelled by morbid curiosity, hesitatingly they looked at him again. What soul's tragedy was thus acting itself out before them on this shameful stage? The entire audience swayed toward him unconsciously, drawn by that irresistible interest in the outcome of a man's fate which is a part of the common brotherhood of the world. The Judge, too, leaned farther forward; but he was looking fixedly across the room at his son, and his sight was blurred.

Twice the prisoner drew his long-fingered, delicate hand over his brows, striving to command himself. Then the words came, sharp and incisive as if struck from metal with the blows of a hammer.

"You who are fathers—who have sons—like mine—sons whom you love with every particle of your being—sons to mould after your highest ideals, your noblest aspirations—to pattern into yourselves perfected—to become your best ambitions realized—your atonement to the world—listen! listen! Say what conceivable punishment of my sin could outdo this! My boys—my boys"—each syllable now was a gasp—"the sons for whom I gave myself to the devil—discovered my secret—long ago—while I was teaching them to pray for deliverance from evil!— They have grown up knowing it. And not only they do not despise me—loathe me—that I could bear! could exult in!—but they approve of it—are glad of it! More! More!" he flung up his arms with a cry that forever haunted every ear that heard it. "They begged me to teach them my trade—make it theirs—let them live by it—my boys, I tell you! my two boys! Both — the youngest, too — undone—wrecked—soul-wrecked for life—and by myself—by the sin that I sinned—for their sakes!"

The broken, sobbing words died away in a suffocated sound like a death-rattle. The prisoner stood as if turning to stone before their eyes, his features hardening into terrible ineffaceable lines. A murmur, inarticulately distressful, sighed through the room and was gone. No man looked at his fellow. A mist hung before every face.

The Judge was still gazing at the young lad so like himself, and his lips wore an expression that was a prayer. The sunlight had crept up about his knees and lay warm upon his hands. He unclasped them and rose slowly to his feet, slowly withdrew his eyes from his boy's face, and turned toward the man at the bar. When finally he addressed him it was in a voice seeming that of another man than himself.

"Rodney Dennis," he said, "no penalty of man's devising could equal that which Heaven, in its inscrutable justice, has already pronounced upon you. The court remits the half of your intended sentence."

And the Judge's son, lifting his yellow head high above the crowd, smiled at his father across the room.

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The Silent Life

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

THE gray days close behind her; and Time's a wind that blows
Among her little snow-rimed hills and scant trees ashed with snows;
Her spinning-wheel sings to the blaze of vanished bloom and blade;
Her books are folden at old tales and rhymes that dead men made.

Yet all her years go softly, and the quiet of the stars
Is shed across her pallid couch between her window-bars,
And Death shall find her wise with prayer; and Death shall be no more
Than a friend who rideth late at night and knocks upon the door!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a passage of the record of his hermit life at Walden Pond, Thoreau dwells on the fatuous nature of news, or rather of the readers of news, who suppose themselves to be profitably employed in its perusal. He says that the news of yesterday is the news of to-day, and will be the news of to-morrow; and it must be allowed that he goes far to prove his saying, though he speaks of the recent events of the economic, political, and social world, with its accidents, crimes, scandals, its gossip, conjecture, inference, its discoveries, inventions, theories, of peace with its victories, of war and the rumors of it. He makes out a very good case; he causes you to sit up, if not to bow down, and obliges you to own that there is something, if not everything, in his philosophy. After you have read that passage you take up your morning paper without noticing that it is not your evening paper, but with a guilty sense of wasting your time in stealing a knowledge of what has happened to bring December 31st, 1905, up to date with December 31st, 905, or December 31st, 2905. You would of course not expect to find all those epochs synchronous; but if you were proposing to acquaint yourself with the fresh interests of the æsthetic or ethical or religious world, you would be very much disappointed if you did not find them all equally historical and prophetic in their events.

Some such opinion or illusion has urged itself upon us from the examination of a literary journal professing to have been published in New York here in September, 1860, and alleging in corroboration the yellowed leaves and the tattered creases of a paper many times carefully folded and unfolded, and then laid away, and long forgotten even by the girl poet whose verses hold a place of honor on its first page. They are indeed lovely verses, and we wish we might reproduce them all here, but that would be showing them an unjust partiality, for the quality of that old copy of *The New York Saturday Press* is very uniformly good.

I have as neat a hat of pliant barley
As ever graced the head of country lass;
'Twas braided by the skilful hand of Charley,
And trimmed with a soft roll of prairie-grass.

I have a necklace red as Lincoln cherries,
And hard as any coral of the sea;
'Twas Charley made it of green whortleberries;
He dried and stained it gorgeously for me.

. . . . . .

I dared not kiss him 'neath the churchyard beeches,

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Although 'twas my last look at one so dear;
And now, though years have passed, my choicest riches
Are the rude keepsakes I have shown you here.

So runs the pensive rhyme, and in another column, parted from it by several uplands of fiction concerning New York social and financial life, ripples a gayer song, by another girl-poet, probably no gayer in fact than the sad one. The furthermost page from this begins with Mrs. Browning's new poem of "The Sword of Castruccio Castracani," after which comes another expanse of original fiction, "They meant no Harm," of, we fear, a romantic cast. Still another poem then succeeds, archly calling itself "Silence means Consent," for a reason obvious enough from a single stanza:

I asked to give some one a kiss,
There in the oak-tree's shade:
What reply do you think came back?
Never a word was said!

It will be seen that the *Saturday Press* was much given to poetry, and on the inside of the same leaf is a letter to the editor from the most gifted of our young poets, who, we venture to predict, will never write anything better. The subject of the letter is a lyric which, under the different titles of "Abbassa" and "Fatima," has just appeared in the September number of both the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Knickerbocker Magazine,* and been copied into the *Press* with the inquiry, "characteristic and charming," from the editor "as to which is the author's favorite version." Mr. T. B. Aldrich responds, "The one read last, reading the two poems in any order you please," and he explains, with several flashing thrusts of his rapier into the vitals of the editor, who has "happily remarked" the substantial identity of the two pieces, how both happened to be printed simultaneously. He had sent "Fatima" to the *Atlantic,* and after waiting a year without hearing from it, he sent her twin sister "Abbassa" to the *Knickerbocker.* Their unforeseen publication in the two periodicals exposes the poet, as he thinks, to "a conclusion not particularly to his credit," and he ironically thanks the editor for forestalling it. The young poet, we believe, is mistaken as to the general inference from his misfortune, and we are sure that the public, which he is destined to make his friend no less by his wit than by his poetry, will recompense him in admiration and affection for all loss of honorarium, if each magazine should refuse to pay on the ground that the other is his debtor.

In the column next that containing his letter is a very nice problem in chess, a game now commanding universal interest, and in the column beyond that is a lively "dramatic feuilleton," touching upon the present operatic season inaugurated by Max Maretzek, with the brilliant young Patti for its evening star. A glowing appreciation of that "celebrated juvenile performer," Miss Kate Bateman, is quoted from a Chicago journal by the feuilletoniste, who, being very French by adoption, if not by nature, calls himself Quelq'un. The editor is also adoptively very French, and he writes in Hugoish paragraphs of one or more syllables a leader on the New York *World,* which is devoted to the destruction of our latest evening contemporary. He makes a great deal of staccato fun of the *World's* assumption of pious respectability, which, to a Parisian like him, is ridiculous; but we doubt if it will have the effect of turning the *World* from the orbit of propriety, in which it is apparently destined to revolve forever.

The intention of the *Saturday Press* is to be *chic* at all costs, and to anticipate that useful word with the fact. There is a very chic letter from the eminent Russian refugee Count Gurowski, sketching his "Minor Experiences in America" from the moment of his landing in New York; but the editorial review of that newest novel, *The Ebony Idol,* written to counteract the baleful effects of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* is rather stodgy than chic. The balance is trimmed again by some mocking paragraphs from the New York *Herald,* contrasting with our hysterical pride in the visit of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the calm of the Brazilians' behavior in simultaneously receiving his brother, Prince Alfred, at Rio Janeiro.

When it has no *chic* of its own, the *Saturday Press* does not mind helping

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itself out with another's, and lively passages are quoted from various sources concerning matters of literary interest. There is a lively passage from the *Tribune,* making fun of Mr. Charles Reade's difficulties with the title-page of his latest novel, *The Eighth Commandment,* where he fancies himself to have "done injustice to Moses," by the ambiguous phrasing. There are extracts from Mr. Buckle's great new book, *The History of Civilization.* There is the speech, reprinted at full length, of Artemus Ward, delivered at the Great Show Exhibition in Baldwinsville, Indiana. Mr. John Lothrop Motley, we learn from the column of literary intelligence, is about publishing in London a new work entitled *The United Netherlands.* In a letter from Gadshill Place, Mr. Charles Dickens thanks Dr. Joseph E. Worcester for a copy of his Dictionary, "a most remarkable work, of which America will be justly proud." The editorial acknowledgment of publications received shows great activity in the book trade. In the publishers' advertisements a new and complete edition of Mr. Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* is announced, with, we regret to note, a line quoted from a private letter of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's to the author praising him for "incomparable things said incomparably well." Such an abuse of confidential correspondence for purposes of publicity is something that authors will shrink from with abhorrence and loathing forty-five years hence. It is quite different with the tribute to Webster's Quarto Dictionary, which scholars and teachers join in acclaiming with an obvious expectation of their opinions' appearance in the publishers' advertisement.

Marion Harland's *Nemesis* is heralded in the words of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, our foremost critic, as "by far the best American novel published for very many years," a preeminence in which it now has the company of a host of our actual sellers, and books of the year, month, day, and hour. Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce Mr. Wilkie Collins's fascinating story of *The Woman in White* under the quoted sentence of some anonymous authority, declaring that "of all the living writers of English fiction, no one better understands the art of story-telling than" he, for whom we ourselves confidently predict a popularity scarcely less than that of his contemporaries Thackeray and Dickens.

Among the strictly literary interests, some rumor finds its way from the high political excitement of the time, when the quadrangular campaign of Lincoln, Douglas, Bell, and Breckinridge is destined to eventuate no one dreams how. Mr. Walt Whitman's young Boston publishers, Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge, issue *An Eye-Opener for the Wide-Awakes,* by Elizer Wright, a "Zouave-drill, Garibaldian, up-to-the-times Abolitionist," as well as a hot-and-hot attack on slaveholding conditions, entitled *Southern Notes for National Circulation,* and a *Republican Campaign Songster by Thomas Drew.* Messrs. Brentanos, in the midst of this clamor, quietly suggest that they have all the English and Continental periodicals in their "news emporium" at 636 Broadway, hard by Pfaff's famous resort at 647 Broadway, where the reader will find the best of everything to eat, drink, and smoke in the most brilliant Bohemian company, with free access to the European papers.

He must not be disheartened if some other business seems to be carried on at that number. This will be a trick of the year 1906, seeking to difference itself from the year 1860, while there is and can be no essential difference between the two epochs. If his faith in our doctrine is shaken, as to Pfaff's, will he tell us what essential difference he expects to find between 1906 and 1951, if he should live so long? Or between 1951 and 2001, if he should, in support of the Metchnikoff theory, decide upon an antediluvian longevity? Our study of a time-worn copy of the *Saturday Press* must convince any reasonable being, worthy of even a provisional immortality, that in human events there is a succession of incident which, through the poverty of our conditioning, must result in repetition.

We venture to think that if the reader were to take up one of the romances advertised in the *Saturday Press,* he would find it very pleasingly parallel in style, plot, catastrophe, with the novel proclaiming itself this month in our own advertising pages, as about to appear and outsell all others. The woman who forty-

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five years ago was "The Woman in White," may this season be "The Woman in Red," because the ladies are all wearing some shade of that color; and in 1951 she may be "The Woman in Yellow," because the tendency is towards that hue in everything. But otherwise she will not be very different from "The Woman in White." She will be quite as good, for there will be no one who "better understands the art of story-telling than" the Wilkie Collins of that delightful day. If this is so, and it seems extremely probable, arguing from analogy, why should we be troubled about the future? We are not troubled about the past, of which we observe that we are a faint or forceful reverberation, and if the future is a faint or forceful reverberation of the present, we should perhaps no more hold ourselves responsible for its traits than for its facts, for its qualities than for its events.

We say, perhaps; for we come at this point to a question which we wish some one else would answer. Logically the answer is very easy, but illogically it is difficult, and the illogicality seems to go deeper into our mixed nature than the logicality. It ought to be very plain that the future, like the past, should take care of itself. We did not invent the past. Do we invent the future? Or are past, present, and future all alike the effect of a cause—exterior to ourselves, and moving through cycles of recurrence forever from beginnings to endings, and from endings back to beginnings? Are our poor ancestors, in the invisible scheme of a moral government of the universe, suffering for our sins as well as their own? Could not we as justly pay the penalty for their transgressions? We do not care the least for their transgressions. We repeat them, indeed, and so far make their transgressions ours, but who shall say that if our grandsires had not committed them long ago, we should not be sinning quite the same sins now? In ill-doing there seems to be very little originality; it is only in well-doing that there is proof of a personal incentive, possibly because well-doing is so much more difficult, and puts us so much more on our mettle.

But the lesson we may read from an old copy of that poor *Saturday Press*, which tried above all things to be unmoral, can only incidentally be ethical. Its perusal can hardly warn us even against our blunders. We shall commit these as surely as our sins from generation to generation with the same amazing monotony. But what we can consolingly desire from any acquaintance with the past is a sense of the strong family likeness it bears to the present, and doubtless to the future. When we have once received this fact of the unity and contemporaneity of epochs into our consciousness, there must eventually be a great saving of time and expense to the purveyors and commentators of news. The murder of to-day is so much like the murder of yesterday and to-morrow that the reporter assigned to work it up can safely and profitably, with a very few verbal changes, turn in to the city editor a "story" taken from the files of the journal employing him, and keep on almost uninterruptedly devoting himself to the pursuit of creative fiction. A society scandal so little varies in character from year to year that the writer inferring a dramatic depravity from it may use the editorial comment in any old divorce case of the past as aptly as a fresh expression. Is there something so novel in political or financial graft that we need study especially the insurance and election frauds of our own day?

To ask such a question is to answer it, and the answer applies to all other contemporaneous events. We must first release ourselves from the delusion of news before we can achieve the opportunity of true culture. If we mean to be immortal we must begin living in eternity here and now. Time is a toy of the childish mind. Time itself has been telling us from its beginning that it never was. There is in history no lesson but that of the simultaneity of past, present, and future. Doubtless there were among the cave-dwellers spirits as elect and fine and wise as any now walking the earth, if such a sequence is implied by the survival of the cave-dwellers in actual civilization. These, as they sat at the doors of their grots, carving the thigh-bones of the fellow men, on whom they had supped, with quaint studies of war or the chase, are one with those who

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find a justification for their social greed and cruelty in their devotion to their country, right or wrong, and feed the vast and foolish vacancy of their minds with the fiction of adventure. To the end of that foot-rule measure of eternity which we call time there will be the same forerunners of the present, the same belated stragglers from the past. The thing, then, is for the forerunners to get together as much as they can, and continue in a calm philosophy of life, to which events shall appear as mere infusorial phenomena. Their culture should be some such culture as that in which the scientist studies the malignant or beneficent bacillus, and plans to pit the last against the first for its extirpation, and the preservation of our species. The old, inexact methods of dealing with human events by means of morality or religion must be discarded, for if these had been efficacious, all evil events would have been averted long ago. The continual recurrence of evil events teaches that these means have failed, and now we must seek the benignant bacillus which will prey upon the malignant, and prevent its outbreak in far-spread epidemics of vice and crime, culminating in some such devouring pestilence as war. If science could have been allowed to deal with the murder-bacillus in the minds of the Russian Grand Dukes, who believes that there would have been any war with Japan? Or that if, in the winter of 1904, the germ of hate and contempt in the Russian rulers had been extirpated, the same microbe would now be raging in the hearts of the Russian people?

But is it indeed in the presence of a Russian revolution that we now stand? The accounts of it read very like those of the French revolution, which were exciting us so much the other day, or the other century. There are the same curious advances, pauses, reversions; the same furious actions and timid reactions. There is a mild, weak sovereign again inheriting the savage absolutism of his predecessors, and bit by bit vainly renouncing it in a pity which his people despise. They have so long eaten grass that now they will not eat even cake, much less bread; they have no stomach for anything but blood. Who is it at the head of affairs, M. Witté or M. Necker? Is it indeed Nicholas II. who is Czar, or Louis XVI.? Will his feeble head, in whatever case, again pay for the crimes of his dynasty? Which of the Grand Dukes will be the Philippe Egalité of the new anarchy, and vote his cousin's death? Who will be Girondists, the Jacobins? What is the name of the cynical, radical, sentimental young Polish lieutenant, nourishing a new 18th Brumaire in his cold heart? As yet we know him as the Italian Napoleone Buonaparte, but soon enough he will reveal himself under his Slavonic patronymic, by which he will smell as rank of blood and tears as his prototype.

There ought really to be some way out of it, this vicious circle in which the world eddies round and round, seeing always the same phases of the moon and stars, and herself showing the same phase. To what end have we perfecting-presses, if always they print the same news, twenty thousand monotonous copies of it an hour? It may be that the Franco-Russian revolution, now whirling so wildly in one direction, may turn and whirl as wildly in the other. But will there be any novelty in that? Will it be the first time that a mighty people has resumed its chains because it can find peace in no other wear? Peace, after all, is the aspiration of the soul, and if freedom did not look like peace none would desire her; we should not know her from slavery. But whether the revolution will go backwards or forwards, the news of to-morrow will be the news of yesterday. There is no way of escape from that "damnable iterance" except through a new principle which itself is not new save as it is still almost untried. We Americans tried it in the war for independence and the war for emancipation; and then, did we seem to leave off trying it? Let us not be too hard upon ourselves, and endeavor to believe that we still have a little faith in the Golden Rule, and are willing to let others practise it, and even give it another chance ourselves if the occasion offers. So, and no otherwise, we shall have tidings that are both good and fresh, and the newspapers without which, even as it is, we cannot get on, will bring us every day the great joy of them.

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Editor's Study.

WE recently received an interesting letter from a subscriber asking whether we are not giving more space to fiction than usual.

Following our own impression, we should at once have replied that we were giving considerably more fiction than formerly, and that we thought it a good thing to do. We had every reason for believing that on that account, as we supposed, the number of our readers had increased in recent years. We knew that we did not give so much space to serial fiction as we did twenty years ago, when sometimes three novels would have been running their course at the same time, while now we very carefully confined ourselves to one. Of course this now left much more room for short stories, and we thought we were so generous in our allotment to these that the whole space accorded to fiction far exceeded the limit fixed in earlier years. The short story is peculiarly an American institution, and we are as proud of it as we are of the "Bird of Freedom." To develop this species of literature has seemed always the most distinctive feature of a genuinely American magazine. To make the most of it, by giving as many examples as possible of the best of it, has seemed the one surest way of nourishing and gratifying a distinctively national instinct. While novels, of every degree of excellence, are readily accessible to everybody, yet for the current short story the reader must almost wholly depend upon his magazine.

Our correspondent, though the tenor of his letter suggests the fear on his part that he may to a too great extent be defrauded of another kind of matter, more perhaps to his liking, admits that the fiction in the Magazine makes the latter more interesting to a larger number of readers, and that this implies no reflection upon their intelligence.

The editorial mind instinctively deprecates the reasonable apprehension of any reader on any ground. We determined to investigate closely the matter covered by this reader's inquiry. He must have just received his January number. We looked up the corresponding number for 1896, just ten years ago, and made a comparison. In the old number there were seventy-nine pages of fiction; and in the new, one and three-quarter pages more. It appeared that now as then the proportion of fiction was as nearly as possible the same as that of other matter. But we saw at a glance why it now seemed greater. In the old number two serial novels occupied forty-two and one-half pages, and, including one in the "Drawer," there were four short stories; in the new—ten years after—only one serial novel was in course of publication, occupying twenty and one-half pages, and there were, including one in the "Drawer," eight short stories—the entire space given to fiction being in the two numbers substantially the same. The seven plate pictures (besides the frontispiece) added to the January number, 1906, far more than made up for the scant two pages of excess in fiction.

Our correspondent intimates no deterioration in the quality of the fiction now presented as compared with that of former years. Fortunately for that particular January number, ten years ago, Mark Twain's "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" was one of the serial novels appearing in its pages. There could have been nothing better than that, though this brilliant author is still a frequent contributor. The other serial novel for 1896 was "Briseis," by William Black. Mrs. Deland's novel, now running, is certainly of more vital interest to our readers. As to the writers of short stories, as against Julian Ralph, J. J. Eakins, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and (in the "Drawer") Ruth McEnery Stuart, for January, 1896, there are, for the corresponding number in 1906, James Branch Cabell, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, W. D. Howells, van Tassel Sutphen, Grace Ellery Channing, Alice MacGowan, Abby Meguire Roach, and (in the "Drawer") George T. Weston. These names speak for themselves.

Now, as to matter other than fiction, if we were to include it in our com-

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parison, it would be apparent that not only has there been an improvement in its selection, but the variety of it is quite as impressive as in the stories. There were in the number for January, 1896, only five articles outside of fiction and one editorial department — the "Study," then contributed regularly by Charles Dudley Warner. Of the five articles, three belonged to series: two historical—Woodrow Wilson's "Life of Washington" and Poultney Bigelow's "German Struggle for Liberty"—and Caspar Whitney's "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds." The two independent papers were, one on London's Underground Railways by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, the other by T. R. Lounsbury, discussing the standard of admission to the U. S. Naval Academy. It is needless to say that all these articles were exceptionally good. The number for January, 1906, contains no better articles on their intrinsic merits, but there are eight of them, covering as many distinct fields of interest: H. W. Nevinson's "The Slave-Trade of To-day," Professor Robert Duncan's "The Chemistry of Commerce," Charles Johnson Post's "Indian Music of South America," Thomas A. Janvier's "Legends of the City of Mexico," H. C. McCook's "The Net-making Caddis-Worm," H. Newell Wardle's "The Treasures of Prehistoric Moundville" — the most important exposition ever made of archæology within the limits of the United States,—Agnes C. Laut's "Sea Voyagers of the Northern Ocean," and Charles Henry White's "In Up-town New York." The Easy Chair of Mr. Howells, and the Editor's Study, complete the summation of matter not included in the field of fiction, and the ten titles are suggestive of a comment which our readers will make for themselves.

Clearly, then, no reader, not even that exceptional reader who takes little delight in works of the imagination, need fear any diminution or deterioration of the matter provided for his substantial entertainment. The Magazine is, in its whole intent and organization, as much for men as it is for women and youth; indeed there are some articles in every number which only men would read, while none are beyond the range of their interest, since the normal modern man reads fiction and poetry as well as history, science, travel, and adventure. A man without romance is not a whole man.

It would be strange if so vital a factor as periodical literature has, within the last two generations, come to be in popular enlightenment and entertainment, had had no progressive development, involving changes in purpose and character. The most recent change in this Magazine has excluded articles on topics which are timely in the strictly journalistic sense—such articles as it is the special function of the newspaper, or, in more elaborate form, of the review, to publish.

Any dissatisfaction on this score seems quite unreasonable, and we have seen no sign of its existence. Every expression of opinion which we have ever received from our readers has confirmed our judgment in making this important change. While we have renounced an old way, we do not denounce it as still followed elsewhere in periodical literature, though it seems to us that the expansion of newspaper themes is more natural and justifiable in the illustrated weeklies than in monthly magazines, especially as the latter must wait upon events several months after their occurrence. It is with these magazines simply a matter of choice. We used, whenever there was a striking casualty on this planet—a devastating flood, earthquake, or volcanic eruption—or in the case of a great famine, pestilence, or war, to have our writers and artists promptly on the spot, along with the newspaper reporters, and in due time we gave a full and graphically illustrated account of all these horrors and exciting narratives of battles and sieges, to the gratification, doubtless, of a considerable number of our readers whose appetites had been whetted by the reports of special and trained newspaper correspondents, and were still further appeased by our more elaborate feast, in which all the sanguinary fragments were gathered together in a sumptuous harmony. There might be nothing new, but the whole terrible spectacle was leisurely constructed, with careful perspective, being brought within a single view, whose interest was heightened by impressive pictures. Our own experience proved that weekly jour-

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nalism adequately produced all these effects—certainly all that to most readers would seem desirable beyond the work effectively done by the daily press.

Hence our departure from a course in which, for our readers, we saw no gain that was not more than compensated by the evident advantages made possible by its discontinuance. It is conceivable that there are readers who miss these old splendors from our pages, along with the finely set forth coronations of kings and emperors, and who feel that by the side of such spectacles fiction hides its ineffectual fires, and articles of scientific and archæological interest, nature-studies, poems, and essays are too tame for mention. But we have heard no complaint, and trust that all our readers are better satisfied with the varied humanities which have displaced the acutely journalistic type of literature.

We are confident, moreover, that the majority of our readers not only prefer that the space formerly allotted to "timely topics" should be given to subjects of less casual interest, but that it is a positive refreshment to their souls to find a refuge from the sharp excitements which they can never hope to altogether escape except through some such brief and blessed suspense as is afforded them by other and more abiding interests—such as are awakened and satisfied by a periodical as far as possible removed from the daily newspaper. We gratefully appreciate the service of that journalism which keeps us in close touch with the human world and all its happenings, of good or evil import, and we do not deprecate the excitement incident to this contact and so deeply grounded in our sympathies, but it is wholesome and comforting to find relief in a literature which for a season quells the tumult of the actual world, creates a purely intellectual excitement, and appeals to sympathies deeper and unalloyed.

For quite obvious reasons this Magazine keeps aloof from that atmosphere of discussion and criticism which from the beginning has belonged to the review and to the best of the unillustrated monthlies. A certain type of essay which we choose to cultivate is synthetic rather than analytic, and comes properly within the field of imaginative literature. A greater number of poems, especially lyrics, are given than formerly, because we believe that good poetry is not merely tolerated but demanded by our readers.

We do not feel called upon to make any plea in defence of fiction, and it was not with any such feeling that we were pleased to show that it was only the greater number and variety of short stories in the Magazine which give the reader of to-day the impression of a largely increased quantity—an impression which we ourselves shared with him until it was effaced by careful investigation and comparison. Suppose the fiction had a considerably larger space than it has, yet we would cheerfully give that space rather than devote it to other matter less novel or less entertaining than what we have happily been able to furnish from month to month. On the other hand, if the writers of imaginative literature should fail us, offering stories of inferior worth, we should prefer to give a larger proportion of articles, according to their greater claim upon the interest of thoughtful readers. It is also worthy of note that not only do such articles of travel and adventure as we give come within the scope of imaginative literature as to their style and treatment, but much of our fiction is a reflection of the real human world.

In the progression of literature, as of life, certain elements of picturesqueness and interest disappear. Already the last traces of our frontier life, with the strange types of human character it developed, are vanishing. The old plantation life of the South has sunk below the literary horizon. The American Indian has passed, along with the haunting peril of him, away from fiction into the region of purely archæological interest. Our regrets are unavailing; we might as well lament the passing of barbarism, with all its romantic elements.

And yet there never has been such a variety of good short stories. Romance has come home, driven to its exhaustless fountains in our every-day life. It haunts the physicist's laboratory and the study of the historian and the scholar—so that every new disclosure of Nature and of humanity has the interest of a story.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Transactions of Tingle

BY SEWELL FORD

DESPITE all philosophy to the contrary, there *is* a certain satisfaction to be wrung from worrying about the failings of your friends. It distracts your mind from your own shortcomings, if nothing more; and then, when you wish to stop worrying, you have only to shrug your shoulders and say: "Ah, well! Let's hope for the best"; whereat arrives a comforting sense of having uttered a charitable sentiment, which is the next-best thing, of course, to doing a good deed.

So we were really fortunate, I suppose, in having known the Tingles. First and last they have furnished us with more genuine thrills than you would find in a five-act drama, and as for the sympathy we lavished, it must have done us a lot of good and the Tingles no harm.

We had a premonition that Jane was making a mistake when she married Tingle. He was such an impractical, visionary fellow, always seething with new enthusiasms. Yet he had a charmingly frank way of looking you straight in the eyes, and a laugh that was good for the blues. And Jane—no July afternoon could be more sunny. Between them they had optimism enough for half a dozen families, and we felt that they needed it all.

We did our initial worrying when they began housekeeping with four cases of wedding-presents — silver fern-dishes, pearl-handled fruit-knives, Sèvres bric-à-brac, and that sort of thing, including the usual number of duplicates. Luckily Jane's mother had contributed a three-hundred-dollar check. Promptly Tingle invested half of that check in— Now what do you suppose? A grandfather's clock! We were summoned to view it. Yes, it was a venerable timepiece, with a carved-steel face, a seventeen hundred and something date, and a solid mahogany case. Also, it just fitted the stair landing. By going sideways one could squeeze past it.

"Cecil got it at an auction," explained Mrs. Tingle. "Isn't he absurd! Yet"— and here there crept into her tone just a



"CECIL GOT IT AT AN AUCTION"

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shade of unsubdued pride—"several persons have told him that it is worth more than twice what he paid."

"It wasn't so much that," said Tingle, "as that it is a genuine Petrus Zorn. I found the name on the back of the pendulum."

And if it had not been a Petrus Zorn, whatever that might be, it would have been a good deal of a clock, even for a palace. Naturally the other furnishings of the Tingles' six-room cottage did not correspond. for Jane had been compelled to complete the purchasing with the balance on hand. The resulting effect was chaste, but scattering. Still, the matting on the parlor floor was very neatly laid, and when the two dining-room chairs had been brought in we could all be seated.

"It will be so much nicer, getting the other things as we go along," observed Mrs. Tingle.

Who could deny that well-worn axiom, or would if they could? How many a honeymoon it has saved from a premature waning! Then Tingle told of his good prospects, how the firm had promised an advance at the end of the year, and how much he and Jane meant to put aside each week. So we set the grandfather's-clock incident down to sheer inexperience.

A few months later we went to see the Tingles again. The matting was still there. So was the clock. And once more the dining-room yielded up its chairs. But on the mantel above the little fireplace was an acquisition. It was a vase, an odd, quaint-looking affair. Gorgeous butterflies against a green background was the design.

"How's that for Cloisonné, eh?" demanded Cecil. "See the Sakmisku stamp? Fifteenth-century work, that is."

We could not question the declaration, our knowledge of Cloisonné being limited to an occasional uncomprehending glimpse of it in museum cases.

"Isn't he lucky!" put in Mrs. Tingle. "He picked that up at a sale. You tell, Cecil."

Cecil told. It had been even more of a bargain than the grandfather's clock. "You see," he went on, "I didn't have quite the amount with me, but I had some that we had been saving for blankets and table-linen and such truck, so I planked that down and rushed back to the office and borrowed the rest. An expert has assured me that this is the finest piece of fifteenth-century Cloisonné outside of the big collections. It was the chance of a lifetime."



IN LOW SHOES AND AN IMITATION FALL OVERCOAT

Half of us was impressed. The other half was not.

"Did you notice," she remarked on the way home, "that they haven't put up any shades yet, and do you know that poor Jane is still wearing her last summer's hat?"

"But surely that was a handsome vase," said I, "and Tingle might never have such another opportunity."

He did, though. Next time it was a book; not a common, every-day book, or a subscription life of Napoleon, or a set of the World's Worst Poetry, such as any of us might be tempted to buy. No, Cecil's book was a prize, a gem, an antique. It was a first edition, morocco-bound, Levant-lined, hand-tooled, extra-illustrated volume of *The*

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Travels and Adventures of Sonora del Ponta, and printed in the original Spanish.

"Why, when did you take up Spanish, Tingle?" said I.

"Oh, I can't *read* it, of course," he admitted. "But look at that tooling, and notice the publisher's imprint, will you? Why, there's but one other Barabosa volume in this country. Do you know who has that?"

I did not. He whispered the magical name.

"Not really?" I gasped.

"He'd have had this one, too, if I hadn't overbid his agent."

I could not keep a little awe out of my gaze as I regarded the man. Reverently we replaced the Barabosa on the bare little mantel beside the Cloisonné vase.

As we journeyed home this question was put to me: "Can you think of any way that we could smuggle a roast of beef and a pair of double blankets into that house without offending the Tingles?"

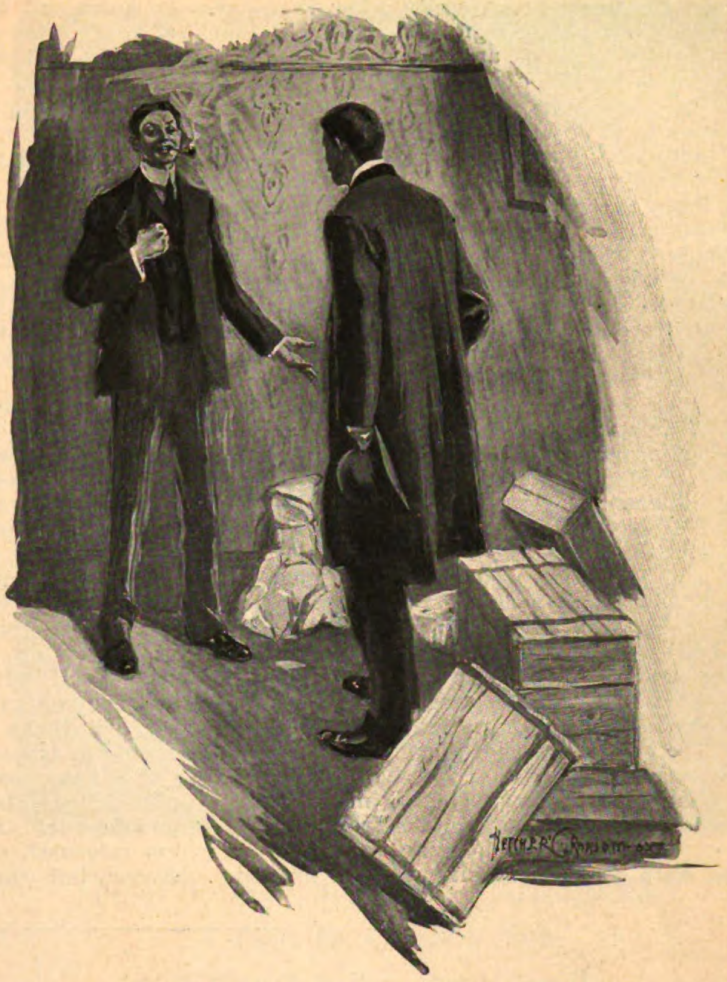
"You don't mean—" I began.

"Jane told me herself, and in the next breath asked me if I didn't think that her dear Cecil had a remarkably cultured taste."

I am no diplomat. I could not invent a plausible excuse for presenting roast beef and blankets to a man whose fancies ran to Barabosas and Cloisonné. Yet when I met Tingle braving a February blizzard in low shoes and an imitation fall overcoat I felt guiltily conscious of possessing a second-best ulster. For a week that superfluous greatcoat accused me. Then, throwing it across my arm, I started for Tingle's. Another caller was before me, but Cecil haled me at once into their barren little front room.

"Just in time!" cried he, his face aglow with enthusiasm. "I was showing my landlord the biggest cut-glass bargain I ever struck in my life; a dozen pineapple-pattern finger-bowls—French cutting, mind you—and all in a silk-lined, seal-leather case, for—but you wouldn't believe if I told you. There! How does that strike you?" and he snapped back the cover.

We inspected them, Tingle's landlord and I, gingerly feeling the weight of the glittering things, noting the depth of the cuttings, listening to the bell-like ring as Tingle struck a knuckle against the rim of one.



"JANE HAS BEEN SHOPPING, YOU SEE"

"Yes, I guess they're all right," said the landlord. "I must be going, though. And about that—er—" He broke off discreetly.

"Ah, yes," said Tingle. "I'll see if I can't fix some of that up for you in a week or so—first of next month, sure." Then, having closed the door, he added, with fine sarcasm: "*He* thought they were all right! Ha, ha! That's rich, that is! I don't believe he knows a French pineapple cut from a pressed brick."

"There, there, Cecil," protested Mrs. Tingle, "you must remember that every one hasn't your cultivated taste. Mustn't he, now?" and she appealed to me, pride glowing in her eyes.

And that was no time, of course, to bestow a second-hand ulster.

"What is to become of them, though? They can't go on in this way much longer, can they?" Sadly we asked these things of each other. One of us even wept a little

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over the impending tragedy. For they were likable folks, the Tingles—very likable folks.

As one shudders and turns away his eyes from the climax of any catastrophe—a boat being swept over a cataract, a runaway team about to dash off a dock—so we avoided the Tingles, expecting any day to hear news of the final crash.

Then to us came Mrs. Tingle's mother, a dear, gentle old lady, the essence of New England thrift and respectability and prudence. She had been with Jane a week, and she had come away shocked and mortified and desperate.

"They have bonbon-dishes, but no soup-plates!" she sighed. "Jane has a carved tortoise-shell hair-comb, but no street shoes. And imagine serving cut-glass finger-bowls after a dinner of corned beef and boiled potatoes! Couldn't you speak to Cecil? Couldn't you?"

I declared that I could not. Then I protested that, even if I should, it would do no good. But when the memory of that nice old lady's distress had haunted me for two days I gave in. In one hand a basket packed with roast turkey and other edibles, in the other a firm determination to lecture Cecil soundly, I started for Tingle's, half expecting to find the sheriff moving him out.

The sheriff was not there, however. Tingle met me on the threshold, and with radiant good humor steered me around a lot of bulky packages in the front hall.

"Jane has been shopping, you see," said he, with a comprehensive wave of his hand. "Chairs and beds and carpets and crockery and groceries and such things. I suppose we needed them all, but Heaven only knows when I'll get the lot unpacked. Lucky I haven't got to hurry to that old office in the morning. Yes, I've resigned. I'm with Senator Trinkett now, you know; he's the copper king who is building that mansion on Fifth Avenue. I am to fit it up for him—sort of general purchasing commissioner, you understand.

"How? Oh, Trinkett and I got chummy at a sale of Oriental rugs, bidding against one another, you see. Wretched taste in some things Trinkett has, and I told him so. Then we got to talking about jades and ivories and Sheraton pieces, and—well, he made me an offer that I couldn't refuse; clinched the bargain, too, with a check for a thousand, advance salary, on a five-year contract. So after this I am to do all my buying for him. Of course, this having no end of money to use will rob the game of some of its joys, but I shall try to forget Trinkett and his millions and buy just as though the things were for my own home. And, after all, I don't care so much for the stuff itself. It's the knowing what's what and the snapping it up that I like."

"Isn't he a dear, silly boy!" said Mrs. Tingle in my ear as I left.

We have ceased to worry about the Tingles. Their dining-room chairs no longer do double duty; and Mrs. Tingle's hats, so I am informed, not only synchronize with the season, but come from Paris.



A Difficult Subject

ARTIST *(to Chameleon).* *"How do you expect me to paint your picture, when you change color every two minutes?"*

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A Foot-note to History

THE real cause of the early death of Alexander the Great was perhaps first set forth in the note-book of a conscientious but perhaps too impulsive little girl who was proudly beginning her first year in high school.

On the page opposite a dainty map in pale blue and white appeared the following illuminating sentence, in all the prim self-consciousness of "vertical" handwriting: "Alexander, after getting outside of Tyre, then consumed his journey, and proceeded to take Bacteria."

Businesslike

A LARGE manufacturing concern in the East recently received the following postal, sent from a little country town in the South:

"DEAR SIR,—Plees sen me yore caterlog of eclectrical battreys.

Yores truely,

_____.

"P.S.—You nead not sen it. I have change my mind."

For Love is All

MY friend Miss S. is a bachelor maid of some forty summers. She is unmarried not because she has lacked proposals, but because she prefers single blessedness to pouring coffee and spanking babies. Of late she has devoted her time to working in the slums, chiefly among women and children.

A dreadful case was brought to her recently. A woman had been cruelly treated by her husband, and had finally been locked out in the street. The poor creature, ragged and dishevelled, reported at the charity headquarters, and begged for shelter.

Miss S. herself dressed her wounds, and then entered into a sympathetic conversation with the sufferer. The latter, after recounting at length the injuries she had borne at the hands of her lord and master, asked a few questions in her turn.

"Live here?" she inquired.

"No," answered Miss S.; "I spend only a certain time here every day. My home is on Fifth Avenue."

"You're married, ain't you?"

"No, I am not married."

The woman opened her bruised eyes in amazement.

"Gee!" she said sympathetically; "I'm awful sorry. Ain't it fierce to be an old maid?"



The Badger and the Earthquake

A Fable for Conceited Folk

A POMPOUS Badger, who'd been ill
A year with chills and fever,
Was resting on a grassy bank,
Beside the limpid Beaver,

When suddenly old Mother Earth
Began to quake and shiver;
The Badger scarcely kept himself
From falling in the river!

And as the hills came tumbling down,
He said, emphatic-ally,
"I never had a chill before
That so shook up the valley!"

. . . . . .

'Tis thus that some are much inclined
(We couldn't do without them!)
To think themselves the centre of
The Universe about them.

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Identified

WHILE a building was in process of construction two of the tilers became engaged in a violent quarrel. So violent was it that the police were called in and the offenders taken before a magistrate. Both of the men were sober and industrious and good workmen; this according to the testimony of the foreman in charge of their work, who had followed in hopes of being able to intercede for them.

The magistrate asked, in astonishment, the cause of the quarrel. It seems that one man had accused the other of stealing his coat.

"And I can prove it, too," added the man.

"How?" said the magistrate.

"I always keep my card in the pocket," said the man.

The policemen were directed to search the garment. But they found absolutely nothing.

"Gimme my coat," said the workman. It was handed to him. He took two dried peas out of one of the pockets and held them up triumphantly. "P. P. Peter Powell. That's me name. Them's my card."

He got his coat.

Curiosity

THE ecclesiastical head of the diocese was paying a visit to Ambrose Parish, and as usual he put up at the rectory. He had come in late at night, and he asked to be permitted to sleep until a certain comfortable hour the following morning. When the hour came the rector eased his lap of his daughter Charlotte, explaining that now he must go and awaken their guest.

"Mayn't I go wif you, papa?" she coaxed, as she felt herself sliding down from his knees.

"Oh no, dear; the bishop's in bed," he replied in the conclusive way he had of dealing with large questions propounded by small persons.

The little three-year-old threw a beseeching expression into her baby face and pursued him eagerly. "Oh, *please*, papa; I've never seen a bishop in bed in all my life!"

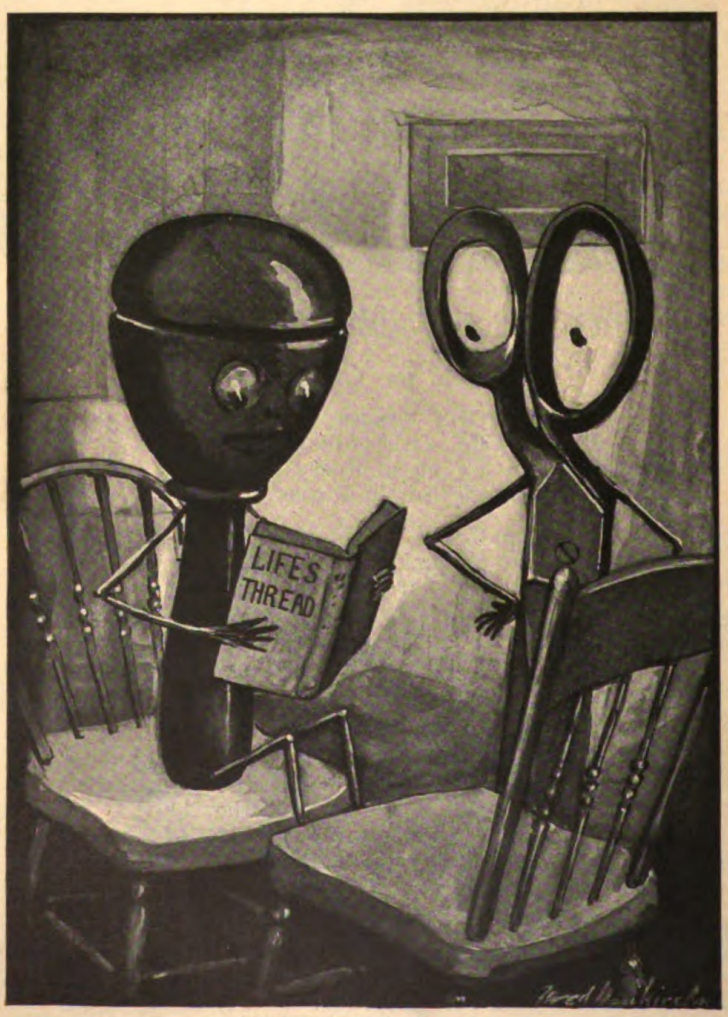
Afterthought

LITTLE Sanford had been very naughty, and was being put to bed unusually early by an ominously silent, unresponsive mother. After several ineffectual attempts to engage her in conversation, he began, warningly:

"All right then, jus' *put* me to bed. An' I'll jus' die, right into the middle of the night, an' then you won't have any little boy. An' when you come in the mornin', I'll jus' be dead, 'cause I'm goin' to die right into the middle of the night."

Still his mother was silent, and he fell to gloating over the picture he had painted, when suddenly he burst out, in a terrified tone:

"But don't you bury me, though!"



Literary Chat

MR. SCISSORS. "*What kind of a book is Spinning Wheel's new novel?*"

MR. STOCKINGDARNER. "*Oh, a pretty good yarn—rather spun out, though!*"

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Concerning the Slowness of the Sloth

BY BURGES JOHNSON

MY child, how doth
The gentle Sloth
Improve each hour where'er he go'th?
'Tis true that he,
Unlike the Bee,
Seeks not for honey ceaselessly.

He's not inclined
To slave, I find,
For others, like the faithful hind;
Nor as the ant
To toil and pant,—
He either won't or else he can't.

Yet there are chaps
Like him, perhaps,
Crushed down 'neath heavy handicaps,
And 'tis our place
The facts to face,
And honestly to view his case.

Where'er he goes,
He always knows
He has no full supply of toes.

That's why he's not
Inclined to trot,
Lest he should harm the few he's got.

The very crown
Of his renown
Is walking branches upside down.
It is a ruse
That don't conduce
To hurry. Also, what's the use?

And if you'll look
In any book
You'll find him, if I'm not mistook,
Entitled thus:
Didactylus,
Or *A-i Arctopithious*.

That name, I guess,
You will confess,
Would render *you* ambitionless!
So, goodness knoweth,
That's why I'm loath
To cast aspersion on the Sloth.

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A la Mode

ONCE there was a lady ape
Who said, "I must improve my shape,
For fashion now says, 'Demi-train';
And though no doubt 'twill give me pain,
I must at once, and without fail,
Remove a portion of my tail!"

She did; and now is often seen
Within the jungle's darkling green,
With mincing step and well-bred air,
Trailing her demi-train with care.

C. C. WARD.

More Horrible

THE new superintendent was visiting the school, and teacher was managing the recitation in Grecian mythology to the best of her ingenuity. A number of beautiful legends had been glibly told off by the bright pupils, and then teacher glanced down the page to find an easy one for John. She hit upon "The Gorgons," and the dullest boy in the class was requested to describe these amazing creatures. He lumbered to his feet, and responded promptly: "The Gorgons are three sisters that live in the islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They have long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth and claws for nails, and look much like a woman, only more horrible."

Prophecy

LAST May I received a letter from a friend who told me of the successful issue of a competitive examination in which he had taken part.

His letter began with this sentence: *You will, I am sure, be pleased to learn of my success in landing a place on the house surgical staff of St. Luke's Hospital in this city.*

A few minutes after reading my friend's letter I chanced to be reading the *Taming of the Shrew*, and was startled to find the following passage: *My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.* (Act IV., Scene IV.)

There can be no doubt but that Shakespeare foretold my friend's appointment. I cherish the hope also that if I should call at St. Luke's I may not only come with my appendix, but go away with it as well.

A Honeyed Rebuke

ROBBIE was in the habit of running errands for an old gentleman next door who never paid him except in effusive thanks. He had just returned from the third errand one morning, and the old gentleman, patting him on the head, said:

"Robbie, I am very much obliged to you. You're a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you."

Robbie looked up in his face wistfully, and apologetically replied:

"Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."



"I think that his mamma's a witch,"
"Oh, my! who told you that?"



"No one, but you would think so, if
You saw her big black cat!"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Harper's Magazine

for MAY

A Woman's Explorations in Unknown Labrador

Labrador is one of the few portions of the world which has remained largely unexplored. Leonidas Hubbard lost his life in trying to make his way through this desolate country. Recently Mrs. HUBBARD, accompanied only by a few guides, succeeded in accomplishing what strong men had failed to accomplish. In 61 days she made the journey of over 600 miles on foot and by canoes through the wilderness from one end of Labrador to the other, and for the first time correctly mapped the country. This is the complete account of her explorations, written by herself.

How Men Feel in Battle

A remarkable narrative of the actual sensations of a soldier under fire. It is written by General S. H. M. BYERS, a veteran of the Civil War, who enlisted as a private and was repeatedly advanced for gallantry in action. His story, which is largely autobiographical, is unique. General BYERS is a trained writer as well as a soldier, and his detailed picture of his own experiences is a vivid and brilliant piece of descriptive writing.

Mr. Janvier in Mexico

After an absence of almost twenty years, THOMAS A. JANVIER recently revisited Mexico for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. This is the first of a number of delightful articles which he has written. A picturesque account of old haunts revisited, old memories revived, written with all the charm for which the author is distinguished.

The Tragedies of Animal Life

Mr. HAROLD S. DEMING is a naturalist who gets all his knowledge at first hand from the animals and birds themselves. He writes only what he himself has seen, and he is a keen observer and a charming writer. His article in the May MAGAZINE describes most vividly intensely interesting incidents in the life of two humming-birds, and later a dramatic tragedy of the forest in which a hawk and some of the smaller forest folk came in conflict.

How the Brain Works

An important and informing article on how the brain works, written by an eminent New York physician, Dr. EDWARD A. AYERS. Dr. AYERS compares the brain and its action with a great telephone system, but infinitely more remarkable in its perfection. His article is illustrated with diagrams and drawings.

Adventures in a Whale-boat

Mr. CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY, who made a trip on a whaler recently for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, writes dramatically of the stirring scenes of the actual capture of whales off the African coast—of the long chases, the narrow escapes, and of the interesting but less-exciting work of "trying out" the oil.

8 Short Stories

There are eight notable short stories in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, stories of adventure, of love, of child life, of humor, of the city, and of the country. Among the authors are: JUSTUS MILES FORMAN, ALICE BROWN, JOHNSON MORTON, NELSON LLOYD, ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Margaret Deland's Great Serial

"THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

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Illustration for Tiphaine la Fée

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HE GAZED AT HER, HIS FACE KINDLING

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXII APRIL, 1906 No. DCLXXI

A Glimpse of the English Washington Country

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

GREAT BRINGTON is the name of the village neighborhood clustering about the church where, under the floor of the nave, the great-great-grandfather of George Washington lies buried. Little Brington is the village neighborhood, hardly separated from the other, where the Washington family dwelt in a house granted them by their cousin, Earl Spencer, when the events of the Civil War drove them from their ancestral place at Sulgrave. To reach the Bringtons from London you must first go to Northampton, where in his time the first Lawrence Washington was twice mayor. The necessity is not a hardship, for to see Northampton, ever so passingly, is a delight such as only English travel can offer. To drive the six miles from Northampton to the Bringtons is another necessity which is another delight, still richer if not greater. Be chosen by a 28th of September, veiled in a fog with sunny rifts in its veil, for your railroad run through a level pastoral scene where stemless blotches of trees shelter white blurs of sheep, and vague canal-boats rest cloudily on the unseen waterways, and you have conditions in which, if you are worthy, the hour of your journey will shrink to a few golden minutes. You will be meanwhile kept by the protecting mists from the manifold facts which in England are apt to pierce you with a thousand appeals and reproaches. The many much-storied places will be faded to wraiths of towers and gates and walls, and you will escape to your destination without that torment of regret for not having constantly stopped on the way from which nothing could otherwise deliver you.

If at Northampton the fog lifts, and the autumnal sun has all the rest of the day to itself, you arrive with unimpaired strength for what you have come to see. Yet with all your energy conserved on the way, you will not be fully equal to the demand upon you. Northampton did not fail to begin with the Britons, and though it was not a permanent Roman station, and lay dormant during the Saxon hierarchy, it revived sufficiently under Saxon rule in the eleventh century to be twice taken and once burnt by the Danish invaders. It suffered under the Normans, but was walled and fortified in the Conqueror's reign, and began a new life with the inspiration of his oppressions. A picturesque incident of its civil history, which was early a record of resistance to the royal will, was Thomas à Becket's defiance of Henry II., when the King tried to reduce the proud churchman to the common obedience before the laws. The archbishop, followed by great crowds of the people, appeared as

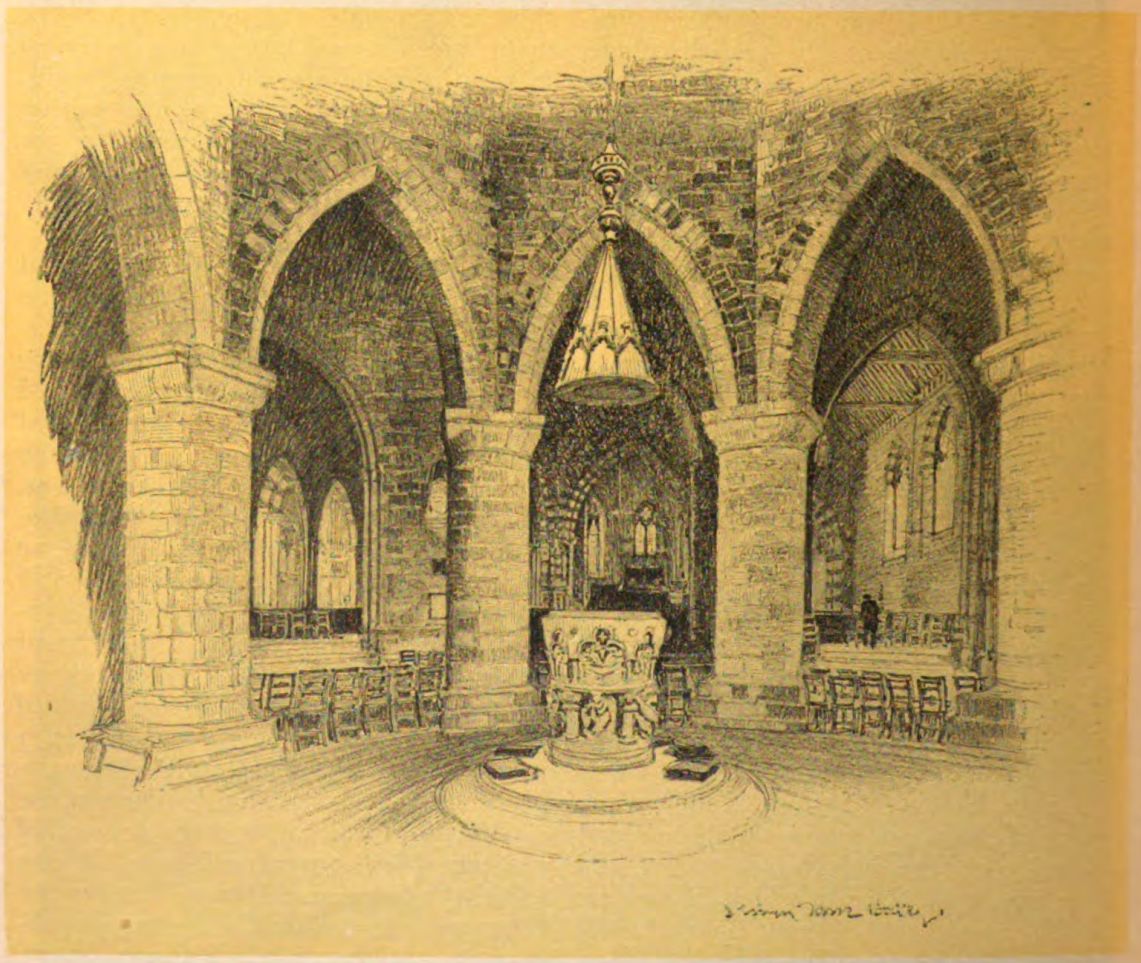
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summoned, but when the Earl of Leicester bade him, in the old Norman form, hear the judgment rendered against him, he interrupted with the words, "Son and Earl, hear me first! I forbid you to judge me! I decline your tribunal, and refer my quarrel to the decision of the Pope." Then he retired, and shortly escaped to Flanders, but coming back to Canterbury, was murdered, as all men know, by four of the King's knights, at the altar in the cathedral.

Perhaps the feeling of the people was less for the prelate than against the prince, for the first Protestant heresies spread rapidly in Northampton, and the doctrines of Wickliffe had such acceptance that the mayor himself was accused of holding them, and of favoring the spread of Lollardy. In the two great Civil Wars, Northampton stood for the White Rose and then for the Parliament against the two kings. In 1460, a great battle was fought under the city's walls; ten thousand of Henry's "tall Englishmen" were killed or drowned in the river Nene, and Henry himself was brought prisoner into the town. In 1642, the guns of the Puritan garrison "plaid for about two hours" on "the cavaleers and shot about twenty of them" when they attempted to assault the place, which became a rendezvous for the parliamentarians, and sent them frequent aid from its fifteen thousand in their attacks on the neighboring places holding for the King. In 1645, both parties met in force, a little northwest of the town, and Cromwell, who had joined Fairfax, won the battle of Naseby after Fairfax had lost it, and with an overwhelming victory ended the war against Charles.

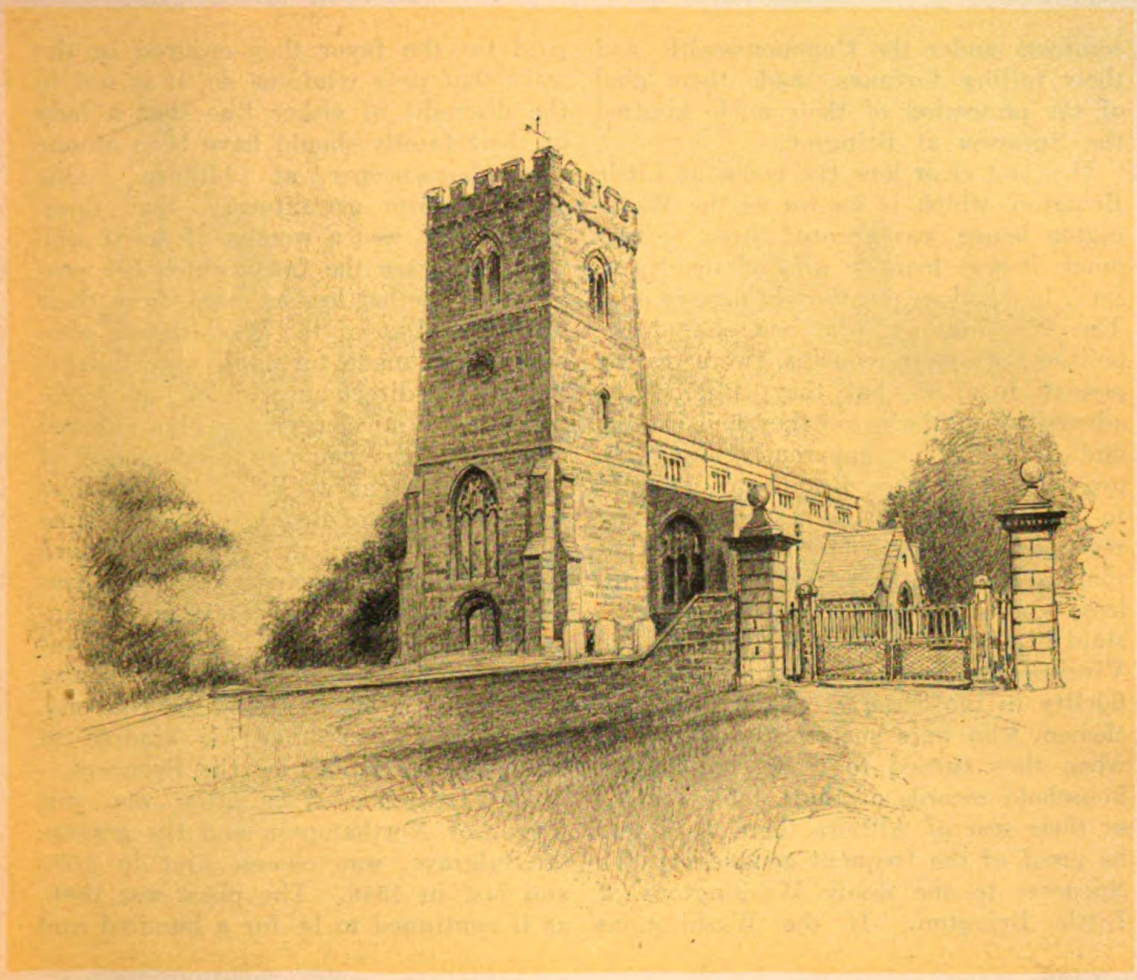
If any Washingtons were in the fight, as some of so numerous a line might very well have been, it was on the King's



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT NORTHAMPTON

One of the four churches remaining in England of all those built during the Crusades

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THE CHURCH AT GREAT BRINGTON

Under the floor of the nave was buried the first Lawrence Washington, great-great-grandfather of George Washington

side. They put their faith in princes while they remained in England; it wanted yet a hundred and thirty years, at the remoteness of Virginia, to school them to the final diffidence which they were not the first of the Americans to feel. The slow evolution of the race out of devoted subjects into devoted citizens was accomplished in stuff other than that of the Puritan chief who soon after could "say this of Naseby,—that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men . . . I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance, and God did it." Yet the faith in poor common men, once kindled in Washington, if not so mixed with piety as Cromwell's, outlasted that through parliamentary trials as severe as ever it was put to by poor uncommon men.

Non-conformity, civil as well as religious, which the Washingtons were no part of, was the note of Northampton from the first, and to the last it has been represented in Parliament by such bold dissentients as Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere. It is the great shoe-town of England, and apparently there is nothing like leather to inspire a manly resistance to the pretensions of authority. But the Washingtons of Northampton were never any part of the revolt against kingly assumptions. The Lawrence Washington who was twice Mayor of Northampton profited by Henry VIII.'s suppression of the monasteries to possess himself of Sulgrave Manor, where his descendants dwelt for a hundred years and more, until 1658, when their dis-

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comforts under the Commonwealth, and their failing fortunes, made them glad of the protection of their noble kindred the Spencers at Brington.

It is not clear how the house at Little Brington, which is known as the Washington house, was granted them, or how much it was loan or gift of the Spencers; but it does not greatly matter now. The Washingtons, who had shared the politics of their cousins, were rather passive royalists, but they suffered the adversities of the cause they had chosen, and they did not apparently enjoy the prosperity which the Restoration brought to such of their side as could extort recognition from the second Charles, as thankless as the first Charles was faithless; and neither the Washingtons who staid in England, nor those who went to Virginia, had ever any profit from their fidelity to the Stuarts. They were gentlemen, who were successful in business when they turned to trade, but in the household records of their noble cousins at their seat of Althorp there is said to be proof of the frequent goodness of the Spencers to the needy Washingtons of Little Brington. If the Washingtons paid for the favor they enjoyed in the ways that poor relations do, it is not to the discredit of either line that a lady of their family should have been at one time housekeeper at Althorp. One fancies, quite gratuitously, that Lucy Washington was a woman of spirit who wished to earn the favor which her people had, whether less or more, from their kinsfolk. Two of the Washingtons elsewhere, who made fortunes, were knighted, but the direct ancestor of our Washington was a clergyman who suffered more than the common misfortunes of the Washingtons at Brington. He was falsely accused of drunkenness at a time when any charge was willingly heard against a royalist clergyman, and was ejected from his rich benefice as a scandalous minister. His character was afterwards cleared, but he had thenceforth only a small living to the end, and probably was, like his kindred at Brington, befriended by the Spencers.

The Lawrence Washington who was Mayor of Northampton and the grantee of Sulgrave, was chosen first in 1532 and last in 1546. The place was then, as it continued to be for a hundred and



A Modern View of Northampton

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THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF NORTHAMPTON

thirty-odd years, the medieval town of which the visitor now sees only a few relics in here and there an ancient house. Happily most of the old churches escaped the fire that swept away the old dwellings in 1675, and left the modern Northampton to grow up from their ashes, the somewhat American-looking town we now find it. The side streets are set with neat brick houses, prevailingly commonplace. One might fancy one's self, coming toward the Church of All Saints, in the business centre of some minor New England city, but with rather less of glare and noise, and held in a certain abeyance by the presence of the church. All Saints is not one of the churches which escaped the flames; and of the original structure only the Gothic tower is left; the rest, a somewhat vague little history of the city says, "is wholly modern." But modernity, like some other things, is relative, and a New England town might find a very satisfying antiquity in an edifice which at its latest dates back to Queen Anne, and at its earliest to Charles II. The King gave a thousand tons of timber from his forest of Whittlebury toward the rebuilding of the church, and for this munificence he has been immortalized by sculpture over the centre of a most beautiful and noble Ionic, or Christopher-Wrennish, portico, where he stands in the figure of a Roman centurion, with, naturally, a full-bottomed wig on. Few heroic statues are more amusing, and the spirit of the royal reprobate so travestied might be very probably supposed to share the spectator's enjoyment. Behind one end of the portico, which extends for eighty feet across the whole front of the church, were once the rooms

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in which many non-conformists of Northampton were tried for the offence of thinking for themselves in matters of religion, which were then so apt to become matters of politics.

The members of the Corporation were formerly the patrons of the living, and the mayor still has his seat in the church under the arms of the town, and doubtless the official had it in the older building before the fire, when the mayor was Lawrence Washington. In the wall is a tablet to the memory of a man who was born in the century when Lawrence was twice chosen chief magistrate of Northampton, and who died in the century when George Washington was twice chosen Chief Magistrate of the United States. John Bailes was a button-maker by trade, and if he links the memories of those far-parted Washingtons together, by force of longevity, it is with no merit of his, though it is recorded of him that "he had his hearing, Sight & Memory to ye last." I leave more mystical inquirers to trace a relationship between the actual civilizations of Northampton and the United States in the presence, beside the church, of a house of refection, liquid rather than solid, calling itself the Geisha Café. If ever the ghost of the Merry Monarch comes to haunt his Roman effigy in the full-bottomed wig, it may humorously linger a moment at the door of the genial resort.

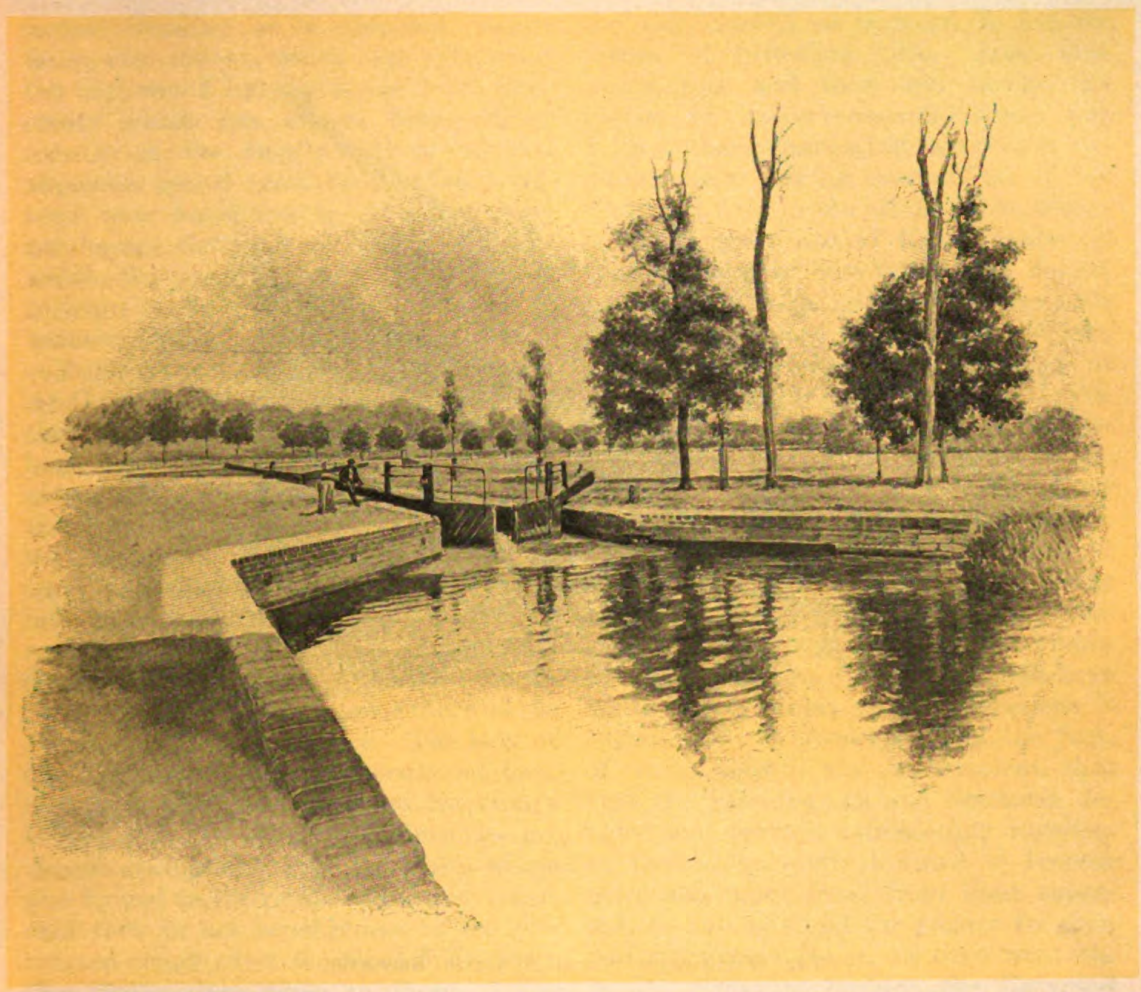
It is mainly through her churches that Northampton has her hold on the American patriot who is also a person of taste, as one must try to be in going from one church to another. The reader who could give as many days to them as I could give minutes, would have a proportional reward, whether from St. Peter's, unsurpassed for the effect of its rich Norman; or from St. Sepulchre, with the rotunda which marks it one of the four churches remaining in England out of all those built during the Crusades in memory of the Holy Sepulchre. There are other old churches, but perhaps not dating back with these to the ten and eleven hundreds. One, which I cannot now identify, bears tragical witness to the rigor of the times in the scars on the masonry about the height of a man, where certain royalists were stood beside the portal to be shot. The wonder is that the grief ever goes out of such things, but it does, and they who died, and they who did them to death, have long been friends in their children's children.

It is curious how everything becomes matter of æsthetic interest, if you give it time. We stood looking at the Queen's Cross, near Northampton, which rises not so very far from the field of Naseby, and with our eyes on the wasted beauty of the shrine, we two Americans begun by a common impulse to say verses from Macaulay's stalwart ballad of the battle. Our English companion, who was a cleric of high ritualistic type, listened unmoved by any conscience he might have had against the purport of the lines as we rolled them forth, and, for all we could see, he had the same quality of pleasure as ourselves in the adjuration to the Puritans to "bear up another minute" for the coming of "brave Oliver," and in the supposed narrator's abhorrence of "the man of blood," whom brave Oliver presently put to rout.

> But see, he turns, he flies! Shame on those cruel eyes
> That bore to look on torture and that dare not look on war.

If our friend had a feeling as to our feelings, it was amusement that after two centuries and a half there should be any feeling about either party in the strife, and doubtless he did not take us too seriously. He was a charming companion, and developed into a charming host at the luncheon to which he would have us, after our too brief round of the city brought us to his door. His life there with another bachelor cleric was of the sort which in English conditions easily unites learned inquiries and good works. There is plenty of antiquity and plenty of poverty everywhere, and when these gentle priests were not acquainting themselves with the genealogical and architectural past of Northampton, they were befriending its economical present. But they listened to our stories about Boston (they had never heard before that if you were born there you need not be born again) with as great kindness as

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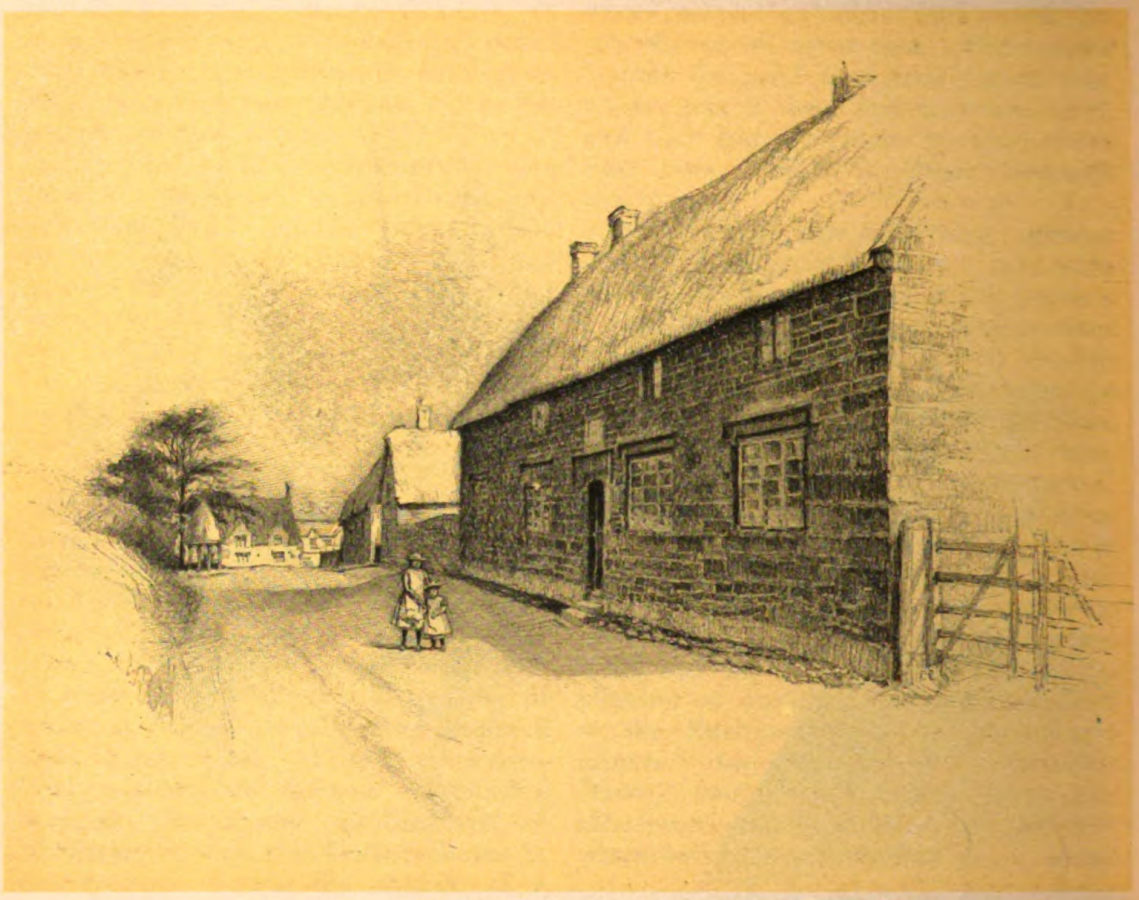


ALONG THE RIVER NENE

if they had been legends of their own city, or tales of its contemporary woe, and they sent us on our way to Great Brington with the assurance that the rector of the church would be waiting us in it to show us the tomb of the Washington buried there.

Their courtesy was the merit of my friend the genealogist with whom I had exhausted the American origins in London, and who had now come with me into the country for the most important of them all. When we were well started on our drive, that divine September afternoon, we would gladly have had it twelve rather than six miles from Northampton to Great Brington. The road was uncommonly open, or else it was lifted above the wonted level of English roads, and we could see over the tops of the hedges into the fields, instead of making the blindfold progress to which the wayfarer is usually condemned. It was not too late in the year or the day for a song-bird or so, and the wayside roses and hawthorns were so red with hips and haws that we gave them the praise of an American coloring for their foliage till we looked closer and found that the gayety was not of their leaves. Where the leaves felt the fall, they showed it in a sort of rheumatic stiffness, and a paling of their green to a sad gray, or a darkening of it to a yet sadder brown. But we did not notice this till we had turned from the highway, and were driving through Althorp Park. There was a model farm village before our turning, where some nobleman had experimented in making his tenants more comfortable than they could afford, in cottages too uniformly Tudoresque; but at differing distances, in various hollows and on various tops, there were more indigenous hamlets, huddling about the towers of their

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THE WASHINGTON HOUSE AT LITTLE BRINGTON

churches, and showing a red blur of tiles or a dun blur of walls, as we saw them alow or aloft. When we got well into the park there was only the undulation of the wooded surfaces, where wide oaks stood liberally about with an air of happy accident in their informal relation. I should like, for the sake of my romantic page, to put does under them; they were a very fit shelter for does; and I have read that does may sometimes be seen lightly flying from the visitors' approach through the glades of the park. It was my characteristically commonplace luck to see none, but I hope that in their absence the reader will make no objection to the black and white sheep which I did abundantly see feeding everywhere. It will be remembered, or not unwillingly learned, that sheep were once the ambition, the enthusiasm of the Spencers, who made them early an interest of the region, so that it was the most perverse of fates which kept their greatest flock down to 19,999, when they aimed at 20,000. Still, if they were black-nosed sheep, the lower figure might represent a value greater than 20,000 of the common white-nosed sort. A black nose gives a sheep the touch of character which the species too often lacks: a hardy air of almost goatlike affrontery, yet without the cold-eyed irony of the goat, which forbids the lover of wickedness the sympathy which the black-nosed sheep inspires. A black-nosed lamb affects one more like a bad little boy whose face has not been washed that morning, or for several mornings, than anything else in nature; and it would not be easy to say which was more suggestive of racial innocence mixed with personal depravity. I am not able to say whether a black nose in a sheep adds to the merit of its mutton or its fleece, but I am sure that it adds a piquant charm to its appearance, and I do not know why we have not that variety of sheep in America. I dare say we have.

When presently we drove past Althorp

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house, standing at a dignified remove from our course, which was effectively the highway, I felt in its aspect the modernity which has always been characteristic of the family. It is of that agreeable period when the English architects were beginning to study for country houses the form of domestic classic which the Italian taught those willing to learn of them simplicity and grace at harmony with due state, and which is still the highest type of a noble mansion. At the moment we passed we were aware that the great Earl Spencer who had been in the great Gladstone's government, was lying sick in his house, with the hopes of the Liberals waiting upon his recovery, for the honor of his leadership in their return to power. The earl has since died, and the Liberals have returned to power without him, but the sense of his presence lent the place an interest which I helped out otherwise as I could with my ignorance. The lady of the house more than two centuries back had been the Saccharissa of Suckling's verse, and her charm remained to my vague associations with the place, where she figured in the revels of happier times, and then in her beneficences to the distressed clergy after the Civil War, when the darker days came to those of the Spencer praying and fighting. There is no reason why she should not be related in these to the Washingtons, who needed if they did not experience her kindness, and if the reader wishes to strain a point and make her more the friend than mistress of that Lucy Washington who was sometime housekeeper at Althorp, I will not be the one to gainsay him. For all me, he may figure these ladies in the priceless library of Althorp: priceless then, but sold in our times to Mrs. Rylands at Manchester, for a million and a half, and there made a monument to her husband's memory. Many bolder things have been feigned than these ladies sitting together among the books, which would be the native air of the rhyme-born Saccharissa, and discoursing with Mistress Lucy's kinsman, Lawrence Washington, lately Fellow of Brasenose College, and lecturer and proctor at Oxford, and now rector of Purleigh, whence he was to be wrongfully removed for drunkenness: all with the simultaneity so common in the romance of historical type. How they would thee and thou one another as cousins of the seventeenth-century sort I leave the archæological novelist to inquire, gladly making over to him all my right and title in the affair. If he wishes to lug in the arrest of King Charles by Cornet Joyce of the Parliament forces, he can do it with no great violence, for it really happened hard by at Holmby House, whence the King was fond of coming to enjoy the gardens of Althorp. He can have Saccharissa and Mistress Lucy Washington, and his reverence Mr. Washington, looking down at the incident from a window of the library, and if he is the romanticist I take him for, he will easily have young Lawrence rapt in a vision of his great-great-grandson arresting the kingly power in America. The vision will have all the more fitness, in the reflections it suggests to the ancestor, from the fact, of which he will also be prescient, that both the Washingtons and Spencers, devoted and perhaps unreasoning royalists in their days, were destined to become more and more freed from their superstition, and to stand for greater freedom under different forms, as time went on. In his prophetic rapture, the Reverend Lawrence may have been puzzled to choose among his great-great-grandsons who was to fulfil it, for he was the father of a populous family counting seventeen in the first descent, and he could not have been blamed if he could not know George Washington by name, or identify him in his historical character.

It is this Lawrence Washington whose tablet one goes to revere in the church at Great Brington, where he lies entombed with the mother of his eight sons and nine daughters; and if one arrives at the sort of headland where the church stands on such a September afternoon as ours, and looks out from it over the lovely country undulating about its feet, one must try hard in one's memory or imagination to match it with a scene of equal beauty. Of beauty there is none except in some other English scenes like the home of Washington's ancestors, and it is English in every feature and expression. The fields with their dividing hedges, the farmsteads

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snuggling in the hollows, the grouped or solitary trees, all softened in a sunny haze, and tented over with the milky-blue sky, form a landscape of which the immediate village, at the left of the headland, is a foreground, with the human interest without which no picture lives.

I suppose that if I had been given my choice whether to have one of those village houses unroofed, and its simple drama revealed to me, I should have poorly chosen that rather than had the wooden cover lifted from the church floor where it protects the mortuary tablet of Lawrence Washington and his wife from the passing tread. But the rector of the church at Great Brington could not have gratified me in my preference, whereas he could and did lift the lid from the tablet in the nave, and let us read the inscription, and see the armorial bearings, in which the stars and stripes of our flag slept, undreaming of future glory, in the chrysalis arrest of the centuries since they had been the arms of a race of Northamptonshire gentlemen. The rector was in fact waiting for us at the church door, hospitably mindful of the commendation of our Northampton clerical friends, and we saw the edifice to all the advantage that his thoughtful patience could lend us. He had at once some other guests, in the young man and young woman who followed us in with their dog. They recalled themselves to the rector, who received them somewhat austerely, with his eyes hard upon their companion. "Did you mean to bring that animal with you?" he asked, and they pretended that the dog was an interloper, and the young man put him out in as much disgrace as he could bring himself to inflict. Probably there was an understanding between him and the dog; but the whole party took the rector's reproof with a smiling humility and an unabated interest in the claims of the Washington tablet, and in fact the whole church, upon their attention. They somewhat distracted my own, which is at best an idle sort, easily wandering from Early English architecture to Later English character, and from perpendicular windows to people of any inclination. Yet, the church at Great Brington is most worthy to be studied in detail, for it is "notable even among the famous churches of Northamptonshire," and it is the fitting last home of Washington's ancestors.

I bring myself with some difficulty to own that the specific knowledge I have on this point, and several others in this vague narration, I owe to an agreeable sketch of "The Homes of the Washingtons" by Mr. John Leyland. But if I did not own it, some one would find me out, and it is best boldly to confess my obligation together with my gratitude. I wish I had had the sketch with me at the time of my visit to Great Brington church, but I had not, and I lingered about in the churchyard, after we came out and the rector must leave us, under the spell of a quiet and in the keeping of associations unalloyed by information. For this reason I am unable to attribute its true significance to the old cross which stands apart from the church, and guides and guards the way to the place of graves beside it. I must own that at first glance it has somewhat the effect of an old-fashioned sign-post at an inn yard, and perhaps that were no bad symbol of the welcome the peaceful place holds for the life-weary wayfarers who lie down to their rest in it. Great Brington remains to me an impression of cottage streets,—doubtless provided with some shops. But when we had taken leave of the rector, and looked our last at the elegy-breathing churchyard, with its turf heaving in many a mouldering heap as if in decasyllabic quatrains, we drove away to see the Washington house in Little Brington.

When you come to it, or do not come to it, you find Little Brington nothing but a dwindling Great Brington, or a wider and more shopless dispersion of its cottages on one long street, which is really the highroad back to Northampton. Some bad little boys hung on to the rear of our carriage, and other little boys, quite as bad, I dare say, ran beside us, and invited our driver to "Cut be'oind, cut be'oind!" probably in the very accents, mellow and rounded, of our ancestral Washingtons. They all dropped away before we stopped at the gate of the very simple house where these Washingtons dwelt. It is a thatched

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stone house, of a Tudor touch in architecture, with rooms on each side of the front door and a tablet over that, lettered with the text, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Perhaps in other times it was of the dignity of a manor-house, but now it was inhabited by decent farmfolk, and very neatly kept. The farmwife who let us go up-stairs and down and all through it was a friendly soul, but apparently puzzled by our interest in it, and I fancied not many pilgrims worshipped at that shrine. It was rather ruder and humbler within than without; the flooring was rough, and the whitewashed walls of the little chambers were roughly plastered; neither these nor the living-rooms below had the beauty or interest of many colonial houses in New England. There was a little vegetable-gardened space behind the house, and a low stable, or some sort of shed, and on the comb of the roof an English true robin redbreast perched, darkly outlined against the clear September sky, and swelled his little red throat, and sang and sang. It was very pretty, and he sang much better than the big awkward thrush which we call a robin at home.

Our lovely day which had begun so dim, was waning in a sweet translucency, and we drove back to Northampton over gentle uplands through afternoon influences of a rich peacefulness. The roadside hedgerows now kept us from seeing much beyond them, but they were red, like those we passed in coming, with haws and wild rose-pips, which we again took for a flush of American autumn in their leaves; but the trees were really of a sober yellow, with here and there, on a house wall, a flame of Japanese ivy or Virginia creeper. The way was dotted with shoe-hands, men and girls, going home early from the unprosperous shops which our driver said were running only half-time. But even on half-pay they earned so much more than they could on the land that the farmers, desperate for help, could pay only a nominal rent. Much of the land was sign-boarded for sale, and this and the unusual number of wooden cottages gave us a very home feeling. In our illusion, we easily took for crows the rooks sailing over the fields.

White Magic

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

ONCE more, upon the dear endeavor bent,
The substance of my inward sight I sought.
From tapestries of cunning work enwrought
I rapt my spoil—the rose of Leda's lips,
Of Dido's eyes the violet eclipse,
Godiva's blush and golden hair of Eve.
And with these diverse threads I strove to weave
The lovely pattern of my heart's content.

I fail; but there are subtler alchemies
At my command. I'll shape thee fairer yet
Out of pure longing and the ceaseless fret
Of my imaginings. Forth from the deep
Of my desire, I see thee slowly rise,
Radiant and crowned; while answ'ring pulses leap.

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The Play House

BY ALICE BROWN

AMELIA MAXWELL sat by the front-chamber window of the great house overlooking the road and her own "story-an'-a half" further toward the west. Every day she was alone under her own roof, save at the times when old lady Knowles of the great house summoned her for work at fine sewing or braiding rags. All Amelia's kin were dead. Now she was used to their solemn absence and sufficiently at one with her own humble way of life, letting her few acres at the halves and earning a dollar here and there with her clever fingers. She was but little over forty, yet she was aware that her life, in its keener phases, was already done. She had had her romance and striven to forget it; but out of that time pathetic voices now and then called to her, and old longings awoke, to breathe for a moment and then sleep again.

Amelia seemed, even to old lady Knowles, who knew her best, a cheerful, humorous body; but only Amelia saw the road by which her serenity had come. Chiefly it was through an inexplicable devotion to the great house. She could not remember a time when it was not wonderful to her. While she was a little girl, living alone with her mother, she used to sit on the door-stone with her bread and milk at bedtime, and think of the great house, how grand it was and large. There was a wonderful way the sun had of falling, at twilight, across the pillars of its porch where the elm drooped sweetly, and in the moonlight it was like a fairy city. But the morning was perhaps the best moment of all. The great house was painted a pale yellow, and when Amelia awoke with the sun in her little unshaded shamber, she thought how dark the blinds were there, with such a solemn richness in their green. The flower-beds in front were beautiful to her; but the back garden, lying alongside the orchard, and stretching through tangles of sweet-william and rose, was an enchanted spot to play in. The child that was, used to wander there and feel very rich. Now, a woman, she sat in the great house sewing, and felt rich again. As it happened, for one of the many times it came to her, she was thinking what the great house had done for her. Old lady Knowles had, in her stately way, been a kind of patron saint, and in that summer, years ago, when Amelia's romance died and she had drooped like a starving plant, Rufus, the old lady's son, had seemed to see her trouble and stood by her. He did not speak of it. He only took her for long drives, and made his cheerful presence evident in many ways, and when he died, with a tragic suddenness, Amelia used selfishly to feel that he had lived at least long enough to keep her from failing of that inner blight.

On this day when old lady Knowles had gone with Ann, her faithful help, to see the cousin to whom she made pilgrimage once a year, Amelia resolved to enjoy herself to the full. She laid down her sewing, from time to time, to look about her at the poppy-strewn paper, the four-post bed and flowered tester, the great fireplace with its shining dogs, and the Venus and Cupid mirror. Over and over again she had played that the house was hers, and to-day, through some heralding excitement in the air, it seemed doubly so. She sat in a dream of housewifely possession, conning idly over the pleasant things she might do before the day was over. There was cold tongue for her dinner, Ann had told her, and a clear soup, if she liked to heat it. She might cook vegetables if she chose. And there was the best of tea to be made out of the china caddy, and rich cake in the parlor crock. After one such glad deliberation, she caught her sewing guiltily up from her lap and began to set compensating stitches. But even then her conscience slept unstirred. Old lady

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Drawing by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

SHE LAID DOWN HER SEWING TO LOOK ABOUT HER

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Knowles was in no hurry for the work, she knew, and she would make up for her dreaming in the account of her day. There was a sound without. The gate swung softly shut and a man came up the path. Amelia, at the glance, rose quickly, dropped her sewing, and hurried out and down the stairs. The front door was open, she knew, and though there was never anything to be afraid of, still the house was in her charge. At the door she met him, just lifting his hand to touch the knocker. He was a tall, weedy fellow of something more than her own age, with light hair and blue eyes and a strangely arrested look, as if he obstinately and against his own advantage continued to keep young. Amelia knew him at once, as he did her, though it was twenty years since they had met.

"Why, Jared Beale!" she faltered.

He was much moved. The flush came quickly to his face in a way she had known, and his eyes softened.

"I should ha' recognized ye anywheres, Milly," he asserted.

She still stood looking at him, unable to ask him in or to make apology for the lack.

"I went straight to your house from the train," he said. "'Twas all shut up. Don't anybody live there now?"

"Yes," answered Amelia, "somebody lives there." The red had come into her cheeks and her eyes burned brightly. Then as he looked at her hesitatingly, in the way he used to look, she trembled a little. "Come in, Jared," she said, retreating a hospitable space. "Come right in." She stood aside, and then, when he stepped over the sill, led the way into the dining-room, where there was a cool green light from the darkened blinds and the only window open to the sun disclosed a trembling grape-vine and a vista down the garden path. Amelia drew forward a chair with a decided motion. "Sit down," she said, and busied herself with opening a blind. When she took her own chair opposite him, she found that he had laid his hat beside him on the floor, and, with the tips of his fingers together, was bending forward in an attitude belonging to his youth. He was regarding her with the slightly blurred look of his near-sighted eyes, she began hastily:

"You stayin' round these parts?"

"No," said Jared, "no. I had to come East on business. There was some property to be settled up in Beulah, so I thought I'd jest step down here an' see how things were."

"Beulah!" she repeated. "Why, that's fifty miles from here!"

"Yes," returned Jared. "It's a matter o' fifty mile. Fact is," he added, uneasily, "I didn't know how you was fixed. It's kinder worried me."

A flush ran into her face, to the roots of her pretty hair; yet her frank eyes never left him. Then her evasive speech belied her look.

"I get along real well. I s'pose you knew mother wa'n't with me now?"

"I ain't heard a word from here for seventeen year," he said, half bitterly, as if the silence had been hard to bear. "There's no way for me to hear now. The last was from Tom Merrick. He said you'd begun to go with Rufus Knowles."

Amelia trembled over her whole body.

"That was a good while ago," she ventured.

"Yes, 'twas. A good many things have come an' gone. An' now Rufus is dead—I see his death in an old paper—an' here you be, his widder, livin' in the old house."

"Why!" breathed Amelia, "why!" She choked upon the word, but before she could deny it he had begun again, in gentle reminiscence.

"'Twon't harm nobody to talk over old times a mite, Amelia. Mebbe that's what I come on for, though I thought 'twas to see how you was fixed. I thought mebbe I should find you livin' kinder near the wind, an' mebbe you'd let me look out for you a mite."

The tears came into Amelia's eyes. She looked about her as if she owned the room, the old china, and the house.

"That's real good of you, Jared," she said, movingly. "I sha'n't ever forget it. But you see for yourself. I don't want for nothin'."

"I guess we should ha' thought 'twas queer, when you went trottin' by to school," he said, irrelevantly, "if anybody 'd told you you'd reign over the old Knowles house."

"Yes," said Amelia, softly, again look-

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ing about her, this time with love and thankfulness, "I guess they would. You leave your wife well?" she asked, suddenly, perhaps to suggest the reality of his own house of life.

Jared shook his head.

"She ain't stepped a step for seven year."

"Oh, my!" grieved Amelia. "Won't she ever be any better?"

"No. We've had all the doctors, eclectic an' herb besides, an' they don't give her no hope. She was a great driver. We laid up money steady them years before she was took down. She knew how to make an' she knew how to save." His face settled into lines of brooding recollection. Immediately Amelia was aware that those years had been bitter to him, and that the fruit of them was stale and dry. She cut by instinct into a pleasant by-path.

"You play your fiddle any now?"

He started out of his maze at life.

"No," he owned, "no!" as if he hardly remembered such a thing had been. "I dropped that more'n fifteen year ago."

"Seems if my feet never could keep still when you played 'Money Musk,'" avowed Amelia, her eyes shining. "'The Road to Boston,' too! My! wa'n't that grand!"

"'Twas mostly dance music I knew," said Jared. "She never liked it," he added, in a burst of weary confidence.

"Your wife?"

"She was a church member, old-fashioned kind. Didn't believe in dancin'. 'The devil's tunes,' she called 'em. Well, mebbe they were; but I kinder liked 'em myself."

"Well," said Amelia, in a safe commonplace, "I guess there's some harm in 'most everything. It's 'cordin' to the way you take it." Then one of her quick changes came upon her. The self that played at life when real life failed her, and so kept youth alive, awoke to shine in her eyes and flush her pretty cheek. She looked about the room, as if to seek concurrence from the hearthside gods. "Jared," she said, "you goin' to stay round here long?"

He made an involuntary motion toward his hat.

"No, oh no," he answered. "I'm goin' 'cross lots to the Junction. I come round the road. I guess 'tain't more'n four mile along by the pine woods an' the b'ilin' spring," he added, smiling at her. "Leastways it didn't use to be. I thought if I could get the seven-o'clock, 'twould take me back to Boston so's I could ketch my train to-night. She's kinder dull, out there alone," he ended, wearily. "'Twas some o' her property I come to settle up. She'll want to hear about it. I never was no kind of a letter-writer."

Amelia rose.

"I'll tell you what, then," she said, with a sweet decision, "you stay right here an' have dinner. I'm all alone to-day."

"Ain't old lady Knowles—" He paused decorously, and Amelia laughed. It seemed to her as if old lady Knowles and the house would always be beneficently there because they always had been.

"Law yes," she said. "She's alive. So's old Ann. They've gone to Wareham, to spend the day."

Jared threw back his head and laughed.

"If that don't make time stand still," he said, "nothin' ever did. Why, when we was in the Third Reader old lady Knowles an' Ann harnessed up one day in the year an' drove over to Wareham to spend the day."

"Yes," Amelia sparkled back at him, "'tis so. They look pretty much the same, both of 'em."

"They must be well along in years?"

Amelia had begun putting up the leaves of the mahogany dining-table. She laughed, a pretty ripple.

"Well, anyway," she qualified, "old Pomp ain't gone with 'em. He's buried out under the August sweet. They've got an old white now. 'Twas the colt long after you left here." She had gone to the dresser and pulled open a drawer. Those were the every-day table-cloths, fine and good; but in the drawer above, she knew, was the best damask, snowdrops and other patterns more wonderful, with birds and butterflies. She debated but a moment, and then pulled out a lovely piece that shone with ironing. "I'll tell you what it is, Jared," she said, returning to spread it on the table with deft touches, "it's we that change, as well as other folks. Ever think o' that?

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Drawing by W. D. Stevens

"SEEMS IF WE HADN'T BEEN SO FUR SEPARATED ALL THESE YEARS."

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Ever occur to you old lady Knowles wa'n't much over sixty them days when we used to call her old? 'Twas because we were so young ourselves. She don't seem much different to me now from what she did then."

"There's a good deal in that," said Jared, rising. "Want I should draw you up some water out o' the old well?"

"Yes. I shall want some in a minute. I'll make us a cup o' coffee. You like that."

Jared drew the water, and after he had brought it to her he went out into the back garden, and, while she moved back and forth from pantry to table, she caught glimpses of him through the window as he went about from the bees to the flower-beds, in a reminiscent wandering. Once he halted under the sweet-bough and gave one branch a shake, and then, with an unerring remembrance, he crossed the sward to the "sopsyvine" by the wall. Amelia could not get over the wonder of having him there. Strangely, he had not changed. Even his speech had the old neighborly tang. Whether he had returned to it as to a never-forgotten tune, she could not know; but it was in her ears, awakening touches of old harmony. Yet these things she dared not dwell upon. She put them aside in haste to live with after he should be gone. Her preparations were swiftly made, lest she should lose a moment of his stay, and presently she went to the door and summoned him.

"Dinner's ready, Jared!"

It sounded as if she had said it every day, and she knew why; the words and others like them, sweet and commonplace, were enwoven with the texture of her dreams.

Jared came in, an eager look upon his face, as if he also were in a maze, and they sat down at the table, where the viands were arranged in a beautiful order. Jared laid down his knife and fork.

"Well," said he, "old Ann ain't lost her faculty. This tastes for all the world just as old lady Knowles's things used to when I come over here to weed the garden an' stayed to dinner."

Amelia lifted a thankful look.

"I'm proper glad you've come back, Jared," she said, simply. "I never had any expectation of seein' you again, leastways not in this world."

Jared spoke irrelevantly:

"There's a good many things I've wanted to talk over with you, 'Melia, from time to time. Now there's Arthur."

Amelia nodded.

"He ain't done very well, has he?" she inquired. "I never knew much about him after he moved away; but seems if I heard he'd took to drink."

"That's it. Arthur was as good a boy as ever stepped, but he got led away when he wa'n't old enough to know t'other from which. Well, I've always stood by him, 'Melia. Folks say he's only an adopted brother. 'What you want to hang on to him for, an' send good money after bad?' That's what they say. Well, what if he is an adopted brother? Father an' mother set by him, an' I set by him, too." He had a worried look and his tone rang fretfully, as if it continued a line of dreary argument.

"Of course you set by him, Jared," said Amelia, almost indignantly. "I shouldn't feel the same towards you if you didn't."

Jared was deep in the relief of his pathetic confidences.

"Arthur married young, an' folks said he'd no business to, nothin' to live on, an' his habits bein' what they were. Well, I couldn't dispute that. But when he got that fall, so't he laid there paralyzed, I wanted to take the cars an' go right on to York State an' see him. I didn't. I couldn't get away; but I sent him all I could afford to, an' I'm goin' to keep on sendin' jest as long as I'm above ground. An' I've made my will an' provided for him." His voice had a fractious tone, as if he combated an unseen tyrant. Amelia dared not speak. At a word, she felt, he might say too much. Now Jared was looking at her in a bright appeal, as if, sure as he was of her sympathy, he besought the expression of it. "There ain't a soul but you knows I've made my will, 'Melia," he said. "There's suthin' in it for you, too."

Amelia shrank, and her eyes betrayed her terror; it was as if she could carry on their relation together quite happily, but as soon as the judgment of the world were challenged she must hide it away, like a treasure in a box.

"No, Jared!" she breathed. "No, oh no! Don't you do such a thing as that."

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Jared himself laughed a little, but half sadly.

"Seems kinder queer to me now," he owned. "Now I see you settin' here, only to put out your hand an' take a thing if you want it. Did Rufus leave a will?"

Amelia shrank still smaller.

"No," she trembled, "no. He didn't leave a will."

"Well, I sha'n't change mine, 'Melia." He spoke with an ostentatious lightness, but Amelia was aware that his mind labored in heavy seas of old regret, buoyed by the futile hope of compensating her age for the joys her youth had lacked. "I guess I'll let it stand as 'tis, an', long as you don't need what I've left ye, why, you can put it into some kind o' folderol an' enjoy it. You always was one to enjoy things."

They sat a long time at the table, and Jared took, as he said, more coffee than was good for him and praised the making of it. Then he followed her about as she cleared away, and helped her a little, with an awkward hand. Amelia left the dishes in the sink.

"I won't clear up till night," she said. "We ain't talked out yet."

She led the way into the garden, and under the grape-trellis, where the tall lilac hedge shut them from the sight of passers-by, she gave him old lady Knowles's great arm-chair, and took the little one that was hers when she came over to sit awhile with her old friend. The talk went wandering back as if it sought the very sources of youth and life; but somehow it touched commonplaces only. Yet Amelia had the sense, and she was sure he had, too, of wandering there hand in hand, of finding no surprises, but only the old things grown more dear, the old loyalties the more abiding. Suddenly he spoke haltingly, voicing her own conviction.

"Don't seem but a minute, 'Melia, sence we set talkin' things over much as we do now. Seems if we hadn't been so fur separated all these years."

"No," said Amelia, with her beautiful sincerity. "I don't believe we have been, Jared. Maybe that's how it is when folks die. We can't see 'em nor speak to 'em, but maybe they go right along bein' what we like best. I know 'tis so with mother. Seems if, if she walked in here this minute, we shouldn't have so very many stitches to take up. Sometimes I've thought all I should say would be, 'Well, mother, you've got back, ain't you?' Kinder like that."

The beautiful afternoon light lay on the grass and turned the grape-vine to a tender green. Jared looked upon the land as if he were treasuring it in his heart for a day of loss. When the sun was low, and green and red were flaming in the west, he rose.

"Well, 'Melia," he said, "I've seen you. Now I'll go."

Amelia stirred, too, recalled to service.

"I want to make you a cup o' tea," she said. "You get me a pail o' fresh water, Jared. 'Twon't take but a minute."

He followed her about, this time, while she set the table; and again they broke bread together. When he rose from his chair again it was for good.

"Well, 'Melia!" he said, and she gave him her hand.

She went with him to the door, and stood there as he started down the path. Half-way he hesitated and then came back to her. His eyes were soft and kindly.

"'Melia," he said, "I ain't told you the half, an' I dun'no's I can tell it now. I never knew how things were with you. I've laid awake nights wonderin'. You never was very strong. 'Why,' says I to myself many a night when I'd hear the wind blowin' ag'inst the winder, 'mebbe she's had to go out to work. Mebbe she ain't got a place to lay her head.'" He was rushing on in a full tide of confidence, and she recalled him. She leaned forward to him, out of the doorway of her beautiful house, and spoke in an assuring tone:

"Don't you worry no more, Jared. I'm safe an' well content, an' you ain't got nothin' to regret. An' when we meet again—I guess 'twon't be here, dear, it 'll be t'other side—why, we'll sit down an' have another dish o' talk."

Then they shook hands again, and Jared walked away. When he looked back from the top of schoolma'am hill she was still in the doorway, and she waved her hand to him.

After that last glimpse of him, Amelia

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went soberly about the house, setting it in order. When her dishes were washed and she had fed old Trot, the cat, forgotten all day, she rolled up the fine table-cloth and left it behind the porch door, where she could take it on her way home. Then she sat down on the front steps and waited for old lady Knowles. Amelia did not think very much about her day. It was still a possession to be laid aside and pondered over all the hours and days until she died. For there would be no other day like it. The dusk fell and the sounds of night began to rise in their poignant summoning of memory and hope. The past and the present seemed one to her in a beautiful dream; yet it was not so much a dream as life itself, a warm reality. Presently there came the slow thud of horse's feet, and the chaise turned in at the yard. Old lady Knowles was in it, sitting prettily erect, as she had driven away, and Ann was peering forward, as she always did, to see if the house had burned down in their absence. John Trueman, who lived "down the road," was lounging along behind. They had called him as they passed, and bade him come to "tend the horse." Amelia rose and shook herself free from the web of her dream. She hurried forward and at the horse-block offered old lady Knowles her hand.

"Anything happened?" asked old Ann, making her way past to the kitchen.

Amelia only smiled at her, but she followed old lady Knowles in at the porch door.

"We've had a very enjoyable day, Amelia," said the old lady, untying her bonnet strings. "Suppose you lay this on the table. Ann must brush it before it's put away. What is it? Child, child, what is it?"

Amelia had taken a fold of her old friend's skirt. It would have seemed to her a liberty to touch her hand.

"Mis' Knowles," she said, "I've had company. 'Twas somebody to see me, an' I got dinner here, an' supper, too, an' I used your best table-cloth, an' I'm goin' to do it up so't Ann won't know. An' I acted for all the world as if 'twas my own house."

Old lady Knowles laughed a little. She had never been a woman to whom small things seemed large, and now very few things were of any size at all.

"Who was it, Amelia?" she asked. "Who was your company?"

There was a moment's silence and Amelia heard her own heart beat. But she answered, quietly,

"'Twas Jared Beale."

There was silence again while old lady Knowles thought back over the years. When she spoke, her voice was very soft and kindly.

"You are a good girl, Amelia. You've always been a good girl. Run home, child, now, and come to-morrow. Good night."

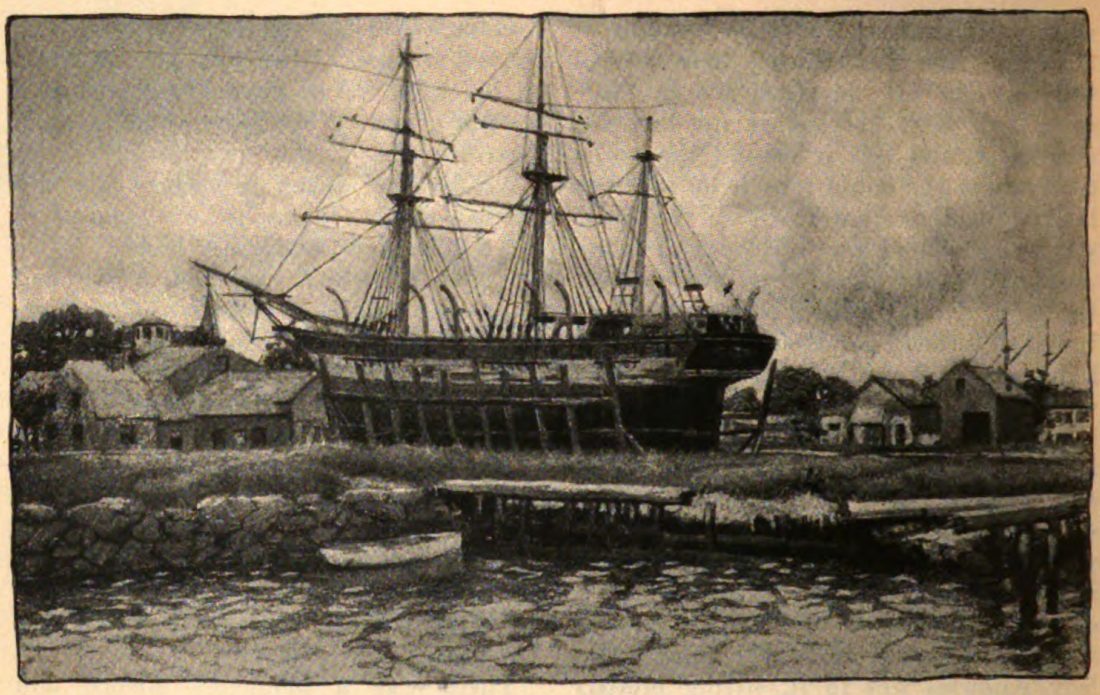
Amelia, out in the path a moment afterwards, the table-cloth under her arm, could hardly believe in what had surely happened to her. Old lady Knowles had bent forward to her; her soft lips had touched Amelia's cheek.

Twilight

BY CARRIE WHITE OSGOOD

DAY, the golden bee, with heavy wing,
Hovers above rich fields and fragrant lanes
And misty meadows which the river veins
With tarnished silver, late ingathering
His last, best store—and now, his labor done,
Flies homeward to his covert with the sun,
While, where the soft dusk yet one rose-flush keeps
Earth, a closed lily, sways and sleeps.

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The Blubber Hunters

BY CLIFFORD WARREN ASHLEY

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

I—FITTING OUT AND CRUISING



WHALING, of all our early industries, has come down to us to-day the least altered in the lapse of years, the least affected by changed conditions, the least trammelled by modern appliances. Of all pursuits, it has preserved to the greatest degree its original picturesqueness.

Modern methods have been applied only to the off-shore fishery; deep-sea whaling, sperm whaling, differs scarcely at all from the whaling of a century ago.

In August of 1904 I shipped from New Bedford on the bark *Sunbeam*, bound on a sperm-whaling voyage to the west coast of Africa and Crozet Island grounds.

The *Sunbeam* is a bark of 255 tons, next to the *Canton* the oldest whaler afloat, launched at Mattapoisett before England had laid the keel of the last of her "wooden walls." When I came to New Bedford in early July the *Sunbeam* was the only square-rigger being fitted. Battered and weather-beaten she lay at her berth, partially dismantled, a swarm of workers patching and calking her sides.

The next day she was hauled out on the railroad over on the Fairhaven shore. Here her bottom was overhauled and recoppered. Though fifty years old, her keel was straight as a gun-barrel. The *Sunbeam's* sheathing had not been off in fifteen years. Many of her planks were rotten, and in one place a stone, which had gotten in when she was building, had washed around next her keel and worn through nearly four inches of planking.

In 1854 one hundred and thirteen whalers sailed from New Bedford; fifty years later, five. That which could not

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be effected by the capture of thirty-four vessels by the *Shenandoah,* the sinking of thirty-nine in the Stone Fleet of Charleston harbor, the abandonment in two seasons of fifty-four in the arctic, and other catastrophes no less insinuating if less spectacular, has been accomplished by petroleum. Whaling to-day may be reckoned a dead industry—not that it is extinct, but because it can never recover.

Efforts have been made in vain to induce the government to use sperm-oil in the naval, revenue, and lighthouse services. Such a step, by giving a new impetus to whaling, could scarce fail to be effective in the upbuilding of our naval reserve. New Bedford is still the greatest whaling port in the world, but at best this is an empty title. Where once her fleet numbered hundreds, to-day there are less than thirty.

There was some difficulty attendant on my arrangement for a berth on the *Sunbeam;* a whaler is often so full-handed that a bunk must be used watch and watch about, and seldom if ever is there a spare one. The owners finally made a place for me in the steerage along with the boat-steerers, and the captain proffered the freedom of his cabin, and suggested that the cooper might be persuaded to set up a bunk for me in his own stateroom after we were under weigh.

I located Cooper in a Water Street grog-shop, and I secured a word with him in private. We seemed to take to each other from the start. He assured me he was the biggest liar in the world, Munchausen alone excepted, hinted darkly of literary efforts of his own, yet to appear, and suggested collaboration. The matter of the berth was easily settled. That same afternoon I signed the ship's papers.

The day before we were to clear, Friday, I put my chest on board. My bunk was made up and the usual calico curtain strung before it.

Saturday brought a gale from the southward, and by noon it was decided to postpone the sailing till Sunday. The *Sunbeam* had put into the stream overnight, and was anchored near the Fairhaven shore, with a part of the crew on board.

The owners of the *Sunbeam* are the oldest firm of ship-owners in the whaling business, having, under the present name and heads, controlled vessels since 1856. The firm's office is in the rear of their clothing and outfitting establishment.

Sunday morning, long before the



CALKERS AND CARPENTERS REPAIRING AN OLD WHALER

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church-bells rang, we were gathering in the darkened front of the store. I had stopped at the post-office for my last mail, and as I stepped out again into the bright sunshine of that August morning, a couple of sailors lumbered hastily by and dodged around the corner. As they were vanishing, one of the "owners" appeared in the street, gazing up and down in a mystified manner, vainly seeking a glimpse of the runaways. When he saw me he hailed cheerfully. From the alley whence he had emerged a series of derisive hoots followed him, then a wagon-load of seamen appeared, being trundled off to the river. Swaying and pitching as the cart jolted over the cobbles, they boisterously spoke each passer-by making the street hideous with their yells. Before I entered the store I saw them, one by one, dropping off over the tail-board, utterly oblivious to the protests of the unfortunate dry-goods clerk who was held responsible for their delivery.

The front shop was crowded and noisy, but the real hubbub was in a small back room. Here the sailors, howling and pounding, were locked up when caught, and held till the return of the wagon to take them off to the river. Word was received that the mate refused to go on board till he had partaken of his Sunday dinner. On various pretexts others sought to get off for a while longer—one had forgotten to bid his mother good-by; another had left home without an overcoat. The clerks rushed frantically about. Each man had to be rounded up—not once, but half a dozen times.



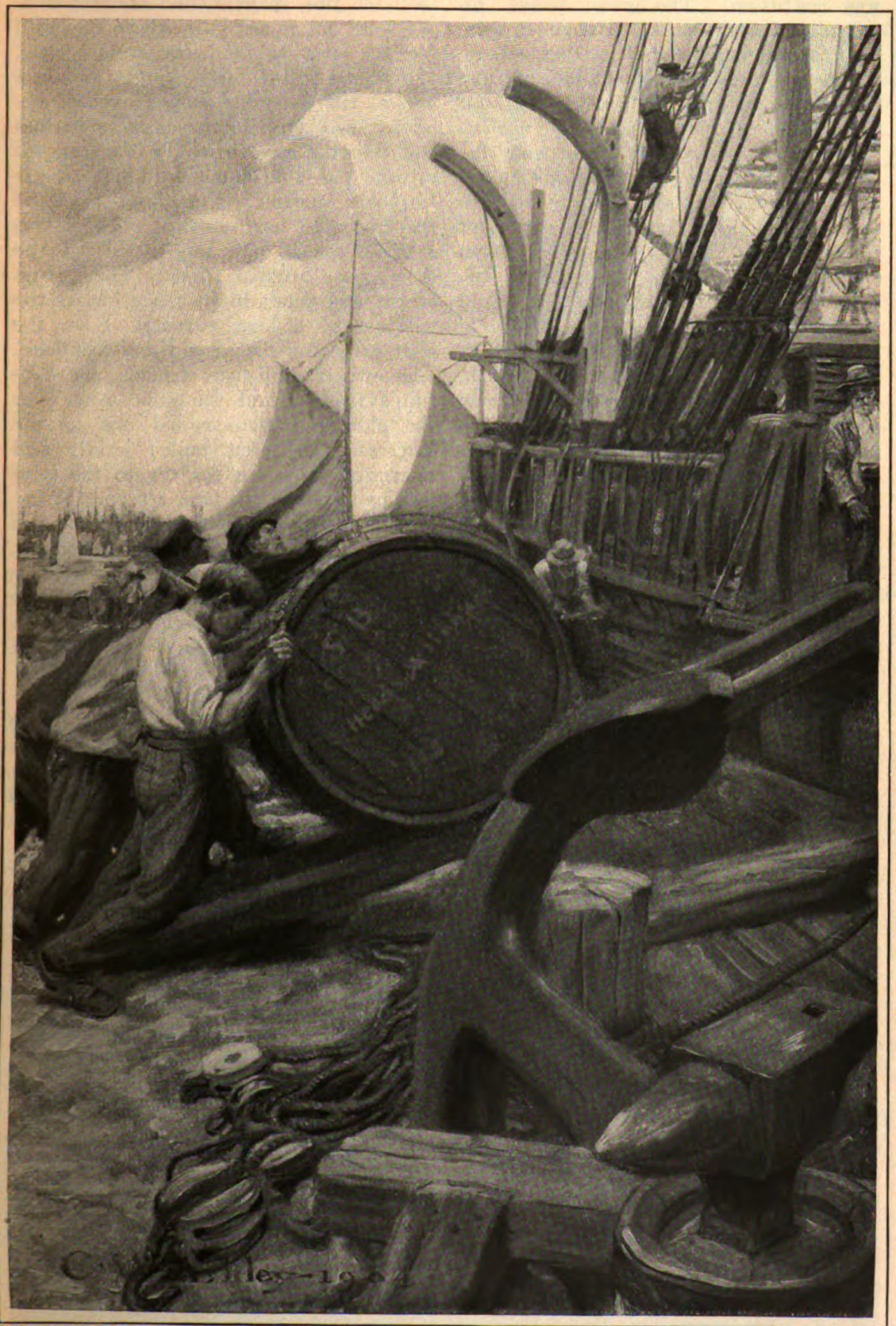
TINKERING THE FIGUREHEAD

The morning dragged out toward noon. A carriage had been sent for the mate; the little back room was emptied. Cooper was sitting on the edge of a black-draped counter, and a clerk was vainly trying to induce him to go on board. Smilingly the cooper doomed the man to eternal perdition; then picturesquely started in to abuse his ancestors. The disgusted clerk gave up the job as thankless; and Cooper sat on, furtively keeping his eye on the ship's chronometer, knowing full well that of all things this would be the last to be taken on board.

We were on the tug, watching the crew tumbling into the pilot-boat, when a commotion at the far end of the wharf attracted our attention, and a clerk hove into view, puffing like a porpoise, dragging behind him by a string one of the boat-steerers. As they drew near we could see that the string was attached to the much-elongated neck of a tan-colored pup. The owner, holding the unlucky mongrel tightly to his breast, struggled to keep up, but the pace was too stiff for him. In a state of complete exhaustion, the three made the sloop just as she was casting off.

We followed the pilot-boat out across the Acushnet to where the *Sunbeam* lay, redolent in her newly applied paint, spick and span from sprit to taffrail. Under her gallows hung all of a hundred fresh green cabbages, the deck crate was filled with potatoes, and a quarter of beef was suspended from the skids. The hatches were buried completely under a heap of mattresses and baggage. We clambered up the man-ropes, and immediately all

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Drawn by C. W. Ashley — Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

TAKING ON THE CARGO

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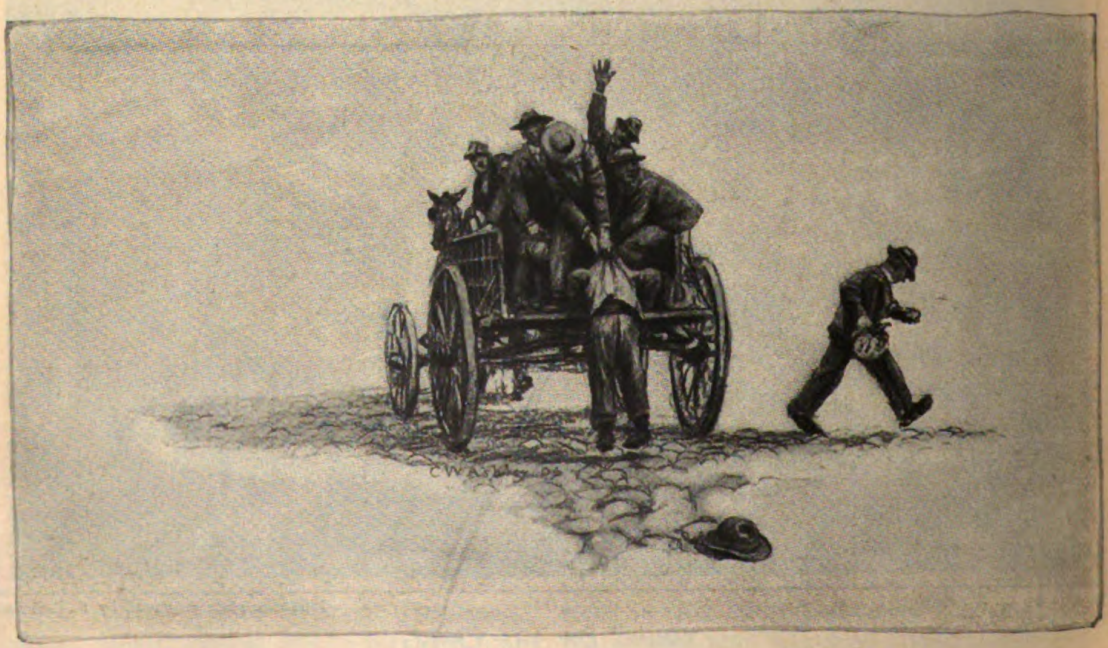
was confusion. The green hands, resplendent in new suits of dungaree, were falling over one another in their efforts to execute orders. Without loss of time the hawser was passed from the tug and the command given to weigh anchor. Amid the clicking of pawls and the groaning of the windlass we got under weigh, and on the outgoing tide we were towed down the river. There were over thirty visitors with us for the trip down the bay, friends and relatives of the captain, crew, and owners, who would return to town with the pilot-boat.

We were scarcely abreast of Fort Phœnix when a small naphtha-launch, which had been following us for some time, shot alongside. She carried one passenger — a much-frightened Portuguese in white ducks and a new straw hat,—who, tightly grasping a fiddle in one hand and gesticulating with the other, attempted to explain himself a belated member of our crew desiring to come on board. Even when he had made himself clear, the deal nearly fell through when the question came up as to who should pay his launch hire, and he scrambled up the fore-chains.

Early in the afternoon a lunch was served to all hands, of cold corned beef and pilot-biscuit. Then the tug left us, and with a creaking of blocks and a hollow flapping the foretopsails went up, then the jibs, spanker, and maintopsails. We were out to sea now, where we could feel the long regular heave of the ocean, and so we sailed for a couple of hours longer, till the pilot-sloop *Theresa* overhauled us. Our foreyards were backed and the ship hove to. The *Theresa* put up into the wind and lay a little off our starboard quarter. The davit-tackle of the starboard boat creaked. There was a faint splash, and the friends of the crew were hurried away. The picnic aspect was gone; in its place lurked the emotion of a long parting. Soon the boat came for the second and last load. The owners and their friends, the captain's friends, and the pilot went over the side and were rowed out to the *Theresa*. The crew pulled jerkily and unevenly; it was a far cry to the long whippy stroke of the later season.

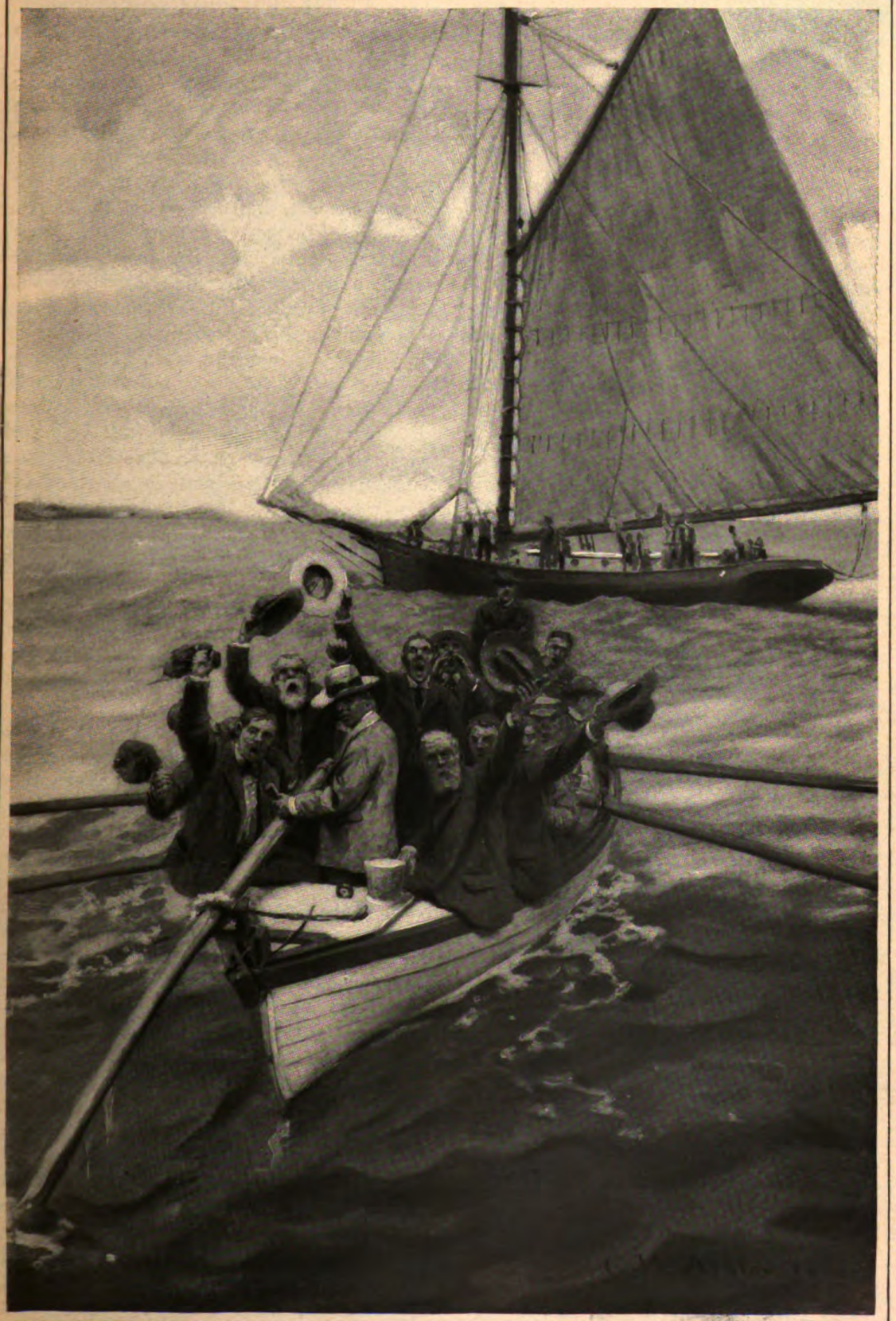
And now they rested on their oars, and some one stood up in the stern-sheets, his voice sounding strangely remote from across the water; "A short and greasy voyage!" he called, and the boat and the sloop gave us three rousing cheers. Then we turned to the open sea.

The crew, gathered in a silent group at the forecastle, watched the narrow strip of headland fading slowly away. After a while the breeze died down, and we drifted with the ebb of the tide back



CORRALLING THE CREW

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Drawn by C. W. Ashley — Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"A SHORT AND GREASY VOYAGE!" HE CALLED

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toward Meerschaum buoy. Toward nightfall Cooper screwed up the deadlights; and later, the wind freshening from a new quarter, the last vestige of land soon dropped from our horizon.

As a place in which to sleep the steerage that night apparently was out of the question. On a clutter of chests and dunnage the boat-steerers sprawled, drinking, wrangling, smoking. Some had turned in—turned in mostly as they had come on board, togged out in all their petty shore finery, and now huddled in inert lifeless heaps, or half hanging from their berths, with swollen necks and puffed and livid features.

The floor was littered with rubbish, the walls hung deep with clothing: squalid, congested, filthy; even the glamour of novelty could not disguise the wretchedness of the scene, yet it possessed at the same time a curious insistent fascination. Occasionally there was a trampling of feet overhead, and an order was hoarsely shouted. The ship rolled gently through the oily seas, the wind hummed drearily through the tautened rigging.



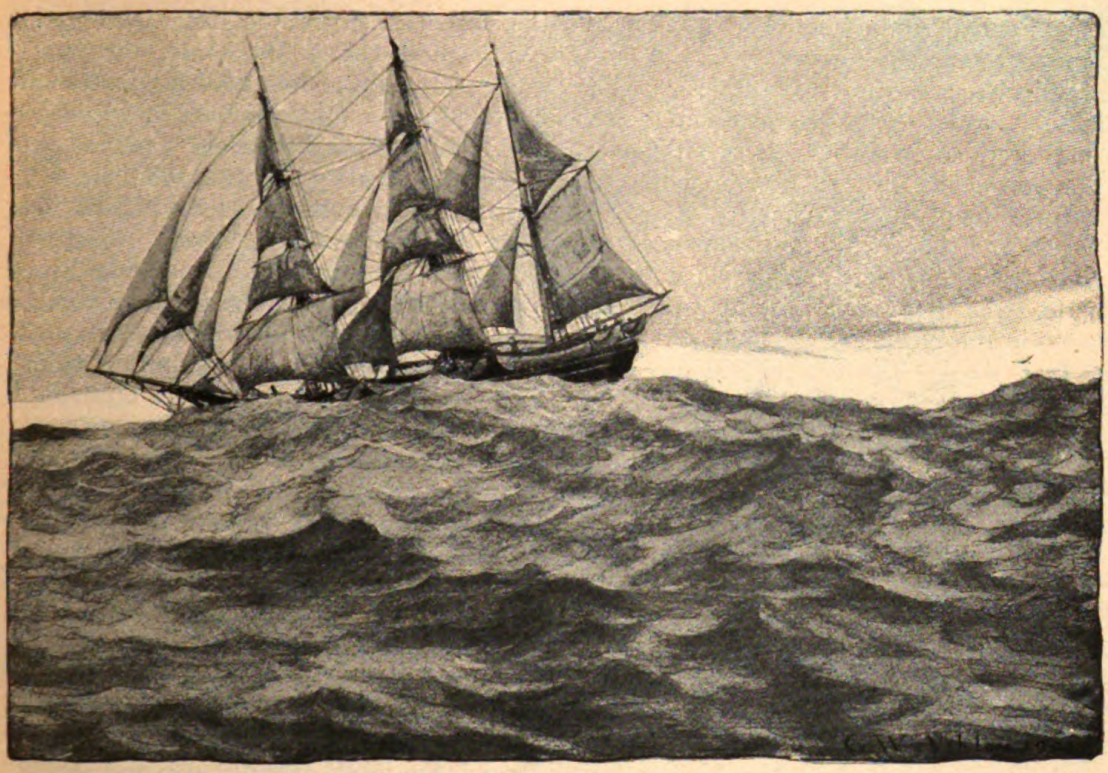
When in the morning I awakened I had a very indistinct recollection of my whereabouts. I groped my way to deck, and felt better after a hasty scrub.

All hands were called aft immediately after breakfast, and pacing the deck with hands in his pockets, Captain Gifford gave utterance to various sentiments appropriate to the start of a long sea-voyage:

"Just remember I'm boss on this ship. When you get an order, jump. If I catch any one of you wasting grub, I'll put him on bread and water for a month and dock the rations of the whole watch. You greenies have got just a week to box the compass and learn the ropes; after that no watch below till you do. Let every man work for the ship; I don't mind a little healthy competition between the boats, but if any dirty work goes on, I'll break the rascal who does it. We've got to work together—see? Now go ahead and pick your watches." Straightway the crew was told off into two lots by the first and second mates, and the starboard watch was sent below.

Of our quota of thirty-nine all told, only eight, including myself, were born American; Captain Gifford and the mate, Mr. Hicks, were typical "Cape-Codders," Blacksmith a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Before the mast were two disgruntled farm-hands, one fugitive from justice, and a Fall River striker. Cooper was a Norwegian; Bo's'n, a St. Helena Englishman; Jim, a Nova-Scotian; and August, a "Gue" from Lisbon. All the rest were blacks. Mr. Goomes, the second, and Mr. Freitus, the third officer, both hailed from the island of St. Nicholas. Steward was Bermudian, Smalley (boat-steerer) a full-blooded Gay Head Indian. The South Sea Islands, East Indies, Cape Verdes, Azores, and Canaries, all were liberally represented in our list. Profane, dissolute, and ignorant they were, yet, on the whole, as courageous and willing a lot as one could desire. Being nearly all islanders, brought up from childhood with an oar in their hands, they were eminently suited to the purpose; for boatmen, not seamen, are required in the whale-fishery.

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WITH A FAIR WIND

In lieu of wages, a whaler's crew, from captain down to cabin-boy, receive each a "lay"; that is to say, a certain proportion of the gross earnings of the voyage. The captain's part may be one-seventh, the cabin-boy's as low as a two-hundred-and-twenty-fifth—called the long lay.

Now that we were well out at sea, the work on the boats was pushed ahead vigorously; oars, sails, rigging, and gear of various sorts were assigned to each; harpoons, lances, and boat-spades sharpened and fitted to shafts. The whale-line was stretched and laid in tubs, the kinks being removed by successive left-hand coilings. In some cases the line was even tossed overboard and towed astern; for any hitch when it is racing out the chocks, fast to a gallied whale, may mean loss of both lives and boat; and both are equally precious. There were two of these tubs to each boat, containing between them over half a mile of manila rope two and one-half inches round. Each boat-steerer conducted the arrangement of his own boat, under the immediate surveillance of his boat-header. In less than a week's time we were ready for whales, and once more the foremast hands were ranged up along the lee-rail midships. This time the boat's crews were to be chosen—a far more serious affair than the mere selecting of watches.

The experienced boatmen formed one end of a long line, the green hands the other. Like judges before a dog-bench the mates strolled up and down the row, now feeling this man's ribs, now making that one bare his arm; occasionally pausing to jerk out a question: "Ever pull in a boat? No? What in —— are you good for? Where are you from? Talk English? Oh! you pulled in Mr. Diaz's boat last voyage, eh? Well, I wouldn't give a —— —— for any man *he* broke in!" The boat-steerers lounged interestedly in the background, now and then proffering suggestions to their heads. When the inspection had been finished, the drawing began. It was evident that the material had been studied critically, for there was but little hesitation and but few words were spoken. Now and then there was a grunt when a likely man was lost, or occasionally a mate in a low tone referred a decision to his boat-steerer. When the ceremonial was over, much to their chagrin not one of the whites before

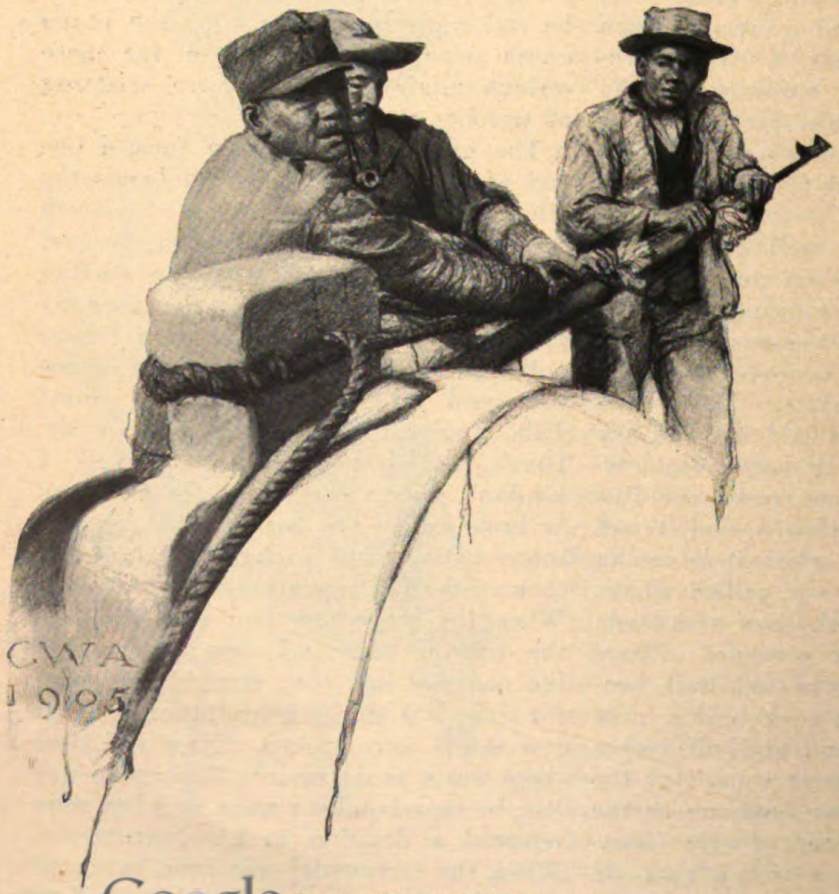
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the mast had been assigned to a boat. All were left for ship-keepers.

Six men make up a boat's crew. The mate "heads"—that is, commands—the boat, and so is called the boat-header. The harpooner or boat-steerer pulls the forward oar in approaching a whale. After "getting fast" to it he goes aft and steers the boat, giving place to the mate, who goes forward to wield the lance in the killing.

The whale-boat is a clinker-built "double-ender," some thirty feet long, six feet in beam, with a very pronounced sheer to enable her to ride in the roughest weather. She is sloop-rigged and fitted with a centreboard and a collapsible mast. From the decked-over stern juts a round post, called a loggerhead, around which to snub the whale-line. The stem is deeply grooved and set with a roller. Through the "chocks" thus formed the whale-line runs out, being kept from jumping by a slender wooden pin. The boat is provided with both rudder and steering-oar, the latter twenty-three feet in length. Every man before the mast, the boat-steerers and the mates, must do masthead duty. In the arctic fishery a "crow's-nest" is erected to shield the lookout from the severity of the weather, but until of comparatively recent date not even the hoops were used in sperm fishery, the "masthead" steadying himself by hanging over the royal-yard, the supposition being that the insecurity of his position would tend to keep him wakeful. But the means failed of its purpose not so infrequently as might be supposed, the result usually being fatal. To-day the use of the hoops is universal.

We had arranged our boats' crews one evening after supper, and the next morning for the first time we posted our masthead lookout. Standing on the upper crosstrees with arms dangling over the hoops, great spectaclelike rings bridging the royalmasts breast-high, the green hands tasted their cup of misery to its dregs. For each graceful dip and gentle roll, which on deck was scarce perceptible, augmented by the hundred feet of sheer mast was exaggerated a hundredfold, till the vessel seemed to plunge and rock like a maddened cow-pony, and the reeling masts starting on their dizzy downward course appeared about to plunge the very trucks into the yawning depths.



FITTING SHAFT TO HARPOON

Captain Gifford had offered a bonus of five pounds of tobacco to whoever raised the first whale taken, and with this added incentive four men scrambled up the weather-shrouds, and finding their places in the hoops, with glasses and naked eye scoured the seas eagerly for

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the least sign of whales. On deck quiet reigned, and with all sail set the ship held southward.

After a second night in the steerage, I concluded it was full time to move to the cabin, particularly as I had noticed that Cooper, now his supply of liquid friendship had diffused itself, was pondering somewhat on the inconvenience to which he would be put in welcoming another to his already crowded quarters.

Our stateroom had originally been a part of the sail-pen, but when the previous accommodations had proved inadequate it had been annexed to the cabin. It was scarcely larger than a good-sized dry-goods box, and an average man could not stand erect in it. Here I had a fore-and-aft berth, the upper one. Our only port opened directly into it, and, worse than the leak, the stench from the bilge reeked up through the trap. It was a simple matter after I had turned in of a night to span with one hand the distance from my nose to the deck planking. Hard by my head slept Cooper; beneath me slumbered Steward. In the slight floor-space remaining after the bunks had been set up reposed our several sea-chests.



"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

But two men there were on shipboard who did not retire for the night in the same garments they had toiled in during the day. In the morning we all lined up to the water-butt, lashed amidships for the purpose, each with towel thrown over his shoulder and tin basin and soap in hand. After bailing the requisite amount of water through the bung-hole by means of a "thief"—a method sufficiently tedious to insure no waste of the precious fluid—we would place our basins on the edge of the hatch-cover and pursue our ablutions; then take the basin back to its little rack in the ceiling of the roundhouse. At the forecastle salt water had to suffice.

There are three messes aboard a whaleship—cabin, steerage, and forecastle. Mr. Hicks, Mr. Goomes, and myself sat at the captain's table. At the second table Cook, Steward, "Boy," Cooper, and Mr. Freitus pitched in indiscriminately with no attempt at ceremony. The steerage had a table of their own and a boy to attend to their wants. But in the forecastle each black, when his watch was called, reached for his pot and pan, glided aft to the galley down the leeward side, received from the Doctor his chunk of meat or daub of hash, two hot potatoes, and a "tub of slop," and wiping his sheath-knife on his jeans, sat down on his chest, with the pot of coffee safely propped between his bare feet, and lived purely for the enjoyment of eating in the good old-fashioned way. Our food was of good quality; rather coarse perhaps, but wholesome.

In common with most people, I once had an impression that whaling was a lazy, aimless sort of existence, with of

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course occasional periods of activity, but in the main void of exertion, listless, and enervating. I soon had this idea shaken out of me. I have never seen men toil more unremittingly; here at least the hours in which a man might labor were not limited. Often the work of the day was carried on throughout the night-watches, and Sunday meant nothing when whales were alongside or sighted. A storm served merely as pretext for repairing sails not set, and the top-hamper was gone over in the nastiest of weather. New sails were made, spars scraped and slushed, rigging served and tarred, rebent and stiffened. Chafing-gear was braided, the gallows over the try-pots remodelled.

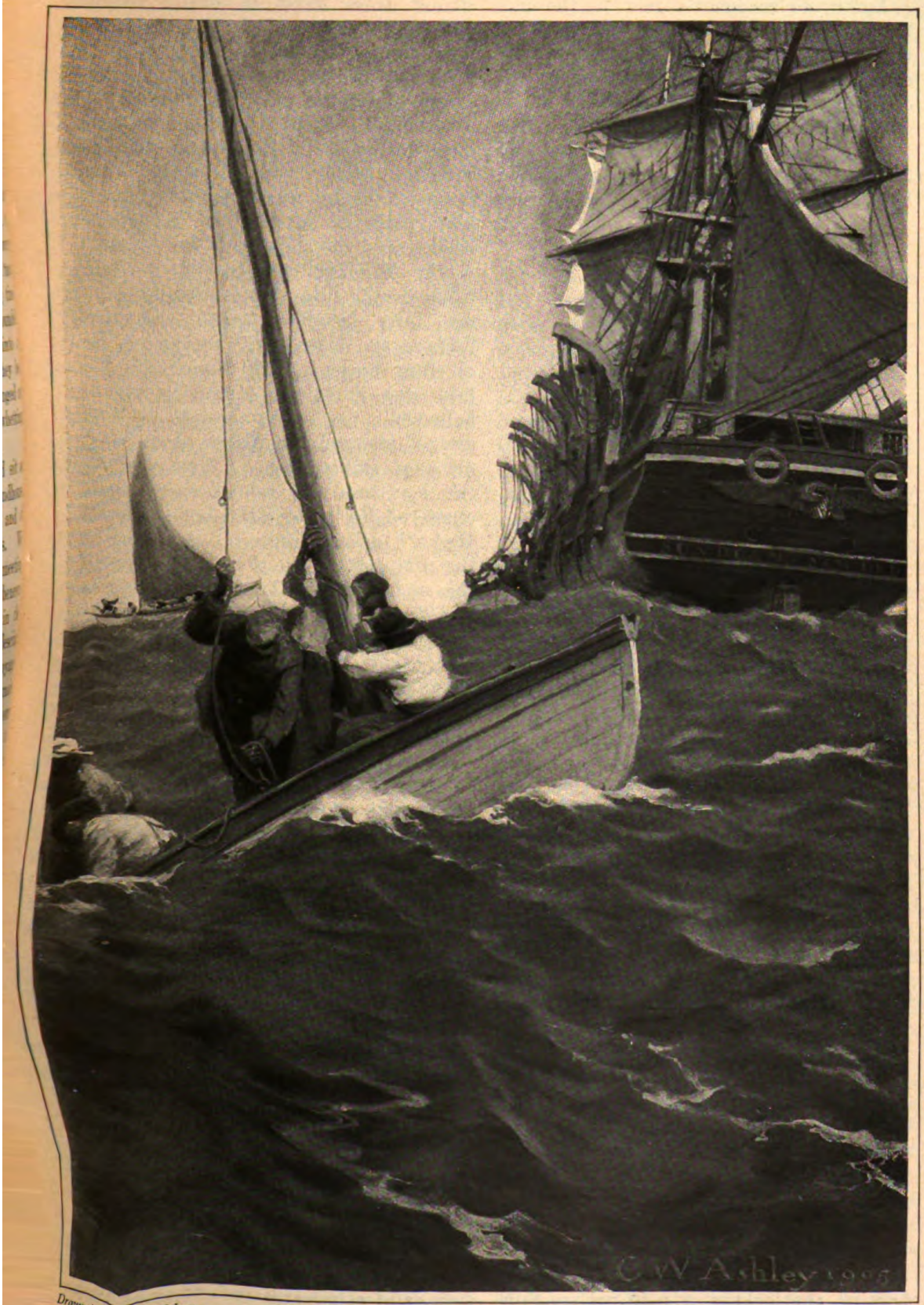
Day after day of glorious weather now succeeded, and under a full spread of canvas we bore south and by Bermudas, veered east, and on one long leg made the Western Grounds; passed Azores, passed Canaries, and cruised back again over a part of our course before making south-ing. Then we struck the southwest trades and bowled merrily along with a follow-ing wind, the sun always shining and great banks of fleecy biscuit-shaped clouds hovering constantly over the horizon. Countless schools of flying-fish rose con-tinually at our bows and scattered like autumn leaves to leeward. Dolphins dart-ed in opalescent gleams in our wake; and Cook and Steward and I angled for them. On some mornings the sport was quite exciting. It was "Cook," I be-lieve, who flirted a fish completely over the poop, smashing in the companion, the occasion but serving as opportunity for the still further enhancement of my ap-preciation of the mates' astounding vo-cabulary.

Every morning before sunrise coffee was served to all hands and the lookout posted. An hour after breakfast Captain took his sights and went below and worked up his departure. Before dinner he again took the sun to fix the longitude. The watches changed at four, eight, and twelve, and at six in the evening. Every two hours a fresh gang relieved the man at the wheel and the masthead lookout. At four, decks were scrubbed down and the pumps tried. From the time the look-out took their places in the hoops at day-break till the cry "Alow from aloft"—brought them tumbling to deck at night-fall, no noise of any sort was permitted. But then in the second dog-watch the hands gathered about the windlass or stretched at full length on the forehatch; smoked, yarned, and indulged in ho:se-play as they desired. The green hands perhaps studied the points of a dummy compass, or under competent teachers fingered the ropes, committing them to memory. Two misfit concertinas every night sent up their dismal wail to a tune which never varied, often keeping time with the strokes of a couple who pounded up hard bread to be mixed into a molasses mush for the watch they be-longed to. The boat-steerers lounged on the work-bench aft the try-pots, whetting harpoons and swapping stories.

Mr. Hicks and I often would sit on Cooper's chest, before the roundhouse, tying knots, talking of home and of past gastronomic achievements. We had drifted into the habit of meeting two or three times a day whenever there was opportunity. Early in the cruise, when he was still convalescing from an illness of the previous voyage, we would sit together out on the main upper topsail through the quiet hours of the afternoon. Swaying gently to and fro on our mammoth pneumatic cushion, surrounded by great banks of billowing canvas and shut completely off from all view of the deck, Mr. Hicks would expatiate at length upon the hab-its of whales and his own observations of them.

"There are only two kinds of whale," said Mr. Hicks. "One of 'em is the sperm-whale; the rest of 'em is the other. The sperm-whale is mainly valuable for his oil (sperm-oil, you understand); has teeth only on his under jaw like a cow, fights at both ends, has one forward spout, and lives only in warm country. Now right-whale oil ain't worth beans; you hunt him for bone; 's got a whole sieve made out of slabs of bone in his mouth instead of teeth. Then he only fights with his flukes; but you bet he can use them pretty lively. Never known of a right whale's crossing the Line. Swallow Jonah? Humph! Well, a sperm-whale could a-done it, but how'd you like to swallow a woolly worm? No wonder it went agin' his stomach."

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Drawn by C. W. Ashley

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE BOATS WERE LAUNCHED

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Again we frequently met in the larboard-quarter boat when decks were flushed at night. Usually he would be chewing a piece of raw salt codfish gleaned from a box Steward had stowed under one of the spare boats. It was from this point of vantage I was startled one day by an unusual commotion forward. We had driven into a school of porpoises,



THE "SUNBEAM'S" SKIPPER

all breaching and gambolling about us. There was a scramble for harpoons, and in a moment the boat-steerers were out in the bowsprit-shrouds in a race to get fast. There were two misses before Smalley drove his iron into one, for a porpoise's movements are as erratic as a rabbit's. Flopping and bleeding like a stuck pig, the animal was hauled to deck. That night we had the first fresh meat in weeks, and for two days we feasted on porpoise steaks and liver. The steaks are a trifle oily perhaps, but the liver is as good as any. Sea-pig he is called by the sailors. The cook tried out the head oil, the cabin-boy saved the teeth, and Mr. Goomes cut the crotch from the flukes for a talisman and nailed it to the cutting-stage — the first catch of the season.

No work beyond the sailing of ship and keeping the lookout is required on Sunday unless a whale be sighted or there is oil to care for. The ship presents on that day long lines of fluttering garments strung from davit to davit; patched, quilted, abbreviated, till all semblance to the original scheme is lost. Laundry-work attended to, the next thing in order seems to be the cutting of hair. The less energetic sleep; others read the magazines furnished by the several charitable societies ashore. Some write letters, some patch and mend, but always aloft four pairs of eyes scour the sea for whales, and the ship holds her course.

One Sunday morning a tremulous "Bl-o-o-w!" from aloft brought me to my feet, trembling with excitement. "There she blo-o-ows!" thundered from all four hoops. "Ah blo-o-ow!" Captain shot from the companionway and bolted up the main shrouds. "Where away?" shouted Mr. Hicks, dropping his piece of salt codfish. "Two points off the lee bow, sir; school sperm-whale," answered Bo's'n. "Keep her steady, Mr. Hicks," called Captain, squirming by the maintop. "Ah bl-o-ows!" chorussed the mastheads. "There! she white-waters!" "What time is it?" shouted Skipper from the topmast shrouds. "Quarter past nine!" yelled Cook, craning by the shoulder of the helmsman.

Feverishly the decks were cleared, the men gathered in their lines of washing, the boat-steerers gave the last few touches to their boats and cleared the line-tubs. The whales now had sounded. In suspense we on deck leaned over the bulwarks and gazed to windward in the direction they had gone. At last, after what seemed an interminable wait, an instantly stifled "B-l-ows!" sounded from aloft. "Lower away!" came the order. In the midst of a breathless excitement the three boats were launched, the sails hoisted, and a long beat to windward began. The whales spouted but a few times and then went down again. When they again broke water, for a second time, it was at least eight miles from the ship, and a signal was set to recall the boats.

In the *Sunbeam's* log-book is the brief but significant entry, "Raised whales this A.M. going quick, lowered, no success, come on board."

We shortened sail at sunset for the first time, and afterwards we cruised through the day, and at night carried barely enough canvas to keep our steerageway.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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The Awakening of Helena Richie

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XIII

DR. LAVENDAR was not sleeping very well that spring. He used to wake at about three, just when the birds begin the scattered twittering that swells into full clamor and then dies suddenly into silence. In that gray stillness, broken by bird-calls, he used to occupy himself by thinking of his people.

"The name of the large upper chamber, facing the east, was Peace." And so this old pilgrim found it, lying in his four-poster, listening to the cries and calls in the jargonelle pear-tree in the corner of the garden, and watching the ghostly oblong of the window that faced the east, glimmer and brighten into the effulgence of day. It was then, with his old hands folded on his breast, that he thought about the Wrights—all three of them. . . .

It was a relief to know that Mrs. Richie would influence Sam to put his mind on his work; if the boy would do that, his father would be less irritated with him. And William's assurance that she would not allow any love-making ought to end his grandfather's worry. But while that worry lasted it must be utilized. . . .

The room was slipping out of the shadows. Dr. Lavendar could see the outline of the window distinctly. The bureau loomed up out of the grayness like a rock; opposite the bed, under a high wooden mantel, was the cavernous blackness of the chimney. Dr. Lavendar reflected that it must be nearly four. . . .

The question was, when should he use this weapon of Benjamin Wright's worry on the two hard hearts? He had made several attempts to use it, only to feel the blade turn in his hand: He had asked Mr. Wright when he was going to talk things over with Samuel, and the old man had instantly declared that he had changed his mind. He had mentioned to his Senior Warden that Benjamin was troubled about his grandson's sheep's-eyes, and Samuel's studied deafness had put an end to conversation. So Dr. Lavendar had made up his mind that a matter of this kind cannot be forced. A thirty-two-year-old wound is not to be healed in a day. He took any chance that offered to drop a suggestive word; but he did not try to hurry his Heavenly Father. For it was Dr. Lavendar's belief that God was more anxious about that reconciliation than he was. . . .

A line of light threaded its way under the window-curtain, and fell in a spot of fluid gold upon the mirror. He watched it move silently across the powdery surface; suddenly another dimpling pool appeared on the soot of the chimney-back, and his eye followed the tremulous beam to its entrance over the top of the shutter. The birds were shouting now in full voice. How fond Benjamin was of his poor caged creatures! Well, he had so little else to be fond of; "and I have so much," thought Dr. Lavendar, shamefacedly;—"all my people. And David, the rascal!" Then he chuckled; Dr. Lavendar was under the delusion that he was unprejudiced in regard to David; "a very unusual child!" he assured himself, gravely. No wonder Mrs. Richie liked to have him.—And he would be the making of her! he would shake her out of her selfishness. "Poor girl, I guess, by the way she talks, she has never known anything but self. David will wake her up. But I've got to look out that she doesn't spoil him." It was this belief of what David might do for Mrs. Richie that had reconciled him to parting with the little boy.

His eyes wandered to the window; a glittering strip of green light between

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the bowed shutters meant that the sun was in the trees. Yes; to be sure, for the birds had suddenly stopped singing.

Dr. Lavendar yawned and looked at his watch; five o'clock. He would have liked to get up, but Mary would be worried if she knew he was awake so long before breakfast. Well; he must try to have a nap; no, the room was too light for that. He could see all the furniture; he could count the pleats in the sunburst of the tester; he could, perhaps, see to read? He put his hand out for *Robinson Crusoe,* and after that he possessed his soul in patience until he knew that Mary would allow him to come down-stairs.

It was in one of those peaceful dawns early in June that he decided that the moment had come to strike a decisive blow: he would go and talk to Benjamin of Sam's Sam, and though truth demanded that he should report Mrs. Richie's good sense, he would nevertheless admit the boy's sentimentality and urge putting the matter before his father. Then he would pin Benjamin down to a date. That secured, he would present a definite proposal to Samuel. "He is the lion in the way," he told himself anxiously; "I am pretty sure I can manage Benjamin." Yet surely if he could only put it properly to Samuel, if he could express the pitiful trouble in the old father's soul, the Senior Warden's heart would soften. "It must touch him!" Dr. Lavendar thought, and closed his eyes for a moment. . . .

When he said *Amen,* the bird-calls were like flutes of triumph.

On his way up the hill that morning, he paused under a great chestnut to talk to David Allison, who, a strapful of books over his shoulder, was running down the path to school. David was willing to be detained; he pulled some grass for Goliath and told Dr. Lavendar that Mrs. Richie had bought him a pair of suspenders. "And I said a bad word yesterday," he ended proudly.

"Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's been in me a good while," David explained, "but yesterday I said it. It was 'damn.'"

"It's a foolish word, David; I never use it."

"You don't?" David said blankly, and all his pride was gone. They parted with some seriousness; but Dr. Lavendar was still chuckling when he turned in at Benjamin Wright's neglected carriage road where burdocks and plantains grew rank between the wheel-tracks. As he came up to the house he saw Mr. Wright sitting out in the sun on the gravel of the driveway, facing his veranda. A great locust was dropping its honey-sweet blossoms all about—on his bent shoulders, on his green cashmere dressing-gown, on his shrunken knees, even one or two on the tall beaver hat. A dozen bird-cages had been placed in a row along the edge of the veranda, and he was nibbling orange-skin and watching the canaries twittering and hopping on their perches. As he heard the wheels of the buggy, he looked around, and raised a cautioning hand:

"Look out! Rein in that mettlesome steed of yours. You scare my birds! That green cock was just going to take a bath."

Goliath stopped at a discreet distance, and Dr. Lavendar sat still. There was a breathless moment of awaiting the pleasure of the green cock, who, balancing on the edge of his tub, his head on one side, looked with inquisitive eyes at the two old men before deciding to return to his perch and attack the cuttle-fish stuck between the bars of his cage. Upon which Mr. Wright swore at him with proud affection, and waved his hand to his visitor.

"Come on! Sorry I can't take you indoors. I have to sit out here and watch these confounded fowls for fear a cat will come along. There's not a soul I can trust to attend to it, so I have to waste my valuable time. Sit down."

Dr. Lavendar clambered out of the buggy, and came up to the porch where he was told to *"'Sh!"* while Mr. Wright held his breath to see if the green cock would not bathe, after all.

"That nigger of mine is perfectly useless. Look at that perch! Hasn't been cleaned for a week."

"Yes, suh; cleaned yesterday, suh," Simmons murmured, hobbling up with a handful of chickweed which he arranged on the top of one of the cages, its faint faded smell mingling with the heavy fragrance of the locust blossoms.

"Whiskey!" Mr. Wright commanded.

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"Not for me," said Dr. Lavendar; and there was the usual snarl, during which Simmons disappeared. The whiskey was not produced.

"Lavendar, look at that cock — the scoundrel understands every word we say."

"He does look knowing. Benjamin, I just dropped in to tell you that I think you needn't worry so about Sam's Sam. Your neighbor has promised Willy King that she will help us with him. But I want you to talk the matter over with Samuel, and—"

"My—*neighbor?*" the older man interrupted, his lower lip dropping with dismay. "Ye don't mean—the female at the Stuffed Animal House?"

"Yes; Mrs. Richie. She will snub him if it's necessary, William says; but she'll help us, by urging him to attend to his business. See?"

"I see—more than you do!" cried Benjamin Wright. "Much Willy King has accomplished! It's just what I've always said;—if you want a thing done, do it yourself. It's another case of these confounded canaries. If they are not to be eaten up by some devilish cat, I've got to sit out here and watch over 'em. If that boy is not to be injured, I've got to watch over him. My neighbor is going to help? Gad-a-mercy! Help!"

Dr. Lavendar took off his broad-brimmed felt hat and wiped his hot forehead with his big red bandanna. "Benjamin, what's got into you? A little being in love won't hurt him. Why, before I was his age," said Dr. Lavendar chuckling, "I had lost my heart to my grandmother's first cousin."

But the older man was not listening. His anger had suddenly hardened into alarm; he even forgot the canaries. "She's going to help? Lavendar, this is serious; it is very serious. He's got to be sent away!—if I have to see"—his voice trailed into a whisper; he looked at Dr. Lavendar with startled eyes—"his—relatives."

The green cock hopped down into his glass tub and began to ruffle and splash, but Benjamin Wright did not notice him. Dr. Lavendar beamed. "You mean you'll see his father?"

The very old man nodded. "Yes; I'll have to see my son."

"Thank God!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Dominie," said Mr. Wright, "it's better to 'make your manners when you've got your 'baccy.' Yes; I'll have to see—his father;—if there's no other way of getting him out of town?"

"Of course, there's no other way. Sam won't go without his father's consent. But you mustn't make play-writing the excuse; you mustn't talk about that."

"I won't talk about anything else," said Benjamin Wright.

Dr. Lavendar sighed, but he did not encourage perversity by arguing against it. "Benjamin," he said, "I will tell Samuel of your wish to see him—"

"My *wish!*"

But Dr. Lavendar did not notice the interruption. "Will you appoint the time?"

"Oh, the sooner the better; get through with it! Get through with it!" He stared at his visitor and blinked rapidly; a moment later he shook all over. "Lavendar, it will kill me!" He was very frail, this shrunken old man in the green dressing-gown and high beaver hat, with his lower lip sucked in like a frightened child's. The torch of life, blown so often into furious flame by hurricanes of rage, had consumed itself, and it seemed now as if its flicker might be snuffed out by any slightest gust. "He may come up—to-night," he mumbled, shivering in the hot sunshine and the drift of locust blossoms, as if he were cold.

"It can't be to-night; he's gone out West. He gets back Saturday. I'll send him up Sunday evening—if I can."

"Gad-a-mercy, Lavendar," Benjamin Wright said whimpering, "you've got to come, too?" He looked at his old friend with scared eyes. "I won't go to the gate with you. Can't leave these birds. I'm a slave to 'em."

But Dr. Lavendar saw that shaking legs were the real excuse; and he went away a little soberly in spite of his triumph. Would there be any danger to Benjamin from the agitation of the interview? He must ask Willy King. Then he remembered that the doctor had started for Philadelphia that morning; so there was nothing to do but wait. "I'm afraid there's some risk," he thought. "But Benjamin had better die in peace than live in anger. Oh, this

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play-writing business! If I could only depend on him to hold his tongue about it; but I can't." Then as he and Goliath trudged along in the sun, he gave himself up to his own rejoicings. "To think I was afraid to let him know that Mrs. Richie could be depended upon to help us!" He looked up as if in smiling confession to some unseen Friend. "Yes, indeed; 'He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.' It was Mrs. Richie's help that scared him into it! I won't be so crafty next time," he promised in loving penitence.

CHAPTER XIV

IN the stage, the day he started for Philadelphia, William King read over his Martha's memorandum with the bewildered carefulness peculiar to good husbands: ten yards of crash; a pitcher for sorghum; samples of yarn; an ounce of sachet-power, and so forth.

"Now, what on earth does she want sachet-powder for?" he reflected. But he did not reflect long; it suddenly came into his mind that though Mrs. Richie had not given him any commission, he could nevertheless do something for her. He could go, when he was in Philadelphia, and call on her brother. "How pleased she'll be!" he said to himself. Naturally, with this project in mind, he gave no more thought to sachet-powders. He decided that he would turn up at Mr. Pryor's house at six o'clock; and Pryor would ask him to supper. It would save time to do that, and he needed to save time, for this one day in Philadelphia was to be very busy. He had those errands for Martha, and two medical appointments, and a visit to the tailor,—for of late William thought a good deal about his clothes and discovered that he was very shabby. He wished he had asked Mrs. Richie for her brother's address; it took so long to look it up in the Directory! Happily, the first name was unusual; there was only one Lloyd, or he would have given up the search. He could not have called on all the Johns or Thomases!

What with matching the yarn, and getting his drugs, and being terribly cowed by the tailor, William had a hurried day. However, he managed to reach Mr. Lloyd Pryor's house as the clock struck six. "Just in good time," he said to himself, complacently. Indeed, he was ahead of time, for it appeared that Mr. Pryor had not yet come home.

"But Miss Alice is in, sir," the smiling darky announced.

"Very well," said William King; "tell her 'Dr. King, from Old Chester.'" He followed the man into a parlor that seemed to the country doctor very splendid, and looked about with artless curiosity, thinking that he must tell Martha of this grandeur. "No wonder she thinks we are stupid people in Old Chester," he thought. Now, certainly Martha had never had so disloyal a thought! At that moment he heard a girlish step, and Lloyd Pryor's daughter came into the room,—a pretty young creature, with blond hair parted over a candid brow, and sweet, frank eyes.

"Dr. King?" she said smiling.

"Doesn't resemble her in the least," the doctor thought, getting on his feet, and putting out a friendly hand. "I am just in from Old Chester," he said, "and I thought I'd come and say how-do-you-do to your father, and tell you the latest news of Mrs. Richie—"

The front door suddenly banged, and Lloyd Pryor pushed aside the curtain. (William had wondered what Martha would say to a curtain instead of a door!) His blank panic as he heard the doctor's last word, turned his face white. ("Bad heart?" William asked himself.)

"*Dr. King!* Alice, you needn't wait."

Alice, nodding pleasantly, left them, and her father, setting his teeth, looked out through his heavy eyelashes with deadly intentness.

"Thought I'd come in and say how-do-you-do?" William King said, hungry and friendly, but a little bewildered.

"Oh," said Mr. Pryor.

William put out his hand; there was a second's hesitation, then Lloyd Pryor took it—and dropped it quickly.

"All well?" the doctor asked awkwardly.

"Yes; yes. All well. Very well, thank you. Yes."

"I was just passing. I thought perhaps your sister would be pleased if I inquired; she didn't know I was coming, but—"

"You are very kind, I'm sure," the

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other broke in, his face relaxing. "I am sorry that just at this moment I can't ask you to stay, but—"

"Certainly not," William King said shortly; "I was just passing. If you have any message for Mrs. Richie—"

"Oh! Ah;—yes. Remember me to her. All well in Old Chester? Very kind in you to look me up. I am sorry I—that it happens that—good-by—"

Dr. King nodded and took himself off; and Lloyd Pryor, closing the door upon him, wiped the moisture from his forehead. "Alice, where are you?"

"In the dining-room, daddy dear," she said. "Who is Dr. King?"

He gave her a furtive look and then put his arm over her shoulder. "Nobody you know, Kitty."

"He said something about 'Mrs. Richie';—who is Mrs. Richie?"

"Some friend of his, probably. Got anything good for dinner, sweetheart?"

As for William King, he walked briskly down the street, his face very red. "Confound him!" he said. He was conscious of a desire to kick something. That evening, after a bleak supper at a marble-topped restaurant table, he tried to divert himself by going to see a play; he saw so many other things that he came out in the middle of it. "I guess I can get all the anatomy I want in my trade," he told himself; and sat down in the station to await the midnight train.

It was not until the next afternoon, when he climbed into the stage at Mercer and piled his own and Martha's bundles on the rack above him, that he really settled down to think the thing over. . . . What did it mean? The man had been willing to eat his bread; he had shown no offence at anything; what the deuce—! He pondered over it, all the way to Old Chester. When Martha, according to the custom of wives, inquired categorically concerning his day in Philadelphia, he dragged out most irritatingly vague answers. As she did not chance to ask, "Did you hunt up Mr. Lloyd Pryor? Did you go to his house? Did you expect an invitation and not receive it?" she was not informed on these topics. But when at last she did say, "And my sachet-powder?" he was compelled to admit that he had forgotten it.

Martha's lip tightened.

"I got the lye and stuff," her husband defended himself. "And what did you want sachet-powder for, anyway?"

But Martha was silent.

After supper William strolled over to Dr. Lavendar's, and sat smoking stolidly for an hour before he unbosomed himself. Dr. Lavendar did not notice his uncommunicativeness; he had his own preoccupations.

"William, Benjamin Wright seems to be a good deal shaken this spring?"

Silence.

"He's allowed himself to grow old. Bad habit."

Silence.

"Got out of the way of doing things. Hasn't walked down the hill and back for three years. He told me so himself."

"Indeed, sir?"

"For my part," Dr. Lavendar declared, "I have made a rule about such things, which I commend to you, young man: *As soon as you feel too old to do a thing, do it!*"

William gave the expected laugh.

"But he does seem shaken. Now, would it be safe, do you think, for him to—well; to be very much excited? Possibly angered?"

"It wouldn't take much to anger Mr. Wright."

"No, it wouldn't," Dr. Lavendar admitted. "William, suppose I could induce Samuel and his father to meet—"

"What!" The doctor woke up at that; he sat on the edge of his chair, his hands on his knees, his eyes starting in his head. "*What!*"

"Well, suppose I could?" Dr. Lavendar said. "I have a notion to try it. I don't know that I'll succeed. But suppose they met, and things shouldn't run smoothly and there should be an explosion—would there be danger to Benjamin?"

William King whistled. "After all these years!" Then he reflected. "Well, of course, sir, he is an old man. But he is like iron, Dr. Lavendar. When he had quinsy two years ago, I thought he had come to the end. Not a bit of it! He's iron. Only, of course, anger is a great drain. Better caution Sam not to cross him."

"Then there would be some danger?"

"I shouldn't like to see him get into

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a rage," the doctor admitted. "But why should he get into a rage, if they are going to patch things up? Good Lord!" said William King, gaping with astonishment; "at last!"

"I haven't said they would patch things up. But there is a chance that I can get 'em to talk over Benjamin's anxiety about Sam's Sam. Fact is, Benjamin is disturbed about the boy's sheep's-eyes. He thinks, you know, that he is in love with Mrs. Richie, and—"

"In love with Mrs. Richie!" William broke in angrily. "The idea of his bothering Mrs. Richie! it's outrageous. I don't wonder Mr. Wright is concerned. It's disgraceful. He ought to be thrashed!"

Dr. Lavendar drew a quick breath and let his pipe-hand fall heavily on the table beside him. "No, William, no; not thrashed. Not thrashed, William."

"Well, I don't know," the doctor said, doggedly; "it might do him good; a squirt of a boy!"

Dr. Lavendar sighed. They smoked silently for a while, and, indeed, it was not until it was almost time to go home that William burst out with his own wrongs.

"Confound him!" he ended, "what do you make of it, sir? Why, Dr. Lavendar, he sent his girl out of the room—didn't want her to talk to me! You'd have thought I was a case of measles. His one idea was to get rid of me as quickly as possible."

Dr. Lavendar thrust out his lower lip; then he scratched a match on the bottom of his chair, and held it out to Danny, who came forward with instant curiosity, sniffed, sneezed, and plainly hurt, retired to the hearth-rug.

"William, 'a moral, sensible and well-bred man will not affront—'"

"I'm not feeling affronted."

"Oh, aren't you?"

"No," William declared boldly, "not at all; not in the least! He's not worth it. But I'm all mixed up."

"Daniel," said Dr. Lavendar, "how dare you lie on the rug? Willy, when I was young—I mean when I was younger—we children were never allowed to come nearer the fire than the outside edge of the hearth-rug. I feel wicked now, whenever I come over that edge. But look at that scoundrel Danny!"

Danny opened one eye and beat his stub of a tail softly on the rug. William King was silent. Dr. Lavendar began to sing:

"Queen Victoria's very sick;
Napoleon's got the measles.
Why don't you take Sebastopol?
Pop goes the weasel!"

"Dr. Lavendar, why do you keep trying to change the subject? What do you think about Mrs. Richie's brother?"

"Well, Willy, my boy, I think he's not given to hospitality."

"Ah, now, no shenanigan!" poor William pleaded. "Do you suppose he's up to some monkey-shines? Do you suppose I took him unawares, and he was afraid to entertain me?"

Dr. Lavendar chuckled. "'Fraid he might entertain a Recording Angel unawares?"

William shook his head. "There was something wrong, or I don't know human nature."

"Willy, if you do know human nature, you are the only living man who does. But, perhaps, now, it really wasn't convenient?"

"Convenient!" William burst out. "In Old Chester we don't talk about *convenience* when a man knocks at the door at supper-time!"

"But Philadelphia isn't Old Chester," Dr. Lavendar reminded him, mildly. "When you've seen as much of the world as I have, you'll realize that. I once was short of my railroad fare in New York. I—well, a poor creature asked me for some money to buy a coat. It was a dreadfully cold day. It left me just three dollars short of my fare home; so I stepped into the Bible House—you know the Bible House?—and just stated the case to the head clerk, and said I would be obliged if he would lend me the amount. Willy," Dr. Lavendar got very red; "I assure you—"

"You don't say so, sir!" said William King respectfully; but he bent down and pulled Danny's ear.

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar; "yes, indeed! I will not repeat what he said; you would be indignant. I just mention the circumstance to show you how differently people look at things. If any gentleman got into such a fix in Old

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Chester, of course he would just speak to Sam Wright, or you, or me. Or take your own case; if any stranger came on business at dinner-time, you would say, 'Sit down, sir'!"

William thought of Martha and moved uneasily in his chair.

"But," proceeded Dr. Lavendar, "it is not so everywhere. Convenience *is* considered. It isn't hospitable; but you can't say it's wicked?"

"Dr. Lavendar," said William King, "you don't believe that was the reason."

The old minister sighed. "I'm afraid I don't, my boy; but I thought maybe you might."

"No, sir! There's something wrong with that fellow. I don't mean to judge, but somehow, instinctively, I don't trust him."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar; "I wouldn't judge; but—I'd trust my instincts."

William grinned; then he sighed. "I won't tell Mrs. Richie about seeing him. She'd be mortified at his behavior. If she knew as much of the wickedness of the world as we do, she might even be suspicious! But, thank God, she's not that kind of a woman. I don't like worldly-wise ladies."

Dr. Lavendar nodded. "Black sheep can pull the wool over people's eyes better than white ones can. Do you know, one reason why I hesitated about letting her have David, was just because I didn't take to her brother? I almost kept the little rascal myself; but I suppose it's better for him to be with a woman?"

"Of course it is," said William King, and Dr. Lavendar's face fell. "I think she wants to adopt him," William added.

But Dr. Lavendar shook his head. "I haven't made up my mind about that yet. No, Willy, I don't like the brother. But he comes so rarely, it can't be bad for the child?"

"Course not," the doctor said. "Besides, she's good enough for two. She has a lovely nature."

"A pretty creature," Dr. Lavendar ruminated; "Martha fond of her?"

"Oh, yes indeed," said the doctor enthusiastically;—"at least, I don't know that I ever happened to hear her speak of it; but of course she is. Nobody could help it. She is a sweet woman, as you say."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "get Martha to be neighborly with her. She needs neighboring. And Martha could teach her so many things—she's such a sensible woman."

"Yes; Martha is sensible," William agreed. "Dr. Lavendar, did you ever notice how, when she laughs, she has a way of putting her hands on the top of her head, and sort of drawing them down over her eyes like a girl? It's as pretty!"

Dr. Lavendar tried to remember. "Why, no," he said; "I don't know that I ever noticed it. Martha doesn't laugh very often."

"Martha?" William repeated puzzled. "Oh—I was speaking of Mrs. Richie."

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar.

CHAPTER XV

EVERY Sunday morning Mr. Samuel Wright and Mr. Thomas Dilworth —the one pale and pompous, the other rosy and smiling—took up the collection in St. Michael's. A mahogany pole, with a black velvet pouch on one end, was thrust solemnly into each pew, then drawn back with very personal pauses, —which were embarrassing if you had forgotten to put some change into your glove before starting for church. When these poles had raked every pew, they were carried up the aisle to Dr. Lavendar, who, taking hold of the purple tassel on the bottom of each bag, turned the contents into a silver plate. The change came out with a fine clatter; we children used to keep awake on purpose to hear it. Once in a long while a bill would come with the silver and balance on the top of the little heap in such an exciting way that Dr. Lavendar had to put his hand over it to keep it from blowing off as he carried the plate back to the communion-table—we did not say "altar" in Old Chester. This done, Mr. Wright and Mr. Dilworth would tiptoe solemnly back to their respective pews. When the service was over the Senior Warden always counted the money. On this summer Sunday morning, when he went into the vestry for that purpose, he found Dr. Lavendar just hanging up his black gown behind the door.

"Dr. Lavendar," said the Senior Warden, "you will, I am sure, be pleased

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when I inform you that there is a good collection. Mrs. Richie put in a five-dollar bill."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "we need it. Your father sent me a check the other day; but we need some more."

Mr. Wright did not comment upon his father's generosity; instead, he slid the money from the silver plate on to the table and began to count it. Dr. Lavendar looked at him over his spectacles; when only half a dozen coppers were left, he said suddenly,

"Samuel!"

The Senior Warden looked up; "Yes, sir?"

"Samuel, your father has spoken to me of you."

Mr. Wright looked down, and slowly picked up the last penny.

"Yes; he spoke of you. Samuel, I have something to say to you of a very serious nature."

"We have nine dollars and seventy-seven cents," said the Senior Warden.

"Your father," said Dr. Lavendar, "has expressed a willingness to see you."

Mr. Wright put the money into a small canvas bag, and pulling the drawing-string up, wound it round and round the top; his hands trembled.

"He has some concern about your Sam—as you have yourself. He is disturbed because the boy has lost his heart to your tenant, Mrs. Richie."

"Call it twelve dollars," Samuel said munificently. He put the canvas bag in his pocket, and rose. "I'll deposit this to-morrow, sir," he added, as he had added every Sunday morning for the last twenty years.

"Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar, sternly, "sit down!"

With involuntary haste the Senior Warden sat down, but he would not look at Dr. Lavendar. "It is not my purpose or desire," he said, "to be disrespectful, but I must request you, sir—"

"To mind my own business? I will, Sam, I will! My business is to admonish you: *Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First, be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*"

Samuel Wright cleared his throat. "I cannot, Dr. Lavendar, discuss this matter with you. I must be my own judge."

"I have heard that a man might be his own lawyer," said Dr. Lavendar, smiling; "but you can't be your own judge. The Christian religion judges you, Samuel, and convicts you. Your father is willing to see you; he has taken the first step. Think what that means to a man like your father! Now listen to me; I want to tell you what it's all about."

"I have no desire, sir, to be informed. I—"

Dr. Lavendar checked him gently: "I am sure you will listen, Samuel, no matter what your decision may be." Then, very cautiously, he began about young Sam. "Your father thinks he ought to get away from Old Chester; he's worried because of Mrs. Richie."

"You know my sentiments, sir, in regard to my son's idiocy."

"Oh, come, come! Falling in love is a harmless amusement," said Dr. Lavendar; "but your father does take it a good deal to heart. He wants to get him out of town. However, to send him away without letting him know why, is difficult; and the last thing would be to let him think we take his love-making seriously! Therefore your father thinks some kind of excuse has to be made."

Here Dr. Lavendar became elaborately casual; he had decided that he must prepare his Senior Warden for a possible reference to a dangerous topic. "He mustn't be taken unawares," Dr. Lavendar had told himself. But he quailed, now that the moment of preparation had come. "Your father thinks the excuse might be the finding of a publisher for some poetry that Sam has written."

Samuel Wright's large pallid face suddenly twitched; his dull eyes blazed straight at Dr. Lavendar; "Finding a publisher—for poetry! Dr. Lavendar, rather than have my son encouraged in making what you call 'poetry,' I'd let him *board* at Mrs. Richie's!"

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, easily, "never mind about his poetry; your father has an idea that life in a small place with only your own interests, is narrowing; and I guess he's right to some extent. Anyway this project of a journey isn't a bad one. Sam has never been further from his mother's apron-string in all his life, than Mercer."

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"My dear Dr. Lavendar," said Samuel, pompously, "a boy attached to that string will never have the chance to fall into temptation."

"My dear Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar, "a boy attached to that string may never have the chance to overcome temptation—which would be almost as serious. No, Sam; safety that depends on an apron-string is very unsafe."

"My son is not to be trusted, sir."

"Samuel!" Dr. Lavendar protested with indignation, "how can he become worthy of trust without being trusted? I tell you, you have no more right to shut up a grown man in Old Chester for fear of temptation, than you would have to keep a growing boy in his first pair of trousers! However, that's not the point. The point is, that your father has expressed a willingness to meet you."

Mr. Wright made no answer.

"He will talk over with you this matter of Sam's falling in love. Whether you agree with him that the boy should go away, is not important. What is important is his desire to see you."

"I said," Samuel Wright broke out, with a violence that made Dr. Lavendar start,—"I said I would never speak to him again! I took my oath. I cannot break my oath. 'He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not—'"

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar; "'to his own hurt,' but not to somebody else's hurt. You swore to your father's, to your children's, to the community's hurt. Change as quickly as you can. Come up the hill with me to-night."

"I can't," Samuel Wright said hoarsely, and into his hard eyes came the same look of childish terror that the old minister had seen in Benjamin Wright's face when he sat in the hot sunshine watching the canaries.

Then Dr. Lavendar began to plead....

It was a long struggle. Sometimes it really seemed as if, as the Senior Warden had said, he "could not" do it; as if it were a physical impossibility. And there is no doubt that to change a habit of thought which has endured for thirty-two years involves a physical as well as a spiritual effort, which may cause absolute anguish. Mr. Wright's face was white; twice he wiped the perspiration from his forehead; half a dozen times he said in an agonized tone, "I cannot do it; I *cannot*."

"Samuel, your father is very old; he is very feeble; but he has had the strength to take the first step. Haven't you the strength to take the second? Will you carry your wicked quarrel to his grave? No, Sam, no! I am sure you won't." . . .

An hour later, when Dr. Lavendar sat down to a dinner of more than ordinary Sunday coldness, his old face was twinkling with pleasure. Samuel had promised to go with him that night to The Top! As the still afternoon softened into dusk, perhaps his joy began to cast a shadow of apprehension. If so, he refused to notice it. It was the Lord's business, and—"He moves in a mysterious way," he hummed to himself, waiting in the warm darkness for Samuel to call for him,—for both the quailing men had made Dr. Lavendar's presence a condition of the interview.

At half past seven Mr. Wright arrived. He was in a shiny box-buggy, behind a smart sorrel. He was dressed in his black and solemn best, and he wore his high hat with a flat brim, which only came out at funerals. His dignity was so tremendous that his great bulk seemed to take even more than his share of room in the buggy. When he spoke, it was with a laboriousness that crushed the breath out of any possible answer. As they drove up the hill he cleared his throat every few minutes. Once he volunteered the statement that he had told Sam not to stay late at—at—

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar, "your father will pack him off.—He will probably take the opportunity to call on Mrs. Richie," he added, chuckling. But Sam's father did not smile. And, indeed, Dr. Lavendar's own smile had gone when they turned in between the sagging old gate-posts at The Top.

When the moment came to get out of the buggy, Samuel looked at his companion dumbly; a sort of paralysis seemed to hold him in his seat. When he did move, Dr. Lavendar heard him gasp for breath, and in the darkness, as he hitched the sorrel to a staple in one of the big locusts, his face went white. The large manner which had dominated Old Chester for so many years was shrinking and shrivelling; the whole man seemed, somehow, smaller.

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Benjamin Wright, in his mangy beaver hat, sitting quaking in his library, heard their steps on the veranda. . . . As soon as supper was over, he had dismissed his rejoicing grandson, and long before it was necessary, had bidden Simmons light the lamps; but as night fell, it occurred to him that darkness would make things easier, and in a panic, he shuffled about and blew them all out. A little later, he had a surge of terror; he couldn't bear *that voice* in the dark!

"You! Simmons!" he called across the hall. "Light the lamps!"

"I done lit 'em, suh—" Simmons expostulated from the pantry, and then looked blankly at the black doorway of the library. "I 'clare to goodness, they's gone out," he mumbled to himself; and came in, to stand on one leg and scratch a match on the sole of his carpet slipper.

"Don't light all four, you stupid nigger!" the old man screamed at him.

When Simmons left him he lit a cigar, his fingers trembling very much; it went out almost at once, and he threw it away and took another. Just as he heard that ponderous step on the veranda, he took a third—but only to throw it, too, still smouldering, into the empty fireplace.

Dr. Lavendar came in first. His face was very grave; he made no conventional pretence of ease. Behind him, in the doorway, loomed the other figure. Out in the hall, Simmons, his bent old back flattened against the wall, his jaw chattering with amazement, stood, clutching at the door-knob and staring after the visitors.

"Come in!" said Benjamin Wright. "Hello, Lavendar. Hello—"

Alas! at that moment Samuel's cracked and patched-up self-respect suddenly crumbled;—his presence of mind deserted him, and scrambling like an embarrassed boy into a marked discourtesy, he thrust both hands into his pockets. Instantly he realized his self-betrayal, but it was too late; his father, after a second's hesitation, occupied both his hands with the decanter and cigar-box.

"Well; here we are, Benjamin!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Take a cigar," said the very old man; he held the box out, and it shook so that the loose cigars jarred within it. Dr. Lavendar helped himself. "Have one—" Benjamin Wright said, and thrust the box at the silent standing figure.

"I—do not smoke." Samuel slid into a chair near the door as he spoke, and balancing his hat carefully on his knees twisted one leg about the leg of his chair.

His father bustled around to the other side of the table. "That doggoned nigger brought up Kentucky instead of Monongahela!" He lifted the decanter and began to fill the glasses.

"Hold on! hold on! Don't swamp us," said Dr. Lavendar. He leaned over to rescue his tumbler, and his good-natured scolding made an instant's break in the intensity.

"Have some?" said Mr. Wright, turning to his son.

"I—do not drink." The banker uncoiled his leg, and put his hat on the floor.

His father pounded the decanter down on the table. "Simmons!" he called out; "light the rest of these lamps, you—you freckled nigger! Gad-a-mercy!—niggers have no sense."

Simmons came stumbling in, the whites of his yellow eyes gleaming with excitement. While he was fumbling over the lamps, his lean brown fingers all thumbs, Benjamin Wright insisted upon filling Dr. Lavendar's tumbler with whiskey until it overflowed and had to be sopped up by the old minister's red bandanna.

As soon as Simmons could get out of the room, Dr. Lavendar settled himself to the business which had brought them together. He said to his Senior Warden, briefly, that his father was concerned about Sam's attentions to Mrs. Richie; "he thinks it would be an especially good time to have the boy see a little of the world—if you will consent? He says it's 'narrowing' to live in Old Chester," said Dr. Lavendar, slyly jocose;—but Samuel refused to smile, and the old minister went on with determined cheerfulness. "I think, myself, that it would be good for Sam to travel. You know

> 'Home-keeping youths
> Have ever homely wits.'"

"A boy," said the Senior Warden, and stopped; his voice cracked badly and he cleared his throat; "a boy—Dr. Lavendar;—is better at home."

The old minister gave him a quick look

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

SAMUEL SLID INTO A CHAIR BY THE DOOR

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—his Senior Warden was trembling! The cloak of careful pomposity with which for so many years this poor maimed soul had covered its scars, was dropping away. He was clutching at it—clearing his throat, swinging his foot, making elaborate show of ease; but the cloak was slipping and slipping—and there was the man of fifty-six cringing with the mortification of youth! It was a sight from which to turn away even the most pitying eyes. Dr. Lavendar turned his away; when he spoke it was with great gentleness.

"I don't know that I quite agree with you, Sam, any more than with your father; but still, if you don't want the boy to go away, can't we convince your father that he is in no real danger of a broken heart? If he goes too far, I am sure we can trust Mrs. Richie to snub him judiciously. You think so, don't you, Samuel?"

"Yes;—Dr. Lavendar."

"Do you hear that, Wright?"

Benjamin Wright took off his hat and put it down on the table with a bang. Then he threw away another barely lighted cigar, put his hand into the blue ginger-jar for some orange-skin, and looked closely at his son; his agitation had quite disappeared. "I hear," he said calmly.

But as he grew calm, Mr. Samuel Wright's embarrassment became more agonizing, nor was it lessened by the very old man's quite obvious interest in it; his head, in its brown wig, was inclined a little to one side, like a canary's, and his black eyes helped out the likeness,—except that there was a carefully restrained gleam of humor in them. But he said nothing. To cover up the clamorous silence between father and son, Dr. Lavendar talked a good deal, but rather at random. He was confounded by the situation. Had he made a mistake, after all, in insisting upon this interview? In his own mind he was asking for wisdom, but aloud he spoke of the weather. His host gave no conversational assistance except an occasional monosyllable, and his Senior Warden was absolutely dumb. As for the subject which brought them together, no further reference was made to it.

"Take some more whiskey, Dominie," said Mr. Wright. His eyes were glittering; it was evident that he did not need any more himself.

Dr. Lavendar said, "No, thank you," and rose. Samuel shot up as though a spring had been released.

"Going?" said Benjamin Wright; "a short call, considering how long it is since we've met;—Lavendar."

Samuel cleared his throat. "'Night," he said huskily. Again there was no hand-shaking; but as they reached the front door, Benjamin Wright called to Dr. Lavendar, who stepped back into the library. Mr. Wright had put on his hat, and was chewing orange-skin violently. "It ain't any use trying to arrange anything with— So I'll try another tack." He came close to Dr. Lavendar, plucking at the old minister's black sleeve, his eyes snapping and his jaws working fast; he spoke in a chuckling whisper. "But, Lavendar—"

"Yes."

"He wouldn't take a cigar."

"Samuel never smokes," Dr. Lavendar said shortly.

"And he wouldn't take a drink of whiskey."

"He's a very temperate man."

"Lavendar—"

"Yes?"

"Lavendar—*it was efficacious!*"

CHAPTER XVI

"THE play is my life—next to you," Sam Wright's Sam was saying to his father's tenant. He had left The Top before the two visitors arrived, and as Dr. Lavendar had foreseen, had gone straight to the Stuffed Animal House. . . .

Helena was in a low chair, with David nestling sleepily in her arms; Sam, looking up at her like a young St. John, half sat, half knelt, on the step at her feet. The day had been hot, and evening had brought no coolness; under the sentinel locusts on either side of the porch steps, the night was velvet black; but out over the garden there were stars. A faint stirring of the air tilted the open bowls of the evening-primroses, and spilled a heavy sweetness into the night. The house behind them was dark, for it was too hot for lamps. It was very still and peaceful and commonplace—a woman, a dozing child, and the

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soft night. Young Sam, so sensitive to moods, had fallen at once into the peace and was content to sit silently at Helena's feet. . . . Then David broke in upon the tranquillity by remarking, with a sigh, that he must go to bed.

"I heard the clock strike," he said sadly.

"I think you are a very good little boy," Helena declared with admiration.

"Dr. Lavendar said I must," David explained crossly. "You're misbehavious if you don't do what Dr. Lavendar says. Mrs. Richie, is heaven up in the sky?"

"Why, I suppose so," she said, hesitating.

"What do they stand on?" David inquired.—"There isn't any floor," he insisted doggedly, for she laughed under her breath.

Helena looked over at Sam, who was not in the least amused. Then she kissed the top of David's head. "I wish I could make his hair curl," she said. "I knew a little boy once—" she stopped and sighed.

She took the sleepy child up-stairs herself. Not for many guests would she have lost the half-hour of putting him to bed. When she came back her mind was full of him: "He hates to go to bed early," she told Sam, "but he always walks off at eight, without a word from me, because he promised Dr. Lavendar he would. I think it is wonderful."

Sam was not interested.

"And he is so funny," she said, eagerly; "he says such unexpected things. He told me yesterday that Sarah 'slept out loud';—Sarah's room is next to his."

Sam smiled vaguely. He locked his hands about his knee, and leaning his head back, looked up through the leaves at the stars. "How sweet the locust blossoms are!" One of the yellow-white flakes fell and touched his cheek.

"They are falling so now," she said, "that the porch has to be swept twice a day."

He smiled, and brushing his palm along the step, caught a handful of them; "Every night you sit here all alone," he said. "I wish—"

"Oh, I like to be alone," she interrupted. As the balm of David's presence faded, and the worship in the young man's eyes burned clearer, that old joke of Lloyd's stabbed her. She wished he would go. "How does the drama get on?" she asked, with an effort.

Sam frowned and said something of his father's impatience with his writing. "But I am only happy when I am writing;—and when I am with you. The play is my life,—next to you," he ended.

"Please don't!" she said; and then held her breath to listen. "I think I hear David. Excuse me a minute." She fled into the house and up-stairs to David's room. "Did you want me, precious?" she said, panting.

David opened dreaming eyes and looked at her. He had called out in his sleep, but was quiet again, and did not need her eager arms, her lips on his hair, her voice murmuring in his ear. But she could not stop cuddling the small warm body; she forgot Sam and his play, and even her own dull ache of discontent;—an ache that was bringing a subtle change into her face, a faint line on her forehead, and a suggestion of depth, and even pain, in the pleasant shallows of her leaf-brown eyes. When she was sure the little boy was sound asleep she stole the "forty kisses," which as yet he had not granted; folded the sheet back lest he might be too hot; drew a thin blanket over his feet, and then stood and looked at him. Suddenly, remembering Sam Wright, she turned away; but hesitated at the door, and came back for one more look. At last, with a sigh, she went down-stairs.

"He loves your rabbits," she told Sam; "he has named them Mr. George Rufus Smith and Mrs. Minnie Lily Smith."

"It is all finished," said Sam.

"What is finished?"

"The drama," the young man explained.

"Oh," she said, "do forgive me! My mind is so full of David, I can't think of anything else."

He smiled at that. "You couldn't do anything I wouldn't forgive."

"Couldn't I?"

He looked up at her, wistfully. "I love you, you know."

"Oh, please, please—"

"I love you," he said, trembling.

"Sam," she said—and in her distress she put her hand on his shoulder—"you

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don't really care for me. I am so much older; and—there are other reasons. Oh, *why* did I come here!" she burst out. "You displease me very much when you talk this way!" She pushed her chair back, and would have risen but for his detaining hand upon her arm.

"Will you marry me?"

"No! of course I won't!"

"Why?"

"Because—" she stopped; then, breathlessly: "I only want to be let alone. I came to Old Chester to be alone. I didn't want to thrust myself on you,—any of you!"

"You never did," he said wonderingly. "You? Why, there never was anybody so reserved, so—shy, almost. That's one reason I love you, I guess," he said boyishly.

"You mustn't love me."

"Will you marry me?" he repeated. "Oh, I know; it is like asking an angel to come down out of heaven—"

"An angel!"

"Mrs. Richie, isn't it possible for you to care, just a little, and marry me?"

"No, Sam; indeed it isn't. Please don't think of it any more."

"Is it because you—love him, still?"

"Love—*him?*" she breathed.

"He is dead," Sam said; "and I thought—from something you once said, that you didn't really love him? But if you do—"

"My—husband, you mean? No! I don't. I never did. That's not the reason; oh, why *did* I come here?" she said in a distressed whisper.

At that he lifted his head. "Don't be unhappy. It doesn't matter about me." His eyes glittered. "I shall love you as long as I live, whether you marry me or not. Perhaps—perhaps I wouldn't if you did!"

He did not notice her involuntary start of astonishment; he rose slowly, and lifting his arms to the sky, stood motionless, rapt, as if in wordless appeal to heaven. Then his arms dropped. "No," he said, speaking with curious thoughtfulness: "no; you would be human if you could marry a fool like me." Helena made a protesting gesture, but he went on, quietly: "Oh, yes; I am a fool. I've been told so all my life; but I knew it, anyhow. Nobody need have told me. Of course you couldn't marry me! If you could, you would be like me. And I would not want that. No; you are God to me. Stay divine."

Helena put her hands over her ears.

"But please, can't you love me? We needn't be married, if you'd rather not. If you'll just love me a little?"

The innocence of the plea for love without marriage struck her with a dull humor that faded into shame that she should see the humor. Shame was uncomfortable, and she hated discomfort,—in her desire to escape from it, she spoke with quick impatience. "No, Sam, of course not,—not the way you want me to. Why, you are just a boy, you know!" she added, lightly.

But Sam threw himself on his knees beside her, and pressed his head against her skirts. "Oh, are you *sure,* Mrs. Richie? Why, it seems to me you might—just a little? Can't you? You see, I'm so lonely," he ended pitifully. His innocent solemn eyes were limpid with tears, and he looked at her with terrified beseeching, like a lost child.

The tears that sprang to her eyes were almost motherly; for an impetuous instant she bent over him, then drew back sharply, and the tears dried in a hot pang of shame. "No, Sam; I can't. Oh, I am so sorry! Please forgive me—I ought not to have let you—but I didn't know—yes; I *did* know! And I ought to have stopped you. It's my fault. Oh, how selfish I have been! But it's horrible to have you talk this way! Won't you please not say anything more?" She was incoherent to the point of crying.

Sam looked out over the dark garden in silence. "Well," he said slowly, "if you can't, then I don't want to see you. It would hurt me too much to see you. I'll go away. I will go on loving you, but I will go away, so that I needn't see you. Yes; I will leave Old Chester—"

"Oh, I wish you would," she said.

"You don't love me," he repeated, in a sort of hopeless astonishment; "why, I can't seem to believe it! I thought you must,—I love you so. But no, you don't. Not even just a little. Well—"

And without another word he left her. She could not hear his step on the locust flowers on the porch.

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CHAPTER XVII

"I WISH your confounded Old Chester people would mind their own affairs! This prying into things that are none of their business is—"

Lloyd Pryor stopped; read over what he had written, and ground his teeth. No; he couldn't send her such a letter. It would call down a storm of reproach and anger and love. And, after all, it wasn't her fault; this doctor fellow had said that she did not know of his call. Still, if she hadn't been friendly with those people, the man wouldn't have thought of "looking him up"! Then he remembered that he had been the one to be friendly with the "doctor fellow"; and that made him angry again. But his next letter was more reasonable, and so more deadly.

"You will see that if I had not happened to be at home, it might have been a very serious matter. I must ask you to consider my position, and discourage your friends in paying any attention to me."

This, too, he tore up, with a smothered word. It wouldn't do; if he wounded her too much, she was capable of taking the next train—! And so he wrote, with non-committal brevity:

"I have to be in Mercer Friday night, and I think I can get down to Old Chester for a few hours between stages on Saturday. I hope your cook has recovered, and we can have some dinner? Tell David he can get his sling ready; and do, for Heaven's sake, fend off visitors!" Then he added a postscript: *"I want you all to myself."* He smiled as he wrote that, but half shook his head. He did not, such was his code, enjoy being agreeable for a purpose. "But I can't help it," he thought, frowning; "she is so very difficult, just now."

He was right about the postscript; she read the letter with a curl of her lip. "'A few hours,'" she said; then—"'I want you all to myself.'" The color lifted quickly in her face; she crushed the letter to her lips, her eyes running over with laughing tears.

"Oh, David," she cried,—"let's go and tell Maggie—we must have such a dinner! He's coming!"

"Who?" said David.

"Why, Mr. Pryor, dear little boy! I want you to love him. Will you love him?"

"I'll see," said David.

She did not stop to persuade him; she had to talk to Maggie—this time her visitor should not complain of his food. Maggie smiled indulgently at her excitement.

"It's only Tuesday, ma'am. If I was you, I wouldn't get in my broilers till Friday, anyways. My, Mrs. Richie, I don't believe no wife could take as good care of Mr. Pryor—and you just his sister!"

For the rest of that glowing afternoon, Helena was very happy. She almost forgot that scene with Sam Wright, which had left her persistently uncomfortable. She talked eagerly of Mr. Pryor to David, quite indifferent to the child's lack of interest. She had many anxious thoughts about what she should wear. There was the pink and green silk? No; she had worn that the last time he came. If it was a very hot day, how would her white dimity do? Or the thin sprigged blue and white? that was so pretty—bunches of blue flowers on a cross-barred muslin, and made with three flounces and a bertha. Yes; she would wear that. She wondered what flowers she would put in the vases in the parlor. She was wandering about the garden just before tea, trying to decide this point, when David came to say that a gentleman wanted to see her. David did not know his name;—he was the old tangled gentleman who lived in the big house on the hill.

"*Oh!*" Helena said; she caught her lip between her teeth, and looked at David with frightened eyes. The child was instantly alert.

"I'll run and tell him to go home," he said protectingly.

But she shook her head. "I've got to see him—oh, David!"

The little boy took hold of her skirt, reassuringly; "I'll not let him hurt you," he said.

She hardly noticed that he kept close beside her all the way to the house. When they reached it, there was old Benjamin Wright sitting on the lowest step of the porch. His trembling head was sunk forward on his breast; he did not lift it at her step, but peered up from under the brim of his dusty beaver hat; then seeing who it was, he rose,

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pushing himself up by gripping at the step behind him and clutching his cane first in one hand, then in the other. On his feet, with exaggerated politeness, he took off his hat with a sweeping bow.

"Madam; your very obedient!"

"Good afternoon," she said breathlessly.

Benjamin Wright, tottering a little, changed his cane from his left to his right hand, and chewed orange-skin fiercely. "I have called, madam—"

But she interrupted him. "Won't you come in and sit down, sir? And pray allow me to get you a glass of wine."

"Come in? No, madam, no. We are simple rustics here in Old Chester; we must not presume to intrude upon a lady of such fashion as you. I fear that some of us have already presumed too much"—he paused for breath, but lifted one veined old hand to check her protest—"too much, I say! Far too much! I come, madam, to apologize; and to tell you—" Again he stopped, panting; "to tell you that I insist that you forbid further intrusion—at least on the part of my grandson."

"But," she said, the color hot in her face, "he does not intrude. I don't know what you mean. I—"

"Oh, madam, you are too kind," he interrupted her. "I am sure you know what I mean; it is your excessive kindness that permits the visits of a foolish boy—wearying, I am sure, to a lady so accustomed to the world. I will ask you to forbid those visits. Do you hear me?" he cried shrilly, pounding the gravel with his cane. "Gad-a-mercy! Do you hear me? You will forbid his visits!"

"You are not very polite, Mr. Old Gentleman," said David thoughtfully.

"David!" Helena protested.

Benjamin Wright, looking down at the little figure planted in front of her, seemed to see him for the first time.

"Who is this? Your child?"

"A little boy who is visiting me," she said. "David, run away."

Benjamin Wright made a sneering gesture. "No, no; don't dismiss him on my account—but that a child should visit you is rather remarkable. I should think his parents—"

"Hush!" she broke in, violently; "Go, David, go!"

As the child went sulkily back to the garden, she turned upon her visitor. "How dare you! Dr. Lavendar brought him to me; I will not hear another word! And—and I don't know what you mean, anyhow. You are a cruel old man; what have I ever done to you? I have never asked your grandson to come here. I don't want him. I have told him so. And I never asked you!"

Benjamin Wright cackled. "No; I have not been so far honored. I admit that. You have kept us all at arm's length,—except my boy;—" Then, bending his fierce brows on her, he added, "but what does Lavendar mean by sending a child—*to you?* What's he thinking of! Except, of course, he never had any sense. Old Chester is indeed a foolish place. Well, madam, you will, I know, *protect yourself,* by forbidding my grandson to further inflict his company upon you? And I will remove my own company, which is doubtless tiresome to you."

He bowed again with contemptuous ceremony, and turned away.

The color had dropped out of Helena's face; she was trembling very much. With a terrified impulse she called to him, and even ran after him for a few steps down the path. He turned and waited for her. She came up close to him, her breath broken with haste and fear.

"Mr. Wright, you won't—" Her face trembled with terror. In her fright she put her hand on his arm and shook it; "you won't—?"

As he looked into her stricken eyes, his own suddenly softened. "Why—" he said, and paused; then struck the ground with his stick sharply. "There, there; I understand. You think I'll tell? Gad-a-mercy, madam, I am a gentleman. And my boy, Sam, doesn't interest you? Yes, yes; I see that now. Why, perhaps I've been a trifle harsh? I shall say nothing to Lavendar, or anybody else."

She put her hands over her face, and he heard a broken sound. At that Benjamin Wright reddened to his ears.

"Come! Come! You haven't thought me harsh, have you? Why, you poor—*bird!* It was only on my boy's account. You and I understand each other—I am a man of the world. But with Sam, it's

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different; now, isn't it? You see that? He's in love with you—young fool! A great nuisance to you, of course. And I thought you might—but I ask your pardon! I see that you wouldn't think of such a thing. My dear young lady, I make you my apologies." He put his hand out and patted her shoulder; "Poor bird!" he said. But she shivered away from his touch, and after a hesitating moment he went shuffling down the path by himself.

On the way home he sniffled audibly; and when he reached the entrance to his own place, he stopped, tucked his stick under his arm, and blew his nose with a sonorous sound. As he stuffed his handkerchief back into his pocket, he saw his grandson lounging against the gate, evidently waiting for him. The dilapidation of the Wright place was especially obvious here at the entrance. The white paint of the two square wooden columns of the gateway had peeled and flaked, and the columns themselves had rotted at the base into broken fangs, and hung loosely upon their inner posts; one of them sagged sidewise from the weight of the open gate, which had long ago settled down into the burdocks and wild parsley that bordered the weedy driveway What with the canaries, and the cooking, and the slovenly housework, poor old Simmons had no time for such matters as repairing or weeding.

Sam, leaning on the gate, watched his grandfather's toiling progress up the hill from the direction of the Stuffed Animal House. His face was dull, and when he spoke, all the youth seemed to have dropped out of his voice.

"Grandfather," he said, when Mr. Wright was within speaking distance, "I want to go away from Old Chester. Will you give me some money, sir?"

Benjamin Wright, his feet wide apart, and both hands gripping the top of his stick, came to a panting standstill and gaped at him. He did not quite take the boy's words in; then, as he grasped the idea that Sam was at last agreeing to the suggestion which he had himself made more than a month before, he burst out furiously. "Why the devil didn't you say so, *yesterday?* Why did you let me—you young jackass!"

Sam looked at him in faint surprise. Then he proceeded to explain himself: "Of course, father won't give me any money. And I haven't got any myself—except about twelve dollars. And you were kind enough, sir, to say that you would help me to go and see if I could get a publisher for the drama. I would like to go to-morrow, if you please."

"Go?" said Benjamin Wright, scowling and chewing orange-skin with great rapidity; "yes, go! I'm glad to get rid of you. But, confound you! why didn't you tell me so yesterday? Then I needn't have— Well, how much money do you want? Have you told your—your mother yet, that you are going? Come on up to the house, and I'll give you a check. But why didn't you make up your mind to this, yesterday?" Snarling and snapping, and then falling into silence, he began to trudge up the driveway to his old house.

Sam said briefly that he didn't know how much money he wanted, and that he had not as yet told his family of his purpose. "I'll tell mother to-night," he said. Then he, too, was silent, his slacking step falling in with his grandfather's shuffling gait.

When Mr. Wright left her, Helena stood staring after him and sobbing under her breath. She was terrified, but almost instantly she began to be angry...

That old man, creeping away along the road, had told her that he would not betray her; but his knowledge was a menace, and his surprise that she should have David, an insult! Of course, her way of living was considered "wrong" by people who cannot understand such situations — old-fashioned, narrow-minded people. But the idea of any harm coming to David by it was ridiculous! As for Sam Wright, all that sort of thing was impossible, because it was repugnant. No married woman, "respectable," as such women call themselves, could have found the boy's love-making more repugnant than she did. And certainly her conduct in Old Chester was absolutely irreproachable—she went to church fairly often; she gave liberally to all the good causes of the village; she was kind to her servants, and courteous to these stupid Old Chester people. And yet, simply because she had

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been forced by Frederick's cruelty into a temporary unconventionality, this dingy, grimy old man despised her! *Her*, Helena Richie! "He looked at me as if I were—I don't know what!"

Anger swept the color up into her face, her hands clenched, and she ground her heel down into the path as if she were grinding the insolent smile from his cruel old face. Horrible old man! Dirty, tremulous; with mumbling jaws chewing constantly; with untidy white hairs pricking out from under his brown wig; with shaking, shrivelled hands and blackened nails; this old man had fixed his melancholy eyes upon her with an amused leer. He pretended, if you please! to think that she was unworthy of his precious grandson's company—unworthy of David's little hand-clasp. She would leave this impudent Old Chester! She would tell Lloyd so, as soon as he came. She would not endure the insults of these narrow-minded fools. . . .

"Hideous! Hideous old wretch!" she said aloud between her shut teeth. "How dared he look at me like that, as if I were— Beast! I hate—I hate—I *hate* him." Her anger was so furious that for a moment she could not breathe. It was like a whirlwind, wrenching and tearing her from the soil of contentment into which for so many years her vanity and selfishness had struck their roots.

"But the Lord was not in the wind."

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Helena went back to the house, her face was red, and her whole body tingling; every now and then her breath came in a gasp of rage. At that moment she believed that she hated everybody in the world—the cruel, foolish, arrogant world!—even the thought of David brought no softening. And indeed, when that first fury had subsided, she still did not want to see the little boy; that bitter wind of anger had beaten her complacency to the dust, and she could not with dignity meet the child's candid eyes. It was not until the next day that she could find any pleasure in him, or even in the prospect of Lloyd's visit; and when these interests began to revive, sudden gusts of anger would tear her, and she would fall into abrupt reveries, declaring to herself that she would tell Lloyd how she had been insulted! But she reminded herself that she must choose just the right moment to enlist his sympathy for the affront; and she must decide with just what caress she would tell him that she meant to give up this Old Chester house, and come, with David, and live in Philadelphia. . . . (Oh, would Frederick *ever* die?)

But, little by little, she put this miserable matter behind her, and filled the two or three days before Lloyd's arrival with plans for the few golden hours that they were to be together, when he was to have her "all to himself." But, alas, the plans were disarranged by David.

Now Saturday, when you come to think of it, is always a day of joy—even if there must be a visitor. To begin with, there is no school, so you have plenty of time to attend to many important matters connected with playthings. Then, the gravel paths must be raked, and the garden made tidy for Sunday, and so there is brush and refuse to be burned; and that means baking potatoes in the ashes, and (as you will remember), unless you stand, coughing, in the smoke to watch them, the potatoes are so apt to burn! Also, the phaeton is washed with peculiar care to make it fine for church; the wheels must be jacked up, one after the other, and spun round and round; then, if you go about it the right way, you can induce George to let you take the big, gritty sponge out of the black water of the stable bucket, and after squeezing it hard in your two hands, you may wipe down the spokes of one wheel. Besides these things, there are always the rabbits. David had run joyously out to see Mr. and Mrs. Smith right after breakfast, but while he poked lettuce leaves between the bars of their hutch, the thought struck him that this was the moment to demonstrate that interesting fact in natural history, so well known to those of your friends who happen to be stablemen, but doubted by Dr. Lavendar, namely, that a hair from the pony's tail will, if soaked in water, turn into a snake. David shuddered at the word, but ran to the stable and carefully pulled two hairs from the pony's silvery-gray tail, which was borne with most obliging patience; then he stooped to pick up another beautiful long hair

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from the straw,—for when you are making snakes you might as well make plenty. But, alas! at that moment the pony was so absent-minded as to step back—and down came the iron-shod hoof on the small, eager hand! David's shriek and George's outcry brought the feminine household running and exclaiming, and at sight of the bruised hand, with one hanging, helpless finger, Helena gathered the quivering little body into her arms, and forgot everything but the child's pain. George was rushed off for William King, and Mrs. Richie and the two women hung over the boy with tears and tender words and entreaties "not to cry"! David, in point of fact, stopped crying long before they did; but, of course, he cried again, poor little monkey! during the setting of the tiny bone, though William King was as gentle and determined as was necessary, and David, sitting in Helena's lap, responded to the demand for courage in quite a remarkable way. Indeed, the doctor noticed that Mrs. Richie quivered more than the child did. It was nearly eleven before it was all over, and William went off, smiling at Helena's anxiety, for she accompanied him to the gate, begging for directions for impossible emergencies. When he had driven away, she flew back to the house; but at the door of David's room looked at her watch, and exclaimed. Lloyd was due in half an hour! What should she do?

"Dear-precious," she said, kneeling down beside the little boy, "Sarah shall come and sit with you while Mr. Pryor is here; you won't mind if I am not with you?"

David, who had begun to whimper again, was too interested in himself to mind in the least. Even when she said, distractedly, "Oh, there's the stage!" his unhappiness was not perceptibly increased. Helena, calling Sarah to come and sit with the invalid, ran down-stairs to meet her guest. There had been no time to make herself attractive; her face was marked by tears, and her dress tumbled by David's little wincing body. Before she could reach the gate, Lloyd Pryor had opened it, and, unwelcomed, was coming up the path. His surprised glance brought her tumultuous and apologetic explanation.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said kindly; "I must console him with a new dollar; don't you think a dollar will be healing?"

She laughed and possessed herself of his hand.

"You run a sort of hospital, Nelly, don't you? I must be a Jonah; it was your cook, the last time. How is she? I trust we are to have enough food to sustain life?"

"I meant to have such a fine dinner," she said, "but we've all been so distracted about David, I'm afraid things won't be as extraordinary as I planned. However, it will 'sustain life'!—Though you could go to Dr. King's again," she ended gayly.

The instant irritation in his face sobered her. She began, carefully, to talk of this or that: his journey, the Mercer business, his health—anything to make him smile again. Plainly, it was not the moment to speak of Mr. Benjamin Wright and her purpose of leaving Old Chester.

"Now I must run up-stairs just one minute, and see David," she said in the middle of a sentence. Her minute lengthened to ten, but when she came back, explaining that she had stopped to wash David's face—"it was all stained by tears"—he did not seem impatient.

"Your own would be improved by soap and water, my dear," he said with an amused look. "No! no—don't go now; I want to talk to you, and I haven't much time."

She knew him too well to insist; instead, she burst into what gayety she could summon, for that was how he liked her. But back in her mind there was a growing tremor of apprehension:—there was something wrong; she could not tell what it was, but she felt it. She said to herself that she would not speak of Mr. Benjamin Wright until after dinner.

Little by little, however, her uneasiness subsided. It became evident that the excitement of the morning had not been too much for Maggie; things were very good, and Lloyd Pryor was very appreciative, and Helena's charm more than once touched him to a caressing glance and a soft word. But as they got up from the table he glanced at his watch, and she winced; then smiled, quickly. She brought him his cigar and

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

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SHE STOOD LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR WITH EYES CLOSED, DUMB

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struck a light; and he, looking at her with handsome, lazy eyes, caught the hand holding the flaming match, and lit his cigar in slow puffs.

"Now I must go and give a look at David," she said.

"Look here, Nelly," he protested, "aren't you rather overdoing this adopted-mother business?"

She found the child rather flushed and in an uneasy doze. Instantly she was anxious. "Don't leave him, Sarah," she said. "I'll have Maggie bring your dinner up to you. Oh, I *wish* I didn't have to go down-stairs!"

"I'm afraid he is worse," she told Lloyd Pryor with a worried frown.

"Well, don't look as if it were an affair of nations," he said carelessly, and drew her down on the sofa beside him. He was so gracious to her, that she forgot David; but she quivered for fear the graciousness should cease. She was like a thirsty creature, drinking with eager haste, lest some terror should drive her back into the desert. But Lloyd Pryor continued to be gracious; he talked gayly of this or that; he told her one or two stories that had been told him in a directors' meeting or on a journey, and he roared with appreciation of their peculiar humor. She flushed; but she made herself laugh. Then she began tentatively to say something of Old Chester; and—and what did he think? "That old man, who lives up on the hill, called, and—"

But he interrupted her, "You are very beguiling, Nelly, but I am afraid I must be thinking of the stage—it is after three. Before I go I just want to say—" then he broke off. "Come in! Well? What is it?" he demanded impatiently.

"Please, ma'am," said Sarah, standing in the doorway, her face puckered almost to tears, "David's woke up, and he's crying, and I can't do nothing with him. He wants you, ma'am."

"Oh, poor darling! Tell him I'll come right up," Mrs. Richie said, rising in quick distress.

"Nonsense!" said Lloyd Pryor, sharply. "Sarah, tell the boy to behave himself. Mrs. Richie can't come now."

Sarah hurried up-stairs, but Helena stood in painful indecision. "Oh, Lloyd, I *must* go! I'll just sit with him a minute!"

"You'll just sit with me a minute," he said calmly. "Be sensible, Helena. I want to speak to you about something."

But she did not hear him; she was listening for David's voice. A little whimpering cry reached her, and the tears sprung to her eyes. "Lloyd! I must! He is crying."

"Let him cry."

"He's takin' on so, please come up, ma'am," came Sarah's entreating voice from over the banisters in the upper hall.

"Oh, Lloyd, I must!" She turned; but he, springing up, caught her wrist and pulled her to him.

"Don't be a fool."

"Let me go! Oh, how cruel you are!" She tried to wrench her wrist from his grasp. "I hate you!"

"Hate me, do you?" He laughed, and caught her in his arms and kissed her; then put his hands in his pockets and stepped back, leaving her free. "Will you go?"

She stood, vibrating between surprised affection and anguished longing for the child. "Lloyd!" she said faintly; she put her hands over her face, and came towards him slowly, shivering a little, and murmuring "*Lloyd!*" Then, with a sudden gasp, she turned and fled up-stairs. "David—I am coming—"

Lloyd Pryor stood dumfounded; in his astonishment he almost laughed. But at that instant he heard the crunch of wheels drawing up at the gate. "The stage!" he said to himself, and called out, angrily, "Helena!"

But it was not the stage; it was William King's shabby old buggy standing in the shadow of the big chestnut by the roadside; and there was the doctor himself coming up the path.

Lloyd Pryor swore under his breath.

The front door was open to the hot June afternoon, and unannounced the doctor walked into the hall. As he took off his hat, he glanced into the parlor, and for a second of consternation stood staring with angry eyes. Then he nodded stiffly. "I will be obliged if you will let Mrs. Richie know I am here."

"She is with that boy," said Lloyd Pryor. He made no motion of civility; he stood where Helena had left him, his hands still in his pockets. "Will you be so good as to tell her to come down

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here to me? The stage is due, and I must see her before I go."

William King, red and stolid, nodded again, and went up-stairs without another look into the parlor.

While he waited Lloyd Pryor's anger slowly rose. The presence of the doctor froze the tenderness that, for an idle moment, her face and voice and touch had awakened. The annoyance, the embarrassment, the danger of that call, returned in a gust of remembrance. When she came down-stairs, full of eager excuses, the touch of his rage seared her like a flame.

"If you will kindly take five minutes from that squalling brat—"

"Lloyd, he was in pain. I had to go to him. The instant the doctor came, I left him. I—"

"Listen to me, please. I have only a minute. Helena, this friend of yours, this Dr. King, saw fit to pry into my affairs. He came to Philadelphia to look me up—"

"*What!*"

"He came to my house"—he looked at her keenly through his curling eyelashes—"to my house! Do you understand what that means?"

In her dismay she sat down with a sort of gasp; and looking up at him, stammered, "But why? *Why?*"

"Why? Because he is a prying suspicious jackass of a country doctor! He came at exactly six o'clock; it was perfectly evident that he meant to give me the honor of his company at dinner."

At that she sprang to her feet, her impetuous hands upon his arm. "Then he was not—suspicious! Don't you see? He was only friendly!" She trembled with the reaction of that instant of dismay. "He was not suspicious, or he wouldn't have been—been willing—" Her voice trailed into shamed silence.

Lloyd Pryor pushed her hand away, impatiently. "I'm not anxious for his friendship, or even his acquaintance. You will please consider what would have happened if I had not come home just as he arrived!" He paused, his voice hardening; "My daughter saw him."

Helena stepped back, wincing and silent.

"You will be so good as to consider the result of such tomfoolery—to me."

"And what about me?" she said. "'Your daughter'—I suppose you mean Alice—is not the only person in the world!"

But Lloyd Pryor, having dealt his blow, was gracious again. "My dear, you needn't begin recriminations. Of course, I speak on your account as much as on my own. It would have been—well, awkward, all round. You must see that it does not occur again. You will not get on terms with these people that will encourage them to look me up. You understand?"

She looked at him, terror-stricken. In all their squabbles and differences—and there had been many in the last few years—he had never spoken in this extraordinary tone. It was not anger, it was not brutality; she knew both those expressions of his character; it was superiority. The color swept into her face; even her throat reddened. She said stammering, "I don't know why you speak—in—in this tone—"

"I am not going to speak any more in any tone," he said lightly; "there's the stage! Good-by, my dear. I trust your boy may recover rapidly. Tell him I was prepared for a 'smooth stone out of the brook'! Sorry I couldn't have seen more of you." As he spoke he went into the hall; she followed him without a word. He picked up his hat, and then, turning, tipped her chin back and kissed her. She made no response.

When he had gone, she stood leaning against the door with eyes closed, dumb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A PORTRAIT, BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

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A Portrait, by E. C. Tarbell

MR. TARBELL'S pictures proclaim their author's knowledge at a glance, and, in a way, challenge one to point out their defects. Unusual aspects of life appeal to him, which he delights to render in a way of his own, yet in a manner native to our soil. A product of Massachusetts, Puritan traditions seem to have repressed in him the sense of color and emotion; for it is one of the lingering results of Puritanism that many of our artists cannot yet accept Browning's entreaty to be "unashamed of soul." Though unswayed by emotion, Mr. Tarbell's art shows a buoyancy as fresh as a lyrical improvisation. Recalling his "Girl with Azaleas," "The Golden Screen," "My Sister Lydia," and other exhibition work, one might characterize him as the painter of young womanhood; however, a study of his motives suggests the thought that he forces his subjects to fit his individual view, for it is part of his artistic creed that the painter should be the master and not the slave of nature; that it is for him to decide the pose and to force into prominence such characteristics as he may prefer. One feels that he is never striving to please his sitter, but merely to satisfy himself. Unlike the man of dreams, he does not aim to paint expression nor to disclose the human soul. Were one to ask what his young women were thinking about, he probably would reply, "I do not paint thought, only what I see."

The charm of this portrait, owned by Harold A. Strentor, lies in the winsome youth and artlessness of its subject and in their intimate presentation. With nothing imaginative in its style, in his effort to avoid the commonplace he has given us a result so modern that it is certain to arrest attention by its novelty. Even though it is not charged with emotion, it sparkles with the light and laughter of youth.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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The Christmas Child

BY GEORG SCHOCK

THE moonlight was so bright across the clock that it showed the time, and its tick was solemn, as though the minutes were marching slowly by. There was no other sound in the room except the breathing of Conrad, who lay in shadow, sleeping heavily, his head a black patch among the pillows. Mary's hair looked like gold in the pale light which reflected in her open eyes. She had been lying so, listening to the tick and watching the hands, for hours.

When they marked eleven she began to stir; her feet made no more sound than shadows; the cold air struck her body like a strange element. Conrad did not move as she went into the kitchen and softly closed the door. She groped her way to the chair where she had left her clothes and put them on, wrapped herself in a shawl, and slipped out.

There was no snow, but a keen cold as befitted the night of the 24th of December, and between two fields the ice on the Northkill glittered. The air was so clear that far away appeared the great black barrier of the mountains. Across the sky, as across deep water, was a radiance of light, serene and chill,— of clouds like foam, of throbbing stars, of the moon glorious in her aura. In the towns at that hour the people were ready to begin the coming day with prayer and the sound of bells: here sky and earth themselves honored the event with light and silence in a majestic expectation.

As she made her way over the frozen grass she looked as detached from the world's affairs as some shrouded lady at her nightly journey along a haunted path. The great Swiss barn was dead silent; its red front, painted with moons and stars, looked patriarchal; it had its own pastoral and dignified associations. She hesitated at the middle door, then she lifted the wooden bar and pushed it back cautiously. The darkness seemed to come out to meet her, and when she had shut herself in she was engulfed as though the ready earth had covered her a few nights too soon.

The straw rustled when she stepped on it, and she was afraid to risk a movement, so she crouched and made herself small. The air was thick and pungent, freezing draughts played upon her through the cracks of the door, and her foot tingled, but she did not move. After a while she saw two luminous disks which halted, glared, and approached, and she patted the furry body until it curled up on her skirt and lay there purring. She felt it grow tense at a tiny squeak and scuttle, but she kept still.

More than half an hour had gone when something happened. A horse stamped, a cock set up a sudden chatter, the cat leaped to a manger, and a cow scrambled to her feet. The darkness was full of movement, — wings fluttered, timbers shook under kicking hoofs and rubbing hides, tossed heads jarred the rings that held them fast. Then from the corner in which stood the splendid yoke of black oxen, the pride of the farm, there came a long, deep sound, as of something primeval mourning.

Two minutes after, Conrad was roused by a noise in the kitchen. The house door stood wide, showing a great rectangle of moonlight, there was a rush of cold air, and his bare foot struck Mary, doubled up where she had fallen. He shouted, and an old woman ran in with her gray hair flying.

"Conrad!" she exclaimed, almost in a scream.

"I don't know," he answered. He had his wife in his arms and held her out like a child showing a broken toy.

The old woman bethought herself first. "Take her in and lay her on the bed," she ordered. While she worked he began

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to hurry on his clothes, moving as though he were stupid; then he came up to the bed.

"Aunt Hannah, what has she?" he begged. She gave him a look, and he suddenly burst into a great storm of tears.

"Hurry!" she said. "Take Dolly and a whip and go to Bernville first. If the doctor isn't home, go along to Mount Pleasant; but bring a doctor. Ach!" she seized his hand in her excitement.

Mary's eyes were opening—blue, wide, and terrified. "Don't take Dolly," she said, quite loud. "Dolly knows too much." Then her eyes closed again.

Conrad went into the kitchen, still sobbing, and the old woman followed.

"I must take Dolly," he whispered. "Aunt Hannah, for God's sake, what has she?"

"I don't know what she means about Dolly. Maybe I can find out till you get back. She'll soon come to. You better be careful going out of the barnyard. It might worry her if she hears the hoofs."

The young man checked his crying. "I take her through the fields," he said, and went out softly.

In the light of the candle which contended with the moonbeams Hannah's wrinkled face looked witchlike as she bent over the bed. Presently Mary started and her eyes searched the room with a terrified stare; she seemed to be all at once in the midst of some dreadful happening.

"Aunt Hannah," she exclaimed, "don't let them come for me!"

The old woman bent over her. "How do you feel?" she asked, in her soft and friendly Dutch.

"Don't let them come!"

"Nobody comes, Mary. It is all right, only you are not so good. After while somebody is coming. Then you are glad!"

"Keep them out! I don't want to go!"

"You don't go off; you stay right here with me and Conrad. We couldn't get along without you."

"They said—"

"Who?"

"The oxen."

Hannah's hand shook, but she still spoke reassuringly. "Were you in the barn, Mary?"

"Yes. You know how it is said that on Christmas eve, twelve o'clock, the animals talk. I thought so much about it, and I made up my mind to go and hear what they had to say. I was in the middle stable that's empty, and I waited, and all of a sudden—" She stopped, trembling.

"Just don't think about it," Hannah urged, but she went on:

"All of a sudden—Dolly stamped—and they all woke up—the cows and the sheep, and the cat was scared and the big rooster cackled,—and then the oxen—Ach, Aunt Hannah! One of them said, 'They will carry out the mistress in the morning.'"

"You don't go, for all," the old woman soothed her. "Think of who is coming, Mary. That's a better thing to think about. It's so lucky to have it on Christmas day. She will have good fortune then, and see more than others."

The pinched face grew bright. The trembling soul was not to go out alone before, becoming a part of the great current of maternity, it had had the best of what is here.

"I take such good care of her. I look after her all the time," said Mary, joyfully.

The sun was gone, but the west was still as pink as coral and the twilight gave a wonderful velvety look to the meadows. In the rye-fields the stalks, heavy-headed already, dipped in the wind which blew the last apple-blossoms about like snow. A row of sturdy trees grew along Conrad Rhein's front fence, and there was a large orchard in the rear. The log house was just the color of a nest among the pale foliage.

The place was so quiet that the irritable note of a couple of chimney-swallows, swooping about in pursuit of an invisible purpose, sounded loud. Hannah Rhein looked up from the small stocking she was knitting to watch them. Her secular occupation was contradicted by her black silk "Sunday dress," and there was a holiday appearance about the little girl who sat very still, looking as though stillness were habitual with her.

"You better run out to the gate. Maybe you can see them," Hannah said.

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The child went, and stood looking down the road so long that she rolled up her knitting and followed. "There they are!" she exclaimed. "Father and Aunt Calista. Don't forget to give her a kiss when she gets out."

Conrad Rhein's austere face expressed no pleasure as he stepped from the carriage and helped his companion, but she was not to be depressed by a brother-in-law's gravity. Calista Yohe, moving lightly in her pink delaine dress, resembled the prickly roses coming into bloom beside the gate, which would flourish and fade imperturbably in accordance with their own times and seasons. At present she looked as though the fading were remote. She shook hands joyfully and seized the carpet-bag which Hannah had taken.

"I guess I don't let you carry that," she said. "It's heavy."

The little girl put up her face, and Calista kissed her without speaking to her, and went on talking:

"You are right, Dolly is hot. We drove good and hard. Conrad didn't want to do it to give her the whip, but I don't like to ride slow. Let's sit on the porch awhile."

The child placed her bench near the old woman's chair, but she watched the young one admiringly. Calista did not notice her.

"How are the folks?" Hannah asked.

"They are good."

"Had they a big wedding?"

"I guess! It was teams on both sides of the road all the way down to where you turn, and they had three tables. She wore such a nice dress, too; such a silk it was, with little flowers in."

"How did it go while you were there?"

"Oh, all right; she's a nice girl and he and I could always get along; but it wasn't like my home. If a man gets married once, he doesn't want his sister afterwards," Calista said, cheerfully.

"Well, you stay here now. We are glad to have you. Conrad he is quiet and I am getting along, so it's not such a lively place, but I guess you can make out."

"Well, I think!" said Calista. "I like to work. Is Conrad always so crabbed? He hardly talked anything all the way over."

"He hasn't much to say, but he is easy to get along with. He doesn't look much to anything but the farm."

"Doesn't he go out in company?" Calista asked, eagerly.

"Once in a while, but not often. He doesn't look for that any more." Hannah sighed and stroked the child's head, which rested against her knee, and the movement caught Calista's eye.

"She favors Mary," she said. "All that light hair and her white skin. That's a pretty dress she has on." She stooped and examined the blue merino. "Did you work that sack?"

"No, I had it worked. I think she looks nice. Conrad bought her those blue beads for a present. She was so glad."

"Does she always wear white stockings?"

"When she is dressed. Conrad he wants it all of the best."

"Does he think so much of her?"

"He doesn't make much with her; he is not one to show if he thinks much; but would be strange if he didn't. And as well off as he is, and no one to spend it on!"

Calista looked out through the orchard and across the fields of rye and wheat over which the spring night was falling. "He has a fine place for sure," she said. "He takes long in the barn."

"I guess he went off," said Hannah, peacefully.

"I didn't see him leave."

"It may be he went to Albrecht's."

"Who are they? Young people?"

"Yes. John Albrecht he is about Conrad's age, and his wife was such a friend to Mary. They have two little ones come over sometimes to play around."

"Is that all in the family?"

"His mother; she lives with her, a woman so crippled up she can't walk."

Calista looked as satisfied as a strategist who finds himself in control of a desired situation: its difficulties made her spirits rise. Her eyes wandered about and fixed upon the child again. "She gets sleepy early for such a big girl," she said. "Wasn't she five on Christmas?"

"Yes. She wanted to see you, so I let her stay up to-night; and anyhow I didn't want to be sitting up-stairs when you got here."

"Do you sit with her evenings?"

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Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SHE STEMMED AND STEMMED THE CHERRIES UNTIL HER FINGERS ACHED

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"Till she goes to sleep. If you leave her in the dark she is so scared I pity her, and I don't want her to get excited. I have no trouble with her other times. She listens to me, and she is real smart to help; she can pick strawberries and pull weeds, and she always enjoys to go along for eggs. She is like her father, she hasn't much to say. She will run around in the orchard and play with her doll-baby the whole day, and she is pretending all the time."

The little girl opened her eyes, very blue with sleep. With her rosy color and the white and blue of her little garments she looked like a cherub smiling out of the canvas of a German painter,—the soft companion of an older and more pensive grace. Hannah watched her tenderly.

"Now come, Mary, we go to bed," she said.

"I guess I'd make such a fuss with that child and sit with her nights!" Calista thought, her prominent hazel eyes following in rather a catlike fashion. They followed in the same way more than once during the next few weeks. She would brush the little girl's hair when Hannah was busy, or call her to a meal, but at other times she passed her by. At first Mary was inclined to pursue the pretty stranger, and on the second evening she ran up to her to show the results of the egg-hunting, but she never did it again.

She was the only one whom Calista failed to please. The neighbors who came to visit soon returned, and on Saturday night there were three carriages at the gate and three young men in the parlor. Conrad did not pay much attention to her, but one day he told her that one of her admirers was "not such a man that you ought to go riding with," and she said: "All right. It was two asked me to go to-night. I take the other one." She went through the work singing, and Hannah sat on the porch more than usual, and began to wonder how she had gotten on so long alone.

Calista had been there only a few weeks when Hannah said at supper one evening: "I guess I go to see your aunt Sarah, Conrad. It's six years since I went. I couldn't leave the work before, but now Calista gets along so good I can go a little."

"Just do it," said Calista, heartily. "Mary and I can keep house."

The child smiled and made a timid movement.

"All right," Conrad said. "I take you to the stage any time."

Mary cried when Hannah went, and the old woman was distressed. "I feel bad to leave her," she said. "I would take her along if I had time to get her ready."

"Ach, go on!" Calista said, laughing. "There is Conrad now with the team. Mary will have good times. She can stem the cherries this morning." She picked up the little girl and held her out to kiss her aunt. "Don't you worry," she called, as the carriage started.

She came out on the back porch presently with a large basket of ox-hearts.

"Now let's see how smart you can be," she said. "Sit down on the step and I put the basket beside you. Pick them clean." Mary looked rather frightened at the size of the task, but she set to work. She stemmed and stemmed until her hands were sticky and her fingers ached. A thick yellow sunbeam came crawling to her feet; the flies buzzed, diving through the air as though it were heavy; the cat beside her slept and woke. It seemed to the child that she had always been in that spot and that there would never be anything but a hot morning and piles of shining cherries. She was looking toward the orchard where her swing hung empty when Calista hurried by the door. "Have you done them all?" she called. "Not? Well, then you finish them quick."

The cherries lasted until dinner-time, and when that was over Mary climbed on her father's bed and slept all afternoon. When she came out the first thing she saw was the egg-basket piled full. "If you want to go along for eggs you ought to be here when I am ready," said Calista.

The little creature made no noise, but her father looked at her hard as he sat down to supper. "What's the matter?" he asked.

She did not answer, and Calista said, "Oh—!" with the peculiar German inflection of contemptuous patience. Conrad said no more.

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After supper Mary wandered out, and her aunt had to call her several times. "Where were you?" she asked.

"Down there." The child pointed to the orchard. "A lady was there."

Calista went to the edge of the porch and shaded her eyes. "I don't see her," she said. "Who was she?"

"I don't know."

"Did you never see her before?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did she look like?"

Mary thought hard, with the puzzled face of one who lacks words and comparisons to convey an image that is clear enough. Calista walked a little way into the orchard, then she looked up and down the road.

"Wasn't it Mrs. Albrecht?" she asked. "Well, I guess it makes nothing. Come, you must go to bed. I stay with you." With a mocking expression she held out her hand as to a very small child, and the little girl walked into the house without a word, not noticing the hand.

When she was asleep Calista came back to the porch with some sewing. Conrad appeared from the barn, stood about for a moment, and strolled toward the orchard; then he walked in the garden for a while; finally he sat on the step with his back to her, saying nothing and looking at the sky. She preserved the silence of a bird-tamer.

"It's a nice evening," he said at last.

"Yes."

"Good weather for hay."

"Yes, fine."

"One field is about ready to cut. You better tell Aunt Hannah to come home. It's too much work for you, with the men to cook for."

"Just you let her stay and enjoy herself. I get along all right."

After a pause she asked, "Did you see some one in the orchard just now?"

"No."

"Mary she ran down after supper, and she said a strange lady was there. I wondered who it was."

"I didn't see her," he said, dully, as though he spoke from the midst of some absorbing thought; then he got up and walked away. "You better go in and light the lamp if you want to sew," he said, roughly.

Calista took her things and went at once, looking as though she were so well satisfied that she could afford to be amused.

Though in the next two weeks she had plenty of company Conrad never joined them: he spent the evenings with John Albrecht, drove to Bernville, or went to bed early. He worked much harder than usual, and his cheeks grew thin under his stubble of black beard. Calista did not trouble him with conversation.

"Don't you feel good?" she once asked, and when he gave a surly answer she said, carelessly, "You better get something from the doctor," and began to sing immediately afterwards. But she knew how he looked even when her back was turned, and she often stared at Mary in a meditative way as though the child were the doubtful quantity in an important calculation.

She was watching her so one day, when little John Albrecht and his sister had come over and the three were very busy on the grass near the kitchen window with two dolls and the old tiger-cat. In the afternoon silence their little voices sounded clear and sweet. The cat escaped to a cherry-tree and they chased him gayly, but he went to sleep in an insulting way in spite of the lilac switch that John flourished.

"Look out!" Mary called.

John looked around and said, "For what?" and she went over to him.

There was a conversation which Calista could not hear; Mary pointed several times to a spot in the sunny grass; then he went running down the road and Katie followed, looking as though she would cry when she had time, and leaving her doll behind her.

Calista went out. "What did you say to John to make them run off?" she asked.

"I told him to look out, he would hit the lady with the switch."

"What lady?"

"She was there."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you see her?"

"No, ma'am."

Calista looked all about. Not a soul was in sight on the road; in the orchard and the fields nothing moved but the wind; the yard was empty except for the cat slipping around the corner with his

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mottled coat shining. "Now listen," she said, not unkindly. "I saw you out of the window, and there was no lady here. Why do you tell a story like that?"

The child looked at her in a preoccupied way and did not answer.

"I can't have you say things that are not so, Mary. If you do it again, I have to whip you. Now pick up your doll-baby and come in."

She spoke of it to Conrad that evening, but he did not pay much attention.

"I don't know if there is something wrong with Mary or, if she does see some one, who it is," she said. "Do you know if there are gipsies around?" He scarcely answered, and in a few minutes she heard him drive down the road. She smiled to herself as she hurried through her work. Then she put Mary to bed, though it was much earlier than usual, and began to dress, while the little girl lay watching gravely from among the pillows.

Calista enjoyed the water like a sleek creature of two elements; her white skirts crackled and flared; her hair hid her waist. When she had finished her green dimity looked like foliage around a flower, and her hazel eyes turned green to match it.

"I'm going on the front porch," she said. "You go to sleep like a good girl."

She had sat with Mary in the evening as long as she could do so without inconvenience. Now she saw no reason for continuing it. She had not imagination enough to know what she was inflicting. Mary gazed after her as a shipwrecked woman might watch a plank drifting out of reach, but she said nothing; she shut her eyes and lay still for many minutes. She was a timid child but not cowardly, and such tangible things as a cross dog, a tramp, and a blacksnake in the orchard she had faced bravely, but her terror of the dark was indefinite and unendurable. She opened her eyes, shut them, and opened them again, looking for something dreadful. The furniture was shapeless, the bedclothes dimly white, and each time she looked it was darker. She did not know what she expected, and to see nothing was almost worse. A carriage going down the road comforted her as long as she could hear it, but it left a thicker silence. She pressed her lids together, breathing quickly,—to move was like inviting something to spring on her,—then she slid out of bed and ran down the stairs, gave a frightened glance at the front door behind which sat her aunt, who would send her up again, and slipped across the back porch into the orchard.

Calista heard nothing. In the hot June evening she was fresh and cool enough to be akin to the rejoicing fields, a nymph of beech or willow. Now and then she looked down the road and saw no one, but she did not seem disappointed. It was quite dark and the fireflies were trailing up and down when wheels stopped at the gate, and she drew back behind a lilac-bush that screened the porch, and sat still.

Conrad, striding up the path, started when he saw her. "Oh, it's you!" he said, coldly. She gave a short answer, and he stood frowning at nothing and looking very tall and black. "Want to take a little ride?" he asked.

"No, I guess not."

"You stay at home too much," he said, presently. "You haven't been off the place since Aunt Hannah left."

"I don't care to go. I can't leave Mary here all alone. It wouldn't be safe."

She stayed silently in her corner as though waiting for him to leave—a white shadow beside the black mass of the lilac-bush. Dolly at the gate tossed her head until the reins scraped on the gate-post. Down in the orchard a whippoorwill cried.

He was like a horse that takes the bit and the driver was his own will—his own self. She made no resistance when he threw himself down beside her: she was pliant, her cheek cool, she even looked at him haughtily. He did not know that she slipped out of his arms just before he would have released her, nor that she was all one flame of triumphant happiness. She seemed as untouched as the starlight.

"Calista," he stammered, "I hope you overlook it."

"What about my sister Mary?" she asked, dryly. "I thought you didn't look to any one else."

"I didn't. I tell you the truth. I was unwilling. I fought it off all I could, but now I give in. I can do no more."

"So you think you like me as well as you like her?"

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"Calista, I would ask you if Mary stood here and heard us."

The woman seemed to bloom like an opening rose. She looked at him, but it was as though she saw some vision of success that she was just about to grasp. "I am satisfied," she said.

There was a sound on the walk, and they lifted their heads; then they were scarcely conscious of each other's presence. Up from the gate, her nightdress hanging about her feet, her hair pale in the dim light, came the little girl. She climbed the steps and passed fearlessly into the dark house, smiling at the two with the radiant content of happy childhood, soothed and petted,—her small right hand held up as if in the clasp of another hand.

Calista would have chosen to clean the whole house or do a harvest-time baking rather than write one letter, so she asked most of the guests verbally and put off the others as long as she could. Conrad had taken Hannah to Bernville to have a new silk dress fitted and buy colored sugar for the wedding-cakes when she began the invitations. By three o'clock they were finished, and she counted them and laid them beside the inkstand. Then she washed her hands, spread a sheet on the floor, and got out a pile of soft white stuff, all puffs and lace and ruffles—the work of weeks.

She sewed happily, looking out now and then at the trees, which tossed like green waves under the roaring August rain. Sometimes a gust drove a shower down the chimney and made the logs hiss. The room was warm and still; in the interval of work it seemed to have paused and be sleeping. The tiger-cat, with his paws folded under him, lay beside the hearth, and Mary on her little bench nursed her doll peacefully. Calista began to sing a German hymn; the words were awful, but their very solemnity made her happier by contrast:

"Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende!
Hin geht die Zeit, her kommt der Tod.

"Look here, Mary," she said. "Isn't this pretty?" The child came, and Calista held up the soft stuff around her; it made the little face look beautifully pink and white. She touched it lightly, smiling, then she wandered over to the window with her doll and looked out into the rain.

"Es kann vor Nacht leicht anders werden,
Als es am frühen Morgen war,"

Calista sang.

Five minutes later she asked, good-naturedly, "What are you looking at?" Mary did not answer. "Didn't you hear what I said? What's going on out there?" Calista repeated.

"You said I shouldn't say it," the child whispered.

"Say what?"

"When I see the lady."

"Where do you see her?"

"Coming out of the orchard."

Certain old stories returning to Calista's mind made her look at Mary for a minute as though the child had manifested strange powers. She went to the window and her thimble clicked on the sill as she leaned forward; then she touched her cheek. "Do you feel good?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

She looked out again. "I want you to know for sure that no one is there," she said, earnestly. "Now tell me: do you see a lady?"

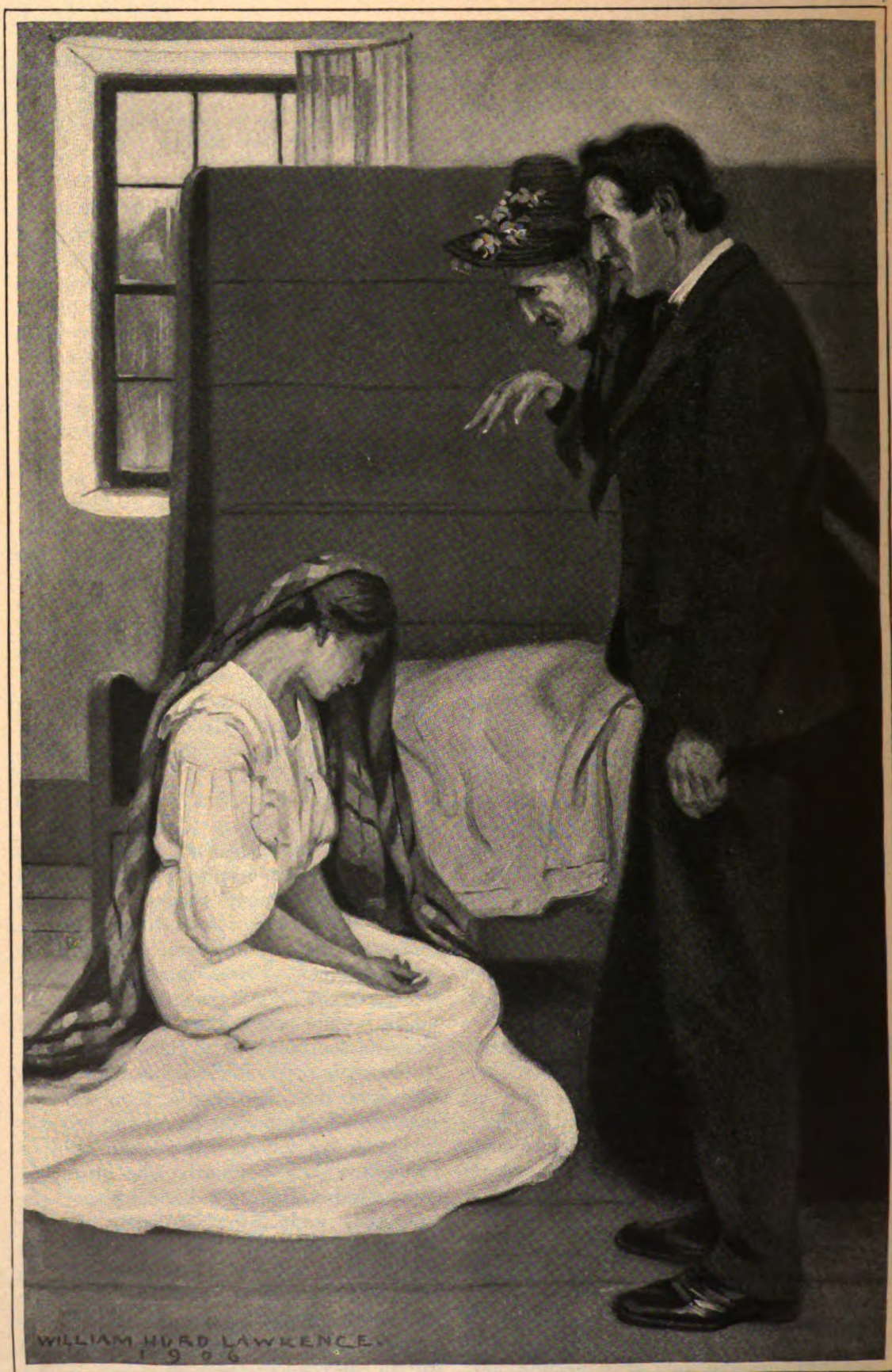
"Yes, ma'am. She is coming up here."

Calista was very sober. "If your aunt Hannah doesn't teach you not to tell stories, then I must," she said. "I can't have you like this. Soon I can't believe you anything. Come here." Mary came as if pulled. "Now mind, I do this so that you don't say what isn't so again." She gave the child two good slaps on the mouth with her strong hand.

The inherited spirit of resistance to coercion, that had made pioneers and martyrs of Mary Rhein's ancestors, was let loose too soon: it made an imp of her. She darted silently like an insect from under Calista's hand, seized the inkstand, and threw it with all her might at the beautiful white gown. The ink poured out, dripping from fold to fold, and the stand thudded on the sheet and scattered the last drops. Mary gave one look and ran across the porch and out to the road in the rain.

Calista sat still for a moment, then she got up weakly. "Doesn't look much

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Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence — Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HANNAH SPOKE LIKE A JUDGE SENTENCING A CRIMINAL

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like a wedding-dress now," she murmured. "It's no use doing anything to it. It's done for." She wiped the inkstand on a stained flounce before setting it on the table. "*Now,*" she said, as though some one were present who would disapprove, "I give it to her good. I better fetch her in and have it done before they get back."

The sky was low but the rain was gentle when she started down the road, and her shawl made a bright spot between the fields, green as chromos. Mary had gone toward the creek, and she followed as far as the bridge; then, as there was no one in sight, she turned up-stream. It was deep just there and very full, carrying leaves and twigs so that it was like a little flood, and the water caught the dipping branches of the willows and swept them along. The shellbarks looked forlorn in the rain, and the ground was so soft that it gave under her feet. Her skirts and shoes were heavy with wet before she saw Mary.

The child looked as though she were being crowded out of life. She was crying, with small weak sounds like a wretched little animal, her hair was dark with water, and the rain drove across her face. At the sight of Calista she began to run slowly with much stumbling; her crying mixed with the sound of the stream. Calista followed as fast as she could.

A little way up the creek was a log bridge without a rail. Conrad had put it up for his own convenience, and Calista never tried to cross it.

"Ach!" she thought, "I don't hope she runs out there!" Then she began to call, but Mary did not look back. She fell over a root, picked herself up, and went on, with her knees shaking.

Suddenly she began to cry very loud, as a child does when it sees comfort, and went on much faster, making for the bridge. As she ran along the log her arms were out to meet some one. She did not quite reach the middle.

Calista stared for a couple of seconds, then she raced like a savage down to the first bend, her red shawl flying behind her.

It lay in a pool on the kitchen floor when Conrad and Hannah came in; it was the first thing they saw, and their voices stopped as though a hand had been laid upon their mouths. Mary was lying on the settle and Calista was doubled up against it with her face hidden.

"What's wrong?" Conrad asked. She said nothing, and when he tried to lift her she writhed away from him. Hannah ran to Mary. The blankets were warm, but the small creature was quite cold.

"Now it is time you say what has happened," she said, and Conrad stood silently by.

Calista sat up, looking deadly sick. The story came out in fragments, and at the end she bowed her head, shivering and staring at nothing.

"Did she say this before?" Hannah asked.

Calista told wearily, and the old woman listened, a spectator of strange things to which she alone had the clue.

"Is that all?"

"Ach, yes! I can't remember any more. Now do what you want to do."

Hannah spoke like a judge sentencing a criminal: "So you thought she told lies and you whipped her—that little thing! Now I tell you something, Calista Yohe. That night she was born I said to Mary—your sister Mary!—that once she came on Christmas she would be lucky and see more than we see, and Mary was glad, and the last thing she said was: 'I look after her. I take care of her.' And they say one that dies and leaves something unfinished must come back to finish it up. I guess Mary knew when to come.

"And you are glad. I don't say you just wished this to her, but you thought would be fine not to have her around once you got married to Conrad. She was lucky not to be here till you got a good hold of her.

"You might have thought whether I would let her with you that didn't want her, to be in the way. But I am old. It is a good thing Mary fetched her. Now I see to her myself. Don't you dare touch her."

Conrad had been perfectly still, with the face of a man in a nightmare, but now he went to the shaking woman and lifted her in his arms. Hannah looked at them for a moment. Then she set a great kettle of water to heat, took up the child and went out, leaving them alone together, and they heard her footsteps in the room above as she went back and forth, getting what she needed.

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ROSEMONT VILLA, LAUSANNE, WHERE CHARLES DICKENS LIVED
The two middle windows opening on the balcony were in Dickens's study.

Dickens in Switzerland

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND REFLECTIONS

BY DESHLER WELCH

AS a devout lover of Charles Dickens and all his works I was extremely gratified during the past summer in being able to take many long journeys by foot and coach in Switzerland over roads and passes that he knew so well and so delightfully described in certain private letters at the time, which have never been printed, and which I now have the privilege of making public.

Charles Dickens loved Switzerland. It was his refuge in his hunt for happiness and health; it was his haven when he had the printers after him for "copy." In Geneva, Lausanne, Vevey, and elsewhere along the Rhône Valley in many of the pretty Swiss villages, in the comfort of one of the characteristic inns for a night, he did some of his most effective writing. It was in Switzerland that he wrote *The Battle of Life* and *Dombey and Son*, and much of *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House*, and thought of much more that subsequently entered into his immortal work. If he had never been in Lausanne he never would have created Lady Dedlock, for it was there that he formulated her character through suggestive conditions. It was there that Dickens had the beginnings of many corollaries in the friendships that controlled much of his future life.

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The villa Rosemont was his summer residence first in 1846. The room in which he did his writing occupied the two centre windows of the balcony, and as he sat there and wrote, his eyes often rested in a transport of admiration on the wonderful hues of Lake Geneva and the mountains of Savoy. It was there he first met the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Watson of Rockingham Castle, England, and M. de Cerjat, with whom he corresponded during the rest of their mutual lives, and also Mr. Haldimand. It was to Mr. and Mrs. Watson that he dedicated his own favorite book, *David Copperfield,* and it is with his copious flow of letters to them that I have now to do—a correspondence full of the utmost human feeling in its most triumphant moods. These priceless documents of unaffected genius, and domestic sweetness beyond all else in autobiographical literature I ever read, were confided to me by the Baroness von Roeder, the daughter of Mrs. Watson, and whose birth and youth were objects of much solicitude to Dickens. I felt it indeed a privilege to be permitted the acquaintance of this charming woman at her summer home in Interlaken, and to hear from her lips the interesting details concerning his every-day life. "It was a most remarkable friendship that sprang up between Mr. Dickens and my father and mother," said the Baroness, "and these letters show but a small part of it. It was wonderful that he had the time and the patience to attend to the private correspondence that he did, and he filled it so full of passing detail and serious observation that one wonders that he could have afforded the expenditure of so much valuable material. He appeared to be much broken by my father's death, but after it he kept up his letter-writing with my mother with the same bubbling-over thoughts and rare good literature. Of course I was very young up to the time of his death, but I have a splendid memory of the man—of his combination of tenderness and ruggedness, and his affectionate nature, that showed itself in his communication with men and women alike. In his family he was companionable. He loved to write books and letters and to read before an audience and to act on the stage, as every one knows, but few could comprehend how much of a passion all this amounted to. Yet his ideas of home life were full of extraordinary sentiment; he had the most happy thoughts of the coziness of the fireside—he liked to contemplate it and meditate before it, and in pleasant mental arraignment of his friends it was always in the glamour of a fireside circle. He was moderate in his eating and drinking, but to hear him speak of plum pudding or of a glass of mulled wine was enough to make one's mouth water—you remember the famous 'Plum Pudding' edition of his books?"



THE HONORABLE MRS. WATSON
To her and her husband Dickens dedicated his favorite book, *David Copperfield*

The Dickens-Watson correspondence extended over a period of nearly twenty years, beginning after the Lausanne summer in 1846, the first communication from Dickens being a recipe for a summer drink which he christened "Moonbeams," and I give space to it here as a valuable addition to a book of recipes entirely made up from the devices of famous men, to be headed by Thackeray's "Bouillabaisse."

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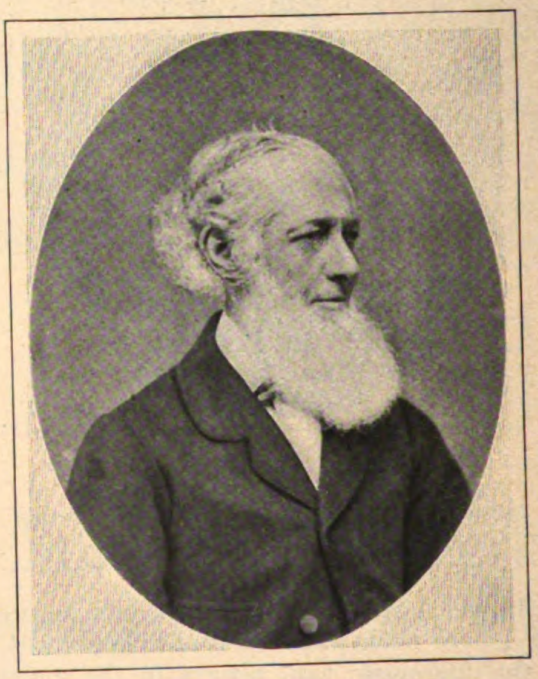
TO MAKE MOONBEAMS, FOR SUMMER DRINKING.

Pour into a jug in this proportion:
Two wine glasses of Madeira
Two thirds of a wine glass of brandy
Four wine glasses of water.
Add the peel of a small lemon, cut very thin—
sweeten to taste—plunge into the whole a brown toast—
grate a little nutmeg over the surface—tie a cloth over the jug—and stand it in a cool place, or
in cold water until you are ready to drink the contents. C. D.

I have written it in the shape that Dickens wrote it—arrangement of the lines and punctuations and dashes.

In 1849, December 29, in writing to his friend Cerjat, Dickens said, in speaking of a recent visit to Rockingham Castle:

We had a most delightful time at Watson's (for both of them we have preserved and strengthened a real affection), and were the gayest of the gay. There was a Miss Boyle staying in the house, who is an excellent amateur actress, and she and I got up some scenes from the "School for Scandal" and from "Nickleby" with immense success. We played in the old hall, with the audience filled up and overrunning with servants. The entertainments concluded with feats of legerdemain (for the performance of which I have a pretty good apparatus collected at divers times and in divers places), and we then fell to country dances of a most frantic description, and danced all night. Watson and I have some fifty times registered a vow (like O'Connel) to come to Lausanne together, and have even settled in what month and week. Something or other has always interposed to prevent us; but I hope, please God, most certainly to see it again, when my labors Copperfieldian shall have terminated.



M. DE CERJAT

On July 3, 1850, Dickens wrote from Devonshire Terrace to the Watsons:

I am in a very despondent state of mind over Peel's death. He was a man of mark, who would be ill-spared from the great Dust Heap down at Westminster. When I think of the joy of the D'Israelis, Richmond and other Imposters and Humbugs I think of flying to Australia and taking to the bush. What do you think of entering into the scheme, asking Haldimand to join us, and founding a settlement to be called the Paradox?

Every one is cheering David on, and I hope to make *your book* a good one. I like it very much myself—thoroughly believe it all and go to the work every month with an energy of the finest description.

In August, 1852, Dickens lost one of his very dearest friends—thus cutting off one of the tenderest associations of Switzerland — Richard Watson. He had visited Rockingham Castle in the spring and had been shocked at his friend's decline, although there seemed no need to fear that the inevitable in life would come so soon. He dined with Dickens at Tavistock House in July, but, in August, Dickens wrote:

"My dear Watson! Dead after that illness of four days. I loved him as my heart, and cannot think of him without tears."

In 1852 Dickens wrote to Mrs. Watson giving his impressions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Parts of this letter were published in a collection of letters after his death, but it is here printed *as he wrote it*, for the first time:

In the matter of Uncle Tom's Cabin, I partly though not entirely agree with Mr.

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ROCKINGHAM CASTLE, ENGLAND, HOME OF THE WATSONS
The original of Dickens's "Chesney Wold"

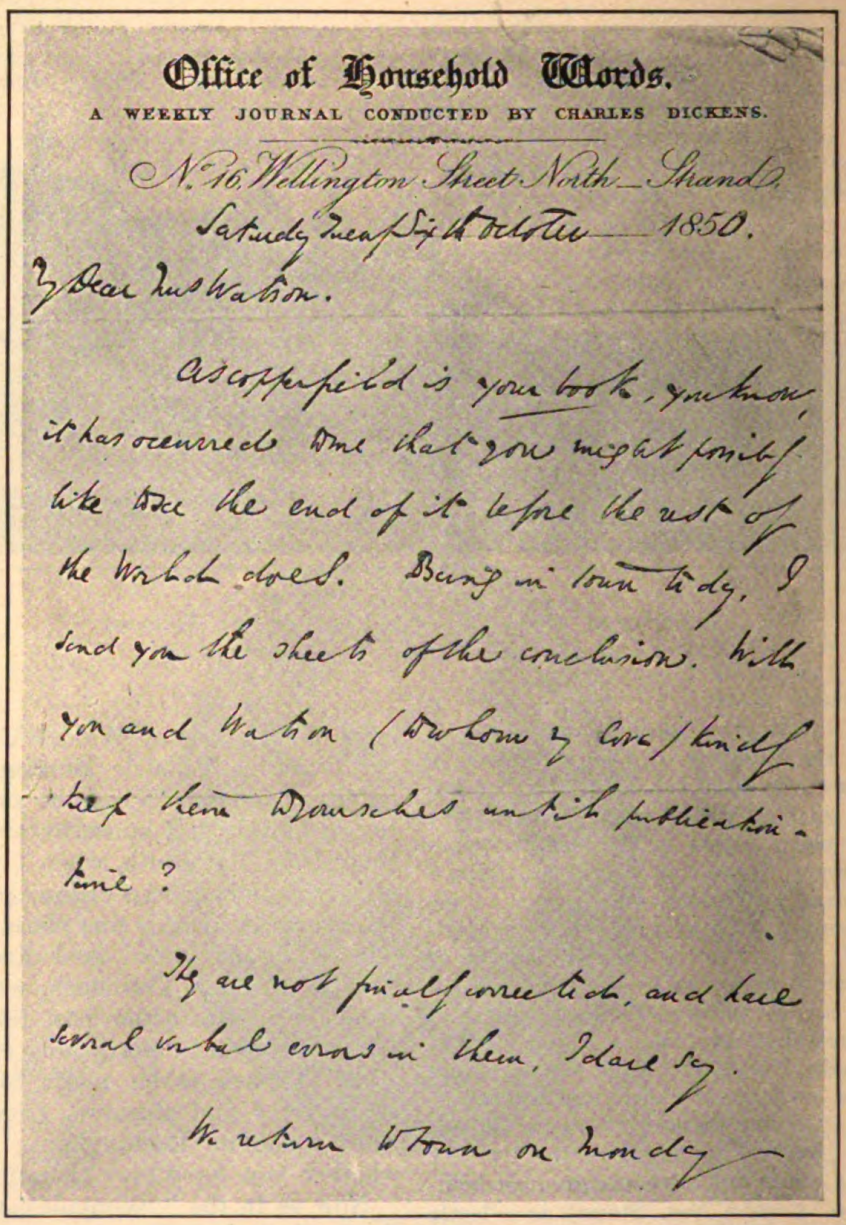
James. No doubt a much lower art will serve for the handling of such a subject in fiction, than for a launch on the sea of imagination without such a powerful bark; but there are many points in the book very admirably done. There is a certain St. Clair, a New Orleans gentleman, who seems to me to be conceived with great power and originality. If he had not a Grecian outline of face, which I began to be a little tired of in him in earliest infancy, I should think him unexceptionable. He has a sister too, a maiden lady from New England, in whose person the besetting weakness and prejudices of the Abolitionists themselves, on the subject of the blacks, are set forth in the liveliest and truest colors and with the greatest boldness. She (I mean Mrs. Stowe) is a leetle unscrupulous in the appropriatin' way. I seem to see a writer with whom I am very intimate (and whom nobody can possibly admire more than myself) peeping very often through the thinness of the paper. Further I descry the ghost of Mary Barton, and the very palpable mirage of a scene in the children of the mist; but in spite of this I consider the book a fine one, with a great and gallant purpose in it and worthy of its reputation.

In 1853 Dickens was very hard at work on *Bleak House*. The subject of it had entered his mind during that summer in Lausanne, and Mrs. Watson was the original of Lady Dedlock in outward drawing, as was her home, Rockingham Castle, the original of Chesney Wold. He wrote to her from the Villa de Moulineaux, Boulogne, on August 27, on the subject, saying: "Lowestoft I know, by walking over there from Yarmouth, when I went down on an exploring expedition, previous to 'Copperfield.' It is a fine place. I saw the name 'Blunderstone' on a direction-post between it and Yarmouth, and took it from the said direction-post for the book. In some of the descriptions of Chesney Wold, I have taken many bits, chiefly about trees and shadows, from observations made at Rockingham. I wonder whether you have ever thought so!"

Now as to the "Skimpole" talk of the time. It is well known in literary controversy that Dickens was accused of holding up his quondam friend Leigh Hunt in that character. I will not say here that I have discovered in the Watson letters any verification of that. On September 25, 1853, Dickens wrote to Mrs. Watson from Boulogne:

> Skimpole. I must not forget Skimpole—of whom I will proceed to speak as if I had only read him and not written him. I suppose he is the most exact portrait that was ever painted in words! I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think it could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true that I make a bargain with myself

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Office of Household Words.
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand.
Saturday Twenty Sixth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs Watson.

As Copperfield is your book, you know, it has occurred to me that you might possibly like to see the end of it before the rest of the World does. Being in town to-day, I send you the sheets of the conclusion. Will you and Watson (to whom my love) kindly keep them to yourselves until publication-time?

They are not finally corrected, and have several verbal errors in them, I dare say.

We return to town on Monday

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF A LETTER FROM DICKENS TO MRS. WATSON

Saturday Twenty-Sixth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

As Copperfield is *your book*, you know, it has occurred to me that you might possibly like to see the end of it before the rest of the world does. Being in town to-day, I send you the sheets of the conclusion. Will you and Watson (to whom my love) kindly keep them to yourselves until publication-time?

They are not finally corrected, and have several verbal errors in them, I dare say.

We return to town on Monday evening for good. I am going to meet Kate and Georgina at Tunbridge Wells this afternoon, on my way home.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Watson,

Very faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

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"never to do so any more." There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course I have been careful to keep the outward figure away from the fact; but in all else it is the life itself.

The summer of 1853 was spent in Boulogne, as I have said, at an old château that he had heard of, and leased from its Switzerland owner. He described it as "a queer old French place, but extremely well supplied with all table and other conveniences . . . standing in the middle of a great garden surrounded by flowers." It was on the Rue Beaurepaire, on a green hillside, overlooking a beautiful open country. It was during this and successive summers at Boulogne that he worked on *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*. In a letter to Mrs. Watson from Folkestone he tells her that the name first proposed for the latter story was "Nobody's Fault." In 1854 Mr. Dickens left the old château in Boulogne and rented the Villa du Camp de Droite of the same landlord, M. Beaucourt. It was on the top of a still higher hill, and it was there that he began *Hard Times*. In the summer of 1856, however, Dickens returned to the Villa Moulineaux.

In the letter, of which the first page is printed here in facsimile, the large flourish to the signature was carefully preserved as it really was up to the time of his death. He frequently joked about it in his letters. On one occasion he wrote to Mrs. Watson: "P. S.—I am in such an incapable state, that after executing the foregoing usual flourish I swooned, and remained for some time insensible. Ha, ha, ha! Why was I ever restored to consciousness!!!"

At another time: "P. S.—I find I am not equal to the flourish."

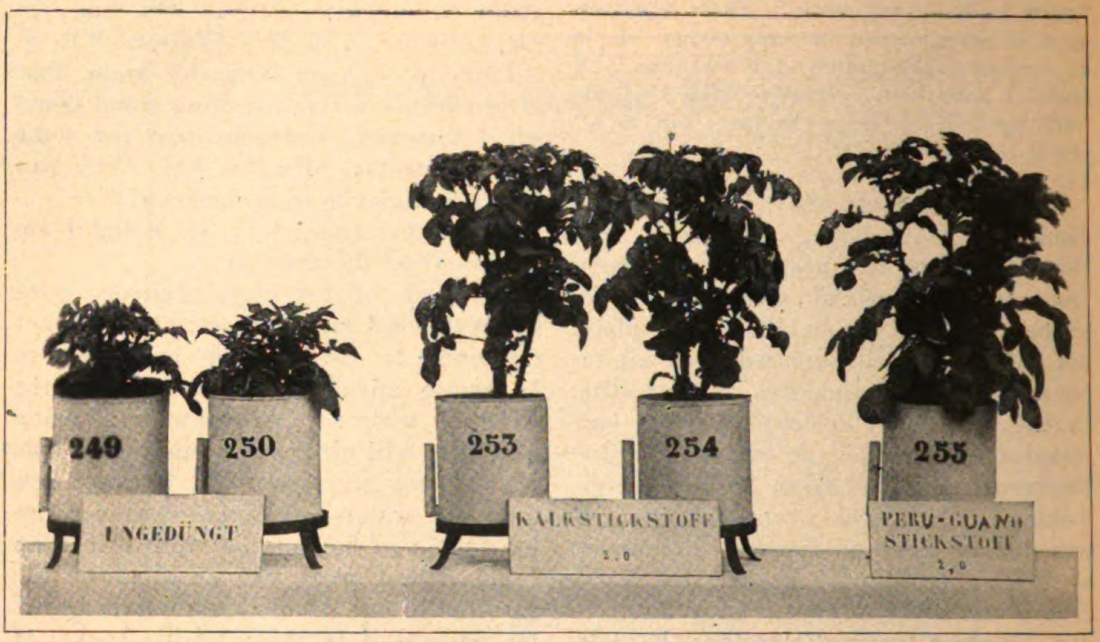
In much of his correspondence with the Watsons I find frequent and insistent reference to Switzerland—especially to Lausanne and Lake Lehman. Of the latter he wrote: "It runs with a spring tide, that will always flow and never ebb, through my memory; and nothing less than the waters of Lethe shall confuse the music of its running until it loses itself in that great sea, for which all the currents of our life are desperately bent." He painted it in many of his books; if not so as every dog could read it, there were many indications of the Alpine atmosphere perfectly apparent to his friends. He loved it greatly in retrospection—Mont Blanc, St. Bernard, the Wetterhorn, Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger; and above all, the Matterhorn in its lonely majesty—theatrical almost in its impassiveness and dramatically significant in its mysteries, terrors, and tragedies! Then he liked the quiet rest of their valleys, that he said often daunted him compared to the reality of a stirring life.

In Æternum

BY JOHN B. TABB

IF Life and Death be things that seem—
If Death be Sleep, and Life a dream,
May not the everlasting sleep
The dream of Life eternal keep?

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THE GROWTH OF POTATOES

(A) Not fertilized; (B) Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff, (C) Fertilized with Peru guano

Chemistry and the World's Food

THE FIXATION OF NITROGEN

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College

THE romantic deportment of the nitrogen atom is fascinatingly interesting to the student of chemistry. Wherever he looks he sees that the living, moving, doing thing in the world is nitrogen; it is at once the most restless and the most powerful of the elements. When nitrogen enters into a collocation of atoms we invariably expect the collocation to do something active, whether good or ill; for the nitrogen compounds have properties and qualities, they are never inert.

So it is that, entering into combination with a few other atoms, it will yield us the most delicate and delicious of perfumes, while it is equally ready to join forces with others to produce substances whose smell of utter vileness has the psychological effect of causing the experimenter to "wish he was dead." In the aniline dyes it enhances our clothing with a thousand beautiful colors, and in still another thousand forms it enters the chambers of the sick in the healing guise of all the synthetic medicines. It lurks in prussic acid, the ptomaines, and a host of deadliest poisons; it drives our bullets in the form of gunpowder; it explodes our mines as dynamite and guncotton; it dissolves our metals as nitric acid; it extracts our gold as cyanide; and in an infinity of ways it menaces or ministers to mankind. Nitrogen-containing substances, then, are active substances, and their activity seems to be due to a certain "temperamental nervousness" of the nitrogen atom which sends it flying on the slightest pretext from one atomic community to another. On this account we call nitrogen a "labile" element.

But it is only when we consider nitrogen in its relation to life that we see how truly momentous is this fact of its

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lability. We have been accustomed in the past to ascribe to carbon the rôle of life-element paramount, but the more the question is studied, the more does it appear evident that the carbon constituent of the body is the mere brick and mortar of it, good enough to constitute its physical substratum, and good enough, too, to burn as fats and carbohydrates to maintain its fires, but that the working, building, "vital" thing, the thing that is the moving-spring of protoplasm and that brings about the continuous adjustment of internal to external conditions that we call life, is the versatile, restless nitrogen.

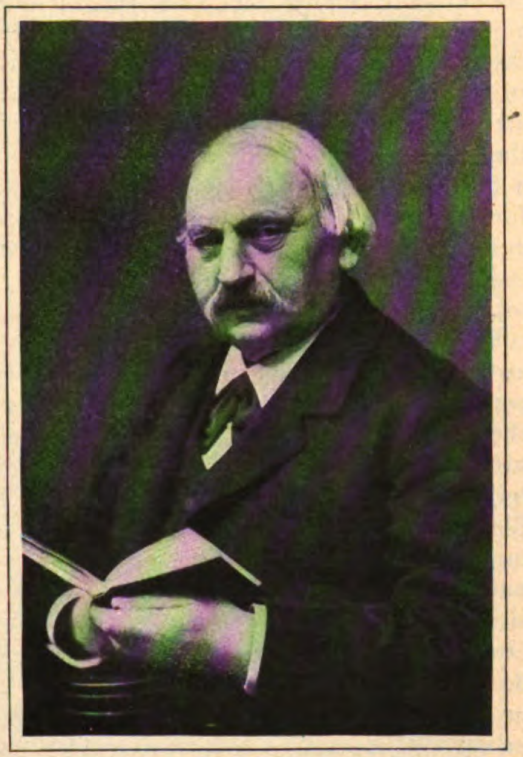
It looks as though the living being constituted a vast unstable plasma in which the nitrogen atom, with oxygen on the one hand and carbon or hydrogen on the other, very much as it is in nitroglycerin, swings the atoms of the living body through all the multiplex atomic relations of growth and decay. The lability of living substance is the lability of the nitrogen atom, and we may say, with much more propriety than "Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke," "Ohne Stickstoff kein Leben"—no life without nitrogen.

And yet, and this is a most interesting thing—this nitrogen, which when combined with elements of another kind is so energetic and so useful, is, in its carefree, solitary condition, a stubborn, lazy, inert gas. In this the elemental condition it is one of the most abundant and pervading bodies on the face of the earth. It constitutes four-fifths of the air that blows in our faces, and so much of it there is that every square yard of earth's surface has pressing down upon it nearly seven tons of atmospheric nitrogen.

Chemically speaking, it is all but unalterable, though the "all but" is vastly important to us.

One or two metals, such as calcium and magnesium and a few compounds of metals, may be made to unite with it. We find, too, that certain organisms, bacteria—"nitrifying microbes" they are called,—have within their little bodies laboratories for attaching nitrogen to other elements, though the mechanism of this action no man understands.

Still, again, we find that the lightning flash will cause the nitrogen and oxygen of the air to combine in the path of its streak to form nitrous acid, or that it will cause the nitrogen and water vapor to react to form ammonia. Outside, however, of the minute quantities which are extracted from the air in these various ways, the whole great ocean of atmospheric nitrogen under which we live



PROFESSOR ADOLPH FRANK
The discoverer of calcium cyanamide

and move maintains in a chemical sense a listless, useless lethargy.

Now, nitrogen which is united with other elements (it matters little which) and which is so temperamentally nervous and active and useful we call "fixed" nitrogen, while the nitrogen which exists in the elemental lethargic condition of the nitrogen of the air we call "free" nitrogen, and the object of this paper is to present the various modern attempts to solve the problem of transforming in large quantities the free and useless nitrogen into the fixed and useful kind. This problem is of immense importance to the whole world—to every race, to every human being,—for as a matter of hard, cruel fact we either must solve this problem or starve. This state-

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ment is a most unlikable one, for it is sensational and alarmist, but how true, it is easy to show.

The invaluable "fixed" nitrogen which we have within us, and which we are continuously using up, we must continually restore. In order to do this we eat it. We eat it in the form of animal food or of certain plant products, such as wheaten bread. But plants and animals too depend upon the soil for every trace of the nitrogen they contain, and the soil in its turn has won it from the reluctant air through the slow accumulations of the washing rain, from the lightnings of a million storms, or through slow transformations by billions of nitrifying organisms through what, so far as we are concerned, is infinite time. Not only so, but the valuable nitrogen-containing substances we employ in our civilization are in the same parlous position of depending upon the soil. Every cannon-shot disperses in an instant the fixed nitrogen which it required millions of microbes centuries to accumulate. We filch this nitrogen from the soil immensely faster than it is restored by natural processes, and the land grows sick and barren and refuses to grow our crops. Everybody knows what we must do to cure the land: we must use manure or fertilizer. In other words, we must mix with the soil substances containing fixed nitrogen which the plant may utilize in building up what we must and will have—bread and meat, to say nothing of other substances such as gunpowder and dyes and medicines. In the olden time natural manure was sufficient to meet the demands of sparse populations accustomed to poor food and little of it; but in these days of rapidly multiplying civilized man, who requires more food and better food, particularly wheaten bread, the natural manure of the world is a mere drop in the bucket of his wants; and this would be true even if he could utilize the fixed nitrogen of the sewage and drainage of his towns, which, it is horrifying to learn, England alone hurries down her watercourses to the sea to the value of $80,000,000 a year.

As a matter of fact we were long ago forced to the employment of three other fertilizers. The first of these was Peruvian guano. This substance was produced from the excrements and remains of sea-birds deposited in a very arid region. It contained fixed nitrogen in the form of about twenty per cent. of ammonia. We say the first "was" guano, for while in 1856 the year's sale amounted to 50,000 tons, to-day it is practically nothing at all. We have eaten it up.

The second fertilizer is ammonium sulphate. This is obtained as a by-product in the distillation of coal-tar in the manufacture of coke. In 1900 the world's production of ammonium sulphate was 500,000 tons, worth some $20,000,000. But this amount is a fixed quantity; we may have so much and no more from our coal-tar distilleries, and large as the amount seems it is inadequate to supply the one-hundredth of the imperious and increasing demands of our Mother Earth.

There is actually but one substance, the third, possible of being used on a world-wide scale as a nitrogenous manure. This is nitrate of soda, or, as it is called, Chili saltpetre. It occurs native over a narrow band of land between the Andes and the coast hills, a rainless district,

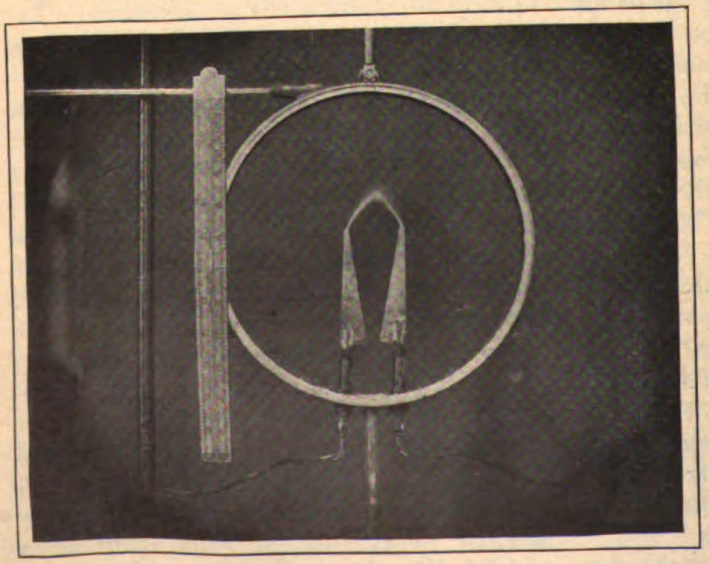


FIG. 1.—A FLAME OF BURNING NITROGEN

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where for countless ages the continuous fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by the soil, its conversion into nitrate by nitrifying organisms, its combination with soda, and the crystallization of the nitrate have been steadily proceeding against the time when, as now, earth's increasing family would insistently demand it for bread. In order to drive home to the reader the validity of the statement we are about to make, let us examine the pay-roll of the years. The Chili saltpetre-beds yielded in 1860, 68,500 tons; in 1870, 182,000 tons; in 1880, 225,000 tons; in 1890, 1,025,000 tons; in 1900, 1,453,000 tons; and since 1900 every year has added 50,000 tons to the demand of the year before.

The amount yielded in 1900—1,453,000 tons—was sold for about $27,000,000, one-quarter of it passing into the thousands of nitrogen compounds used in our civilization, and the other three-quarters into food through its fertilizing action in agriculture.

European and American agriculture and a hundred varied kinds of industry are thus wholly and implicitly dependent upon a tiny little strip of land in a South-American republic, and upon the grace of the "Nitre Kings" who own it; and were the little republic to close her gates of export, hungry months and insurrections would follow as infallibly as the night the day. This is, of course, embarrassing and highly significant of the interdepending conditions of our civilization; but when we begin to estimate the amount of nitre taken out and the amount still remaining in the beds, and compare this amount with the crescendo ratio of the world's demand, we are more than philosophically interested—we are practically frightened. We see that what has happened to guano will inevitably happen to saltpetre. It is a matter of plain, hard, cold-drawn fact, as everybody now knows who knows anything about the Chili saltpetre-beds and the needs of agriculture, that these saltpetre-beds will not last longer than twenty years, if present conditions continue. About the year 1925, then, there will be no more nitre; and a year or two after that, or before it, famine will stalk on the lands of civilized men. This is acknowledgedly true if present conditions continue.

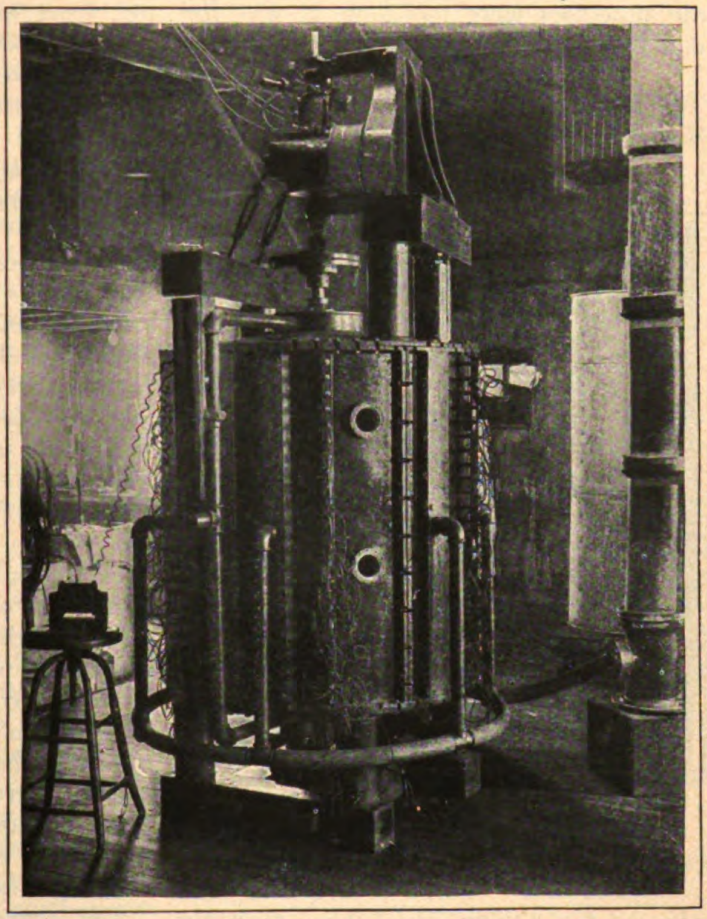


FIG. 2.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF SPARKING-CHAMBER

But the phrase, "if present conditions continue," contains the crux of the whole matter. Why should they continue? We have in the enveloping air an immense and inexhaustible supply of nitrogen—33,880 tons of it upon every acre of land. This is "free" nitrogen and the world demands it "fixed." If man must fix the wandering air into his own bodily substance and into substances that are the

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implements of his advancement, he will so fix it, and within the quarter of a century which is his margin. Let us see how far we have progressed. In attacking this problem, man of necessity and convenience imitated nature. If the cosmic processes were too slow, it was for man to hasten them.

If there exist certain little organisms capable of fixing atmospheric nitrogen,



FIG. 3.—INTERIOR VIEW OF SPARKING-CHAMBER—NOT RUNNING

why not favor them, breed them, multiply them to our needs? It was discovered by Hellriegel that certain leguminous plants, such as clover, beans, and pease, have near the base of their stalks little nodosities, little pimples, which turned out to be veritable colonies or cities of nitrifying microbes. These interesting microbes on every pea-plant, for mere board wages, work full time in turning over the useless atmospheric nitrogen to the plant in a fixed and useful form. Furthermore, it was discovered that soil inoculated with such microbes would grow these plants even when innocent of any trace of manurial nitrogen. The deduction is obvious. Why should we not blossom the desert with clover or pease, and thereafter plough the plants into the ground to afford manure for a succeeding crop of wheat.

In 1896 Nobbe and Hiltner produced this microbe in a commercial portable form under the name of "Nitragin." The experiment failed, as nearly all first experiments fail. The bacteria died, and, as it subsequently appeared, probably for want of suitable food, and possibly, too, from injuries suffered by secretions from the seed itself in the early stages of germination.

But to know the cause of failure was to succeed. They now supply this necessary nourishment in the form of grape-sugar and peptones added to the water in which they are distributed for spreading upon the soil. Their measure of success has been so great that we find to-day several manufacturers perfecting the method and establishing their processes for the wholesale production of nitrifying microbes.

Another method has been ascribed to Professor G. Moore, of the United States Department of Agriculture. He has sent out to the farmers of the country the dried germs packed in cotton. With them go two packages containing the food upon which they are to multiply when placed in water—one containing granulated sugar, potassium phosphate, and magnesium sulphate, and the other ammonium phosphate.

The microbes when placed in the solution of these substances multiply with prodigious rapidity and serve to inoculate either the seed or the soil.

But there are many other nitrifying microbes besides those concerned with leguminous plants—dozens of tribes and hundreds of species, and investigation is to-day feverishly busy with them. We have every reason to believe that by multiplying nitrifying organisms alone, we should be able, in some measure at least, to restore to the soil the fertilizing nitrogen which in the past we have wilfully and extravagantly wasted.

We have said that the lightning bolt burns the air in its path into oxides of nitrogen which, when washed by the rain into the soil, quickly become fixed into nitrates. We have learned to harness the lightning, and why should we not, therefore, imitate nature in this respect as well, utilize the combining efficiency of the electric spark, and burn the air to make our daily bread?

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Over a hundred years ago the masterly Cavendish showed that with the tiny electric sparks at his command this could actually be accomplished, and afterwards, by this very method, Lord Rayleigh burned the air to obtain the interesting argon hidden within it. In the powerful heat of the electric arc the air is a combustible gas, and Fig. 1 is a photographic illustration of a flame of burning nitrogen as it burns between the poles of a powerful induction-coil. The only reason that this flame, when once ignited, has not spread through the surrounding atmosphere and deluged the world in a sea of nitric acid is the peculiar fact that its ignition-point is above the temperature of its flame. It is not hot enough to set fire to the adjacent mixture.

Now, resting on every seven acres of earth there are 237,000 tons of nitrogen, sufficient, if we could burn it, to replace the 1,500,000 tons of saltpetre consumed last year. That we could burn this amount we know, but how to burn it in the cheapest way has still to be discovered. The whole question of its economic burning bristles with difficulties. Not only is the ignition-point above the temperature of its flame, but the temperature of the union of the nitrogen and oxygen of the air is perilously close to the temperature of its dissociation, and there results an awkward equilibrium-point at which the nitrogen oxides are decomposed as fast as they are formed under the action of the arc. The prize of burning the air is certain riches, but how to proceed is the present question. Is it wise to employ arcs depending upon great electric intensity and small volume, or great volume and small intensity? What kind of electrodes should be used—carbon or platinum, or what? Should the air be compressed, should oxygen be added to it, or should it be dealt with as it is; and, moreover, how shall we be rid of the equilibrium-point?

Among the race of chemists and chemical engineers, many men have been busy in the attempt to solve this momentous problem. There is the Atmospheric Products Company at Niagara Falls, where, through their earnest and intelligent efforts to solve this problem, Messrs. Bradley and Lovejoy have won high praise and cordial recognition from all the other workers in this field of investigation. The fact of this recognition is significant; it means that there is room enough for all. These gentlemen believe in sparks of high intensity, and they seem to have perfected their method to the limit of its powers.

The operation is carried out in a sparking-chamber which consists of a large cylindrical metal box (Fig. 2) lined in the interior with vertical rows of contact-

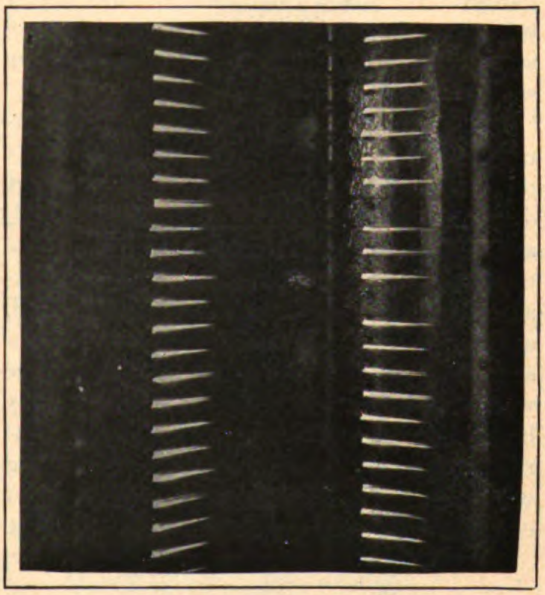


FIG. 4.—INTERIOR VIEW OF SPARKING-CHAMBER
Cylinder rotating at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute

points, each one of which is in connection with the positive pole of a dynamo generating a direct current of 8000 volts. Fig. 3, which photographs a cross-section of the interior of this box, shows at the left of the picture the little positive contacts, each one connected with a wire leading to the dynamo. Now, inside the chamber rotates a central shaft provided with a similar set of *negative* contacts in the form of long rods, and all connected, of course, with the negative pole of the dynamo. This is also shown, in the photograph Fig. 4. But this cylinder is rotating at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute, and as each negative contact comes up to a positive, it strikes an arc which is drawn out and extinguished as the negative contact moves past and away from the positive (Fig. 5).

In Fig. 4 we see the cylinder at work

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at a precise instant of its revolution, and since there are many revolutions and many contacts, there are no less than 400,000 arcs a minute. It is like the inner cylinder of a music-box ringing out sparks instead of sounds. But air is drawn through these multitudinous sparks, and each spark as it forms burns a small per cent. of the incoming air into oxide of nitrogen. The result is that some two per cent. of the outgoing air is converted into oxides, which are caught in absorbing towers of water with the formation of nitric acid, or of soda with the formation of saltpetre or sodium nitrite.

From data based upon the actual running of this plant, nitric acid may thus be produced from air and water at a cost of about two cents and a half a pound, and since the market price is some five cents and a half, it ought to be a profitable operation. But this is for nitric acid, and large as is the market for this substance, it is not limitless, as is the case with saltpetre. Whether the acid may be combined with soda to form artificial nitrate at a rate capable of competing with the natural product is still a matter of doubt; it depends on the price of soda.

Away off on the coast of Norway, where they have cheap water-power and cheap labor, still other men are engaged in the practical elucidation of this same problem. Professor Kr. Birkeland and Dr. S. Eyde, of Christiania, have developed a process by which the air is conveyed into a series of ovens. Each one of these ovens contains two metal electrodes, between which plays a high-pressure flaming electrical arc. The arc is moved rapidly hither and thither by a powerful magnet, in such a way that the maximum amount of oxidation is obtained. In accordance with data submitted by the company, about 2000 pounds of nitric acid may thus be synthesized with an energy expenditure of only one kilowatt-year.

At the present price of nitric acid this means a most respectable profit, and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that they already employ 2000 horse-power for burning the air.

E. Rossi, of Italy, proceeds in still another way. He obtains improved results by oxidizing the air under heavy pressure. The oxidation is brought about by an incandescent substance similar to the filament of a Nernst lamp, and the equilibrium-point is avoided by absorbing the burnt nitrogen oxides with concentrated sulphuric acid flowing constantly through the interaction-chamber. Among the Germans the great firm of Siemens and Halske has been intermittently busy ever since 1884, when old Werner Siemens sent a letter to his assistant directing him to experiment on the fixation of nitrogen. Dr. Georg Erlwein, who has present charge of this investigation, does not hold with the experiments just described. Instead of a multitude of intense little sparks of high-potential flaming arcs, he employs an arc formed by an enormous current at low voltage. He points out, and very truly, that increasing the size of these other plants will not increase their efficiency, while, in his own case, he finds that the greater the size of the arc he can form (the greater the unit in his factory), the greater is the per cent. of the nitrogen burnt. He has also provided against the easy decomposition of the burnt nitrogen into free nitrogen, by mixing the carbon of his huge electrodes with powdered fluor-spar, thus decreasing the temperature of the arc.

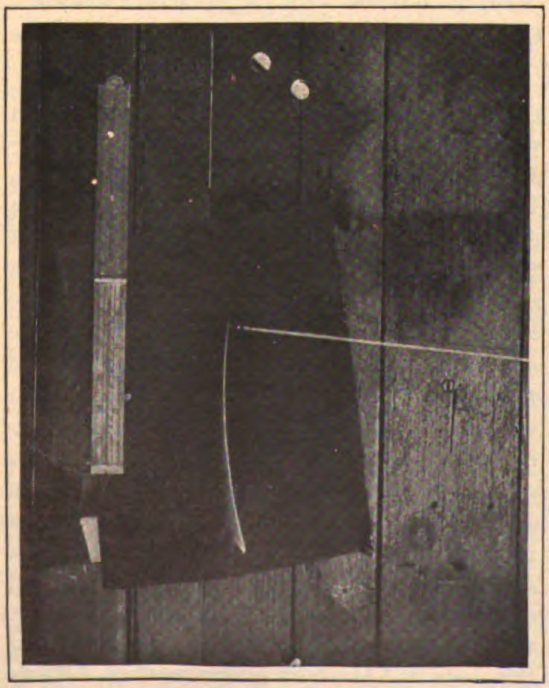
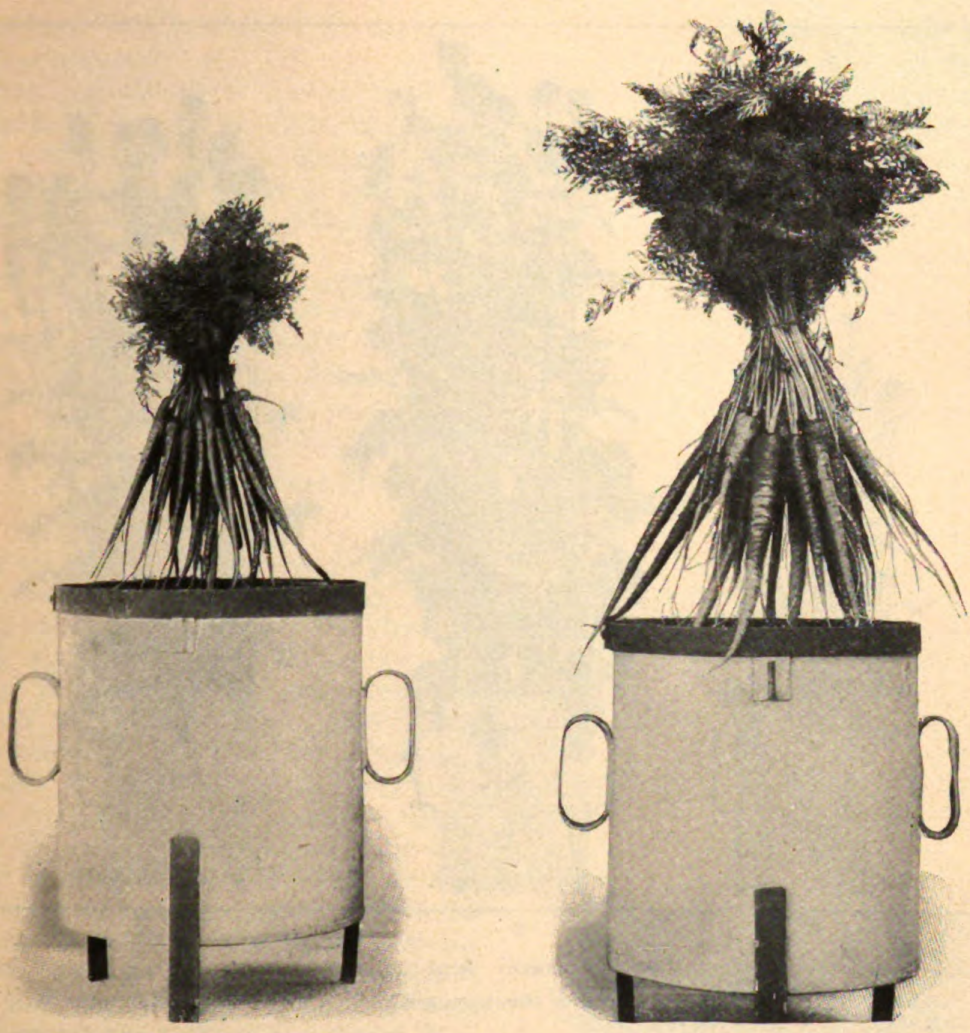


FIG. 5.—LENGTH OF SINGLE ARC

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THE EFFECT ON CARROTS

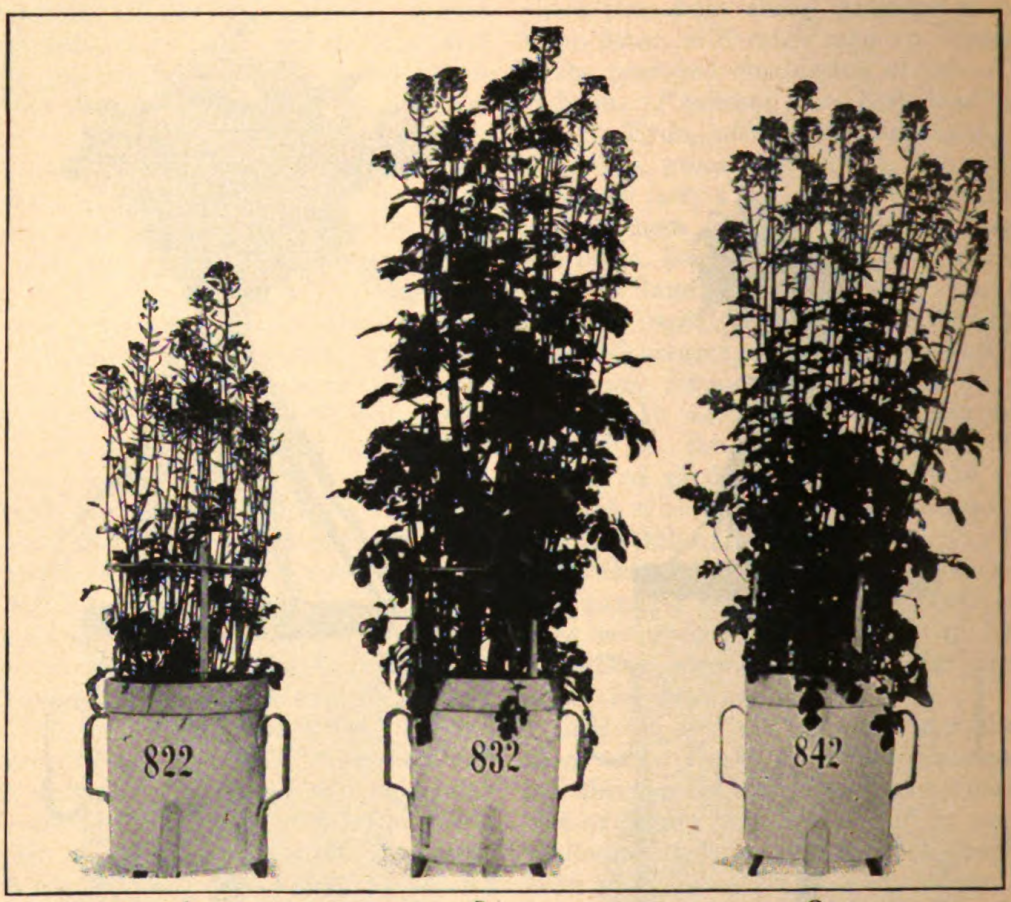
Grown without fertilizer — Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff

At present this firm is resting on what they have so far accomplished, and for a most significant reason. They have no more doubt than other people that they can profitably make nitric acid out of air and water, and at a rate concurrent with the present market price, but they are not satisfied with the market thus afforded, immense though it is. They demand the exploitation of the whole saltpetre industry as well, and nothing else will satisfy them. They deny that at present the electric nitre can compete with the natural product: hence they prefer to wait until a little further advance in pure science brings it within their grasp.

Calcium is one of the few elements that have the power to unite directly with nitrogen. It is a silver-colored metal, which with comparative ease burns nitrogen, to form a nitride, and this nitride, on being thrown into water, yields ammonia and lime. Hence if we could obtain calcium cheap enough, we could obtain ammonia cheap enough, and this would solve the problem of nitrogenous manure. Ten years ago this would have been visionary nonsense; to-day, were there no other means at our disposal, this is the very scheme we should quickly take measures to cheapen and adopt. Two years ago calcium was worth fifteen dollars a thimbleful; to-day it is worth about a dollar a pound, and its price might be greatly reduced.

It is a very common metal, because every bed of limestone contains nearly forty per cent. of it; in the past it was very rare because of the difficulties of

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AN EXPERIMENT WITH MUSTARD

(A) Without fertilizer; (B) Fertilized with ammonium sulphate; (C) Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff

its extraction. To-day, calcium is made by the ton, by decomposing the melted chloride of calcium by a current of electricity. The metal attaches itself to the cathode, and by slowly lifting the cathode a long "cabbage-stalk" of the metal is produced. Fortunately we do not need to worry over the still cheaper production of calcium, for, working in one of its compounds, this same metal has solved our problem in another way and with such success that it has temporarily thrown into secondary importance all the other processes we have so far considered.

Everybody has heard of calcium carbide, and of the bright illuminating gas, acetylene, which it evolves when thrown into water. The story of the carbide discovery, its manufacture, the fond hopes of the investing public that they could displace by acetylene the ordinary illuminating gas which the manufacturers could afford to sell for nothing, their disappointment, the revivification of the industry, and the latest phase of its usefulness, is a story of high romance and high finance. We are concerned here only with its latest phase.

It occurred to Professor Adolph Frank, of Charlottenburg, that the easy manufacture of carbides pointed out a way to the commercial fixation of nitrogen. In order thoroughly to test his schemes, he took refuge under the broad ægis of the restless, experimenting, progressing firm of Siemens and Halske, whose means and resources were adequate to every human purpose. At first he had in mind only the manufacture of cyanides, by passing atmospheric nitrogen over the heated carbide of barium and converting the cyanide of barium obtained subsequently into the most valuable of the nitrogen compounds, the cyanides of sodium and

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potassium. He was entirely successful in this operation; but, in order to still further improve it, he resolved to make a stubborn attempt to utilize the analogous carbide of calcium instead of barium, for it happens that it is not only cheaper, but much more efficient weight for weight.

His attempt resulted in a complete surprise. He found, as a matter of fact, that atmospheric nitrogen reacted with red-hot calcium carbide in accordance with a little equation, which, with apologies to the lay reader, we shall insert:

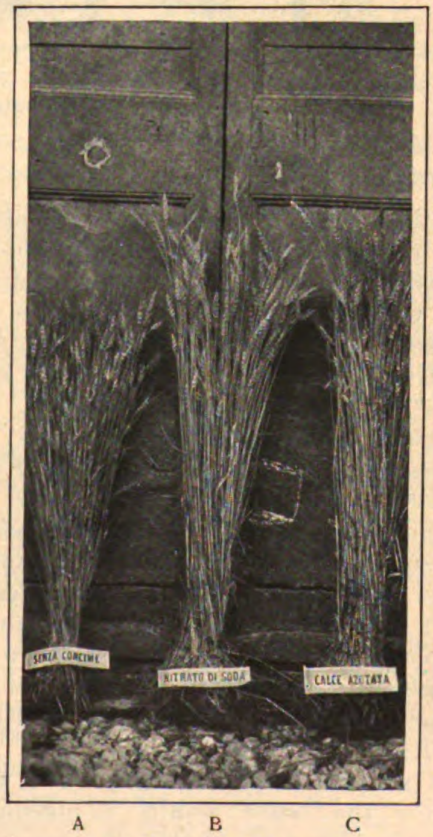
$$CaC_2+2N=CaCN_2+C.$$

The result of the reaction is the complete conversion of the carbide into carbon, and into a substance which, while its name sounds something like the calcium cyanide expected, is wholly different from it—calcium cyanamide.

Next he discovered that this calcium cyanamide, on being heated with high-pressure steam, passed easily into limestone and ammonia, and finally he found that, on merely spreading out the material in the moist air, it slowly evolved this same substance, ammonia. This led him to the natural conclusion that the substance might be used as a fertilizer, and to determine the question he sent large quantities to Herr Geheimrat Professor Wagner, of Darmstadt, to Dr. Gerlach, of Posen, and subsequently to numerous agricultural stations scattered over the country.

The result of this experimentation has established beyond all question the fact that, under certain conditions, calcium cyanamide is a better fertilizer than the sulphate of ammonia from the gas-works, and practically equal to the saltpetre from the mines, weight for weight of the nitrogen that it contains. For the growth of wheat it gives its best results when buried four to five inches below the surface of the soil some eight to fourteen days before the seed is sown. The exact mechanism of its action has still to be determined. It is not unlikely that the calcium cyanamide in the soil breaks down into cyanamide itself, which in turn decomposes into ammonia, which oxidizes into nitric acid, and that the nitric acid so formed unites with the lime constituent of the compound to form calcium nitrate. Possibly, also, urea is formed in the process. However this may be, it is certainly efficient, and its utility, already great, is likely to be enhanced to an indefinite extent by the remarkable discovery of Dr. F. Löhnis, of Leipzig, who has proved that nitrogen-loving microbes naturally occurring in the soil are able to eat it, and to produce in this way, at an accelerated pace, the free ammonia which the plants absorb.

The world is now, thanks to Dr. Frank, in the possession of a fertilizing material that is almost ideal. The parent calcium carbide is made out of lime and coke which are everywhere cheap and available, and the atmospheric nitrogen anybody may use. The cheapness of the fertilizer is thus dependent solely upon the price of electrical energy. Even now, the fertilizer equivalent of an electrical horse-power is superior to the living horse. A living horse produces yearly some 21,230 pounds of manure, which contains about 126 pounds of nitrogen, while the electrical horse in the same time fixes no

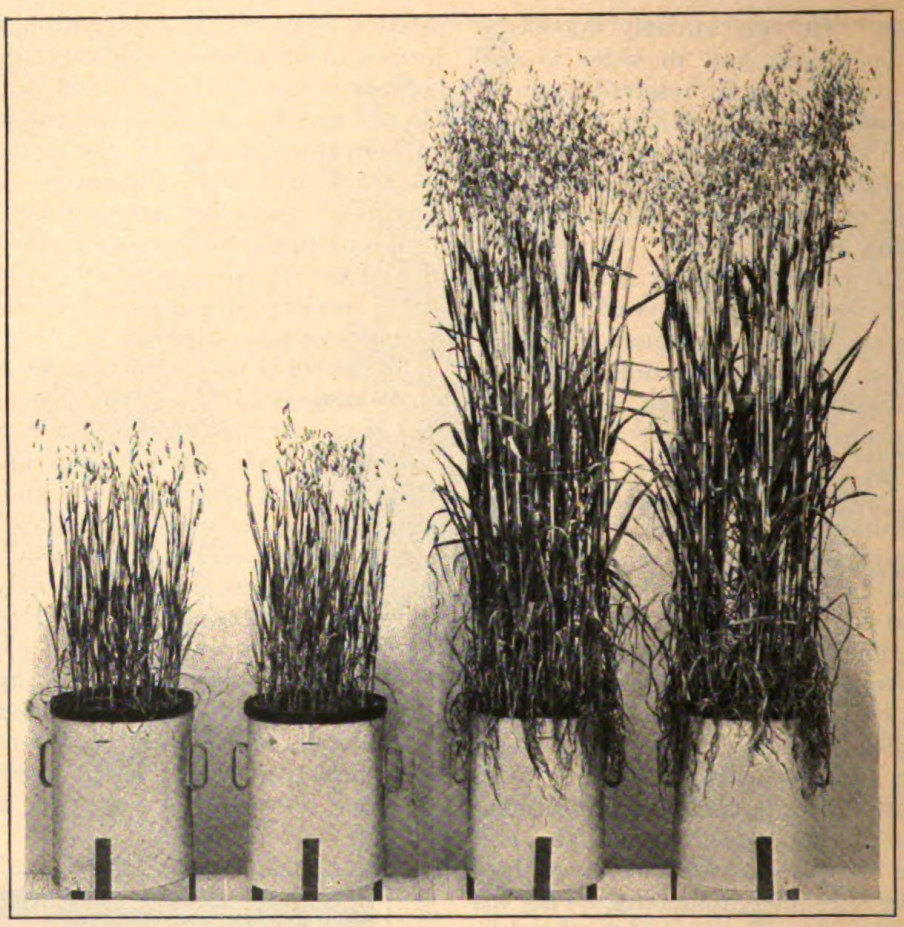


A B C

WHEAT AS AN EXAMPLE

(A) Without fertilizer; (B) Fertilized with Chili saltpetre; (C) Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff

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A B

DEMONSTRATION WITH OATS

(A) Without fertilizer (B) Fertilized with ammonium sulphate

less than 550 pounds of this same nitrogen in the form of calcium cyanamide.

Under the name of "Kalkstickstoff," this calcium cyanamide is now in the markets of the world. The little experimenting Cyanid-Gesellschaft, which consisted of Siemens and Halske, the Deutsche Bank, and Professor Frank, has turned over the manufacture of Kalkstickstoff to a large company formed for the purpose, the Societa Generale per la Cianamide, of Rome, and this company in its turn consists of the Cyanid-Gesellschaft, the Societa Italiana per la fabbricazione di prodotti azotati, edi altre sostange per l'agricoltura, and the Societa Italiana per il carburo di calcio acetilene ed altri gas, of Rome.

In manufacturing the substance, they employ the latest results of technical science. The atmospheric nitrogen must be separated from the oxygen with which it is mixed. They, therefore, liquefy the atmosphere and separate the two substances by fractional distillation. The oxygen passes off to be used for other purposes, but the nitrogen passes suddenly from the intense cold of liquid air into the highest heat of the electric furnace, where, through contact with a mixture of coke and lime, it is caught and transformed into Kalkstickstoff. The action of the Cyanid-Gesellschaft in turning over the fertilizer phase of Kalkstickstoff to the guardianship of another company has left their hands free to exploit its other uses. These uses are manifold. The fact that calcium cyanamide, under the action of high-pressure steam, passes over all its nitrogen into the form of ammonia leads to an elegant method of making this substance and other ammonium salts. The company has at present a demonstration-plant in operation for the production of 1500 tons of ammonium sulphate a year. But mixed

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with carbonate of soda, or with common salt, and fused, the cyanamide passes over into the form of cyanide of sodium, and this cyanide is useful for a vast number of processes, from silver-plating to gold extraction. They have a plant for this purpose, yielding 500 tons a year, and in Mexico, for mining purposes, they are beginning to manufacture the cyanamide directly at the mouth of the mine. A valuable use of cyanamide has been found in a curious function it has of causing the case-hardening of steel, and we find the great firm of Ludwig Loeve and Co., for one, continually using large quantities of it in the manufacture of tools and of arms for the government.

An interesting substance easily produced by the action of acids upon calcium cyanamide (with an apology to the reader for its hard name) is dicyandiamide—a beautiful crystalline body containing sixty-six per cent. of nitrogen. This substance, previously known only as a laboratory curiosity, is now made by the ton, and much of it is sold to the dye industries for a purpose that cannot be imagined by the manufacturers. Still other quantities are sold to manufacturers of explosives, owing to the fact that when mixed with other substances it lowers the temperature in the gun-barrel. A very interesting property of cyanamide is the ease with which it may be made to unite with water to form urea—a substance occurring naturally in animal excretions. Tons of this artificial urea are now sold to manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations, though, again, for purposes of which the manufacturers of the urea have no idea. Guanidine, another product of the animal organism, is also made from it, and, we are informed, tons of it are now being sold to America.

Still another reaction, of no practical utility to-day, but impressively significant of a thousand utilities awaiting the hand of future man to develop, is that by which sarcosin unites with this same cyanamide from atmospheric nitrogen to yield creatine—one of the actual substances of human muscle found in extract of meat.

From all these facts it is demonstrated that we may look forward with a very reasonable assurance to the creation of as many factories for the fixation of elemental nitrogen as we have smelting furnaces for the unfixing of elemental iron. Through all these processes we see the unwilling nitrogen, fixed by the genius of man into the active and useful form, working not only in the thousands of nitrogenous substances used in our civilization, but in the soil, in the plant, and causatively in the actions and thoughts and feelings of men, until, freed of its energy, it sinks back into the Nirvana of the empty air. We see, too, that the disaster of which the world actually stood in imminent deadly peril has been averted, and that if every pound of saltpetre in the mines of Chili were suddenly to dissolve into its elements, the human race would still be able to guard itself against the unhumanity of nature. Though, is there this unhumanity of nature?

> Say there be;
> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean; so, o'er the art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes.

Every atom within us moves in harmony with every atom without, and we that *think* we move them to suit our needs or our caprice are but the crude instruments of a Purpose unfulfilled and unimagined, but predestinated from the beginning of all things.

The present-day practical lesson of this whole strenuous successful work lies in the little object-lesson it affords of the immense importance which technical science is assuming in our daily lives and in all our industrial operations. The substitution of real knowledge and high technical skill for the "rule of thumb" of our ancestors has created a revolution in industry. This revolution took its rise in Germany, and it is spreading rapidly to every corner. It is spreading silently, too, *because it does not pay to tell.* During the next five years, the small manufacturer who is swept out of existence will often wonder why. He will ascribe it to the economy of large-scale operations, or business intrigues, or what not, never knowing that his disaster was due to the application of pure science that the trust organizations and large manufacturers already are beginning to appreciate.

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A Sacrament of the Night

BY MADGE C. JENISON

IT was a just estimate of Mr. Taneyhill, made by the girl who taught dancing at the settlement, that he was one of those people you wanted to call up by telephone whenever you heard a good story or anything pleasant happened to you. People called him Monsieur Sunshine, and he was the most popular man in the house. All the residents liked him. He never shirked; he was never cross; he always had something to tell you; he was always enjoying himself. He had no favorites; or rather, everybody was his favorite. He expected every one to like him, and he was more surprised than annoyed at any one who did not.

If he enjoyed other people, he revelled in himself. One of him liked to act like a shockingly bad little boy and scandalize people, and then another of him would lean its elbows on the fence and call both the little boy and the man who was taken in, fools. Occasionally, it is true, he grew tired of being complex.

"I am seventeen men," he would say. "I wish I could be a little ten-by-eight flat like Johnson for a while. He knows just where to lay his hands on things in himself." But this was a passing mood; commonly Monsieur Sunshine's existence was a play in which he was both actor and audience.

He had called himself a socialist when he came to the settlement. After a time he settled down to anarchy. It was too complicated being a socialist, he said; he couldn't tell which kind of a socialist he was; he decided in favor of no government at all. He rose up, indeed, and smote all established things. He expressed himself as being not at all sure of heaven; he did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, or the sonnet form; and he had his own ideas of the holy ordinance of matrimony. He had left college because he held it an outrage to be asked to do a thing because Shakespeare had done it. When he really believed and when his violence was the relish of a new rôle, it was not always possible to tell. It would seem that an iconoclast so wholesale as he must come to a kind of seriousness and intensity; but it was in this that Mr. Taneyhill was most rare and alluring. His problems sat lightly upon him, and he skipped from crag to crag of the precarious intellectual life of the settlement with gay feet. He thought, but, as it seemed, always with flippancy. He liked to say that all he wanted out of life was to come into some money and go after a good time.

There is no zest in saying a thing like that to any one who agrees with you; nor, on the other hand, in being unconventional with any one as red-shirted as yourself. So, the more Pharisaic his listener was, the more horrific Mr. Taneyhill became. Dr. Sarah Pomatier had a niece who came to dinner twice a week and conducted some evening clubs. She had been very carefully reared and took herself rather heavily, and Mr. Taneyhill had brought her several times to the state of the fretful porcupine where each particular hair stood on end. She was an elegant, contained girl—"probably cud-chewing," Mr. Taneyhill said of her the first time he saw her,—and he drew her by the irresistible force of the unknown. We found him one night sitting on the bridge with her discussing free love in a ladylike manner. He used to insist after that occasion that she crossed herself whenever he went by.

It was he who told us that his family had scarcely known what to do with him when he left college. They felt vaguely that he was in a diseased condition, but worth saving; and they took him to California for the winter. The winter was not a success, since he was unable

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to persuade his sister to smoke, his mother to take her servants out of uniforms, or his father to turn over two street-railways to the municipality. One of the things to which he pinned his faith was the good of trying to make something beautiful; and so he came to Stratford House to spend an artsful and craftsful winter, hoping perhaps incidentally to get his bearings and grow up into a real man. You would think that a man of twenty should have passed beyond bookbinding and settled down to something more momentous. Dr. Pomatier's niece said as much to him.

"You would think so," said Taneyhill, as if he were reflecting deeply.

I think he admired Miss Pomatier for her scorn of him; they agreed perfectly in that. The pungency of it braced something in him that was lax. There are some people whom, even though they ruffle you, you cannot help establishing as criterions of your conduct. At first it had seemed to him that through it all, they were friends; but there grew up between them a coldness. Taneyhill accepted this unique situation with interest, and with something as near to dismay as he could come about anything of the kind.

"If I were the sort of man who calls for the Intermezzo, and *The Reveries of a Bachelor* were my favorite book, we'd get along nicely," he explained.

Taneyhill had not been many months at the settlement before the community as a community came to the next stage beyond liking him and became interested in him. The detachment with which he studied himself — that alone would have caused him to be regarded with attention. About Christmas-time, when Mr. Cornell, the probation officer, went abroad suddenly, and the city officials asked him to put some one in his own place, no one was greatly surprised that he asked Mr. Taneyhill to take the appointment for six months. It is the mission of wise people in the settlements to help the fortunate to help the miserable; and again to help the miserable to help the fortunate. It seems a far-fetched need, that of a heavy heart, yet how is it that this perpetual summer of the soul, this lightness of spiritual touch, brings a man to waste and desert places? Mr. Taneyhill accepted the appointment at once and without question as if he had awaited it; as if he had himself felt the approach of some spiritual disease from which this experience was to rescue him. It was pleasant to think of all that volatile gayety coming into the seats of crime, and it was believed that there lay in this boy, moreover, a sane wisdom which would guide him to serve others well.

It is solemn business watching the disintegration of attributes in the nature of a man. After a few months the light temper in Mr. Taneyhill seemed to grow frail; then shrivel up and give way. Sometimes he came home with eyes like those of a man who has been too much in the sun. Instead of sallying forth in splendid raiment to keep up a train of social engagements, he would sit all evening wound up in a chair in the living-room, smoking innumerable cigarettes and listening silently to any easy-going talk that was going forward; some panting pain seemed in these times to grow quiet in him. It was apparent from his occasional outbursts of vehement speech—for he grew more and more quiet—that the impulse to make merry was silenced for the time by the desire to understand that with which he did battle. It had come upon him suddenly, the fulness of the world's agony; and whereas he had been satisfied hitherto with an economic solution of poverty, he began to see that there must be some reason, some use, in things so universal as misery and the rebellion against it. "What good, O Lord, what good can come?" This was his cry. Those who had been active in putting him into the position of probation officer, watched him gravely; they had wanted to temper his heart, not crucify it.

The shadows about his eyes grew deeper. He began to read omnivorously. There was always a book in his pocket. He used to lie at full length on the couch in the living-room with his chin in his hands, and read poetry, and ask us what we thought of it. Mr. Cornell was detained in England, and Mr. Taneyhill continued in the appointment of probation officer. They said at the county jail that he was a better man in the

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place than Mr. Cornell had been. A few judges began to turn over to him, on probation, older criminals. He had a way of saying, "See here, what are you fellows going to do now?" and looking a man squarely between the eyes, which gave him influence. Sometimes he said ugly, heartless things; this was the most surprising part of the reincarnation of Monsieur Sunshine—the extremities of a nature swinging free.

It was one night in early June that Mrs. Slupsky sent for him. He was called to the telephone from dinner. It was plain how much he must have dreaded this summons and dwelt upon it, for when the maid spoke to him he sat stock-still, seeming to stiffen, and looked at his plate. He came back to the table slowly, glancing from one to another of those near him with desperate, glittering eyes.

"Adelia Slupsky has sent for me," he said.

The silence settled quickly about the table. Slupsky's had been one of the cases about which Mr. Taneyhill had talked most. There had been little that was good to tell of Slupsky, except of his love for his wife and of a hearty generosity that accords well with love. He had come back to Taneyhill's notice again and again; now the tawdry, fluctuating story was to draw hideously to its end. It had been part of the settlement talk for months. Taneyhill tried to help the Slupskys in the trial, but a jury does not consider evidence that a man has good moments and that a woman loves him, when the evidence of murder is clear. Every one had known for a month that the man was to hang; but coming in upon the chattering dinner hour — this remembrancer of disgraceful death—it fell upon the heart with horror. Mr. Taneyhill stood there gripping the back of his chair blindly, his teeth clenched; he really looked as if he were going to faint away. Miss Pomatier, seeing him so unsteady, leaned her elbows on the table, watching him.

"I'll go with you if you will let me," she said. It was the first time she had spoken so kindly to him in many months.

There is nothing hazardous, or even out of the common at a settlement, in spending the night with a stricken woman; yet every one felt more or less dimly, the presence of a tremendous crescendo of circumstance, as if the witnessing of tragedy had become in itself a deeper tragedy. A man has one support for all crucial instances. Mr. Cleves brought him a glass of wine. Miss Clarke helped him into his coat, talking to him quietly by the doorway. He went off somewhat more calmly.

He went along the streets through the warm, noisy night, wondering passionately why fate had chosen him at this time for this purpose. What can a great denial give to a faltering soul to grasp? He found Mrs. Slupsky not alone. It is to those who have impressed us with a sense of power that we turn in times of need. Mrs. Slupsky had seen her husband for a few moments at six o'clock. The parting had been a broken, halting one, closely watched by officers, lest she should provide him with some means of cheating justice. On his part it had gone through with a dogged calm, which was the best virtue the poor man could muster to help her then; on hers, with tears, and trembling clasping of hands, and touching of lips. In the blind return home, her mind could see only two people besides her husband; they made up her failing world. She had caught at these two remaining things where everything else seemed drifting off into eternal and shoreless seas, and had telephoned from a drug-store she passed to ask these two people to come.

Sister Mary Basil had come first. Taneyhill found her there. She greeted him with the downcast eyes with which a nun meets men. The woman on the bed engrossed them both too entirely to make it possible that there should be any sense of personality between them, even if the obliteration of personality which comes with the abandonment of personal will to the Church, and which makes of a nun and a priest a symbol, had been a thing less real. The poor girl had employed a kind of strength on the cars and the street. It had often seemed to Taneyhill that she had never made up her mind to the reality of the outcome. Now her grief was terrible to behold. Her marriage was less than two years old; the room in which they were, still bore a bridal

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

HE ADMIRED MISS POMATIER FOR HER SCORN OF HIM

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and festival look, with its lace curtains, an unspeakable varnished table, a gold chair, and a ruffled bedspread with great pink roses. Mrs. Slupsky had been a dressmaker. She was a dainty, slender girl, too frail to meet terrible things. She lay there trembling and weeping. Her mind in trial took a sharpness; the long train of reasoning—futile and barren—by which she had braced her hope, exhibited itself. She cried out, as she could find words, upon God's justice. She had never done anything wrong—not very wrong—not to be hanged for. Adolph was a great deal better man than his father—every one said that. His father had done awful things—worse than to kill a man like Berdrovsky, who had always hated him and tried to cheat him. It was worse to hate for many black years, was it not, than to hate for one single moment, though in that moment hate consumed you and made you strike to kill. She spoke, too, of their wooing; even in her agony she remembered the keenness of her triumph over Katherine Murphy. Bright nights of dreams came back to her, and all the train of simple events which made up her romance. Sister Mary Basil let her talk on, answering her gravely and trying to turn her mind from these "wayward earthly things" to other thoughts of peace. Somewhere along this man's life the Church had thrown her gentle, inflexible arms about him—this was the comfort Sister Mary Basil had to offer, meaning so much to them both. Taneyhill watched her dumbly.

Sometimes there were long intervals in which Mrs. Slupsky wept and was silent. These were the most terrible. Taneyhill felt as if she were sinking spiritually. This silent bleeding of the spirit was terrifying, as if her soul must die gasping. As the night wore on, they prepared something for her to eat. Before the toast and poached egg and cup of tea went to Adelia, the nun put a sleeping-potion into the cup. Mrs. Slupsky had not eaten all day. They sat on each side of the bed and urged her to eat that she might have strength to meet the next day and the days that were to come. Soon she fell asleep. The nun dozed in a chair beside the sleeper, her hands upon her beads, her face turned toward the crucifix which she had hung from the foot of the bed opposite Mrs. Slupsky.

Taneyhill sat looking from one to the other, considering them with a mind on fire. It seemed to him that both of them were of vital import—that all the scene was being stamped into him, as is a scene of love. Even this woman so set aside, as he had thought, from the vital things of life—had not she, too, tasted deeply where he had forever stood looking on? It came to him that he had been far from the two things of great influence, suffering and God, to which they had drawn near. The nun's face, with its heavy-lidded, long-established repose—the face of an unshaken soul to which everything is sure; akin to the face of death; and, as it came to him in a flash of insight, like the face of the dead in this too, as if she had seen something very beautiful;—he dwelt upon it with devouring eyes. What had her life been but a constant association with a blameless life of pain? Was not the crucifix, the symbol of victory to which as she slept she pressed her lips, and meekly bowed before it with the delicate dawn,—was it not, too, the incarnation of agony? "The man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"—the whole symbolism of the Christian church lay in that, that there is but a step between God and pain. There came into his mind quite simply, word by word, almost as if some one had pronounced them with solemnity at his elbow, the words of a soul in great agony which he had read a few weeks before: "The love of God is the only explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world. Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art?"

It seemed to him in that hour that suffering is a blessed thing, that by it the heart always grows richer. This life of the ideal which he chased—even that came to perfection through suffering. He thought of the nations—the Russians, the Poles—who are doing the great things in art, Do they not know well to weep tears of bitter flavor? His mind turned to all the questions which had assailed him in the past months—all the rebellion against the law, the state, the punishment of crime, the conditions of

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labor, against all the conditions of life which exist among those with whom the realities of his own life had been. And he answered himself that tragedy is never mean, but only meanly borne; that it drapes a man in purple, though he knows it not. It seemed to him then that the unhappy poor, the criminal, the condemned, are those who have the most profit from life, who come to the finest response, who live with the most wealth. And those who dwell in the houses of princes, only as birth or death or unhappy love, only as pain and grief touch them, do they prosper.

"God, God, support us all," he whispered.

The little Adelia moved in her rigid sleep; her hands clasped together; her slight features convulsed. She had lived more in these two years than he in all his days. And the nun in her coif and bands—the pure brows, the peacefully closed eyes, the quiet lips bore witness to him of something perfected which Adelia but blindly knew. Indeed, it seemed to him as he strained his eyes from one to another of these two women, both infinitely below him in intelligence, that they had between them, and that he through them, had borne witness to the ultimate things of human experience.

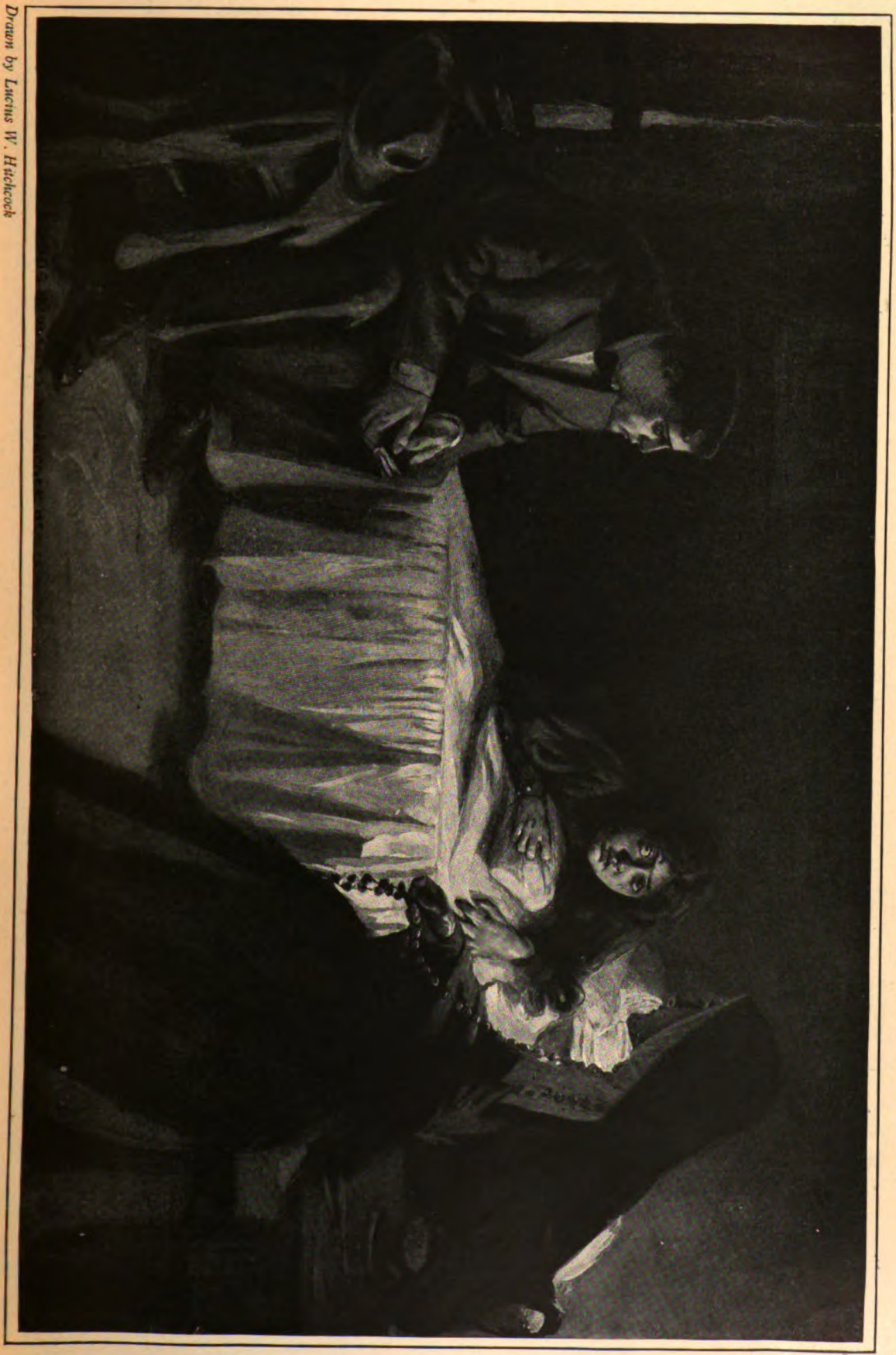
He leaned upon his hand, trying to prepare himself for the time when Mrs. Slupsky should awaken. His eyes fell upon the prayer-book on the table. He had gone to books; here was what some men had said in their most poignant hours. He turned it over, drawing nearer to the lamp. He had never turned to a prayer before; he had but listened, with an artist's ear; the stately language had given him pleasure. Now the words of these old monks and martyrs touched him with suggestion; these symbols of emotions so distantly known became sensate things, beating with life. The justice of God! the mercy of God! Well, surely in either case there must be some fortunate issue for this unhappy girl. These set prayers were ways given to the heart to find utterance in dumb hours of agony. Joy can find words, but grief goes speechless and is mutely borne. Through the night he read and thought, turning from time to time to the two women before him.

About four o'clock Adelia wakened. She started up with a gasping breath, a new birth into a life of grief, and stretched out her hands to him with one of the quick girlish gestures which made it plain why Slupsky had loved her so well as almost to change into another man. Sister Mary Basil did not waken. Taneyhill drew up his chair beside the girl's bed; great depths of a tender heart spoke in his attitude and gesture. He took her hand and began to talk of a plan which he had for her. All the sweetness and strength of the boy and the man came to his aid. She was to go to a new scene; he knew some people, the Martins, in their home in the mountains, who needed some sewing. There would be the sky, and children, and the songs of birds, and banks of fragrant flowers tossing in the wind. He spoke of the weeks he had spent there the summer before, of the walks upon the silent heath, and drives into the gusty, ravishing twilight; of the wide fireplace about which they sat, of the long piazza looking off across the indeterminate splendor of the valley. He talked on of two little golden-haired girls who pressed up close beside you as you sat before the fire and laid their slim, tender hands upon yours and, as it seemed, upon your unquiet heart. The girl's face grew almost happy. She stirred restlessly as if she were wrong to be at peace. After she came back they would find a new room for her—another place. Would she care to take with her, one of his boys who needed watching? He wanted her help.

She lay staring at the pane of glass and at the morning light breaking in the east.

"It must come soon," she said, quietly, and took her watch from under her pillow. It was less than an hour before her husband was to die. Taneyhill's heart grew sick within him. Husband! —that word alone, he thought, bespoke a lifetime of emotion. She could probably see vividly enough the scene through which he moved; the working-girl reads these things in the morning papers. She began to tremble, face to face with the pang of death. But Taneyhill's sense of impotence of the night before was gone. He spoke to her with calm-

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SHE STARTED UP WITH A GASPING BREATH

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ness. Sister Mary Basil awakened. She made a cup of tea and bade Adelia drink it. The kettle sang upon the little stove with the gentle murmur of home. The tears rolled down the girl's cheeks heavily; as she awoke to the full sense of her agony she was shaken by silent, convulsing sobs.

"Mother of Jesus!" she cried out once. It was like the gasping of a soul that dies. Taneyhill thought dully that she would become a woman without a soul, a dead woman alive. Sister Mary Basil took her prayer-book and stood at the head of the bed, reading the prayers. It is always a ceremony, this support of the Catholic Church for its suffering children. She did not look at the girl. She seemed to have become the priest, the exhorter, not the comforter. She seemed to call for courage, not to give it. Taneyhill kept his seat beside the girl's bed, crushing her hands between his. The nun's eyes fell from the prayer-book to Adelia. She thrust the book toward Taneyhill and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, folding the shaken body in her arms as she had tried to fold the shaken soul in the arms of the Church. Taneyhill marked the place with his finger and read on in the beautiful old prayer. All the longing of the boy to succor, to support another, breathed itself into the stately medieval words.

"Renew in him, O most loving Father, whatsoever hath been corrupted by human frailty.—Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee.—I commend thee to Almighty God and commit thee to Him whose creature thou art. Lamb of God, we beseech Thee to hear us. Grant us Thy peace."

Sometimes it seems as if men and women must meet suffering in solitude; but in the bitterest pain, that which divides each human being from every other breaks asunder, and they draw near, and comfort, and lean upon each other. Taneyhill knew this to be so. Adelia grew calm, and in the hour when her husband went out into the darkness of death she experienced some joy—a kind of awful ecstasy which is not given to all who have lived. She lay passive and silent; her white lips moved with the ancient prayers. Presently she turned her eyes toward him with a wan smile of triumph, as if she had passed through a deep place clinging upon his arm. He answered her look, wide-eyed and intent. The nun pressed the girl closer to her. The room was full of silence, and for the first time in his life it seemed to Taneyhill as if the benediction of God had been spoken over him. Shortly Adelia fell asleep. She had no morbid consciousness of ceremonies and functions yet to come. Without teaching she knew the meaning of the cry of Jesus' death—"It is finished."

Taneyhill made some arrangements with Sister Mary Basil which were to be carried out later in the day, and left them. He walked along slowly toward the settlement. Afterward he often tried to remember something he had seen, or some one he had met on this walk. He must have met people; Halsted Street is full of life at seven o'clock in the morning. His mind had taken a numbness. He did not think; he was consumed by a simple and single feeling. His heart sang as the sons of the morning; strangely enough—and even the strangeness of it did not appear to him, so unharassed was he by the customary subtlety of his thoughts—strangely enough, he was but glad—glad for his parents who had made him what he was; who had given him a place in the world; had so taught him and provided for him as to save him from crime; for the conventional life against which he had rebelled so vigorously—that had formed him, too. One after another the influences under which he had lived, rose before him; lastly, Sister Mary Basil of the Sacred Heart, and Adelia Slupsky, wife of the murderer, through whom he had learned new things in the passing night.

Settlement residents have none of those virtues which from their kinship, may be called from the one which heads the catalogue, the early-rising virtues. No one was yet abroad at the house; the living-room was empty. He paused a moment, wondering vaguely if he could sleep before he went to the office. As he stood looking at the clock, he saw on the corner of the mantelpiece a glass of milk and a plate of crackers, put

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there apparently for some late comer, possibly for himself. The cream had gathered thickly on top of the glass; it had stood there all night. But Taneyhill did not touch it; he stood frowning at a little volume of Swinburne which lay beside this kindly feast. It was one of the books which he had bound during his first winter at the settlement; in that far-distant time it had expressed his deepest emotion. Even now in his detachment he was touched by its beauty. He took it up and turned it over, remembering the pleasure he had taken in the design and tooling. The book had disappeared mysteriously one night after he had been exhibiting it, and pointing out to all who would give him audience its exceeding excellencies. He had often wondered whither it had disappeared; now he wondered whence it had come.

It fell open like a book much used; he saw that it was cruelly marked. He remembered to have marked it, but not like this. He leaned upon the mantelpiece, turning over the pages and delighting with an old delight. On the fly-leaf were two lines and a date of a few months before. Taneyhill read them over twice, and then he stood there holding the book in his hand and looking at the floor, motionless.

"Oh, dust and ashes, once thought sweet to smell,
With me it is not, Is it with thee, well?"

And as he stood thus, he heard a noise at the door, and looking up, saw Miss Pomatier. She paused in the doorway; he was especially conscious as he looked at her of the eternal Zeus-like calm which seemed always to envelop her.

"Ah, Monsieur Sunshine, you have come," she began, but went no farther. Her eyes fell upon the book in his hand. There passed over her face a flash of feeling. It took fire. Her eyes met his bravely, but with a look of sickened pride. She seemed about to speak; then she walked to the window and sat down upon the couch, looking out silently into the bricked court. Taneyhill knew well that the truth was one of her detestable fetishes. He stood looking at her; he was very tired; his elbow, resting on the mantelpiece, trembled.

It was only a moment until Dr. Pomatier came briskly in. She patted him on the shoulder; asked him, without waiting to be answered, if he would have breakfast with them; whether he was going to the country that afternoon; if anybody had told him that Prince Schlitlofkin had come, — bracing him with a stream of pleasant talk. His white face made her think that the Slupsky episode must have been bad.

Miss Pomatier stood up stately and tall, her face as white as Taneyhill's own; she would see Anna, she said, about the coffee. Dr. Pomatier drew up a chair for Taneyhill and pushed him into it.

"Don't be too kind to me," faltered Taneyhill, like the big boy he was. "I can't stand it. I've had too much."

Beauty

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

THERE'S a bloom that's blown over the meadow,
There's a star-light drawn down from the skies,
There's a lyric of love in the throat of the dove,
There's the song of the swan ere he dies.

In the God-gifted heart of the Poet
There is beauty akin to all these,
When his soul is in tune to the laughter of June,
Or the deep cadenced voice of the seas.

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Pedantic Usage

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

"PEDANTRY," said an eminent prose-writer, "though it were unconscious pedantry, once steadily diffused through a nation as to the very moulds of its thinking and the general tendencies of its expression, could not but stiffen the natural graces of composition and weave fetters about the free movements of human thought."

So wrote De Quincey in his "Essay on Style." In these words he indicated the only serious peril which can menace a tongue, the users of which hold up before themselves high ideals of moral and intellectual excellence. So long as such continue to be cherished, no fear need be felt of any harmful consequences befalling the language from so-called corruptions which are always on the point of ruining it beyond redemption, according to the belief of those who possess little familiarity with the historic development of speech. In pedantic usage, however, there is a certain, though fortunately but a slight, degree of danger. Under its influence the disposition comes to prevail to set up artificial modes of expression as the only correct ones; to look with disfavor upon what is idiomatic and natural when contrasted with what is formal and precise.

In every community where the subject of usage comes up for discussion, a body of men can be found who are not content with perfect propriety. They are determined to have what may be called pluperfect propriety. This disposition takes frequently the form of preference for an affected precision which has all the disagreeableness of pedantry without being based upon the adequate knowledge which serves as a palliation of pedantry when it is not its justification. It inclines to the policy of restriction. It insists upon some particular construction not as being a proper one, but as being the only proper one. It therefore attacks on the one side the employment of long-established idioms, often under the mistaken impression that they are of recent introduction. On the other side it manifests an uneasy hostility to any later modes of expression which the language has struck out or is striking out for itself. Out of the large number of illustrations which could be furnished, the limit of space forbids here the consideration of but two belonging to the first of these classes. These, however, are glaring instances of the pedantic stiffness which would sacrifice ease or variety of expression or idiomatic energy to the fancied requirements of formal grammar.

The first of these two concerns itself with a very common idiom in our tongue, the use of the present tense of the verb for the future. One particular illustration of this there is which comes up pretty constantly for discussion. A person wishes on some given day, say, for instance, Saturday, to designate the day following. He ordinarily says, "To-morrow is Sunday,"—that is, he says so if he uses the language as if it belonged to him and not as if he belonged to it. If he chance to be in the company of one who is in the latter unhappy situation, he is not unlikely to be interrupted by some such remark as this: "Pardon me, you should say, 'To-morrow will be Sunday.'"

This foregoing is a specimen of the sort of examples usually adduced by scholars as an illustration of pedantic usage occasioned by imperfect linguistic training. Yet in spite of its commonness it does not strictly belong to the class of cases here under consideration. It is merely one of many instances where the idea of future time is conveyed not by the verb but by some other word or

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phrase in the sentence. In the example just given it is found in the subject *to-morrow*. If any person take exception to the expression, it is perfectly legitimate to ask him if the day specified be not Sunday, what day is it? Important engagements will usually compel him to betake himself elsewhere before he finds time to answer. In all cases of the sort it is of course proper enough to use the future tense. Occasionally it may be necessary to do so, either for the sake of contrast, or of emphasis, or even of securing variety. But ordinarily its employment adds nothing to the clearness or force of what is sought to be said. It therefore approaches the nature of an expletive. On the other hand, the use of the present tense not only makes the idea just as distinct, it sometimes renders it far more effective. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," wrote Paul, arguing against those who denied immortality. Undoubtedly, "we shall die" would have expressed exactly what the apostle had in mind; but it would not have given his words the vividness and energy they now have.

But there are plenty of instances in our literature where the present tense is used independently, sometimes to express directly, sometimes to imply the idea of future time. The subject is too extensive to receive here little more than reference; but the examples of the usage are frequently striking. When Othello threatens the brawling combatants at the court of guard that he who lifts his arm in further quarrel shall meet with immediate and condign punishment, he adds to the effectiveness of his speech by employing the present tense and not the future. "He dies upon his motion" are his words. Extreme instances of this usage occasionally occur. A verb in the present tense indicating future time has sometimes been opposed in the same sentence to another verb in the present tense indicating present time. Take a short extract from Milton's ode on the "Morning of Christ's Nativity." Contrast the future sense of *is* with the present sense of *begins* in the following lines:

> And then at last our bliss
> Full and perfect is,
> But now begins.

This use of the present for the future, perhaps known in all languages ever spoken, has, however, a more than ordinary justification for itself in the class of languages to which English belongs. In these there were originally but two tenses. The present, therefore, indicated not only what was but what was to be.

In the case of English it took several hundred years to develop fully the modern future. "Six days thou workest; the seventh day thou restest," says the Anglo-Saxon version of the Decalogue, literally translated. The verb-phrases, consisting of *will* and *shall* with the infinitive, had indeed made their appearance in the speech when it was committed to writing. But so far from having then attained supremacy, they secured at first little more than recognition. It was a slow process that established them in general use. The encroachment of these special forms for the future upon the domain of the present must have brought sorrow to the linguistic conservatives among our early ancestors, so far as such persons then existed. But the protracted grief of centuries has long been forgotten, and the lesson conveyed by it is unheeded. There are those of us, in consequence, who are now insisting not merely upon the further extension but upon the exclusive sway of a usage which some of their forefathers doubtless deplored as a corruption.

But of all these assaults upon idiom made in behalf of pedantry, the most vociferous is the one directed against the construction in which the passive voice is followed by an object. Certainly there is none which involves completer ignorance of the best usage or more absolute defiance of the authority of the great writers of our speech. In the construction itself there is nothing peculiar to English. It is found in Latin, more frequently in Greek. No student of the former tongue needs to be told that verbs of asking and teaching in the active voice govern two accusatives; and that in the passive these same verbs can be followed also by one of these two accusatives. It is in English, however, that this sort of construction has undergone a development so full that it has come to partake almost of the nature of a special idiom. A noun as object follows the tenses of the passive

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voice or the passive participle in the case of no small number of verbs. The usage has never been made the subject of exhaustive investigation, especially as regards the early periods of the language. But about its later history and its increasing frequency in later times very positive statements can be safely made.

While so common now, the construction does not seem to have been known to our tongue in its earliest form. No example of it occurs—I speak subject to correction—in Anglo-Saxon. It made its appearance, however, in the language as early as the end of the twelfth century. During the three or four centuries following it was seemingly but little used, though the fact that but few traces of it have been found, or at least have been recorded, may be due to the further fact that they have not been diligently sought for. It is enough here to prove its early existence by citing two or three illustrative passages, the spelling of which is here modernized. "I found Jesus bound, scourged, given gall to drink," says Richard Rolle de Hampole. "The merchant was paid thirty pounds fine," is the statement made in the metrical romance of "Sir Amadas." "Fie! the tales that I have been told," is the speech of one of the characters in the "Coventry Mysteries."

It is not worth while, however, to linger over the occurrence of this construction in writers whose names, even if known, would carry no weight. The examples given are enough to show the antiquity of the usage; they are not of sufficient consequence to establish its authority. Let us pass on to the sixteenth century. By the end of it the idiom was flourishing in full vigor. From that day to the present its employment has not only been frequent, it has become increasingly frequent with the progress of time. Still, from the very nature of things the construction is limited to a comparatively small class of verbs. In one sense, therefore, it can never be exceedingly common. It may be that it was for this reason that for a long time it seems to have escaped the attention of grammarians. It was not, indeed, till the latter part of the eighteenth century that notice seems to have been taken of it. It was during that century that men became linguistically self-conscious on a large scale. It was then they began to feel resting upon them the burden of preserving the speech in its so-called purity. Naturally, a construction of this sort would arrest their attention. It was opposed to all their preconceived ideas of grammatical propriety. It was what they called anomalous.

Still, it unquestionably had abundant authority in its favor in the books men daily read and in the speech of those they met. The attitude of grammarians towards it therefore varied widely. Many continued to ignore it, either because they did not remark it or because they did not know what to say about it. A few accepted it with apparent approval. Most, however, looked at it askance, even when they refrained from condemning it. The more intelligent of this last-named class, daunted by the frequency with which the construction was found in the best writers, submitted sometimes meekly, sometimes grumblingly, to the condonement of this grammatical offence. That there were authors so linguistically depraved as to employ the construction was, indeed, something to be deplored. But these were so many and so great that the censors of speech, while they had the desire, did not have the courage to condemn. But no small number of grammarians stood up stoutly against the usage. They took the lofty ground that grammatical purity, or what they deemed grammatical purity, must be preserved, no matter how much expression suffered.

Two or three representatives of these classes may be cited to illustrate the views just described. Noah Webster in his *Philosophical Grammar* mentioned the usage. One of the examples he quoted was taken from Blackstone's *Commentaries*. "The bishops and abbots were allowed seats in the House of Lords," said the great jurist. Webster observed that the true construction would be, "Seats in the House of Lords were allowed to the bishops and abbots." But he clearly took a despairing view of the possibility of effecting any reformation. The comment he made upon the examples he cited of the practice reveals

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his state of mind. "The idiom," he wrote, "is outrageously anomalous, but perhaps incorrigible."

Later Lindley Murray considered the usage. He borrowed Webster's examples and reechoed his sentiments. But the construction was itself too much for the grammarian. It requires, indeed, painful and protracted vigilance on the part of the most scrupulous pedantry to avoid falling inadvertently into the use of an idiom so common, so convenient, and supported by authority so abundant and so great. Murray, in consequence, was apt to resort unconsciously to a practice which in theory he condemned. The lapses he made from linguistic virtue brought infinite satisfaction to a grammarian who flourished in this country about the middle of the nineteenth century. This man was Goold Brown. He published in 1848 a bulky volume entitled the *Grammar of English Grammars*. It is not of so much value for what it directly teaches as for the estimate it indirectly leads us to set upon works of this nature. It abounded in examples of errors or assumed errors in the use of speech. They were gathered in the large majority of instances not from the classic writers of the language, but from the works of grammarians. These persons, Brown assured us, were misleading the schools. It was his delight to point out and to exemplify the various blunders they committed and the false doctrines they inculcated. Lindley Murray was still a name to conjure by. Towards him he, for that reason apparently, exhibited special rancor. There is scarcely one of his collections of passages containing real or assumed errors of speech in which this grammatical hero of former generations does not figure as a conspicuous offender against some principle of grammar.

Brown himself never doubted in the slightest his own knowledge both of what was and what was not correct English. A passive verb followed by an object was a construction which stirred his soul to the depths. He was not in the least disposed to follow the pusillanimous course of those grammarians who were inclined to put up with it as a necessary concession to man's grammatical hardness of heart. Not for an instant would he tamper with the unclean thing. He took Webster to task for his faint-heartedness. He quoted his despondent remark already given as having been written "with too little faith in the corrective power of grammar." The betrayal of his principles which Lindley Murray had disclosed in his practice naturally called for severe comment. "We too," said that writer, "must be allowed the privilege of forming our own laws." In this sentence, which Brown cited as a specimen of false syntax, his predecessor had uttered a great truth about his own language without being aware of the extent of its application.

These fulminations against the idiom have had as little weight with the great authors of the present as they would have had with the great authors of the past, had the latter been called upon to encounter them. The antiquity of the construction has been shown by examples. It is now worth while to show its universality. Here, accordingly, will be given a few examples of the usage taken from the greatest authors of our literature from the end of the sixteenth century to the present day. Out of the mighty mass of illustrations at disposal the choice has been dictated largely by the demand for brevity, but even more by the desire to represent the employment of as many different verbs as possible. As, however, two or three of these have served as subjects of frequent censure, it has been deemed best to furnish a corresponding number of instances of their use. To make manifest the continuity of the idiom, the date has been appended either of the first publication of the passage cited or of its composition:

It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him that is life denayed (*i. e.*, denied).
SPENSER, *The Faerie Queene*, iv., 12 (1596).

We are denied access unto his person.
SHAKESPEARE, *2d Henry IV.* (1600).

She shall be allowed her passions.
BEN JONSON, *The Poetaster* (1602).

So shall nature be cherished and yet taught masteries.
BACON, "Essay on Regiment of Health" (1612).

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Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost* (1667).

The best thing I have heard of Christianity is that we women are allowed the privilege of human souls.
DRYDEN, *Don Sebastian* (1690).

It cannot well be allowed the honor of a fourth.
SWIFT, *Tale of a Tub* (1704).

I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick.
ADDISON, *Spectator* (1712).

I conclude from hence you have not been paid the money by Lord Cornwallis.
POPE, Letter to Broome (1726).

I heard the other day that I was writing a play and was told the name of it.
GRAY, Letter to Walpole (1747).

Pen, ink, and paper of which she was forbidden the use.
FIELDING, *Tom Jones* (1749).

I knew by their looks upon their returning they had been promised something great.
GOLDSMITH, *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766).

In the library I was shewn some curiosities.
DR. JOHNSON, *Journey to the Western Islands* (1774).

He may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment.
WORDSWORTH, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, 2d edition (1800).

He was permitted egress.
BYRON, Letter to Murray (1816).

An idle tale current among themselves that a lanzknecht was refused admittance into heaven on account of his vices, and into hell on the score of his tumultuous, mutinous, and insubordinate disposition.
SCOTT, *Quentin Durward* (1823).

They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters.
MACAULAY, *History of England* (1849).

Being through his cowardice allowed
Her station.
TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King* (1859).

Would she be locked up, set to say her prayers,
Prevented intercourse with the outside world.
BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book*, iv. (1868).

There is a limit to the space which the most enduring of magazine editors can be induced to give up to examples of usage. Otherwise it would be a satisfaction to fill scores of pages with further illustrations of this idiom, drawn not merely from the authors already cited, but from writers of every kind and grade of achievement during every period of modern English literature. No construction is more firmly established in our language than this. It is on the whole commoner in prose than in poetry. It is more common in some authors than in others. It is frequent, for instance, in Shakespeare and Milton: it is rare in Spenser and Bacon. It is frequent in Browning: it is rare in Tennyson. But it is found in all, as well as in all sorts of productions. Furthermore, its employment seems to have been on the increase since the sixteenth century. It has assuredly never been more used than in the middle and latter half of the century which has just closed. From the authors who flourished during this period—intentionally excluding those now living—examples can be drawn from the writings of Disraeli, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Hawthorne, Trollope, Stevenson; from those of Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot; from those of Washington Irving, Carlyle, Emerson, Cardinal Newman, Walter Savage Landor, Lowell, Ruskin, Froude, Matthew Arnold—in fine, from the writings of every author worth reading.

The antiquity and universality of the idiom is one thing; its origin is quite another. In the comparatively little as yet known of the historic development of English syntax he is treading upon insecure ground who now attempts to set forth the precise cause which led to the introduction into our speech of an idiom which did not belong to it originally. But three agencies in particular have contributed to its prevalence. There is first the combination, so common in English, of a verb with the substantive it governs, gaining thereby a special meaning allied to the substantive. This compound phrase is usually, though not invariably, followed by a preposition. Thus we can say indifferently *to notice*, or *to take notice of*. No one would feel any hesitation about using the construction, "he was noticed." But by so doing he is led almost inevitably to employ the

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equivalent passive construction, "he was taken notice of." It is worthy of remark, as regards the origin of the idiom under discussion, that the first example of it which has been adduced—the first, at least, of which I am aware—is an expression belonging to this class. So far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century "they are let blood" occurs in Layamon.

Another agency which has contributed to the prevalence of the usage is the not uncommon fact that a verb followed by a preposition is often equivalent in sense to a simple verb. *To present with,* for illustration, conveys a meaning not essentially different from *to give.* Such a sentence as "The boy was presented with a book" would bring no protest from the sternest of grammarians. But so long as such expressions are in use, it is asking too much of human nature to expect that the equivalent *given* will not be substituted for *presented with.* In that case the passive followed by an object has descended upon us in all its assumed horribleness.

But the main agency in bringing about the wide extension of the usage is something quite different. The construction in question belongs primarily to a verb which in the active voice governs two accusatives, the one of a person, the other of a thing. But it so happens that early in the history of our speech the forms of the dative and the accusative, originally separate, were melted into the one we call the objective. When the distinction between the two appealed no longer to the eye or the ear, it was sure, in the case of most men, not to appeal long to the mind. In such a sentence as "They paid the man twenty pounds," the verb seemed to the popular apprehension to govern two accusatives. Consequently, when the passive construction was employed, the original dative of the person, conceived of as an accusative, became the subject of the verb, while the actual accusative remained as its object. Accordingly, the sentence assumed the form, "The man was paid twenty pounds." This particular kind of usage did more than establish itself; it gained strength and expansion in various ways, into the details of which there is no room to enter here.

But whatever may be the origin of the idiom, there is no more question as to its legitimacy than there is as to its usefulness. No one, to be sure, is compelled to employ it. With the exercise of sedulous care and at the expense of much tribulation of spirit it can always be avoided. Every man has the fullest liberty to indulge in any sort of linguistic asceticism under the illusion that he is setting an example of linguistic holiness. It is only when he insists that others cannot be pure without accepting his notions of purity that he becomes objectionable. It is not particularly creditable to the English-speaking race that at this late day any necessity should exist of defending a construction like the one under consideration. Here is an idiom which has been in use for more than six centuries. For the last three of these it has been in use by every writer whom we regard as an authority. It is, furthermore, an idiom which adds facility and variety to expression, and thereby increases the resources of the language. No more preposterous proposition was ever advanced in the history of any cultivated tongue than that all men should deliberately abandon a construction now embodied in the very framework of the speech, because it offends the linguistic sensibilities of some men who have studied grammar without studying the literature upon which any grammar entitled to consideration is based.

It is said that there are newspaper offices in this country where this construction is strictly tabooed. Were this true of all, as it may be of some, there would be a certain justification for a common but essentially absurd charge that the press is doing all it can to ruin the language. No anxiety, however, about the success of such an undertaking could be entertained by any one who has made himself familiar with the history and development of speech. The futility of the attempt would be more conspicuous even than its fatuity. Yet efforts directed to the accomplishment of this impossible task will without doubt always continue to be put forth by a certain class of verbal critics who can never free themselves from the impression that man was made for language and not language for man.

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The Apex of the World

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"BUT what am I to do with Enid, here, of all places?" Alice laid down her pen and turned from the letter she was writing. "On a desert island together we could be happy forever and a day talking over everything, from the proper qualifications for suffrage to the extent of the universe, *viâ* the latest sleeve. And at home there would be clubs and whist and luncheons and all the woman sort of good times she likes. But she hates the very things that constitute the Springs—crowds and dancing and men. No, that isn't exactly true. She doesn't hate men. She's honestly indifferent. She has been a bridesmaid fifteen times and I have never seen it occur to her to 'let people understand' that *she* 'could have a wedding too' if she chose. Even the trousseaux and presents don't make her envious." Alice paused. "Now you know that's distinctly degenerate. The custom of trousseaux and presents has been established by Social-Nature just *to* influence the bride's friends—and to hypnotize the bride." She looked at her husband out of the corner of her eye.

"Oh, really?" said Stewart. "No, I didn't know. I always wondered what the sense was in all that fuss." His tone subtly added, "over such a trifle."

"Yes," Alice explained fully, "it's like the old sacrificial processions—the noise and movement dazzle and exalt the victim so that he—she—goes on with her part."

Stewart did not take the trouble to pantomime his appropriate wound from her arrow. He crossed the other leg over and puffed a volley of smoke toward her, his mouth drawn by both the blowing and a smile.

And Alice smiled back, their thorough understanding.

"Her attitude is really lovely," she went on; and her husband's mind, nicely trained by several years of association, swiftly made the not too obvious connection. "It's that her interest is utterly sexless. Everybody is just a human being to her. The intelligence, the personality, are the attraction. I should think there would be some men who would like that, particularly in contrast to some of these girls. That is, if they only knew she felt so. But that's the trouble: men don't find out what she does feel. She just sits dumb and watches them with those laughing, interested eyes of hers, and they think she's making fun of them. Anyway, men expect a girl to make an effort to entertain them. Sex makes no difference in her interest by masculinity being in itself an attraction; but it does make a difference, after all, by being a restraint. She doesn't easily get acquainted with men, nor they with her."

"I should think that would simplify matters for you here," Stewart said, "where the girls are sixteen to one man, anyway."

"The very time for a self-respecting girl to assert herself!" his wife declared. "Besides, manless good times now would be like college days warmed over. They can't be manless, anyway. You're here"—("Oh, she doesn't count me,")—"a fixed spot in my vision whichever way I turn—the apple of my eye," she added, elaborately. "Besides, it won't seem like a trip unless it's different from home. And her mother's counting on me, I know. She says the way Enid is doing she'll wake up before long to find that she has missed both her girlhood and her womanhood. It *is* a pity, Fred. She's a splendid girl. You don't know—"

"Like to know why I don't know! She and I got downright chummy those two weeks at Mackinac, three years ago, while you were busy flirting with every man—woman, and child on the island. You don't reflect that you left your affectionate husband unprotected, and yourself risked a dangerous rival."

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"I might have known you'd discover her!"

"Incidentally, yes; and I discovered a gold-mine. But I got the chance because she was discovering me. I was in the family now, so to speak, and she wanted to know whether to claim kin or not, whether you were secure. She didn't seem to realize that I was a man. I gathered it was, too, because she considered me perfectly safe, from both our standpoints. I wish Harbison could be in my shoes."

"Will Harbison? Have you thought of him, too? Oh, wouldn't it be fine! But there, what nonsense! All the things you want to arrange in life go like the complaint in the Bible—'I have piped unto you and ye have not danced.' Have you heard from him?"

"Didn't I tell you? This morning. He'll be here the end of the week."

"Oh, Fred, you're so absent-minded! You'd have let me send this letter without knowing." She turned back to the table, then stopped. "But what good does knowing do? If I praise them to each other, they'll be antagonized in advance or disappointed afterward; if I don't, they may not notice each other at all. Whatever I do"—she gave it up—"Enid will stick in her shell, and Will will never know the opportunity he's missing. If I could just assure her that he isn't primarily a man; merely an invalid, say, or something like a priest, or—" She stopped, a look of utter amazement at her own genius spreading over her face.

"Well?" he reminded her.

"Wait! wait!" She flung herself at the table and fell to writing furiously, chuckling at every punctuating jab of her pen. "Now. Listen: 'I can't promise you a gay time as regards men. You know how things always are at summer resorts. But of course I'm not bothering about that with you.' (That will throw her off guard and make her feel comfortable.) 'But we're here, and there is golf and a fair livery and the daily sunset and the everlasting hills.' (That will fetch her.) 'And for the next month or six weeks I would particularly appreciate your being on hand to help us out with Will Harbison, an old chum of Fred's, who is coming to recuperate (under my chaperonage!) from typhoid fever. He won't be much on night festivities for a while at least, and, being already assigned to one girl who isn't here,' (Not a word! not a word! Isn't it true?) 'it will be a rare other girl, of course, who will find him interesting.' (Isn't that masterly?) 'By the way, don't let him know you know. It's a dead secret yet.'"

"One word at least." Stewart caught at the rein of her Pegasus. "Why should the girls be queered by what they don't know? Give your friend credit for the eminently logical mind she has."

"Oh, don't worry about that. She'll read it in terms of his superfine sense of honor. After all, I do know Enid better than you. There, you made me drop the sealing-wax to one side of the flap. It looks like a cross-eyed fever-blister. And it's all your fault."

"Yes'm," said her husband, meekly. "It always is; I admit it."

The man, coatless and collarless, stood, with feet far apart, in the aisle of the swaying sleeper, twisting uncomfortably in berth-adjusted garments.

The curtains of the berth next below shook, and a pair of woman's oxfords (with feet in them) reached the floor inside the shelter. Now the curtains bulged and flapped, and a flutter of silk ruffles and plainer silk outer hem came to position. The curtains parted, and out stepped a girl completely dressed, hair, stock, belt, in perfect order. She was anywhere between twenty and thirty, of that indefinite age that the college, with its extension of youth, has given girls. And she looked dignified and self-unconscious and bright. Bright! at 6 A.M. of a cindery summer railroad ride! And she had dressed completely in a Pullman berth! The only lack in her toilet was that her face was still unwashed and showed the gray finish of travel.

The man retreated to the dressing-room. When he returned, the girl was waiting in his made-up section to get into the woman's quarters of the car.

She was still waiting when he went to breakfast.

They had passed The White, and the man was half through with his meal when

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the girl appeared at the door of the diner. And the unchanged aspect of her nevertheless cheerful face needed no commentary. As she passed the stationary stand at the entrance she hesitated for one judicial instant, and then, convention succumbing, half disappeared for a few moments.

Whether or not the cold water alone was responsible, she had a fine color as she took the only vacant place in the car, opposite the man at his table for two.

The conductor passed through and she stopped him. "You had better give me my ticket now. I won't get back to my car much ahead of time. I change at Covington, don't I, for The Warm?" She looked anxiously out at the flying country and back at her watch. "The Louisville sleeper, lower 6."

The man thought the idea good and imitated it.

Her order was slow in being taken and slower in being filled. When it did come, she threw the lesser convention aside a second time, swallowed her soft-boiled eggs, and, as the train slowed for Covington, already on her feet, took a gulp of hot coffee—and regretted it.

The man had started. She after him. As she reached her own car door going in, he was coming out.

"I have your grip."

"And umbrella?" She identified both. "Oh, thank you."

They were on the station platform.

"There's our connection," he said. "No, we needn't run. They have to transfer the baggage."

She stopped stock-still. "All that rush! and I could have finished my breakfast!" She glared indignantly at the motionless engine puffing its nagging *hurry up! hurry up!* Then with a flash of suspicion at the man, her hand made a movement toward her bag.

"But there's considerable crowd, and only beastly day-coaches," he warned her, and, turning briskly, made for the other train.

Her eyebrows drew together and lifted and her eyes danced, as she first looked, then walked, after him.

"Thank you again," she said, with staid finality, as he put her things beside her in the seat.

The man hesitated.

She looked out of the window, opening inquiring eyes at nothing in particular beyond.

The man looked down the car. There were only three other vacant places.

She stirred. He had better find his seat. He looked white and weak.

"I beg your pardon, but are you Miss Enid Wynne?"

She turned. Her eyebrows went up again. "Miss Enid Wynne?"

"You're from Louisville," he justified himself. (Two more seats taken.)

"A city of three hundred and fifty thousand."

He laughed admission—and something more. The last vacancy in the car was gone.

"Would it disturb you if I shared your seat? There isn't another empty, and—"

She studied him for one weighing instant. "You don't look well enough to stand," she commented, gravely.

He did not try to a moment longer.

The girl looked down, then back at him. Then they both laughed: he out loud, breezily; she with no sound and little motion, but with much mirth and inner wear and tear.

"Ah, why not?" he argued, sensibly. "I'd meet you by to-night, anyway."

"What made you imagine me a Miss Wynne?" she asked, when she could talk for smiling. "Are you looking for her particularly?"

"She's going to The Warm about this time," he answered her first question. "But I don't know when," he confessed. "Probably there already." Then, with something lurking in the corner of eye and mouth, "No, I can't say that I was looking for her particularly, but I have heard that hers was a name to conjure with."

"Oh! Well, I do know Miss Wynne," she said, after a minute. "At least," on second thought, "I think I know her very well."

"You like her? You are friends?"

"I—I try to be a good friend to her. What do you know about Enid Wynne?"

"I've heard a great deal about her, from the most ardent admirers. Now I'd like the opinion of an outsider."

"I think I can give you a dispassionate estimate."

"What does she look like?"

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"Oh, now! Do all men put it like the Orientals and one modern prose-poet—'the *face* of woman and the *soul* of man'? Besides, can you gauge a personality by the Bertillon system?"

"Indeed yes. The body is the outward and visible sign, even if the inward and spiritual grace does make the only beauty worth while."

"Beauty? Oh, that's too much. Pretty is a more elastic word, and of Miss Wynne, perhaps, yes. She has youth—yet, and health, and good spirits. She has nice hair and eyes and skin, and there's nothing absolutely wrong with her features. She's a little too plump, but that gives her nice shoulders and makes her good-natured."

"Heaven forfend!"

"I beg pardon?"

"Anything but good-natured! I like a woman to have plenty of spirit, balanced by humor and common sense."

"Oh! I'm sorry you don't like my friend."

"That's just what I'm afraid of. You see, she's to visit my best friends at The Warm. And I'd be nice to a dressmaker's dummy for them. But I don't mind confiding to you that I'd be perfectly willing to have her entertaining. You know there's nothing so delightful as to do something for charity and then feel that you have gotten your money's worth; it's so surprising. I've no reason to doubt Miss Wynne—"

"I was going to ask."

—"except a growing distrust of Dame Fortune as a practical joker. This would seem a good chance for her to make up for her late unpleasantness"—he held up a bloodless, enervated hand—"by letting me get well happily. But, being a woman, she is sure not to do the obvious thing. Alice Stewart herself is very charming; and an attractive woman who has attractive women friends is as rare and as heavenly as—as edelweiss."

"Ah, I see."

"So if you observe me looking too weary in well-doing, take pity on me occasionally, won't you?"

"Oh, thank you. Can I be of any further service?"

"Yes; tell me about her. What faults has she? Is she vain? Mrs. Stewart is so eulogistic," he explained.

"Vain? N-o, I think not; not to the extreme of either conceit or sensitiveness. No, that's not one of her faults. She has a collection, of course. But *I'm* not going to tell you. You can find out for yourself."

"Now that's generous of you."

"If you call it that. And what other things do you like in a girl besides spirit?"

"I like a girl with some purpose and ambition in life."

"Well, I've heard Miss Wynne say that she had a definite mission."

"Yes?"

"She's a philanthropist."

"Oh! Libraries or social settlement?"

"Neither. Humorist. Her mission is to lighten and adorn, to help the world smile."

"Now that's better. I shall surely like your friend. But then"—his face lengthened—"of course she won't like me."

"You thought of that?" the girl wondered, politely.

The man seemed to enjoy it as much as if he had said it himself.

"Perhaps you can help me there too," he said. "What kind of man does she like?"

"Suppose she denies your major premise?"

At The Hot they took the stage and drove those three miles of splendid road bordered by chestnuts, through

> . . . the strip of herbage strown
> That just divides the desert from the sown.

As the team turned in toward the hotel grounds, a swarm of caddy pickaninies swung open the big gates for them, and they rolled up, welcomed like guests to a Southern home.

Alice Stewart was on the steps, already gesticulating. From her seat in the stage Enid leaned out a little, and smiled none the less warmly for her imperturbability. She was like a live coal to her friend's fireworks.

The man beside her turned. "Miss Wynne!"

"'For it was she,'" the girl dimpled.

"Then you did find each other!" Alice cried. "How nice! My dear, come away at once and freshen. It must have been a smothering, stupid trip."

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"Oh, not so stupid," Enid reflected. She paused and looked back over her shoulder at the man, standing dumb, his hand in Fred's. As always, most of the expression of her face was in her alert, merry eyes. "Mr. Harbison, may I tell Alice your compliment?"

"Yes. All of it, please."

The two girls could not let go of each other.

"Oh, Enid, I can't believe it. It's too good to be true. And yet you feel real."

"Unkind! As if I didn't know how substantial I was!"

"Nonsense! You're exactly right. Just a good armful."

"To be sure. And what higher vocation could a 'true' woman desire?" . . .

"My dear, my dear, how have they run international politics and kept the planets going straight all this time we've been kept apart?" . . .

"Oh," said Enid, at last freeing herself, "isn't it nice to like people so?"

"You don't half know how nice it is." Alice spoke quickly and then caught her tongue between her teeth.

Enid's eyebrows went up. "Now, Alice! The same old story?" Her good-humor was distressingly indifferent.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," Alice assured her, easily. "And I shall make no efforts to convert you this trip. I've given you up and lost interest. Well, I suppose the world does need some old maids—for solemn warnings."

At which Enid only laughed again. The solicitude of her family and friends as to her future gave her unfailing entertainment. She herself was so unconcerned,—"encouraged by my past," she explained.

All four of the young people met at the two-o'clock dinner.

Enid was, without apparent reason, as irrepressible as a freshly uncorked bottle of soda pop. She never looked at Harbison. And he looked at her all the time, in order, whenever he caught her eye, to throw on his face a moving picture of reproach.

He cornered her on the porch afterward at the first opportunity. "How did you know?"

"I saw the name on your ticket."

"And you told me a lie!"

"My dear sir!"

"Yours truly. Well, if you prefer, you told me a mistake."

"I didn't say one word that wasn't absolutely true."

"Though you described yourself as good-natured? Once you were straight, though, I admit. 'Is she vain?'" he mused. "'No, not to either extreme of conceit or sensitiveness. No, that's not one of her faults.'"

The girl could not fail to be gratified. "That *is* generous of *you*."

"You thought you were so smart!"

"Or you so stupid?"

He capitulated. "What an idiot I must have seemed!"

"Or a philanthropist?"

"You must think of me—"

"Suppose I deny your major premise? Oh, let me laugh," she gasped, struggling silently for breath, "and don't mind. I haven't had such a good time for years. And I never had a talk so un-cribbed-cabined-and-confined with any other man except Alice's husband. I hope you appreciate," she remembered, "that I did know who you were, and"—she hesitated—"that I was conscious of an invisible chaperon."

"May she stay invisible," he said, devoutly. (Enid's face straightened swiftly.) "Forget her," he advised, earnestly. (This was the staid Miss Wynne.) "No reflections on Alice," he assured her, hastily. "Indeed," he chuckled, "I have the greatest confidence in Alice along such lines."

Enid's face relaxed. But she had risen. Mirth warred with dignity again. "You look to me already very weary; whether in well or ill doing I would not like to be the one to guess. I'm going to take pity on you now."

"Ah—!"

But with a brief nod she started across the broad veranda and down the steps toward the Stewarts' cottage.

Harbison leaned over the railing. "Miss Wynne."

She paused and lifted a most attractive acoustic property toward him, but her face was set straight ahead.

"I wanted to tell you that I had discovered how well charity might pay and virtue be its own reward."

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When she was gone and he had turned back, he realized how noisy and crowded the veranda was and how little strength he had yet. He went to his room.

Harbison's languor and general indifference were too real for Enid not to see and sympathize. Their private porch was so quiet. And there she could read to him; not too much. Or they talked fitfully, or, for hours at a time, not at all, while they dipped into magazines, or perhaps did not even exert themselves so much as that.

The air of their first encounter could never entirely be dissipated. Frankness and comradery were his natural manner. And if perchance on some occasion she stiffened and withdrew from his pleasant familiarity, he would look at her intently, —"Why, there seems to be something really wrong with Miss Wynne's features to-day!" or, "She's too plump, but that makes her good-natured"; and all Enid's traditions that she should not, could not deny that she did enjoy it and him.

They both proved capable of a degree of idleness that was a distinction. Harbison had his excuse. Enid said she needed none,—with five feet four inches and a hundred and eighteen pounds, repose of manner made a good effect.

"And a bad cause," Alice gibed.

Alice said she went to the country for the people. Views, moonlight, and medicinal waters were only accessories to good talk. And from at least dinner-time every day she vigorously wore out her lovely clothes and her strength. There seemed less time than Enid had anticipated for "settling the universe" together.

"It's awfully good of you to amuse Will so, Enid."

"Oh, he amuses me, too," carelessly.

At which Harbison in his steamer-chair turned and looked at her suspiciously. He sometimes suspected that he amused her too much and too exclusively.

Alice she reassured more fully. "He's a nice boy, and polite." Her smile grew confessional and reminiscent. "It's not so tedious. Oh, go ahead and work as hard as you choose for your good times and don't push me to the wall for excuses for being lazy."

They drove a great deal, often the four of them. But among the other energetic things for which the two Stewarts developed a keenness and the others did not was golf. So that often Enid and Harbison went alone together.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he asked one day, "what a touching and womanly mission Miss Wynne's is?"

Her attitude challenged both belittling adjectives.

"Charity begins at home, you know," he reminded her.

In the beginning she took the reins. And they did not even hurry the horse. They loitered, drinking in the stimulus of the air and the strength of the hills.

Drinking in the prospect also.

"Oh," she sighed, "do you realize how good Fortune has been to you in giving you such a place for recuperation?"

"Fortune?" he said. "I have retracted every invidious remark I made. And I am only more sure than ever that she is a woman, for, now that she smiles, it blots out all past frowns."

He looked at Enid, to be sure. But why (she asked herself, stiffening) should she color at that?

"Do you know," he continued, considering her, "I have discovered one of the faults of your friend Miss Wynne. She doesn't play fair. I laid bare my innermost thoughts about girls the first time we met, and she has never given me a hint as to the kind of man she likes."

That "play fair" touched a sensitive nerve of hers. "I didn't mean to fail in reciprocity," she said, with contrition. "Of course I know it takes two to be friends."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, how can I tell," she demanded, helplessly, "till I meet him?"

"Ah! Well, now, that's not so bad. In fact, it's distinctly encouraging. A fellow still has a chance at least."

But even as he smiled at her he saw the shades drop quickly before the windows of her face.

It was not, however, her reserve that disconcerted him. He thought he had good reason for the faith that was in him that she knew when other things were larger than conventions.

"There's only one thing about your Mr. Harbison that isn't up to par," she told Alice. "A man's being engaged

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Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens,

"BUT AT LEAST, I HAVE NO SECRET FROM YOU"

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gives other girls more freedom with him, but it oughtn't to give him more freedom with other girls."

Alice flashed her one look of curiosity and delight, then, with a mental groan, checked herself. "Oh, I don't believe Will Harbison often says the wrong thing."

"No wrong at all, if he just knew I knew too."

"You haven't referred to it!" The tone was between a question and an exclamation.

"Oh no; I wouldn't intrude. He'll tell me when he gets ready. But it does seem as if he might trust me by this time."

"You know how imperative some girls are about secrecy," Alice reminded her. She was standing at the window, and Enid could not see her face, but her voice smiled. After a moment she added, with the salutary malice of a lancet: "Don't be too prissy, my dear. It seems so inexperienced and susceptible."

Harbison touched, in a way, on the subject again. "You don't talk about yourself as much as I do about myself."

"Are you sure that's my fault?" Enid twinkled. "But at least," she added, boldly, "*I* have no secret from *you*."

He was lounging in the hammock and studying her (in the steamer-chair set straight-backed). "I'm afraid that's true," he concluded.

"And that you have from me?" she pushed home in too great haste to examine his speech.

"Y-e-s," he admitted, slowly, "and that I had probably better keep it a little longer."

The air of the valley that is blue and gold and makes the blood sing was doing its work for him. His hair was coming out "abominably" kinky. And his skin looked like a baby's.

Now when they drove he had the reins. And they varied driving with riding.

The neighborhood livery afforded them fair mounts.

"I'm going to call mine Dixie," she said, as they swung along.

Harbison had no objection and no comments.

She looked at him and, after a moment, the laughter beginning to well up in her eyes, repeated, "I'm going to call mine Dixie."

"Oh, hello! Have I missed my cue? Wake up, end-man. You're going to call yours Dixie. *Why?*"

"Because he's of an independent turn of mind and yet must be kept in league. That's the fun of handling him. I like spirit in a horse—"

"As I do in a girl."

"To be sure. And what is your theory of management?"

He debated. "*First to win their confidence by decent treatment, to make friends; then—*"

Dixie shied, backward and sidewise, clear across the road. (Just a piece of paper in the wind, but Harbison hardly got his chestnut, and his leg, out of the way.) Then, as she reined him up sharply, he wheeled, rearing. She brought him down. Again. What a beautiful picture it made! He was off at a run.

Harbison saw the blood drop from her face and her hands grow tense through the gloves. He put his heels into his chestnut and simply tried to keep alongside and ready.

Neither of them had made a sound.

She seemed to be just guiding Dixie while he ran down. But gradually she was getting him in hand. The color was coming to her face again, only the lips were a dull thin line. And now she was talking to him . . . talking to him. . . .

The two horses, sweating and quivering, came to a walk.

Harbison saw her bosom heave.

"*First to win their confidence by decent treatment,*" Harbison resumed, delicately overlooking the rudeness of interruption; "*make friends. Then, when they must take a flyer, give them head and stand by. Then—*"

She drew rein. Dixie stood.

And then it was as if something ran away with the man. "Bully for you!" he cried.

Her face flashed round on him, warm, dishevelled. The eyes were very nice. "Bully for *you!*" she declared. "You're an officer and a gentleman! Always. Any other man would have messed it by trying to do the heroic-rescue act or the masterly tamer." Harbison felt the blood creep to the very roots of his "sweet" new curls. His promotion had come. He was invited above the salt. "Shall I finish your Rules for the Guiding Hand for you?

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—Then, at need, they'll go with you into the cannon's mouth, to the last gasp."

For once he had nothing clever to say.

"Do you never scream?" he asked, admiringly.

But she looked apologetic. "Yes, I know I ought to. It's a woman's one weapon. But I— Oh, I don't do any of the things a properly constituted woman should." Her eyes were on the far hills.

The man sat breathless. *She,* of all women, was making a confidant of *him!*

"But how is one to tell?" Her eyes came back to him from the blue distance, simple, direct, troubled, without consciousness of gender or person. And the man's gratification was subtly tempered by that look. After all, she was making only a *confidant* of him.

"About love?" he said. "Oh, that's easy. It's like grip. You call any old case of chills and fever it, to be in style. But when the real thing comes, you know it, without diagnosis or dubiety."

The girl settled back into her saddle. Her body gave again to the motion of the horse. "You speak as one having authority," she smiled, "the authority of experience." She looked at him, frank and encouraging.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "and I shall apply for my degree pretty soon."

The moment she had been inviting had come. Why did Enid touch up her horse?

The two young people had waited to make the climb to Flag Rock, first for Harbison's strength, then for a perfect day for the view.

They started on a still, warm afternoon, with just haze enough to give glamour, driving.

As they mounted, the swinging world subsided below them in lessening waves of foothills, and beyond, range after range of mountains shouldered up into sight.

At the end of the road they hitched the horse and scrambled up the peak of bare jagged rock that spired starkly above trees and shrubbery.

"Oh," said Enid, "how abrupt it is! And"—as she gained the highest point and clung to the flag-pole—"how exclusive. There's room for only one person. You see there is not always room at the top."

"You're mistaken," Harbison informed her, and proved it, finding hold for foot and hand opposite her. "You're a chronic pessimist. And that statement embodies the fundamental flaw in your philosophy,—there's room for two any place it's worth being."

The afternoon had been very still below, but up here was a strong wind.

"How fast the earth spins!" the girl breathed. The sound of her skirts was like the soft fluttering of flame.

She leaned and gazed.

"Why is it," she wondered, hushed, "that the more beauty you see the more sadness and longing you feel? Is it a perception of lack in yourself?"

He was glad she was discovering it.

She counted the ranges visible—six on one hand, nine on the other. She looked up and down. "It's so sharp and isolated!" she said. "Absurd as it sounds, neither Pikes Peak nor the Rigi gives you such a sense of height. Why, it's the apex of the world! You have only to put out your hand to touch the sky."

"Yes," he said, in a voice she had never heard before—"yes, it's the highest point of everything. It does seem as if one had only to put out his hand to touch heaven."

Instantly both were acutely conscious of the silence, the solitude, of their two selves alone together, suspended between earth and heaven.

And he felt that in the tingling emptiness that globed only them two the flash that leaped from him found its negative pole—sensitive, responsive,—established the current.

His hand closed over hers on the flag-staff. If she left it, for a moment even. . . .

She moved instantly, to climb down. "It oughtn't to be high enough to go to the head," she said, dryly. "After all, we are not quite out of the world."

His hand shook as he helped her into the trap. Almost it had grasped the bird-of-paradise.

Her eyes, evading his, were caught inevitably for one passing flash, that brought a shock. The hurt and disappointment in his! and—but why?—disappointment with her.

As they drove, she gained her voice. With the sound of it her confidence

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Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"HOW FAST THE WORLD SPINS," THE GIRL BREATHED

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and ease increased. By the time the hotel was within, as it were, one short flight, she was able to say, "Don't you think it about time you told me about *Her?*" It was quite friendly and unaccusing.

But at the blank look in his face anger flamed in hers. "Oh, never mind. Don't trouble."

They had reached the steps. A little darky ran to the horse's head. Harbison, stepping out, turned to offer his hand. "Her?" he inquired.

She gathered up her skirts with one hand her parasol with the other. But the innocent stupefaction of his look arrested her. She stood, her face the screen for vitascopic emotions—indignation, bewilderment, doubt; then—a monstrous idea.

"Oh!" she said, explosively. "I wonder!"

And she was gone with a swirl of petticoats, leaving Harbison completely bemused.

She burst in on Alice. "You told me that man was engaged."

Alice whirled, hair-brush in hand, and ran to her. "Oh, Enid! really?"

"*You told me—*"

"No, my dear"—backing discreetly,—"I told you he was already assigned to one girl who wasn't here—then. But I did hope he'd be engaged. Now, Enid"—the hair-brush was pacifying,—"I depended on you not to make me out a liar. And you're such a flirt you won't get interested in any man not thoroughly inaccessible. And I've denied myself your company, and worn myself out keeping busy away from you, and I've been wise as a serpent and harmless as a sucking dove— Well, what's the matter with that quotation? Don't be ungrateful and disobliging!"

Enid heroically conquered all smiles with the gloomy eyes of a seared faith.

Alice rose to the tragic moment. "You can't realize, I am sure, how invidious your attitude is, when here are Fred and I, mutually friendly and cheerful, offering ourselves as an encouraging object-lesson."

"Oh, friendly and cheerful!" Enid said, quickly, "yes. But is that all it comes to?"

Alice drew back, swerved. "Yes," she said, softly, at last to her pin-tray, "that's all—in public." Then she wheeled. "Oh, my dear, you don't know. That's just it. I only wish you did."

Enid would not allow herself to be left alone for a moment that evening, nor to get in any out-of-the-way place, nor in the half-lights of the hotel veranda. She stayed in the ball-room.

At last Harbison stormed the fort. "May I have the next dance?"

"I'm not dancing to-night, thank you," she said, though she said it pleasantly.

Harbison sat down by her, rested his elbows on his knees, his chin in his palm, and studied the floor.

"I must tell you about *Her,*" he said. "You gave me permission," he reminded her, challengingly. Then: "Fred gave me a pointer, and I understand a lot of things now. If I understand you, my lady, though the invisible chaperon has sometimes seemed in the way, I may thank her for being oftener a guardian angel. I didn't understand this afternoon. It's not like you to feint or to run. Give me my medicine, please, straight, without any wintergreen flavoring."

Her face rippled, as it so often did, through half a dozen expressions, ending in a broadening laugh. "Oh," she sighed, shaking, "did you ever know a Punch and Judy to work so perfectly to the wires? Talk about my not being good-natured and obliging! Here is one woman at least who has done the obvious thing."

"What?" he exploded, starting up—to do what?

"Mr. Harbison!" she warned him.

He dropped back and groaned. "Obliging! here! under five hundred lights and a million eyes! Oh, how can you tease now?" Then he saw that her hands were quivering, and her lips. As he looked her eyes unveiled. "Then it's not medicine," he breathed, "but—?"

"I think," she said, "it is the ichor of the gods."

"Dear, come away," he begged, hoarsely. "I can't hide my face, and there is room only for two on the apex of the world."

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Prescience

BY MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY

WHEN Mary maid of Galilee
Arose from dreams at break of morn,
Along the dewy fields went she,
Her pitcher to the fountain borne;
And as she walked the meadows green
The tender lilies white, I ween,
From slender swaying stalks did lean
As they her step would stay;
They fain would touch the lilies' queen
Who was more white than they.

As at the brink she sat to rest
I trow one bolder blossom pressed
Against the lilies of her breast,—
With subtle fragrance stole
Into her heart mysteriously;
Dim sense of awe, faint ecstasy
Caught from the dawn divine to be,
Did stir her wondering soul,
Caught from the mystic morn when she
Should hear the angel's *Hail!* and see
Annunciation lilies glow
Like white stars thro' the gloom.
She plucked and kissed (nor did she know
Wherefore) a lily bloom.

When Mary, flower of maidenhood,
Would lay her down at close of day,
First in her chamber dim she stood
And bowed her gentle heart to pray.
She heard soft lapsing lullabies
From Galilee's dark sea arise,
She saw the purple Syrian skies,
As to the night leaned she:
All heaven unrolled before her eyes
A radiant mystery.

The wind was soft as angels' wings,
Sweet as the spicery of the kings
Who for her sake afar did wake.
The starry sisters seven
Did weave, I ween, with many a gem
A star-encircled diadem
Against the night of Bethlehem
To crown her queen of heaven;
The night when heaven should ope to see
The baby on his mother's knee.
She felt sweet wonder thrill afar,
Herseemed she dreamed awake.
She cried aloud "The star, the star!"
Nor knew whereof she spake.

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Home Life with Herbert Spencer

BY "TWO"

SINCE the death of Herbert Spencer many anecdotes have been recounted, but we have looked in vain for any which reveal the brighter and kindlier side of his nature. The great men who knew him talked of his philosophy; the little men, of his quaint peculiarities. Even his *Autobiography*, completed just a few weeks before we knew him, though it shows the working of his mind, fails—and perhaps it is not to be wondered at—to convey any idea of the working of his heart. It seems but fair to his memory, therefore, that we, who spent eight years under his roof, enjoying the rare opportunity of seeing him in all his moods and of studying him in his health and sickness, in his serious and in his frivolous moments, should direct public attention to those attributes of his character which are scarcely even suspected by the many admirers of his wonderful intellect. Nor is it amiss that this task should be left to two women to perform. Many people worshipped him, and yet more respected him, but it was at a distance. We knew him in his home; and perhaps it needed a woman to appreciate the depth and the width of the great, kindly nature that lay beneath that striking exterior.

In 1889 we—two sisters—having met with losses, made an arrangement to take general charge of a house where for eight years we lived under the same roof with the great philosopher. The arrangements were effected through a mutual friend. She had heard of our losses, and told us that her old friend Herbert Spencer, who had lived for twenty-three years in boarding-houses in London, now thought, at the age of sixty-nine, he would prefer a home of his own. He wanted to settle down, but as a bachelor he had a horror of the worries entailed by housekeepers and servants and the troubles of a solitary household. Besides, he felt that he wanted something of a family life. It had occurred to him, therefore, that her husband, Dr. B——, might know some ladies who had goods and chattels enough to furnish the larger part of a moderate-sized house with whom he could take up his residence.

He had mentioned the matter to other friends without success, and probably scarcely hoped to find any one so situated who would be willing to make the experiment, but Dr. B—— had thought of us at once. We, as he knew, possessed furniture which, as things were, was only a burden to us. We were fresh from a family life, and anxious for a motive for our energies.

Why, she said, in her kind way, we were the very people for Mr. Spencer, for he would be responsible for the heavier part of the expenses on consideration that the ladies of the household undertook to see that the servants carried out his orders. "The arrangement," said she, "will be an advantage to you both."

"But," urged D——, when her consternation at the proposal allowed her to speak, "we are quite unfit for it. Our way of life has been more of the domestic than the intellectual order. We should never get on with Mr. Spencer."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. B——; "nothing of the sort. Mr. Spencer doesn't want to have intellectual people about him." And with this she closed the discussion, if such it may be called, where all the argument was on her side.

We finally rented the house at No. 64 Avenue Road, Regents Park. The manner of his first arrival was most disconcerting. At twenty minutes to five he drove rapidly to the door in his carriage—a shabby little victoria—and, stepping quickly out, slowly ascended the steps, leaving the innumerable rugs, cloaks, etc., he had brought with him to follow. He shook hands cordially, and then entering the dining-room, sank in silence into an armchair. The silence lasted several seconds, after which he informed us that

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he had been feeling his pulse! Luckily it had been beating regularly, and conversation, to use the hackneyed phrase, "became general."

He used to return from the Atheneum Club at about nine in the evening, and sit with us for about an hour, and if the conversation proved too trying for him he would produce his ear-stoppers and shut himself off from the world of sound. These ear-stoppers were formed of a band almost semicircular in shape, with a little velvet-covered knob at either end, which was pressed by the spring in the band on the flaps over the hole of each ear. Very practical and sensible, no doubt, but irresistibly funny to see, and a ready butt for parody.

Each evening at ten o'clock punctually he rose, wished us "good night," and went to his room. His oddities extended even to his sleeping arrangements, and as he insisted on his bed being made in a certain fashion of his own, he retired the first evening after his arrival at an earlier hour than was his custom subsequently, in order to see that the bed had been prepared for him after the approved plan.

This was as follows: A hard bolster was placed under the mattress, raising thereby a hump on which the small of his back rested. The clothes had a pleat in them right down the centre, so that they were never strained, but fell in loose folds on either side of him—an arrangement which, though we were assured it was most comfortable and restful, certainly looked peculiarly untidy.

He was, of course, fully conscious of his reputation, and knew that some people regarded him as the greatest living Thinker, while others looked on him as Antichrist. The perpetual adulation would have turned the head of a smaller man. One day the postman delivered a letter addressed to "Herbert Spencer, England, and if the postman doesn't know where he lives, why, he ought to." He laughed heartily, and handed the envelope to us to look at, but it is doubtful if he felt pleased, and it is probable he forgot all about it ten minutes afterwards.

Another letter, which came about the same time, gave him even more amusement. It was from the representatives of a body of ecclesiastics, asking him what was allowable and what was not in the way of betting and gambling. That the Church should appeal to him, even for an opinion, that it should think his views worth considering, struck Mr. Spencer as intensely funny, but never for a moment did it make him vain or puffed up. One day he received a letter—three sheets long—from an American girl, asking his advice as to whether she ought to marry her cousin or not. He was much entertained at being asked such a question, and told us about it at lunch, when there were two or three of his friends present. He went on to say he was certain it was not a *bona fide* letter, and then, turning to M——, continued:

"Oh, it was only another 'dodge'—as you would say—for getting an autograph!"

"Ah!" cried D——, addressing his friends, "she should learn my sister's method of dragging that out of him."

And then she went on to tell them that whenever the much-coveted signature was required M—— would straightway set to work and make a new will. She would then run up to the study and quite gravely lay the important document before Mr. Spencer and ask him to witness it. He, all kindness, would pause in his occupation and at once comply, and quite unconsciously fall gloriously into the trap so skilfully laid for him.

He told us that it was he who had first recommended George Eliot to take to writing fiction, and that she and her brother were the originals of Maggie and Tom Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*. He seems to have been responsible for more than one important event in that authoress's career, for it was he who let out the secret of her identity. Some one blessed with more desire for information than with tact had asked him pointblank if it were true that Marian Evans and George Eliot were one and the same, and his simplicity being too great to allow him to prevaricate, he kept silence, which was very naturally interpreted as an admission. And so the secret was out.

Every good quality has its corresponding defect, of course, and Mr. Spencer was no exception to the rule. It must be admitted that his straightforwardness and absence of self-consciousness, which charmed us so much on the whole, was a little troublesome at times; when he

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wanted a thing he was determined to have it, and he did not in the least mind appearances.

Thus when he bought anything he would never make any purchase if the article was not just to his mind. We spent most of October and November of the first year he was with us in visiting shops for him, for, owing to his feeble health, he was unable to bear the strain of going out to choose the furniture for his drawing-room. His secretary, therefore, was sent with one of us to make preliminary selections and to bring away samples for his approval. The selections were generally wrong, and so particular was he about every detail that the same shops had often to be visited again and again before a final choice was made.

The selection of the furniture was a difficult subject enough, but worse was to follow when he chose the coverings for the chairs. If he was hard to please in the matter of form, he was even more particular in the matter of color. He had one favorite shade which he described as "impure purple," and so devoted was he to this hue, so insistent upon it on all occasions, that in a moment of frivolity one of us suggested that some love of his youth must have had an "impure purple" complexion!

Eventually the furniture was covered with a dull-green velvet, which had a binding of the same shade. This, however, was too monotonous for the philosopher, who always insisted upon "a contrast." So he decided to have it retrimmed with a binding of his beloved "impure purple." But the exact color was not to be found in any shop; and after trying place after place, inspecting shade after shade, the search was abandoned, and an order was given to have it made. Home it came at last, and was duly approved. Then came the great work of putting it on, which had to be done under Mr. Spencer's superintendence. Indeed, he cut the first strip himself, and with his own fingers showed the sempstress how to stick it on.

Mr. Spencer had no great native fund of wit, and it is to be feared his jokes were sometimes of a rather heavy type. For instance, on the occasion mentioned above, when he was telling us the little anecdotes about George Eliot, he added, in a whimsical sort of way, that he had often joked her about her "diabolical descent." It may have been that we looked a little blank at this, not understanding what he meant, or perhaps he thought the joke was too subtle for our understanding, for almost at once he proceeded to explain that as her name was Marian she was also a Polly Ann (Apollyon). As far as our memory served us we laughed, but subsequent years have given us no cause for thinking the remark any more witty than we thought it then. And yet, upon occasion he could be truly humorous.

One day some one had told him the well-known story of the little girl who was filled with curiosity to know what God had for His dinner, and on being told by her mother that "He did not require any dinner," remarked, "Oh, then I suppose He has an egg with His tea!"

A few days after this M—— was talking about the blissful way the gutter children dance round a street piano, and said she hoped if she ever succeeded in getting to heaven she would be allowed to dance as they did. "Oh no," he interposed; "in your capacity as cook you will have to boil the egg."

To prove that philosophic men were much as others, and that he was no mere exception to the rule, he told us of a scientific friend about his own age and, like himself, a staid bachelor. This man found it irksome to do his own writing, and at Mr. Spencer's suggestion employed a girl amanuensis for his literary work. Meeting him some days later, the philosopher inquired how the plan had answered.

"Why, not at all," was the rueful reply. "I had to give her up. I found I thought far more about the girl than what I was writing!"

"*I* am not good company," he once said. "Now for that you wanted John Stuart Mill or Huxley. They were good company if you like, especially Huxley, he was so humorous." That provoked him to tell of a dinner he attended where many celebrated writers met—most of them long since dead. Over their cigarettes they fell to discussing their various methods of commencing to write. One said he wrote and wrote, tore up, then wrote again, and so on. George Lewes looked surprised, and cried out:

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"Oh, I'm not like that; I commence to write at once, directly the pen is in my hand! In fact, I boil at a low temperature!"

"Indeed," cut in Mr. Huxley, "that is very interesting, for, as you know, to boil at a low temperature implies a vacuum in the upper region."

One day the conversation turned on a certain friend of ours who had accused one of us of invariably making too much noise when visiting at his house. Suggestions for a remedy were called for, all of which took the form of doctoring the sufferer, for it was admitted by every one who knew her that no power on earth could mitigate the cause! All sorts of nonsensical proposals were made, and finally the offending sister herself propounded a remedy, which was adopted amid much applause.

It was decided that we should make a pair of ear-stoppers, such as we have already said Mr. Spencer wore when the conversation was too great a strain for him. He was as much amused at the idea as any one, and entered keenly into the fun. It was his suggestion that we should melt off the rim of an old saucepan lid in the study fire, and all the time that we were making this wonderful instrument he was full of ideas how to improve it. The work was eventually completed, and was duly appreciated.

This, however, was as nothing compared with the glory we reached on another occasion. M—— was away on a visit, and instead of her conversation being, as usual, on tennis, dancing, etc., it ran incessantly on Mr. Spencer—how he had said or done this, that, or the other. It must have become troublesome, for at last the son of the house—a young man of usually excellent manners, but no tendency towards philosophy—became so bored by this talk that he exclaimed in a tone of exasperation and scorn:

"Herbert Spencer! Herbert Spencer! Who ever *heard* of him until you people took him up!"

It was no surprise to us to hear how jolly Mr. Spencer was in his younger days, and what fun he made in the office with his colleagues, upon one of whom he played a most ridiculous practical joke. Every day Mr. Spencer placed in the inside band of his friend's hat a strip of paper, so that the hat grew very gradually smaller, until at last it was so noticeable that the youth became quite concerned, and drew the attention of the whole office to the fact that his head was getting slowly larger!

It is easy to imagine the merry twinkle that must have lurked in the youthful Spencer's eye while the symptoms of water on the brain were being graphically described by the unfortunate young man, who at last showed such anxiety that it eventually became necessary to tell him of the hoax.

"I remember once as a young man," he said, "going out to a dinner-party, and discovering just as I was leaving the house that the streets were very wet. I had no means of getting a cab, and the question arose how to keep my evening pumps clean. So I took a bundle of old newspapers with me, and whenever I came to a dirty crossing I threw down one after another, making a sort of bridge over which I could cross without soiling my shoes."

The pattern of his drawing-room carpet began to fade when it had only been down a few months. It consisted, or rather *had* consisted, of clusters of blue flowers on a drabbish ground. Now, with the principal color gone, it had become far too dull for the taste of that lover of brightness. He therefore conceived the unique idea of having each flower stamped over with red ink. For this purpose he invented a small tin tray, which was made so that it stood quite flat on the floor to prevent any possibility of the ink being spilt or dropped about. Bent in it were little wells about as large round and twice as thick as a halfpenny. These depressions were filled with the liquid.

The sempstress—whom he was always glad of an excuse to employ because she was so hard-working and so poor—was soon set to carry out his plan. Down on her knees she had to go, and as she was decidedly stout, it was no light task. With a cork cut the exact size and dipped in the ink, she pressed firmly down on each flower, thus leaving it as if covered with red cherries. No wonder it took her over a week, working all day, for the carpet was from twenty-five to thirty feet long and proportionately wide.

The chief pleasure we derived was in

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witnessing Mr. Spencer's amusement and keen interest as the work progressed, and when it was at last completed he never failed to tell any one who came to the house about it. If they looked incredulous and inclined to think it was a joke, with exultant glee in his eyes he would lead them to his drawing-room that they might see for themselves how successfully he had "turned blue flowers into red in a little over a week." We were glad that that chameleonlike carpet was amongst the possessions—which also included his study chair and sofa—which he bequeathed to us in his will.

On coming into the dining-room one evening he discovered one of us asleep over a book of his which he had lent us some months before. Highly amused at the soporific effect of his writings and the length of time taken over its perusal, he exclaimed.

"Why, you take as long to read my books as I take to write them!"

"Oh," was the answer, "I don't always finish them! I was reading one of your books the other day, and I saw something you said about love, which surprised me so much that I closed the book sharply and said, 'He knows nothing whatever about it.'"

He was much tickled with this speech, but his laughter died away as the recollection of the past came over him, and then and there he told us, gravely and unimpassionedly, what he knew about love from personal experience. It occurred during his engineering days, when he was about twenty-one.

He was left in charge of the business at the house of his chief, and it so happened that the only member of the family at home was a young niece, who was bright, unconventional, and rather pretty. Every morning she used to bring the letters into the office for him, and being alone and wanting company, she started talking to him. He was attracted by her. In this way, as has often happened before, a "great friendship" sprang up between them, which he said—and it was all he would admit—would "probably have ripened into something deeper" on his side, when suddenly a carefully concealed *fiancé* turned up, and he awoke. The "probable" event must have very nearly taken place, for he told us that even after fifty years he well remembered the unpleasant feeling he experienced on seeing her hanging on his rival's arm and looking round at him to see what he thought of it.

"She was a horrid flirt!" exclaimed one of us.

"She was nothing of the sort," he quickly retorted, loyal to the memory of this half-acknowledged love of fifty years before. And so stanch and true was he, so simple and straightforward, that he would have no word said against her conduct.

It seemed that he not only felt more deeply than he would admit, but that he still cherished his illusions about her; for after he had told us his one poor little romance he suggested rather sheepishly that he should write to her and propose exchanging photographs. For although he had never seen her since, he knew where he could get her address. Seeing that he was rather bent on it and wanted to be persuaded, we encouraged him to do it. Indeed, one of us then and there suggested that she should write the letter for him—an offer which he gladly accepted. It would have been wiser not to have written—to have left the ash of this love-story untouched to the end, like a mummy in its coffin, for the remembrance of the past was still young and fresh in him.

In due time a letter arrived with the photograph of the old lady, which he opened in his own room. But it was evident from his manner when he brought it down-stairs that he was disappointed. It was strange if he expected the course of more than half a century to have left any trace of the prettiness and bloom of a girl of twenty, but it was clear that with the opening of that envelope the last of his illusions vanished.

He looked quite sad as he slowly and thoughtfully replaced the photograph in the cover; but as one of us asked, "Why is everybody so interested in love-affairs, Mr. Spencer? Is it because they are common to all?" some pale reflection of the old fire shone out once more as he answered, "Yes, that is one reason; but a greater reason is because love is the most interesting thing in life."

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Tiphaïne la Fée

BY WARWICK DEEPING

YOUNG Bertrand du Guesclin came from the woods about sunset, and saw the valley, called in those parts the Valley of the Black Mere, spreading before him like a green robe dusted with precious stones. He had ridden through the woods and over the wild moors all day from Rennes towards Gleaquin by the sea. His mail glistened in the slant rays of the sun as he scanned the valley for some abbey or house where he might crave food and lodging for the night. Bertrand was hot and weary, nor had he broken bread since noon. His red, raw-boned horse chafed under the saddle and went heavily, with dropped muzzle and unpricked ears.

Near by, on the edge of the wood, Bertrand saw a peasant cocking hay in a little hollow under the brow of the hill. He shouldered his spear, gave his weary nag the spur, and trotted down over the wild grass-land painted thick with flowers. The peasant stood up and eyed the armed man keenly, for the English robbers had made the shimmer of steel terrible in the Breton lands. Bertrand shouted to him cheerily enough, with his spear poised upon his thigh.

"Hi! Jean—Pierre—bonhomme, I want a lodging for the night."

The man, leaning on his fork, recognized the du Guesclin arms—a shield argent with a displayed eagle beaked and membered gules.

"There is the Black Tower in the mere, messire," he said; "it is the Vicomte de Bellière's. He is of your party."

Bertrand, following the man's gesture, saw the black battlements of a tower rising from a mist of green. He threw the man a piece of silver and rode on, his casque hanging at his saddle-bow, his dark-skinned, ugly face shining against the western sun. It was three days since he had stolen his father's arms and ridden in to Rennes to the tourney there. Now, with the skin wound he had gotten him at the tourney burning and twinging under his bloody shirt, he was riding for Gleaquin to throw himself and his trophy at his mother's feet. Proud Jeanne might smile at the escapade, since her ugly son had beaten the best Breton knights in the lists at Rennes.

The Black Tower rose above a cloud of aspen-trees, with its rugged battlements gilded by the splendor of the setting sun. Bertrand slouched awkwardly in the saddle, his green eyes sparkling in his boyish yet rugged face. Though he knew not the place, it was his purpose to seek lodging there, to have his wound dressed by fair dame's hands, to rest and eat before he rode on the morrow for the sea.

The shivering chatter of the aspens met him as he came over the meadows towards the castle. A thousand tall trees flickered their flakes of silver in the wind; a thousand straight trunks dwindled column on column into mysterious aisles of light. The grass, green and vivid, was plashed by a myriad frettings through of gold. The thickets were full of movement and of sound, merged and musical murmurings like the plash of a cascade or the beating of innumerable wings.

Bertrand's rough face flushed at the sound, his eyes glistened. Mystery was here, and more than mystery. The tall trees seemed to chant and mutter to him strange and wizard prophecies. Had not Merlin spoken of old that an eagle should fly out of Brittany towards the south and draw a multitude of starlings after him? Swords should shine, trumpets scream, spears bristle against the blue. There was the breath of romance in these muttering trees, these myriad silver tongues afire with the glamour of the west.

Betwixt the straight trunks at last and over the green grass the Black Tower loomed like a great shadow in the midst of a wood. Bertrand could see that it was set on an island in a mere, with yellow flags he had known at Gleaquin grow-

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ing thickly in the shallows. The water was very black about the tower, yet shredded and slashed with the sunlight sifting through the trees.

Bertrand rode down and halted, seeing that the bridge with its painted panels was broken in the midst, while some rough planking had been thrust across the gap. The chains of the drawbridge were snapped, the gate half open, the portcullis propped up by a beam. To the right of the tower, Bertrand could see the tall windows and the louvre of the hall. To the left, palisades closed in what seemed to be a garden.

There was some mystery here, something that seemed to prophesy of violence and of wrong. Sieur Robert's son rolled out of the saddle, tethered his horse to a tree, and thrust his spear into the grass. He put his shield forward on his left arm and bared his sword, greedy of adventure, like the great boy he was. He crossed the bridge cautiously, scanning the loops and windows of the tower. Once he thought he heard the sound of voices, a vague muttering more like the sound of the wind in the aspens beyond the mere. Peering round the edge of the half-opened gate, Bertrand came plump upon the body of a man lying prone across the guard-room door. A pool of half-clotted blood showed amid the grass and weeds. Near him was stretched the body of a dead hound thrust through with a spear.

Bertrand was stooping over the fallen man, when a loud laugh came pealing from the direction of the hall. Several rough voices were chattering in chorus, with the shrill tones of a woman's voice piercing the chant. Bertrand, starting aside to where the newel staircase of the tower ascended in the thickness of the wall, climbed it step by step, stopping often to listen like a weasel in a hole.

He came first to the room above the vaulting of the gate. A mullioned window, with the wooden shutters propped open, and cushioned seats in the jambs, looked out upon the court and garden. Opposite the window was a door that led to the cell where the portcullis winches were. The room looked like the chamber of a clerk, the table littered with scrolls, books, and curious instruments, an astrolabe, tablets of wax, things that were foreign and grotesque to Bertrand's unlettered soul. There was an open ambry in the wall, full of jars and caskets, glass vials, and bundles of dried herbs. Near the window stood a brazier with a bronze bowl steaming thereon, faint perfumes floating with the vapors about the room. The stone floor was strawed with flowers and rushes, and a woman's cloak hung over a carved chair by the table.

Bertrand, finding no life therein, turned back and entered the narrow passage that led to the oriel above the hall. Again the loud, rough voice, full of a neighing insolence, came up to him out of the unexplored darkness of the place. Bertrand strode into the oriel with his shield up, glaring round him rapidly as though ready for devils and for men. A great bed stood in one corner. In the midst of the floor lay a naked poniard that looked as though it had been smitten out of some desperate hand. The door opening upon the stairway leading into the great hall was ajar.

Suddenly a woman's voice sounded out in the silence of the place:

"By God and the good saints, sirs, have a care how ye tempt my brother's vengeance."

No retort came for the moment.

"Dom Etienne, madame," said the harsh, jerky voice, "shall prove anon whether you are a witch or no. Have we not caught you stewing poison for the Lord of Dol? There are waxen images hid away somewhere, I'll wager. My lord has had a running wound in the neck for weeks."

"You fools. I am innocent as a child. Nay, this is but a trick. You are of the English party. Is it manly to put bonds upon a woman?"

"Is not the name of Montfort noble enough? We have bound you with a blessed rope, madame. Had not the good Abbot crossed it with holy water, you would be up the chimney in a cloud of smoke."

There was a narrow glazed window in the oriel looking down into the hall. Bertrand, his eyes sparkling, crept to it and peered down into the great chamber beneath. The waning sunlight streamed in through the unshuttered windows, struggling with the gloom that lurked amid the beams and rafters of the high-pitched roof. There were four armed men in the

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hall beneath—three of them seated on the benches, the fourth perched upon the end of the long table, with a drawn sword across his knees. Bertrand knew him for the Bastard of Auray, as big a ruffian as ever sold his loyalty for gold. In a great chair below the dais sat a woman, bound there hand and foot, her tawny hair half fallen from its golden caul. Her back was towards Bertrand, but it seemed to him that she was young and fair.

The man with the sword across his knees glanced round suddenly, as though marking that it was growing dark.

"Geffroi, the torches. Sieur Richard the Abbot should be here anon. Madame, I trust we shall not keep you waiting long for the ordeal."

"I can wait, messire, in patience," she said; "yet I would crave from you the loosing of these cords."

The Bastard slipped down from the table and went so close to her that his pointed beard was well-nigh in her face. His dark eyes shone out from under the curve of his bassinet.

"Favors go with favors," Bertrand heard him say.

"I am in no plight to bargain with you, messire," said the woman.

"You are a pretty witch, madame, though a witch and a poisoner."

"I am neither a witch nor a poisoner. Ah,—hold off, messire; am I to be treated like a baggage wench?"

Bertrand, with his jaw set, turned suddenly, and stood in the oriel, thinking. Well, it was a boy's madness, but he could not see a woman bullied. These were some of Montfort's gentry, the friends of England, hateful the more to true Bretons and to France. Should he go down by the stairway into the hall, or descend to the court and charge in by the great door?

He chose the latter strategy, and, descending the tower stair, came down into the darkening court. Four horses were standing by the steps of the kitchen, and a dark blot on the stones showed where another man had fallen. Bertrand, stealing along under the windows of the hall, came to the arched doorway, and peered in by the crevice left by the clumsy hinging. He heard the woman pleading with the Bastard of Auray, but he could not see what was passing at the dais end of the hall.

Bertrand, putting his shield forward, burst in with a shout that set the rafters ringing. "A rescue, a rescue, Notre Dame de Guesclin." In his terrible verve and swiftness lay the Breton's strength. He cut down the man who was setting torches in the brackets along the wall, and sprang forward on the two other men-at-arms who were drinking at the long table. Taken by surprise, one fell stabbed in the throat as he was starting from the bench, while the other sought to grapple Bertrand—a grim opening for the youth, who had thrown all the best wrestlers in Brittany. Bertrand tripped up the man's heels, and found a weak joint in his harness as he rolled upon the floor.

It had all happened in the taking of twenty breaths, so swift and cunning had been du Guesclin's coming. The Bastard of Auray had drawn back from the woman's chair, amazed to see how his men went down before this short, sturdy youth in the black harness. He caught up his own sword as the last man fell, and came striding down the hall, his black beard bristling, his dark eyes aflame. He read the device on Bertrand's shield by the glare of the single torch that burnt upon the wall.

"Guard, boy, guard—"

Bertrand's eyes flashed.

"Lay on, Bastard," he said. "See, here, I fight in my father's arms. The Guesclin eagle shall whet his talons."

"I will wring your neck, you little ermine."

"Less froth, Bastard, more blows."

Bertrand cast his shield aside so as to have the other at no advantage. They circled round each other, foining, and footing it warily over the flagged floor. A brisk exchange of blows left the Bastard of Auray with a broad gash athwart the nose and forehead. He cursed, shook the red blood out of his eyes, and rushed in, snarling, with his sword leaping from side to side. Bertrand, giving back and biding his time, beat up the Bastard's blade of a sudden, and springing in, smote him with his fist full in the face. As the man staggered, he swung his sword for the joints of the gorget. The Bastard of Auray gave a hoarse cry, and tottered forward upon his knees. A second swing

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Painted by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE WAS LYING BACK, WATCHING HIM, IN THE GREAT CHAIR

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of the Breton's sword gave the gentleman his quittance.

Bertrand, his nostrils dilating and his eyes afire, glanced round at the fallen men, and turned for the first time towards the lady. She was lying back watching him, in the great chair, her hands bound to the arms thereof, and her feet knotted together at the ankles. She was very pale under her tawny hair, her large hazel eyes shining like elf's eyes out of her oval face. Bertrand stood looking at her with a sense of awkwardness about the knees; he was not a dame's man, and his ugly face had won him more frowns than favors from the women.

"Madame," he said bluntly, resting his hands on the pommel of his sword, "I know not who you are, only that the Vicomte de Bellière is lord of this castle. I rode hither for a night's lodging, and to earn my welcome I have had to rob these knaves of life."

She did not smile at him, but appeared cowed and frightened for the moment by the wild blood-spilling that had passed before her eyes.

"I am beholden to you, Messire Bertrand," she began—

"Ha—"

"I know you, messire, though you bear your father's shield. Quick, an you would save me, cut these cords and let me go. The Bastard of Auray surprised us while my brother was tourneying at Rennes. There were but three men in the tower. And now, messire, the Lord of Dol and the Abbot Etienne are pricking here to have my blood. They say I am a witch and have cast spells over the captains of the Montfort party. It is false, Messire Bertrand. True, I can tell the stars and gaze into crystals, but my wise lore is innocent as these men were evil."

She spoke hurriedly, breathlessly, as though under the influence of fear. Her great eyes pleaded with Bertrand like the eyes of some wild thing. He whipped out his poniard forthwith, and cut the cords with a quick turn of the wrist.

"Why, you are but a child," he said, bluntly, looking in her face, "and though I saw many books above, I doubt your skill to cast a horoscope."

She started up with a muttering thanksgiving to several saints when he had freed her, and, as in a sudden access of joy, bent and kissed him on the lips. She was taller than Bertrand, and very fair to look upon, with her slim but sensuous figure, her warm eyes and tawny hair. A sudden color had spread into her cheeks. She smoothed her green gown with her slim hands, and tightened up the buckle of her silver girdle.

"Messire Bertrand," she said, blushing, "I am Epiphanie Ragueuel, sister to the Vicomte de Bellière. By some I am called Tiphaïne la Fée, because I am skilled in astrology and the gathering of herbs. But that there is no black witchcraft in me I will take oath on the cross of your sword."

Bertrand, ugly youth, was looking at her with unfeigned delight. She was wondrous fair and elfinlike, swift and brilliant about the eyes.

"By St. Klado!" he said, bluntly, "you have white witchcraft perhaps. I will take any man by the beard who gives you the black."

She smiled at him, then went white and serious of a sudden, as though remembering the peril that threatened her that night.

"Messire Bertrand, let us go. You have a horse—?"

"Over the bridge, and the Bastard has left us four."

Her eyes darkened, and she drew to Bertrand's side.

"They will slay us both if they find us here. Ah, how your man bleeds! Is he dead, Messire Bertrand? Ah, horrible! he spoke and jested but a moment ago."

They passed out together through the darkening hall, with the single torch flaring upon the wall. Bertrand picked up the dropped shield, and coming out into the court, moved towards the four horses tethered by the kitchen. He had chosen one for his lady, and had taken the beast by the bridle, when a distant trumpet-cry, repeated thrice, sounded out across the valley. Bertrand stopped short, and turned to look at Tiphaïne with a frown upon his face.

"It is the Lord of Dol," she said.

"They are in the aspen wood—"

"Messire Bertrand, we are caught in a trap."

"Wait," he answered her; "there may yet be time."

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He ran across the court to the gateway under the tower, and looked out over the mere to the aspen wood, sombre in the deepening dusk. He saw the glitter of harness amid the trees, heard the muffled thunder of horses trampling in the grass. Clapping to the gate, he shot the bolts and pinned up the bar. Then, throwing down the beam that propped up the portcullis, he climbed the tower stairway to the cell above the gate, and let the great grid go clattering to the ground.

There were a couple of squints in the cell commanding the bridge and giving view to the wood beyond. Bertrand, looking out at the armed men gathering beyond the mere, heard a light step in the room behind him and the rustling of a woman's gown. He felt Tiphaïne near to him even before she had entered the portcullis cell. There was a strange look in her large eyes, a wistful sadness about her mouth.

"Messire Bertrand," she said, solemnly.

The man held up a hand and pointed significantly to one of the loops. Tiphaïne understood the gesture, but standing at her full height looked Bertrand frankly in the eyes.

"I am remembering that you are young," she said. "Forgive me, messire; I would not have you be as the men in yonder hall for my sake."

Bertrand frowned and hung his head.

"My quarrel is not your quarrel," she said; "your blood must not be wasted for mine. If I have seemed selfish, messire, forgive me. Since I am innocent, I fear not what my enemies may do unto me. Go, messire, and may God go with you."

Bertrand stared at her in mute astonishment for the moment. Even in the dusk he could see that she was shuddering with the fear of violence and death hovering above her soul. And yet her brave tongue was for bidding him play the coward lest he should suffer for her sake.

"Madame," he said, with a certain blunt dignity, "the ways of chivalry are not ordered so."

"Ah, messire, since we cannot both escape, I pray you strip off your armor and swim the mere. There is a wicket in the garden wall. You can trick them in the dark."

Bertrand's ugly face betrayed his extreme contempt for the suggestion. It was noble of her to wish it, but, by St. Klado, it would be a queer thing to see a du Guesclin running away naked and leaving a woman to be tortured in her own home.

"By your courtesy, madame," he said, "I refuse to budge a foot from you."

"Messire Bertrand," she answered, sharply, yet with a ring of gladness in her voice.

"I am young, madame, ha! and therefore the more supple. The Lord of Dol is at your gate. He and his men would drown you for a witch! Good. They shall not come at you save over my body."

"What will you do?" she asked, with her hands over her bosom.

"Do?" he growled, as though such a question were in truth a woman's. "What should a man do when he has a good sword and a strong arm?"

He turned from her suddenly and peered out again across the water, where the Lord of Dol and the Abbot Etienne were whispering together under the trees. They had ten spears with them—that is to say, some thirty men, well armed and harnessed. Bertrand guessed that they had found his horse, and were wondering what had befallen the Bastard of Auray. The closed gates and the silent tower gave them meat for meditation.

A squire dismounted, and taking his orders from the Lord of Dol, crossed the bridge towards the gate. He blew a blast upon his bugle-horn. Bertrand, setting a hand on Tiphaïne's shoulder, looked in her face and smiled grimly.

"Stay here, madame," he said.

"But—"

"Hist! they know nothing; they are in the dark. The Bastard and his men are silent. I will go down and parley."

"I trust you, messire," she said.

"That is well," he answered, bowing down his head.

The bugle-horn blared a second time before the gate. Bertrand, hurrying down the stair, gave a glance at the dead man by the wall, and went towards the grill. It was too dark now for the herald to see aught within, or to realize the defenceless nature of the place.

"Who's there?" he shouted, his gruff voice echoing under the vaulted arch.

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"Sieur Robert du Guesclin and his company."

Bertrand grimaced. The lie would have been fortunate had he not been the Sieur du Guesclin's son.

"What is his need, sir?"

"The Vicomte's courtesy, food and lodging for the night."

Bertrand pondered a moment, with his fist at his chin. The Sieur du Guesclin was at Rouen town, and therefore the lie fell strangely short of fooling those within. Hammering the dilemma in his mind, Bertrand closed the grill, turned suddenly towards the guard-room, and shouted as though to rouse the men within:

"Geoffroi, Jean, Prosper, — up, you dogs! What! dicing in the dusk, with no leisure to light a taper! Turn out the fellows from their quarters; send Jehan and three archers up to the battlements. The rest of you, run to arms in the court."

Therewith he sprang into the guard-room, heaved the table over the floor, swept a row of mugs from the shelf, overset a rack of arms, and swore nimbly to the same tune. Stamping to and fro several times betwixt the guard-room and the court, clattering with his sword, casting words into the air, now in a deep bass, now in a hoarse treble, he buoyed up the deceit with rare spirit. Picking up a broken piece of masonry, he hurled it at the horses, hallooing the while, so that the beasts broke and stampeded about the court. It was an honorable din for one man to make, and Bertrand clanged back to the gate, well satisfied.

With a broad grin, his strong teeth gleaming, he shouted lustily through the closed grill.

"Ha, messire, commend me to his Nobleness of Dol; give him the Vicomte de Bellière's good love and most holy blessing. And tell the Lord of Dol, messire, and the good Abbot Etienne that the Lady Tiphaïne sups at Dinant."

Bertrand heard the fellow curse a little as he sped back nimbly over the bridge. He opened the grill and watched the armed men under the trees. The esquire was standing by the Abbot's palfrey, frothing out his news as Bertrand had plotted it. Soon, without the bleat of a trumpet, the whole troop turned tail, and disappeared amid the aspen-trees like so many frail ghosts.

Bertrand, his green eyes sparkling, watched from the grill a while, then climbed the stair to the chamber above the gate. He found the Lady Tiphaïne sitting white and silent in the window-seat, her rosary on her knees, the bowl on the brazier still smoking at her side. A single taper burned on the table. Tiphaïne started up on seeing him and held out her hands.

"Messire Bertrand—"

"We have fooled them," he said, laughing and flushing before her eyes.

"How? I heard much din and clamor; the castle might have been full of armed men."

Du Guesclin bent his head to hide the roguish smile still shining out on his rugged face.

"So thought the Lord of Dol and Dom Etienne," he answered. "I tricked their herald into believing that we had a garrison within. I ordered our men-at-arms about, sent one named Jehan with three crossbowmen up to the battlements, stampeded the horses, heard our Bretons run to arms. You see, madame, it was dark, and the fellow could see nothing. They have ridden off, swearing, doubtless, that the Bastard of Auray has played them false."

He spoke modestly enough, and yet with that grim gayety that made him in years to come the foremost captain of troubled France. As for the Lady Tiphaïne, she looked at him very kindly out of her wonderful eyes, till du Guesclin forgot that he was ugly.

"Messire Bertrand," she said, with her hands over her heart.

"My lady."

"You have saved my honor. By all the saints, messire, how can I thank you?"

Bertrand hung his great head and looked at her under his craggy brows.

"By not forgetting me, madame," he said.

Bertrand kept vigil in the tower all through the night, thinking of the Lady Tiphaïne, who had gone to her chamber and laid herself on the great bed. Du Guesclin had foraged for himself by torchlight in the kitchen, had stabled the Bastard's horses, and searched the men

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in the great hall to see whether they were dead or no. One man still breathed, and Bertrand bound up his wound, laid him on a pile of straw, and trickled wine betwixt his lips. As for the Bastard and the others, they would ride no more over the Breton moors.

Bertrand passed the night in Tiphaïne's chamber above the gate. He handled her books and tablets, marvelling much that one so fair should value wisdom that pertained only to graybeards and to priests. Bertrand thought much of the Lady Tiphaïne that night. It pleased him to think that she had gone to her chamber trusting in him to guard her till the dawn. By St. Klado and all the good saints of Brittany, he would take an armful of spear-points into his bosom before any ruffian foot should cross her threshold.

When the east grew great with gold, he climbed to the battlements and scanned the valley for any sign of the Lord of Dol and his men. Save that his horse was missing, Bertrand could discover no trace of the witch-hunters who had threatened the Black Tower the night before. The Abbot Etienne had suspected the Bastard of treachery, and fearing an ambush in the woods, they had galloped for the north, and had not drawn rein till they were clear of the Vicomte's lands.

The Lady Tiphaïne arose soon after dawn, combed and dressed her tawny hair, and put on her green gown embroidered with crimson lilies. She looked a wild and witchful creature enough as she went in search of Bertrand du Guesclin. There was a mysterious light in her warm brown eyes as she sought him in tower and court, and even in the great hall where the dead men lay. Turning at last into the garden where fruit-trees grew and many flowers dusted the grass, she saw Bertrand's arms and clothes lying on a knoll within the palisade. The wicket gate was open to the mere, and over the water she saw a great head and a pair of massive shoulders surging slowly towards the shore. Tiphaïne watched him for a moment as he came breasting the sun-kissed water, glorying in his youth and strength. He was a man after a woman's heart in those violent and perilous days, grim, passionate, loyal, generous to a fault. She slipped away as he neared the island, Bertrand catching sight of her green gown as she fled out by the garden gate.

Anon, after going into the little chapel beyond the hall to pray, the Lady Tiphaïne came back to him with a rich color upon her face. Bertrand had put on his armor, and had cleansed his sword from the Bastard's blood. He looked hard at Tiphaïne out of his keen, all-seeing eyes, as though eager to view her in the full light of day. Like a pure gem of maidenhood, she shone yet fairer in the morning sun, her hair glowing like tawny gold, her elf's eyes sparkling above her red and mischievous mouth.

"Greeting, Messire Bertrand," she said, going very near to him and looking steadily in his face; "the night has passed without a storm."

Young du Guesclin gazed at her as though his eyes boasted more eloquence than did his tongue.

"My brother should return to-day with the Lord of St. Lo. They were at Rennes for the tourney. I wonder—"

She hesitated, and looked at Bertrand solemnly under her long lashes. The Breton expanded his great chest and threw his head back on his powerful throat.

"I was at Rennes," he said, bluntly, "and saw how the day's honor went. Many fair dames smiled on us from the galleries, and yet the fairest was not there."

Tiphaïne colored and opened her brown eyes wide.

"I was not at Rennes, Messire Bertrand," she said.

"Did I not say so, madame?"

She laughed, a peculiar flowing laugh, and began to pace the grass under the apple-trees. Bertrand, following her, strode at her side, his eyes searching out the beauties of her face and body with a species of boyish awe.

"I should have been at Rennes, Messire Bertrand," she said, "but for a promise—"

"A promise? And to whom, madame?"

"To the Lord of St. Lo. Strange, Bertrand, he thought me fair—ah! and sought me for his lady. I sent him to seek his pledge at Rennes."

Bertrand squared his shoulders and

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looked fierce. It was his spear that had smitten the young Lord of St. Lo down into the dust. He would have smitten the fellow yet harder had he known Tiphaïne then.

"And when he returns?" he asked, bluntly.

Tiphaïne swept round, her gown gathered in her hand.

"Without the prize," she answered, "he will not return. Such was his vow to me. And, moreover, my crystals—my crystals, Messire Bertrand—did not promise him the garland."

Bertrand watched her, his ugly face bathed by the sunlight. Surely this girl with the tawny hair and the hazel eyes was the fairest flower in all the Breton lands?

"Madame Tiphaïne," he said, "your crystals told you the truth."

She turned again, her green gown swinging in rich folds about her body, her golden head like a rare flower upon some slender stem.

"Ha! Messire Bertrand, you are wise, it seems."

"Was I not at Rennes?" he answered, stoutly. "See, here, the rent in my harness; 'twas given me by your lordling's spear."

She stretched out her white hand suddenly and touched his breastplate, as though to prove the truth of his words.

"And you, messire?" she asked, her eyes on his.

Bertrand, a little flustered, colored and hung his head.

"I had stolen my father's arms."

"Yes—"

"And, Madame Tiphaïne, St. Klado smiled on me—"

"Ah—"

"The Vicomte your brother shall prove me when he returns."

She put her hands suddenly upon his shoulders and looked steadily in his face.

"Messire Bertrand," she said.

He gazed at her, his face kindling.

"I did not love the Lord of St. Lo. You overthrew him. Therefore I am your debtor."

Bertrand had been fumbling in the leather purse that hung at his belt. Flushing very red, he drew out a gold chain set with precious stones, the prize he had won at Rennes. He had promised it to the Lady Jeanne his mother, but fate and Madame Tiphaïne willed it otherwise.

"Take it," he said, gruffly, going on one knee. "I won it fairly, and, St. Klado be blessed, the Lord of St. Lo could not bring it back from Rennes. And your pledge, Madame Tiphaïne, will it serve for a spurless boy?"

She took the chain and fastened it about her neck. Then, stooping, she kissed Bertrand, looking long and steadily into his face.

"Enough, Bertrand of Brittany," she said; "the stars have marked you out to me of old. When you have fought one fight for our Breton lands, then—come to me. This chain shall be thy pledge."

Of Love

BY FRIDA SEMLER

THEY sing of love who never won his grace;
On harp and lute
They vaunt the glories of his dwelling-place.
They who are in his presence,—face to face
Are stricken mute.

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Gamesters of the Wilderness

BY AGNES C. LAUT

THE HUDSON'S BAY FUR COMPANY AND THE FRENCH RAIDERS

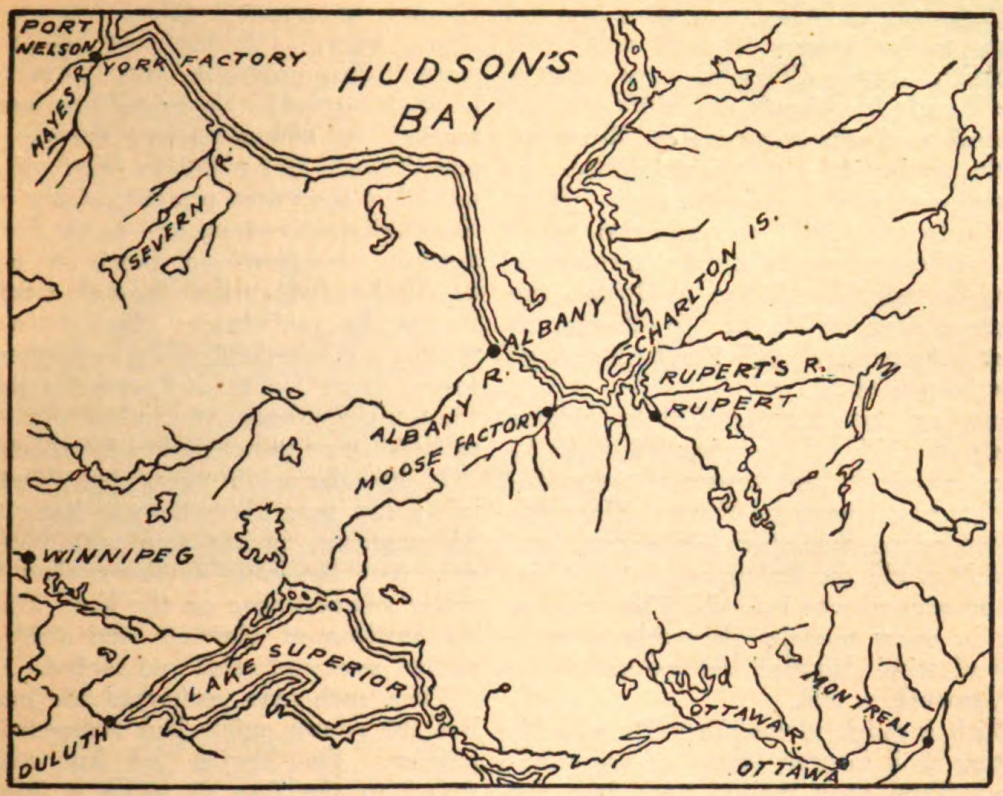
1670–1697

NO Robin Hoods of legend ever lived in more complete security than those "Gentlemen Adventurers Trading in Hudson's Bay" for whom Prince Rupert had secured from his cousin, King Charles, in 1670, complete monopoly of all furs north and westward of Hudson's Bay. A thousand miles of juniper swamps and impassable cataracts cut the Hudson's Bay fur traders off from the fur traders of New France to the south. To the west was impenetrable and unknown wilderness. To the north and east for eight months of the year was an impassable barrier of ice floe and berg and those elemental frozen foes to human presence.

For fifteen years after their organization the Gentlemen Adventurers of England—the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, a company numbering among its patrons King Charles II., Prince Rupert, General Munck, the Duke of York, the Duke of Marlborough, and a host of other worthies ranging from the nobility down to the goldsmiths and merchant princes of London—slumbered in security on the margin of a frozen sea. Charles Fort with its stone bastions on Rupert's River—named after King and Prince who secured the charter—quickly sent offshoots to Moose River on the west, Albany (named after an Albany far south), and Nelson (the modern York), which drained all the furs westward to the Rocky Mountains. Rupert and Moose and Albany each yearly collected three thousand five hundred beaver-pelts, worth in modern money one dollar and a half each, not to mention twice as many pelts of otter and mink and marten and ermine and sable. To the north, Nelson (York) sent out in a single year as much as one hundred thousand dollars' worth of beaver. "The Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay" had found a gold-mine rich as Spanish El Dorado.

To be sure, Radisson, the Frenchman, who had helped to found the company with Prince Rupert, had gone over to the French fur traders one year, trading Nelson (York), bag and baggage, to the French Company of the North; but Radisson had become a British subject again and traded these forts back to England. He was in the employment of the company. Radisson was safe. To be sure, the ships of the French Fur Company had continued to come to the bay; but the French fur traders demanded four beaver for a musket, where the English demanded only two; and so those French fur-ships went back to Quebec empty of cargo. Two of the French fur-ships, meeting the *Merchant of Perpetuana* trapped in the ice-floes of the north, had scuttled the Hudson's Bay ship of provisions, captured master, mate, and crew, cast all in a dungeon on bread and water for eleven months in Quebec, where Edward Humes, the captain, died, and the rest were sold to life-long slavery in Martinique, whence only Smithsend, the mate, escaped. Sieur Peré, a gay adventurer from New France, had come down to the bay overland from the Great Lakes, with three comrades, to spy on the English fur traders for the French company; but the young seigneur had been given food and a hearty Godspeed from the English, and having deliberately let his canoe float off to sea while he slept, so that he could not be sent away, had been clapped with one comrade into the fur-fort of Albany, while the two other adventurers were put on Charlton Island

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WILDERNESS WHERE THE GAMESTERS STRUGGLED

Modern chart showing the almost incredible distances and extent of the disputed territory

to earn their living hunting. The two adventurers had escaped to the mainland on a raft by night, and fleeing to Canada, a thousand miles by swamp and forest, had told a story of Peré's imprisonment that set the fire-eaters of New France in a flame. But all unknowing, the Gentlemen Adventurers of England slumbered secure on the margin of their frozen sea.

Like a bolt from the blue came the bold raiders of Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville into the midst of this security.

It was one of the long June nights, 1686, when twilight of the north merges with dawn. Fourteen cannon in all protruded from the embrasures of the four stone bastions round little Moose Factory to the southwest of the bay. The eighteen-foot pickets of the palisaded square wall were everywhere punctured with holes for musketry defence. In one bastion were three thousand pounds of powder. In another, twelve civilian soldiers slept. In a third were stored furs. The fourth bastion served as kitchen, and across the middle of the courtyard, forty by forty feet, was the two-story stone house and residence of the chief factor. The sentinel had shot the strong iron bolts of the main gates facing the waterway; but so secure did he feel of the impossibility of attack that he had lain down to sleep, wrapped in a blanket, without even loading the cannon it was his duty to guard. Twilight of the long June night—the 18th, almost the longest day in the year—had deepened into the white stillness that precedes dawn, when two forms took shape in the thicket of underbrush behind the fort; and there stepped forth, clad in buckskin cap-a-pie, musket over shoulder, war-hatchet, powder-horn, dagger, pistol in belt, and unsheathed sword aglint in hand, two French wood-lopers, the far-famed *coureurs des bois,* whose scalping raids were to strike terror from Louisiana to Hudson's Bay. At first glance the two newcomers might have been marauding Iroquois come this outrageous distance over swamp and cataract from their own

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fighting-ground. Closer scrutiny showed them to be young French noblemen, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville, age twenty-four, and his brother Sainte-Hélène, trained to the wild woods of Montreal, to the roving life of the wood-loper, to pillage and raid and ambuscade. Born in Montreal in 1661 and schooled to all the wilderness perils of the struggling colony's early life, Pierre le Moyne, one of nine sons of Charles le Moyne, of Montreal, became the Robin Hood of American wilds.

Sending his brother Sainte-Hélène round one side of the picketed walls to peer through the embrasures of the moonlit fortress, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville skirted round the other side himself and quickly made the discovery that not one of the cannon was loaded. The tompion was in every muzzle. Scarcely a cat's-paw of wind dimpled the waters of the bay, smooth as silk.

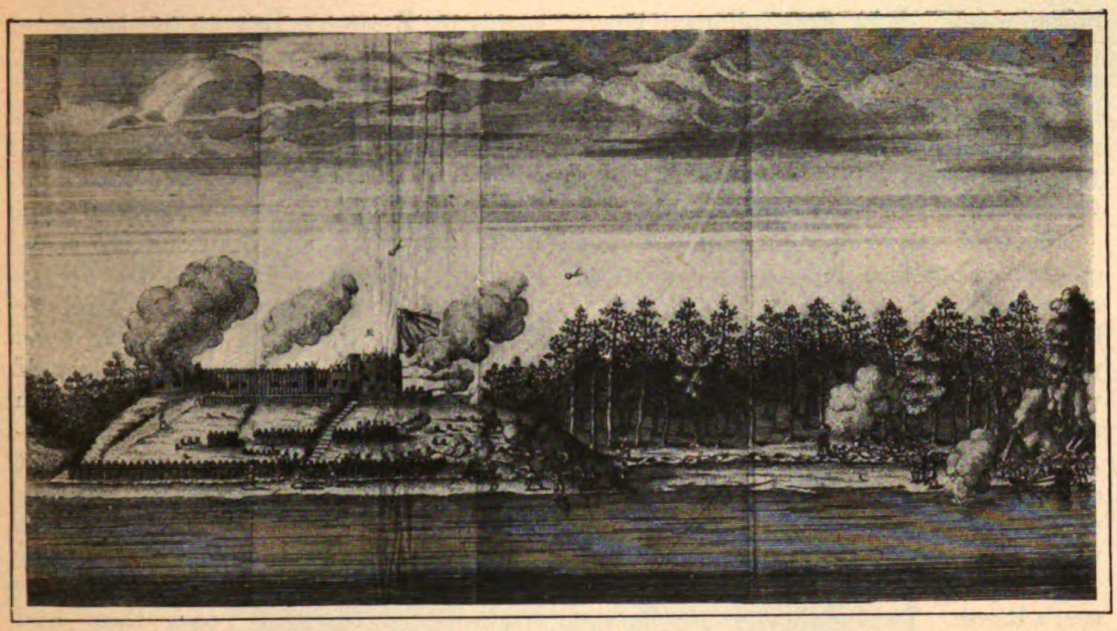
With a quick glance Iberville and his brother took in every detail of the situation. Then they melted back into the pallid half-light like shadows. In a trice a hundred forms had taken shape in the mist—sixty-six Indians decked in all the war-gear of savage glory from head-dress and vermilion cheeks to naked, red-stained limbs lithe as a tiger, smooth and supple as satin. Sixty-six Indians and thirty-three half-wild French soldiers, gay in all the regimentals of French pomp, commanded by old Chevalier de Troyes, veteran of a hundred wars, now commissioned to demand the release of Monsieur Peré from the forts of the English fur traders. Beside de Troyes stood de la Chesnay, head of the Northern Company of Fur Traders in Quebec, only too glad of this chance to raid the forts of rival traders in time of peace. And well to the fore, cross in hand, head bared, the Jesuit Sylvie, come to rescue the souls of northern heathendom from hell.

Impossible as it may seem, these hundred intrepid adventurers had come overland from Montreal. What did the incursion of these French raiders mean? It meant that they had set out in midwinter on a voyage men hardly dared in summer. Without waiting for the ice to break up, they started from Montreal in March. No tents were carried; only the blanket, haversack fashion, tied to each man's back. Bivouac was under the stars. No provision but what each blanket carried! No protection but the musket on shoulder, the war-axe and powder-horn and pistol in belt! No reward but the vague promise of loot from the English *wigwamming*—as the Indians say—on the Northern Bay! A march of six hundred miles through trackless forests in midwinter; then down the maelstrom sweep of torrents swollen by spring thaw for three hundred miles to the juniper swamps of windfall and dank rotting forest growth around the bay!

It had been no play, this fur-trade raid; and now Iberville was back from his scouting, having seen with his own eyes that the English fur traders were really *wigwamming* on the bay. Hastily all burdens of blankets and food and clothes were cast aside and cached.

Then each man recharged his musket lest the swamp mists had dampened the powder. De Troyes led his soldiers round to the fore to make a feint of furious onslaught from the water-front. Iberville posted his Indians along each flank to fire through the embrasures of the pickets. Then with a wild yell the French soldiers swooped upon the English fort. Iberville and his brothers Sainte-Hélène and Maricourt were over the rear pickets and across the court-yard, swords in hand. Before the sleepy gunner behind the main gate could get his eyes open, one blow of Sainte-Hélène's sabre split the fellow's head to the collar-bone. The trunk of a tree had rammed in the gate. Iberville's Indians had hacked down the rear pickets, and he himself led the way into the main house. Before the sixteen inmates, dashing out in their shirts, had realized what had happened, the raiders were masters of Moose Factory. Only one other man besides the gunner was killed; and he was a Frenchman, slain by the cross-fire of his comrades over the court-yard. The cellars were searched, but there was small loot of fur. Furs were stored elsewhere; but the French were the richer by sixteen captives, twelve portable cannon, and three thousand pounds of powder. Flag unfurled, muskets firing, sod heaved in air, Chevalier de Troyes took possession of the fort for

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A TYPICAL FORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
From "La Potherie" (Edition of 1722)

the Most Redoubtable, Most Mighty, Most Christian King of France, though a cynic might wonder how such an act was accomplished in time of peace, when the sole object of the raid had been the rescue of Monsieur Peré, imprisoned as a spy.

Eastward of Moose, a hundred miles along the south coast of the bay, on Rupert's River, was another fort, stronger, the bastions of stone, with a dock where the Hudson's Bay Company's ship commonly anchored for the summer. Northwestward of Moose, a hundred miles, was a third fort, Albany, the citadel of the English fur traders' strength, forty paces back from the water, unassailable by sea, and the storehouse of the best furs. It was decided to attack the fort on Rupert's River first. Staying only long enough at Moose to build a raft to carry Chevalier de Troyes and his prisoners along the coast, the raiders set out by sea on the 27th of June. Iberville led the way with two canoes and eight or nine men. By the 1st of July he had caught a glimpse of Rupert's bastions. Concealing his Indians, he went forward to reconnoitre. To his delight he espied the company's ship with the H. B. C. ensign flying, that signified Governor Bridgar was on board. Choosing the night, as usual, for attack, Iberville stationed his bandits where they could fire on the decks if necessary, and glided across the water to the schooner. Hand over fist, he was up the ship's side, when the sleeping sentinel awakened with a spring at Iberville's throat. One cleave of his sword, and the fellow rolled dead at the Frenchman's feet, Iberville stamping on the deck to call the crew aloft, and killing three men in turn as they tumbled up the hatchway, till the fourth, Governor Bridgar himself, threw up his hands in unconditional surrender of the ship and crew of fourteen. Meanwhile the din had alarmed the fort. Though the bastions were dismantled for repairs, gates were hard shut and musketry poured hot shot through the embrasures, that kept the raiders at a distance. Again it was the le Moyne brothers who led to victory. The bastions served the usual twofold purpose of defence and barracks. Extemporizing ladders, Iberville clambered to the roofs of these, hacked holes through the rough thatch, and threw down hand-grenades at the imminent risk of blowing himself as well as the enemy to eternity. "*It was,*" says the old chronicle, "*with an effect most admirable,*"—which depends on the point of view; for when the sharpshooters were driven from the bastions to the main

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house inside, gates were rammed down, palisades hacked out, and Iberville with his followers was on the roof of the main house, throwing down more bombs. The raid became a rout. The French had Rupert, though little the richer except for the ship and thirty prisoners.

The wild wood-rovers were now strong enough to attempt Albany, one hundred miles northeast of Moose. It was at Albany that the French spy Peré was supposed to be lying panting for rescue. It was also at Albany that the English fur traders had their greatest store of pelts. As usual, Iberville led off in the canoes, de Troyes, the French fur traders, the soldiers, and the captives following with the cannon on the ship. It was sunset when the canoes launched out from Rupert's River. To save time by crossing the south end of the bay diagonally, they had sheered out from the coast, when there blew down from the upper bay one of those bitter northeast gales that at once swept a maelstrom of churning ice-floes about the cockle-shell birch canoes. To make matters worse, a fog fell, thick as night. A birch canoe in a cross-sea is bad enough. With ice-floes it was destruction. Some made for the main shore and took refuge on land. The le Moyne's two canoes kept on. The 1st of August saw his Indians and woodlopers below the embankment of Albany. A few days later came de Troyes on the boat with soldiers and cannon.

Governor Sargeant of Albany had had warning of the raiders from Indian *coureurs*. The fort looked as shut as a locked box. Neither side gave a sign. Not till the French began trundling their cannon ashore by all sorts of clumsy contrivance, to get them in range of the fort forty yards back, was there a sign of life, when forty-three big guns inside the wall of Albany simultaneously let go forty-three bombs in midair that flattened the raiders to earth under shelter of the embankment. Chevalier de Troyes then mustered all the pomp and fustian of court pageantry, flag flying, drummer beating to the fore, guard in line, and, marching forward, demanded of the English traders, come half-way out to meet him, satisfaction for and the delivery of Sieur Peré, a loyal subject of France suffering imprisonment on the shores of Hudson's Bay at the hands of the English. One may wonder, perhaps, what these raiders would have done without the excuse of Peré. The messenger came back from Governor Sargeant with word that Peré had been sent home to France by way of England long ago. (That Peré had been delayed in an English prison was not told.) De Troyes then pompously demanded the surrender of the fort. Sargeant sent back word such a demand was an insult in time of peace. Under cover of night, the French retired to consider. With an extravagance now lamented they had used at Rupert most of their captured ammunition. Cannon they had in plenty, but few rounds of balls. They had thirty prisoners, but no provisions; a ship, but no booty of furs. Between them and home lay a wilderness of forest and swamps for one thousand miles. They must capture the fort by an escalade, or retreat empty-handed.

Meanwhile, such bedlam reigned inside the fort as might have delighted the raiders' hearts if they could have known. Sargeant, the sturdy old governor, was for keeping his teeth clenched to the end, though the larder was lean and only enough powder left to do the French some damage as they landed their cannon next day. When a servant fell dead from a French ball, Turner, the chief gunner, dashed from his post, vowing he would throw himself on the mercy of the French. Sargeant rounded the fellow back to his guns with the generous promise to blow his brains out if he budged one inch from his place. Two English spies sent out came back with word the French were mounting their battery in the dark.

For two days bombs sang back and forward through the air. There was more parleying. Bridgar, the governor captured down at Rupert, warned the company that the French were desperate—if they were compelled to fight to the end, there would be no mercy. Still Sargeant hoped against hope for the yearly English vessel to relieve the siege; but when Captain Outlaw came with word there was no more powder, the people threw down their arms and threatened to desert *en masse* to the French. Sargeant still stubbornly refused to beat a parley, so

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PIERRE LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE
(From an old print)

Dixon, the under factor, hung out a white sheet as flag of truce from the fort window. The French had just ceased firing, to cool their cannon, and had actually been reduced to pouring molten iron around wooden disks for balls, when the messenger came out with word of surrender. Bluff and resolute to the end, Sargeant marched out with two flagons of port, seated himself on the French cannon, drank healths with de Troyes, and proceeded to drive as hard a bargain as if his larders had been crammed and his magazine full of powder. Drum beating, flags flying, in full possession of arms, the governor, officers, wives, and servants were to be permitted to march out in honor, to be transported to Charlton Island, there to await the coming of the English ship. Barely had the thirty English sallied out when the wood-lopers were into the fort, ransacking house and cellar. The fifty thousand crowns' worth of beaver was found, but not a morsel of food except one bowl of barley sprouts. Thirteen hundred miles from Canada with neither powder nor food! De Troyes gave his men leave to disband on August 10, and it was a wild scramble for home—*sauve qui peut,* as the old chronicler relates, some of the prisoners being taken to Quebec as carriers of the furs raided; others, to the number of fifty, being turned loose in the desolate wilderness of the bay. It was October before Iberville's forest-rovers were back in Montreal.

The French were now in possession of the south end of Hudson's Bay. Iberville's brother Maricourt with a handful of men remained to guard the captured forts; and for ten years the inland sea became the theatre of such escapades as buccaneers might have enacted on the Spanish Main. The next year saw the indomitable Iberville back at Rupert. Over at Charlton Island, where Sargeant and his men had retired, the Hudson's Bay

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Company's ship *Churchill* had been caught and frozen in the ice-floes. Iberville sent four spies to reconnoitre. Three were summarily captured by the English fur traders and thrown into the hold of the ship, manacled, for the winter. In spring one was brought above-decks to give the English sailors a hand putting masts shipshape. The fellow only waited till six of the crew were up the ratlines, when he seized an axe, brained two Englishmen on the decks, rushed down-stairs to liberate his comrades, took possession of all firearms, and at pistol-point kept the six Englishmen up the mast-poles while he steered the vessel straight to Iberville, where the cargo of provisions saved Rupert's River from famine. In vain the English sent rescue-parties south from Nelson (York), on the west side of the bay, to recapture Albany. Iberville came canoeing across the ice-floes with his Indian bandits, discovered two English ships locked in the ice before Albany, ready to attack the French in the spring, lay in ambush till he had captured half the crew of eighty-two, then took possession of both the English vessels, loaded them with furs of the fort, and sailed gayly out for Quebec, eluding two other English ships in the straits by hoisting an English flag and slipping away through the fog before they could send messengers across the intervening ice.

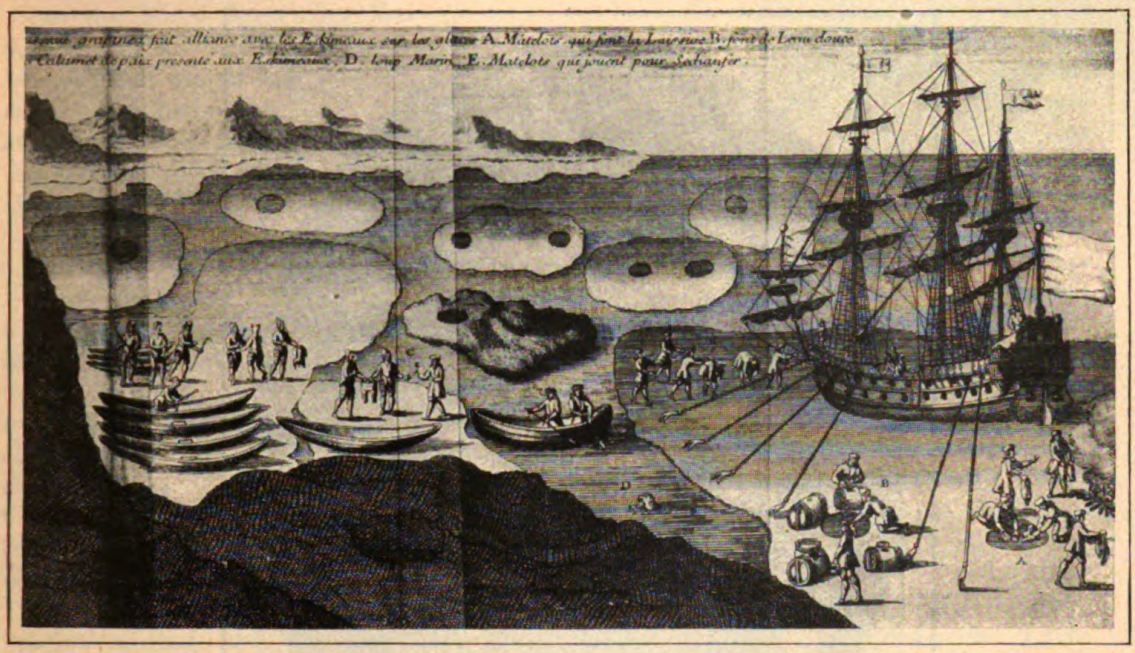


COAT OF ARMS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Perhaps security bred carelessness. From 1690 to 1693 Iberville was absent from the bay on the border raids of Schenectady and Pemaquid. When Captain Michael Crimmington led three Hudson's Bay Company's ships down to Albany in 1693, he found only four Frenchmen holding the fort. The other forty of the garrison were off in the woods. And in the woods they were forced to stay; for Crimmington took prompt possession of Albany for the company, finding in the cellars a ghastly form, naked, shackled hand to feet, and chained to the wall—a French criminal who had murdered first the surgeon and then the priest of the fort.

But Iberville was not the man to let go lightly what had been so hard won. It had become more than a guerilla warfare between gamesters of the wilderness. It was a fight for ascendency on the continent. It was a struggle to determine which nation was to command the rivers and waterways leading inland to the unknown West. If the French raiders were to hold their forts at the bottom of the bay, they must capture the stronghold of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company upon the west coast—Nelson, or York, at the mouth of Hayes River. Taking on board one hundred and twenty wood-rangers, Iberville sailed from Quebec on the 10th of August, 1694, with the frigate *Poli and Salamandre*. On September 24 he was disembarking his cannon below the earthworks and one hundred great guns of Nelson. Steady bombardment poured bombs into the fort from September 25 to October 14. Châteauguay, his brother, fell wounded in the fight, which redoubled the fury of the wood-lopers. While the long-range guns ploughed up the earthworks and shattered the palisades to the fore, the wood-lopers went round and in hand-to-hand fight assaulted the fort to the rear. To save the fort from utter extermination, Walsh and Kelsey, the chief traders of the English, surrendered. Of the captured, some were turned adrift in the

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UNLOADING CARGO OF A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S SHIP
From "La Potherie" (Edition of 1722)

woods, others carried in irons to France, because—as one of the indignant prisoners afterward complained—"*we had not the money to grease the commander's fist for our freedom.*"

And so the merry game went on between the rival traders of the Northern Bay, French and English fighting as furiously over the beaver as if each pelt had been a bar of gold. Except for one fort—Severn—half-way between Albany and Nelson, and unimportant except as a resort for the refugees driven from the other factories by the French, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company had lost all their forts on the bay. One thing favored the English adventurers. Open war had taken the place of secret treaty between France and England. The English Admiralty now furnished a convoy of frigates for the traders' supply-ships; so when Sérigny, Iberville's brother, came out from France in 1696 with provisions on the *Poli* and *Hardi* for the French at Nelson, he found English men-of-war, the *Bonaventure* and *Seaforth,* lined up for attack before Hayes River. Sérigny didn't wait. He turned swift heel for sea; so swift, indeed, that the *Hardi* split on some ice-floe and went to bottom with all hands. Without either provisions or powder, Governor de la Fôrest had no choice but to capitulate to the Englishman, Allan, who retaliated for all Iberville's raids by carrying off his captives to England, where they lay in prison at Portsmouth for four months. Released at last, they hastened to France, where their emaciated, ragged condition spoke louder than their indignant words.

Frenchmen languishing in an English prison! Like wildfire ran the rumor of the outrage. Once before when Peré, the Frenchman, had been imprisoned on Hudson's Bay, Iberville had thrust the sword of vengeance into the very heart of the English fastness. France turned again to the same Robin Hood of Canada's rude chivalry and romance. Iberville was at the time carrying havoc from hamlet to hamlet of Newfoundland, where two hundred English had already fallen before his sword and seven hundred been captured. On the 7th of April, 1697, Sérigny, his brother, was despatched from France with five men-of-war—the *Pelican,* the *Palmier,* the *Profond,* the *Wasp,* the *Violent*—to be placed under Iberville's command at Placentia, Newfoundland, whence he was to proceed to Hudson's Bay, with orders "to leave not a vestige remaining" of the English fur trade in the north.

The squadron left Newfoundland on

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JEAN BAPTISTE LE MOYNE BIENVILLE
(Brother to Iberville. From an old print)

July 8. By the 25th the ships had entered the straits amid berg and floe, with the long transparent daylight when sunset merges with sunrise. Iberville was on the *Pelican* with Bienville, his brother, two hundred and fifty men, and fifty guns. The other brother, Sérigny, commanded the *Palmier,* and Edward Fitzmaurice, of Kerry, a Jacobite, had come as chaplain. A gun gone loose in the hold of the *Wasp* had caused some damage, and forty men were disabled from scurvy on the *Pelican,* when the ships succeeded in reaching the inner side of the straits at Cape Digges. Here the ice, contracted by the straits, locked around them in an iron grip. Fog fell, concealing the ships from each other, except for the ensigns at the masts' heads, which showed all the fleet driven far southward, except Iberville's *Pelican.* For eighteen days the impatient raider found himself forcibly anchored to the ice-floes in fog, his ship crushed and banged and bodily lifted until perhaps a powder blast released pressure, or holes drilled and filled with bombs broke the ice-crush, or, unshipping the rudder, his men disembarked and, up to the waist in ice slush, towed the *Pelican* forward. On the 25th of August, at four in the morning, the fog suddenly lifted. Iberville saw that the *Pelican* had been carried back in the straits. The *Wasp* and *Violent* had disappeared; but straight to the fore, ice-jammed, were the *Profond,* and —Iberville could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes—three English men-of-war, the *Hampshire* and *Dering* and *Hudson's Bay,* closing in a circle round the ill-fated French ship. Just at that moment, the ice loosening, Iberville was off like a bird on the *Pelican,* not waiting to see what became of the *Profond,* which escaped from the ice that night after a day's bombardment, when the English were in the act of running across the ice for a hand-to-hand fight.

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On the 3d of September Iberville was before Port Nelson. Anxiously he scanned the sea during two days for the rest of his fleet. On the morning of the 5th the sails of three vessels rose above the horizon of the sea. Raising anchor, Iberville hastened to meet them and signalled them welcome. No response signalled back. The horrified watch at the masthead called down some warning. Then the full extent of the terrible mistake dawned on Iberville. These were not *his* consort ships at all. They were the English men-of-war, the *Hampshire,* fifty-two guns; the *Dering,* thirty; the *Hudson's Bay,* thirty-two—hemming him in a fatal circle between the English foe on land and their own cannon to sea.

One can imagine the wild shout of jubilation that went up from the two hundred and fifty Englishmen of the *Hampshire* to see their enemy of ten years' merciless raids now hopelessly trapped between their fleet and the fort. The English vessels had the wind, and raced over the waves, all sails set, like war-horses eager for battle. Iberville did not wait. He had weighed anchor to sail out when he thought the vessels were his own; and now he kept on his course. Of his original crew, forty were ill of scurvy. Some twenty-five had been sent ashore to reconnoitre. Counting the Canadians and Indians taken on at Newfoundland, he could muster only one hundred and fifty fighting-men. Quickly ropes were stretched to give the forces handhold over the frost-slippery decks. Stoppers were ripped from the fifty cannon, and the batterymen below under La Salle and Grandville had stripped off their shirts for the furnace of flame and powder that was to be their portion in the impending battle. Bienville, Iberville's brother, swung the infantrymen in line abovedecks, swords and pistols in hands, prepared for the hand-to-hand grapple that was bound to come against such desperate odds. De la Potherie got the Canadians to the forecastle, all ready to board when the ships knocked keels. Iberville knew it was to be like those old-time raids—a fight to the death, or victory; and on he swept, right up to the *Hampshire,* the strongest of the foe, where every shot would tell. The *Hampshire* shifted broadsides to the French, and at nine in the morning let go two roaring cannonades that ploughed up the *Pelican's* decks and stripped the French of masts naked to the hull. At the same instant the *Dering* and *Hudson's Bay,* which had circled to the left of the French, poured a musketry fire across the *Pelican's* stern. At one fell blast forty French had been mowed down, but the batterymen below never ceased their torrent of balls straight into the *Hampshire's* hull; and Iberville shouted for the infantrymen to fire into the *Dering's* forecastle, and the Canadian sharpshooters to rake the decks of the *Hudson's Bay.* For three and a half hours the three-cornered battle raged. The ships were so close, shout and countershout could be heard across decks. Faces were literally singed with the musketry fire. Ninety French were wounded. The *Pelican's* decks swam in blood. Grapeshot and grenade had set the fallen sails in flame. Railings were gone overdecks, the bridge crumbling, a gaping wound in the hull of the French ship to fore; and still the batterymen below poured their storm of fire and bomb into the English hull. The fighters were so close, one old record says, and the holes torn by the bombs so large in the hull of each ship, that the gunners on the *Pelican* were looking into the very eyes of the smoke-grimed men belowdecks in the *Hampshire.* For three hours the English had tacked to board the *Pelican;* and the mastless, splintered *Pelican* had fought like a demon to cripple her enemy's approach. The men of both decks had rushed *en masse* for the last hand-to-hand fight, when a wild shout went up from the remnants of the French. The batteries of the *Hampshire* were suddenly silenced. The great ship refused to answer to the wheel. That persistent, undeviating fire belching from the sides of the *Pelican* had done its work. The *Hampshire* gave a quick back lurch. Before the amazed Frenchmen could believe their eyes, amid the roar of flame and crashing billow, all sails set, the *Hampshire* settled and sank like a stone amid the engulfing seas. Not a soul of her two hundred and fifty men escaped. The screams of the struggling seamen had

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WRECK OF THE "PELICAN"
Crew landing after sinking the "Hampshire" and capturing the "Hudson's Bay"
(From an old engraving)

not died on the waves before Iberville had turned the batteries of his shattered ship full force on the *Hudson's Bay*. Promptly the *Hudson's Bay* struck colors; but while Iberville was engaged loading his captives and taking over ninety prisoners, the *Dering* showed swift heel and gained Fort Nelson.

In the fury and heat of the fight, the French had not noticed the gathering storm that now broke with hurricane gusts of sleet and rain. The hawser that towed the captive ship snapped like a thread. Captor and captive in vain threw out anchors. The anchors raked bottom. Cables were cut, and the two ships drove along the sands before the wind. The deck of the *Pelican* was now icy with blood. Every shock of smashing billows jumbled dead and dying *en masse*. The night grew black as pitch. The little railing that still clung to the shattered decks of the *Pelican* was now washed away, and the waves carried off dead and wounded. Tables were hurled from the cabin. The rudder was broken; and the water was already to the bridge of the floundering ship when the hull began to split and the *Pelican* buried her prow in the sands six miles from the fort. All small boats had been shot away. The canoes of the Canadians were swamped as they were launched. Tying the spars of the shattered masts in four-sided racks, Iberville had the wounded bound to these and towed ashore by the others, half swimming, half wading. Many of the men sprang into the sea half naked as they had fought. Guns and powder-horns, held high above heads, were all that was saved of the wreck. Eighteen more men lost their lives trying to swim ashore. On land, the castaways found two feet of snow. For twelve hours they had fought, without pause for food; and now, shivering round

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fires kindled in the bush, the half-famished men devoured moss and seaweed raw. It was at this terrible pass that the other ships of Iberville's fleet came to his rescue. They, too, had suffered from the storm, the *Violent* having gone to bottom, the *Palmier* having lost her steering-gear.

Nelson, or York, was the usual four-bastioned fur-post, with palisades and houses of white fir logs a foot thick, the pickets punctured for small arms, with embrasures for some hundred cannon. It stood some paces back from Hayes River, four miles up from the sea. The ship *Hudson's Bay* had also been wrecked, and her seamen carried to Governor Bailey of the fort word of Iberville's desperate plight. Nor was Bailey inclined to surrender even after the other ships came to Iberville's aid. With Bailey in the fort was that Smithsend who had been sold to slavery in Martinique by the French. When Iberville's messenger was led into the council-hall with flag of truce and bandaged eyes to demand surrender, Smithsend advised resistance till the English knew whether Iberville had been lost in the wreck. Fog favored the French. By the 11th they had been able to get their cannon ashore undetected by the English, so near the fort that the first intimation was the blow of hammers in erecting platforms. This drew the fire of the English, and the cannonading began on both sides. On the 12th Sérigny entered the council again to demand surrender.

"If you refuse, there will be no quarter," he warned.

"Quarter be cursed!" thundered the old governor. Then turning to his men, "Forty pounds sterling to every man who fights."

But the Canadians, with all the savagery of Indian warfare, had begun hacking down palisades to the rear. Sérigny came once more from the French. "They are desperate," he urged. "They must take the fort or pass the winter like beasts in the wilds." Bombs had been shattering the houses. Bailey was induced to capitulate, but, game to the end, haggled for the best bargain he could get. Neither the furs nor the armaments of the fort were granted him; but he was permitted to march out with his people unharmed, drum beating, flag unfurled, ball in mouth, match lighted, bag and baggage, fife screaming its shrillest defiance—to march out with all this brave pomp to a desolate winter in the wilds, while the wood-lopers led by Boisbriant ransacked the fort.

The Treaty of Ryswick put an end to the raids. Iberville sailed away to fresh glories. A seigniory had been granted him along the Bay of Chaleurs. In 1699 he was created Chevalier of St. Louis. The rest of his years were passed founding the colony of Louisiana; and he visited Boston and New York harbors with plans of conquest in his mind, though, as the Earl of Belmont reported, he pretended it was for wood and water. In the war of the Barbadoes he hoped to capture slaves for Louisiana, and had transported hundreds; but yellow fever raged in the South and Iberville fell a victim to it on July 9, 1706. He was perhaps the most picturesque type of Canada's wild wood chivalry, with all its savage faults and romantic heroism.

And his Majesty the King of France, well pleased with the success of his brave raiders, sends out a musty old despatch that reads: *"His Majesty declines to accept the white bear sent to him from Hudson's Bay, but he will permit the fur traders to exhibit the animal."*

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Fiddler

BY SEWELL FORD

HAVING been the owner of Fiddler for almost two weeks, Mr. Hiram Proggins arrived somewhat abruptly at the conclusion that he had made a mistake. Either Fiddler was not the horse for him or he was not the man for Fiddler. From his perch on the grain-box Mr. Proggins stared in dissatisfied contemplation at the stall where Fiddler's white nose was submerged in the manger. Yes, a mistake had been made.

Fiddler had known it all along. There were horses, plenty of them, that would have suited Hi Proggins. Some horses, you know, don't care a clover-head who own them. Fiddler was not of this kind. He could make distinctions, and very fine ones, sometimes. The mere sight of Proggins aroused his suspicions, and when Fiddler first felt the touch of the new owner's hands on the reins he was assured, by that subtle instinct common to every good horse, that he and Mr. Proggins were not in accord and never could be.

In the first place, Proggins was glum and unsociable. Fiddler's chief traits were cheerfulness and sociability. Also, he had that which many scientific folks will tell you no animal possesses—a sense of humor. Judging him by a full-face view, you would never guess it. Fiddler had a long head—an abnormally long head—which gave to his frontal expression a solemn, almost lugubrious cast. Perhaps no horse ever carried about such a doleful face. It was grotesquely wobegone.

But view him from either side, get the effect of his parrot nose, note the sly humor of his drooping eyelids, the merry drollery lurking in the mouth corners, the mischievous twitching of his pendent upper lip, and you would find yourself grinning out of sheer sympathy with his jovial mood.

Mr. Proggins, however, did not grin. He never grinned. The face of Proggins was not fashioned for such purpose. Mainly it was whiskered—not with a long, benevolent beard, nor with an aristocratic Vandyke. It bristled with a coarse, scraggy, untractable, sandy-hued growth that suggested irritability of temper. As for the eyes of Proggins, no one might know what they expressed, for they were deeply set under bushy brows and further hidden by an overgrown pair of smoked glasses. Those glasses puzzled Fiddler, as well they might, for they gave to the unattractive face of Proggins a weird, sinister expression.

This was unfortunate. Proggins was not a bad fellow. He was simply an unsuccessful inventor whose disposition had been somewhat soured. Chiefly this was due to misdirected effort, for Proggins had inventive genius of no mean order. But he misused it. Was there anything along impossible or impractical lines, Proggins thought of it and straightway set himself the task of inventing it. He invented a mattress that would turn itself over once in ten days, provided that you wound up the weights and set the clockwork properly. The fact that the great American public did not yearn for a self-turning mattress embittered the mind of Proggins. A lawn-mower that could be converted into a feed-cutter, a hand-cultivator, a churn, or a coffee-grinder was another ingenious boon that the public declined to appreciate.

The two or three inventions which had proved of real value brought him meagre returns because manufacturers' agents had juggled the patent rights to that end. But always and endlessly, despite failure and reverses, were Proggins's best thoughts, most of his income, and the greater part of his time devoted to the construction of a perpetual-motion machine, which seemed doomed to be perpetually motionless.

It was this unoriginal folly that had estranged kin and friends, that had

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caused Proggins to leave town and seek the seclusion of a ten-acre farm off the County House Road. There, in unpainted, ramshackle buildings huddled among unpruned trees and surrounded by untilled fields, Proggins lived like a hermit, working at vain things, dreaming vain dreams, and cherishing resentment against a careless world.

About once a week Proggins reluctantly tramped into the nearest town for supplies and material. With the purpose of making these trips still more infrequent, he decided to buy a horse. Unluckily for both, Fiddler chanced to be the animal which fate and an unsympathetic horse-dealer picked out to share his lot.

When you have pulled a post-cart over a suburban mail route for some five years you come to know a lot of folks and a lot of folks come to know you. When you are watched for every day by several hundred persons, when you establish intimate relations with a whole neighborhood, then your work ceases to be mere drudgery. Fiddler had found it so. He liked to see them, the women and children, and sometimes the men, standing at the gate watching for him. They seemed glad to have him stop, even though he left nothing more than the weekly paper or a patent-medicine almanac. They brought him things to eat, —bunches of clover whose honey-laden tops were deliciously sweet, red summer apples, and on baking-days fresh crullers and ginger cookies. He liked his driver, too—a jolly chap who whistled and sang as Fiddler jogged along the highway.

Changes, however, are bound to come. The driver was promoted to the railway division, and the new postman had a horse of his own. So Fiddler went to the horse-trader, and from there to the Proggins farm. Sadly did Fiddler miss his friends on the mail route. Here was only this glum-visaged man with bristling whiskers and queer-looking eyes. He neither looked nor acted friendly. But Fiddler was bound to make the best of things. In a dozen ways he tried to be sociable. He had a trick of upsetting the grain-measure by an unexpected lift of his long nose when he was being fed. The postman had enjoyed it heartily, and every meal-time they made quite a game of it. But Proggins rapped him sharply with a stick he carried, and refused to enter into the spirit of the joke. He wanted none of Fiddler's good-natured nosings and plainly showed it.

It was clear, too, that he was afraid of the horse, approaching head or heels with much caution. Fiddler, who had never kicked or used his teeth on any one in all his life, came to enjoy lifting a threatening hoof or laying back his ears, just for the fun of seeing Mr. Proggins dance out of his way.

What was the matter with the man, anyway? Fiddler could not make out. Then there remained the mystery of those smoked glasses. So Fiddler got into the habit of watching his master closely as long as he could keep Proggins within range of his eyes. His were big, round eyes, too, deep and full and strikingly human in their expression. Fiddler could stare out of them in such a questioning way that one was almost moved to ask, "Well, old fellow, what's up; what do you want to say?"

Hi Proggins was not so moved. To him this stare of Fiddler's was intensely disconcerting. Whenever he was at work about the barn he might be certain that those big, round eyes were following him. Fiddler would even crane his neck to watch Proggins shake out the bedding or when he was fastening the traces behind him. This Mr. Proggins interpreted as an evidence that the horse was only waiting for a chance to play him some evil prank. Naturally he grew to dislike Fiddler as well as to fear him.

Once he had Fiddler safely harnessed and had climbed up on the wagon out of range of his blindered eyes, Mr. Proggins's mind was at peace. Sitting humped over on the seat, his thoughts dwelling on some new obstacle presented by the intricate contrivance in his workshop, Proggins would allow Fiddler to jog along wholly unguided for half an hour at a time.

Then it was that Fiddler tasted happiness. Hungry for the sight of horses and men, he improved each trip to town by giving full play to his sociable impulses. He whinnied friendly greetings to every passing team, and often left the road altogether just to rub noses with

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a pastured horse. Could he overtake a carriage, he would follow it doggedly, if possible with nose on the seat-back. In this way he frightened several old ladies, who roused the absent-minded Proggins from his day-dreams to scold him soundly for his impertinence.

Arrived in town, it was Fiddler's delight to stop before the court-house or town hall or wherever was the biggest crowd, much to the disgust of Proggins, who wished to come in contact with as few persons as possible.

But Fiddler was bent on being sociable when opportunity offered. Twice he forced his way into funeral processions, where he was not at all wanted. Was there a crowd about a travelling fakir's wagon in the market square, Fiddler, if not closely watched, would push into the thickest of it. On one occasion he followed a stream of carriages into the fair-grounds, and Proggins was brought to his senses by an indignant ticket-collector who charged him with being a beat.

It was always Proggins who was blamed for intrusiveness. No one ever seemed to suspect Fiddler. Even Proggins himself, unwilling to credit the horse with anything more than brute instincts, was not suspicious. He was puzzled, however, when one Sunday, after starting for town under the impression that it was Saturday, he woke from a brown study to find himself in the carriage-shed of the Calvary Baptist Church just as the morning service was concluding. Proggins, who particularly disapproved of churches and church-going, had the humiliation of being compelled to drive home in the midst of the Sunday procession. Some say Fiddler wore a broad grin, but probably it was nothing more than his normal expression.

From that day, however, Fiddler was no longer trusted to find his way into town and back. At cost of much mental effort Proggins did the guiding and avoided places where he had no wish to go. Fiddler had to submit, although he eyed longingly every group and gathering.

As Proggins's dislike for the horse deepened, he began to dread the three visits which he must make every day to Fiddler's stall with feed and water. The persistence with which he was followed about by the searching stare of inquiry disturbed and upset his mind. But Proggins was not an inventor for nothing. Resolutely suspending his tinkering on the perpetual-motion machine, for nearly a week he measured and hammered and worked about the barn. Fiddler watched and wondered, but he could make nothing of it.

Then one morning Proggins did not come to the barn at all. Yet the water-bucket in the manger was mysteriously filled, the usual two quarts of grain miraculously appeared without a sign of hands, and a big forkful of hay was noiselessly pitched down from the loft. At noon and again at night the phenomenon was repeated, and without sight or sound of Proggins. Fiddler stared and listened, but solve the puzzle he could not.

Still, considering the genius of Proggins, the thing was no great marvel. He had simply built a series of troughs from the pump to the water-bucket, hoisted the grain-box into the loft, and dropped a chute with a string-regulated slide into the manger, and contrived an automatic hay-fork. This last, it must be admitted, was really a clever device. The whole arrangement worked perfectly.

The result was that Fiddler's isolation was complete. The lonely monotony of stall-standing was not unbroken even by the brief visits of the unsociable Proggins. It was the most absolute solitude which Fiddler had ever experienced. The farm was a lonesome place at best, and the silence that hung about it like a pall was almost unbroken. In barn-yard or pasture were no lowing cows, not a hen cackled cheerfully; there was not even a dog or cat about the place. The only sound to be heard was the muffled hammering of Proggins in his distant workshop.

And Fiddler didn't like it. He soon became tired of being fed and watered by machinery. He wanted to see some one, even if it were only Proggins. So he revolted. He backed against the barn door until the rusty latch gave way. Then he walked out into the barn-yard and began to hunt for company.

Thus it was that Proggins, conscious of some unusual presence, looked up from

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his work to see the solemn face of Fiddler framed in the open window and those big, curious eyes fixed upon him with disconcerting stare.

"Get out of here, you beast!" Proggins fairly shrieked. "Get out, you long-faced son of Satan!" and he waved a hammer threateningly. Arming himself with a long pole, he undertook to drive Fiddler back into the stable. But the horse was enjoying his liberty too well to go tamely back into the hateful stall. A merry chase they had of it, through the neglected orchard, about the weed-grown garden, into the road, and back again.

Then Proggins had an inspiration. He would drive Fiddler down to the highway and lose him. That would end the business, would rid him of this troublesome animal. As for Fiddler, he seemed glad enough to go, and Proggins saw him disappear over a hill with a sense of thankfulness. Two hours later, however, a boy from a neighboring farm led Fiddler back in triumph and demanded a dollar. Proggins grumbled, but paid the reward and put a new latch on the barn door.

This was the beginning of a game which progressed from day to day. Fiddler's part was to find the weak spots in the old barn and to go through them. Proggins undertook to repair the breaks and to thwart new attempts. It was a spirited contest.

At first Proggins tried to gain an advantage by putting a halter on Fiddler and tying him to a stout stanchion. Fiddler promptly gnawed through the halter rope and declined to allow a repetition of the handicap. His outbreaks were bold and ingenious. Once he forced the door of the cow-shed. Another time he backed through the side of the barn, ripping off two loosened boards. And after each escape he went straight to the window of the workshop, as if to taunt the defeated Proggins and challenge him to another prance through the orchard.

Having endured this sort of thing for several days, Proggins became desperate. He had reached what he believed to be a critical stage in his life-work. At any moment he expected to see the various wheels of his machine start into endless motion, and he was working with feverish enthusiasm. But apply himself he could not with that long, white, solemn face leering at intervals through his window and that disturbing stare following his every movement.

"You've done it again, have you?" he growled, as Fiddler made his last appearance. "Want to drive me crazy, don't you, you four-legged old Slippery Jack? But I'll fix you, I'll fix you this time." Here Mr. Proggins shook a futile fist, while every wiry hair of his sandy whiskers bristled with anger. "I'll fasten you up now, you blamed old white hoodoo, so you can't get out. I'll do it if I have to build the whole darned barn over with walls a foot thick."

With this threat Mr. Proggins impetuously grabbed his hat and started on foot for the nearest sawmill to order a load of lumber.

Reproachfully Fiddler watched the bent form of Proggins dash down towards the County House Road. Then he stuck his long head into the open door of the workshop and sniffed curiously about. Next to the window was a carpenter's bench littered with tools and shavings and odd pieces of machinery. On the other side of the door was a hand-forge, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan resting on the gray coals.

The rest of the room was largely occupied by a huge, flimsy-looking affair that suggested the combination of a grandfather's clock with a threshing-machine. It had wheels and weights and arms and levers and ropes and springs and pulleys. Such a contraption Fiddler had never seen before, and it attracted him. Cautiously he approached the thing, stepping carefully over the creaking floor boards, his neck stretched out, ears pricked forward, nostrils expanding and contracting, and pendent upper lip working tentatively.

All might have ended well and no mischief done had not Fiddler planted one of his hind feet on a saw. The thin steel snapped with a sharp report. Fiddler snorted in alarm and jerked upwards his long nose, striking a projecting lever. There ensued a whirring of wheels, a creaking of pulleys, a confused buzz of cogs. The thing was alive, then? It was some monstrous insect!

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Fiddler reared in fright. His head struck the ceiling, and down he came with a grand crash. The machine toppled towards him, and the next that he knew he was hopelessly mixed up in the thing. So he went plunging madly about, his legs twined and tangled with ropes and springs, his iron-shod hoofs smashing and bending parts at every jump.

This is how it really happened. Mr. Proggins's theory that Fiddler deliberately attacked the machine with malicious intent is wholly absurd. Yet he thoroughly believed it at the time. Perhaps he does still. It is true that when he returned at the end of half an hour, having determined to make Fiddler haul the lumber for his own undoing, he found the old white horse dancing frantically on the ruin of the wrecked machine.

"I've had a mighty lot of hard luck in my day," said Proggins, "but I guess that was about the hardest knock I ever got. I was more scared than mad, though I'm not superstitious; but if ever a horse was possessed of the devil it was that old Fiddler. I don't want to see anything like it again. Heard folks tell about their blood running cold, haven't you? Well, mine did when I saw the antics of that four-legged demon. And that grin of his! His jaws were shut tight, but his lips were drawn up until you could see his teeth way back to his ears.

"But his eyes were the worst. They just blazed with deviltry. He had that coffin-shaped head of his up in the air, and he was switching his old white tail and rampaging about that shop as though he meant to make match-wood of the whole business—which he come pretty near doing.

"I couldn't swear and I couldn't cry, though I wanted to do both at once. I just stood there with my eyes sticking out and my hair standing up until, all of a sudden, he looks up and sees me. Then he charged through the door at me like a setter going after a rabbit. I yelled and made a dive for the old smoke-house. As I jumped in I slammed the door after me and climbed up on the top beams.

"Guess I must have roosted there nearly three hours before I dared to come down. I heard Fiddler stamping in his stall as he used to when he wanted his feed. I tiptoed out until I could get hold of the grain-box string, and I pulled that two or three times. The grain quieted him, and while he was eating I slipped around and shut the barn door, bracing it with half a dozen fence rails. Then I walked over and took the night train to the city, where I hunted up a man who makes a business of training vicious horses. I paid him twenty-five dollars to come out and take Fiddler away. And what do you think? That contrary old beast whinnied as if he was glad to see us, and followed the man off as meekly as a mooley cow. Blast his old white hide!"

Curiously enough, the smashing of the perpetual-motion machine proved to be the making of Proggins. Quite too discouraged to begin a new one, he abandoned the whole scheme and out of sheer irony applied his genius to the fashioning of a patent stopper for tomato-ketchup bottles. In less than six months he had more money than he knew what to do with.

Nor did Fiddler pass into oblivion. Far from it. Some time or other you will probably arrive at one of the great railroad terminals in Jersey City. Should you chance to hit upon the right one, you may see, moving with leisurely steps and solemn dignity through the inbound and outgoing throngs, an old white horse with an abnormally long head.

It will be Fiddler. His business is to haul baggage-vans back and forth along the platforms. Surely, you will say, he cannot lack for society. Nor does he. Every hour of the day folks are shunted in from the far corners of the world to meet him. Men from all lands brush his flanks and carry away on their coat sleeves white hairs from his sleek quarters.

And Fiddler appears to enjoy it all immensely. On his solemn old white face sits contentment. In the midst of train-shed riot he is thoroughly at home. You may see him stand serene and tranquil as a big six-driver camel-back dragging the Chicago Limited slows down with a screech of brake-shoes from its mile-a-minute run and comes to a hard-breathing stop not ten inches from his nose.

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"Hello, old Whitey!" the engineer will sing out, leaning from his cab to smooth Fiddler's ears. "We're back again, you see."

Perhaps no mere traveller was ever more surprised at meeting Fiddler on the station platform than the occupant of a Pullman section who alighted one day from the Washington express. The colored porter who followed him with his hand-baggage seemed to think him a personage, but you or I would have needed but one glance at those smoked glasses and sandy whiskers before exclaiming, "Proggins!"

The first sight of Fiddler made him gasp; and no wonder, for as he stepped from the train he found himself confronted with that unforgettable white face. Under his whiskers Proggins turned pale, and had it not been for perilling the deep respect which his dollar tip had evoked from the porter he would have climbed back into the car and shut the door. Edging around Fiddler and well to the rear, Proggins addressed the man in charge of the baggage-van.

"Nice horse you have there, eh?"

"Yes, sir; he's all right, old Fiddler is. And knowin'— Say, he knows more'n lots of people, he does."

"Yes," assented Proggins, "I should judge so."

As he moved down the platform toward the ferry-boat, Mr. Hiram Proggins turned to take a last look at the old horse. Fiddler, too, had swung about and presented his profile. It wore a sardonic grin. And Proggins, who had learned how, grinned responsively.

A Trail of Gold

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

I WOKE, a Pagan, with the sun—
A worshipper of dawn;
I saw the mists of morning run
Like ghosts across the lawn;
I saw the trees shake off their shrouds;
I saw a rosy ship
Come sailing out of rosy clouds
And dance along and dip.

It was a day of sun and wind
That blew into the brain;—
It beckoned me afield to find
The gods come back again.
It wooed me where the woods are green,—
To where the river leads,
And boisterous breezes pipe unseen,
Like Pan among the reeds.

The wild-grape fragrance followed me,
Insistent as a sound;
From every copse I looked to see
A vine-wreathed satyr bound.
In every bush a wood-nymph stirred—
A thousand sighs took wing;
I leaned against a tree and heard
The dryads whispering.

All day I wantoned with the breeze,
I revelled in the gold;
I burrowed, like the drunken bees,
In beauties manifold.
All day the Pagan gods were mine,
And when the sun was set,
I worshipped at a Pagan shrine
Of gold and violet.

It was a day of wind and sun;
The night came cool and still,—
A starry night, with silver spun
In mist along the hill;—
A quiet night of dew and air
And sweetness of the sod.
I folded tranquil hands in prayer
And made my peace with God.

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The American Nile

BY G. GORDON COPP

Pictures by courtesy of the New York Botanical Garden

"WHEN you have drunk of the red waters of the Colorado you will be filled with an infinite longing to linger within sound of its voice. You may wander afar, but never again will you cease to hear the river calling. Some day you will obey and we will see you again," the Indians who dwell along its banks will tell you, and many a white man who has felt the indescribable charm of this mighty American Nile repeats the Indian legend in explanation.

Like the Nile, the Colorado owes its being to the melting snows of mountains thousands of miles from its mouth, flows through arid lands, and terminates in an immense delta as large as the State of Massachusetts. Unlike the Nile delta, renowned for the many generations to whom it has given homes and sustenance, the great delta of the Colorado, equally if not more fertile, has lain almost idle for ages.

It is the home of the Cocopa Indians, and they alone have raised scant crops in the generous land these many years past. They build their houses of arrow-weed, *Pluchea sericea,* with supports of willow or poplar, and conduct their crude husbandry according to the river's moods.

Each recurring spring the released waters rush from their mountain fastnesses and swell the river to resistless volume and current. Then follows a period of awaiting the river's pleasure to all who dwell or roam within the sphere of its influence. To casual observers there is naught of good, but much of seeming wanton destruction, in the annual bursting of the river's bonds and bounds, for the floods carry enough wreckage and sediment down to the sea each year to make a goodly State. Its quantity can only be estimated in thousands of tons, and its bulk is yearly crowding the ocean waters farther south by slowly but surely filling in the Gulf of California. As the sea recedes, the characteristic flora of the region as constantly advances. As with most impetuous rivers, the Colorado floods subside as suddenly as they appear, and the river recedes to its usual channels, or such new ones as it frequently develops, while the ever-thirsty earth absorbs all lingering traces of the overflow with surprising rapidity.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal abandoned his duties as assistant director of the New York Botanical Garden for a trip down the Colorado early in March, and we made a hurried run across the continent. It was midnight when we were cast adrift at Mellen, a solitary station which the railroad people insist upon calling Topock. Kindly the brilliant Western moon arose to light us to welcome rest on a near-by hilltop. A hundred feet below, the Colorado was speeding on its ever-restless way, and beyond it the strangely worn and eroded Needles presented a singular medley of dignified and fantastic forms, silhouetted against the western sky. Daylight broke upon us seemingly before we had time to settle down cozily in our sleeping-bags, and the Needles appeared to have moved close upon us during the night from across the river in California.

In these lands of constant change one almost feels that he must be witnessing the birth of a new world. He finds the actual processes of moulding the earth going on all about him, and the mountains are affected only in less degree than the shifting sands which break into ripples and ridges at the behest of every idle wind.

At one point in the great desert is a chain of sand-hills averaging a hundred feet in height, which are slowly but steadily moving across the plain in the

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DELTA WHERE THE COLORADO BURSTS ITS BOUNDS

direction of the prevailing winds. The wagon road which skirts them has been shifted many times, else it would have been covered. Ahead of them is the typical desert vegetation of the plain. The hills carry with them plants peculiar to themselves, and behind them, on the plain bared by the march of the hills, a flora distinctly different from either has appeared.

Erosion and weathering have honeycombed the Needles with pits and hollows and carved their summits into numberless domes, turrets, and pinnacles. Many of the more needlelike of the pinnacles are completely perforated. The sinking sun gleams through the openings with strange effect, and these sunlighted eyes suggested the mountain's name.

This year the river reached its maximum height, which only occurs at intervals of ten to twenty years. Nothing approaching its power of destructiveness had been noted since 1891, when it did not reach the height of this year's record by several feet. Not for a decade will the conditions be likely to prove so favorable for study of the river's action and effects. To those dependent upon it for transportation or supplies the discomfort was proportionately great.

The explorers were joined at daybreak by Stanley Sykes, of Flagstaff, Arizona, who was to guide them down the river to Yuma, some three hundred miles distant. A folding canvas boat, twelve feet long, but broad of beam, and a skiff about as long, but much narrower, were depended upon for safe and speedy voyage. Volunteer advisers shook their heads ominously when they saw the little crafts loaded to their full capacity with camp-outfit supplies and apparatus, and all along the route we heard of danger-points just ahead which the tiny boats surely could not pass; but if those who would know the river at its best, learn its

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THE MOVING SAND-HILLS OF THE DESERT

ever-interesting moods, and realize what it is accomplishing in the development of a new and exceedingly interesting land will trust the river, even in its wildest moods, in the very fulness of its strength, it will not betray their confidence. With ordinary precaution and the watchful observation that alone can make such a trip of any value, the journey can be and was made in a boat that two men could carry anywhere if portages were necessary. Camping alternately on the California and Arizona shores, delayed a day in camp near the mouth of Bill Williams Fork by a rain-storm, and a second day at Ehrenberg by a sand-storm, we reached Yuma on March 22, having accomplished the trip in eight days.

The upper valley of the river had received a maximum of rainfall, and numberless small annual plants, which in years of minimum moisture might not develop at all, had clothed the generally bare rocks and levels in green. The river was still rising in irregular stages and cutting into banks and shoals. It was carrying enormous quantities of driftwood, and the shifting current, destroying alternate banks at every turn, added hundreds of living trees and tons of soil to the débris it was sweeping to the sea. One day we rode the crest of a rise of two feet; it passed us while we slept that night, but quickly swept us onward to its head when we resumed our oars the next morning. That day the current carried us eighty miles in about seven hours with but little work at the oars.

The giant cactus, *Cereus giganteus*, was found to grow as far north as Bill Williams Fork and to cross the river there into California — interesting discoveries to the botanist as extending the known area of distribution of these remarkable plants. It has hitherto been supposed that the eastern bank of the Colorado marked the western limit of the plants.

Sand-storms are of frequent occurrence

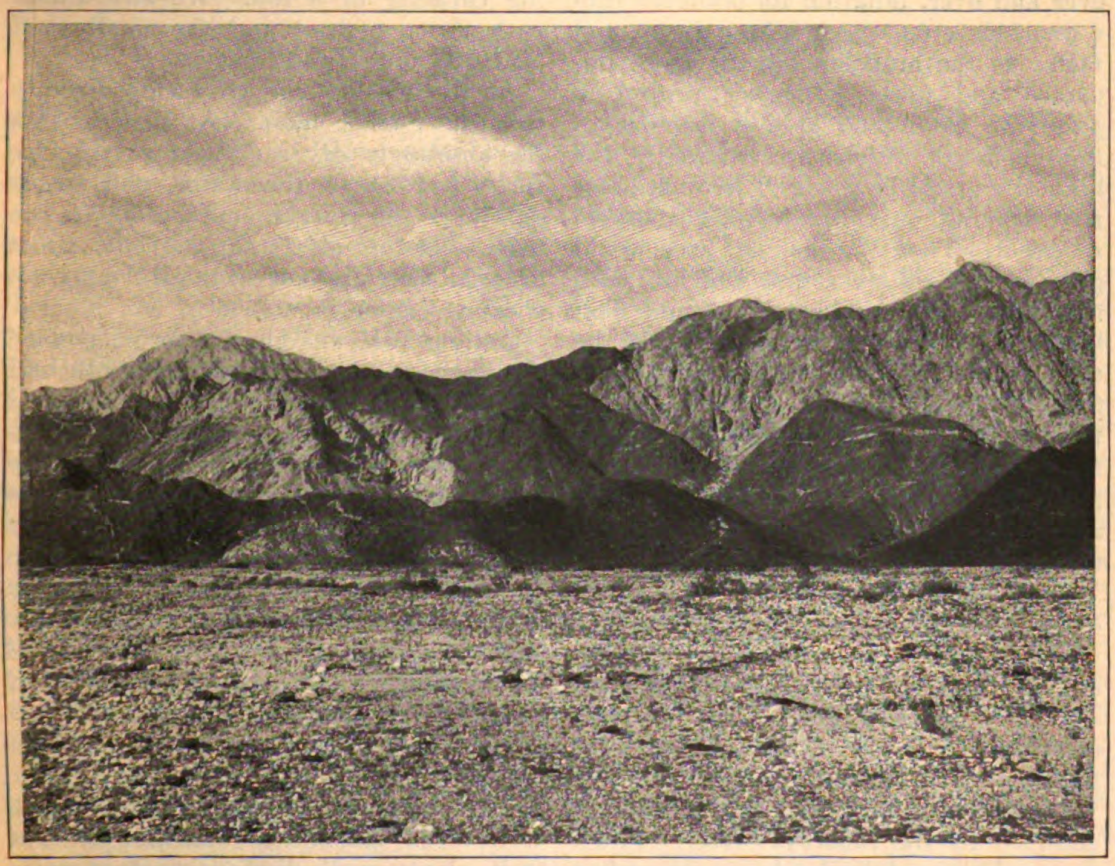
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on the extensive gravel mesa at Ehrenberg. The sand-laden wind obscures the view like a fog, and in the teeth of the gale the driving sand stings like needle-points. It pervades everything; camp cooking becomes a task of magnitude, and eating an affliction, for at best a due proportion of sand must be swallowed.

The larger plants, especially the giant cactuses, suffer severely from these natural sand-blasts, and bear the scars of the encounter for many days. They are weird plants in their way, showing best perhaps standing, as they did in California, high up on rocky shelves on the mountainside, like giant sentinels ready to warn comrades on the plain below of any impending danger. Most people have been made familiar with the general appearance of the plant by numerous illustrations of it, but no photograph can convey the effects of its singular beauty amid its natural surroundings, nor tell the tale of the quaint music awakened by every breeze at play among its many spines.

The Gila River enters the Colorado just west of Yuma, and we crossed its angry waters through a maze of eddies and whirlpools through which immense quantities of driftwood were whirling in mad race. Escaping the worst of the turmoil, we reached the town at racing speed and made triumphant landing, with half our journey accomplished.

For eight days we had been cutting through the desert, but had found no barren land. Cottonwoods and willows lined the shores on either hand, to the exclusion of all view of the sandy wastes; in many places only a few feet behind the leafy screens. Tall canes diversified the scene at numerous points, and where the mud-flats prevailed the green blades of the cattail gave a familiar aspect to the scene. Most of the poplars—or cottonwoods, as the Western man invariably calls them—are a white-trunked variety: the white remarkably pure and the tree exceedingly handsome. They and the willows grow rapidly at the slightest opportunity. Thus it occurs that a mud-



GRAVELLY MESA BELOW SPUR OF COCOPA MOUNTAINS

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flat escaping a single season's flood becomes a veritable nursery of young trees the following year.

In our rapid run down the river we had witnessed the destruction of dozens of such nurseries. At most places alongshore the river had reached the line of older growths and was levelling the larger trees by hundreds wherever a bend of the river directed the force of the current against the far shore. Trees ten inches in diameter and twenty to thirty feet high were constantly toppling into the insatiable river.

The fall of these larger trees was always graceful. The first intimation of it was a distinct shiver that ran through the entire tree, but was most marked in the upper branches; a moment later the tree would bend gracefully forward as if bowing to its enemy. An instant's pause and it would sink slowly into the rushing waters that had reached to and loosened the inshore roots.

Tree after tree of this larger growth would start down the river broadside to the current. Slowly at first, it would roll over and over, tangling its branches into a great skeleton wheel, rolling faster and faster as the branches became more impacted and presented fewer projecting points to catch and hold a moment in the shallower reaches. Eventually the branches would be worn off in such progress, leaving only the tougher roots to retard it. Then the denuded tree would give up the struggle, and whirling into the line of least resistance, would float head on down-stream until caught by the spreading roots in some shallow. Such snags anchored in favorable situations quickly gather and hold a tangled mass of drift, rising ten feet or more above the water. Others lie well submerged, with only a ripple above them to warn the navigator of their presence.

Mud banks, too recent to have developed vegetation, are absorbed by the river with even greater facility. Undercut by the current, such a bank will slough off in great masses, the size governed by the height of the bank and the tenacity of its composition.

Visible bars are not the only ones absorbed by the rapacious river. Floating over a surface level as a board, a ripple breaks under the bow of the boat and is rapidly followed by others of greater and greater height, and before the little craft can be fairly turned aside it is pitching and plunging over waves of sometimes dangerous dimensions. At other times the turmoil is heralded by a sudden boiling upheaval of the waters that almost irresistibly swings the boat aside, generally into the puzzling swirl of a like upheaval. Quicker even than in the first instance, the boat is tossing on a more dangerous sea, choppy in character and usually foam-crested. In both instances the river has attacked submerged bars, and in the former is cutting it away in long slices, and in the latter in great cubes. The ultimate destination of all this sand and silt and vegetable débris is the delta, lying idle under a tropic sun, awaiting a conqueror.

At Yuma we found Godfrey Sykes awaiting us; and E. H. Goldman, of the United States Biological Survey, also decided to join the expedition to make collections of small mammals, birds, and reptiles. A larger boat was needed, and the Sykes brothers built one with a carrying capacity of a ton. We left Yuma with the new boat and the small skiff loaded to their fullest extent.

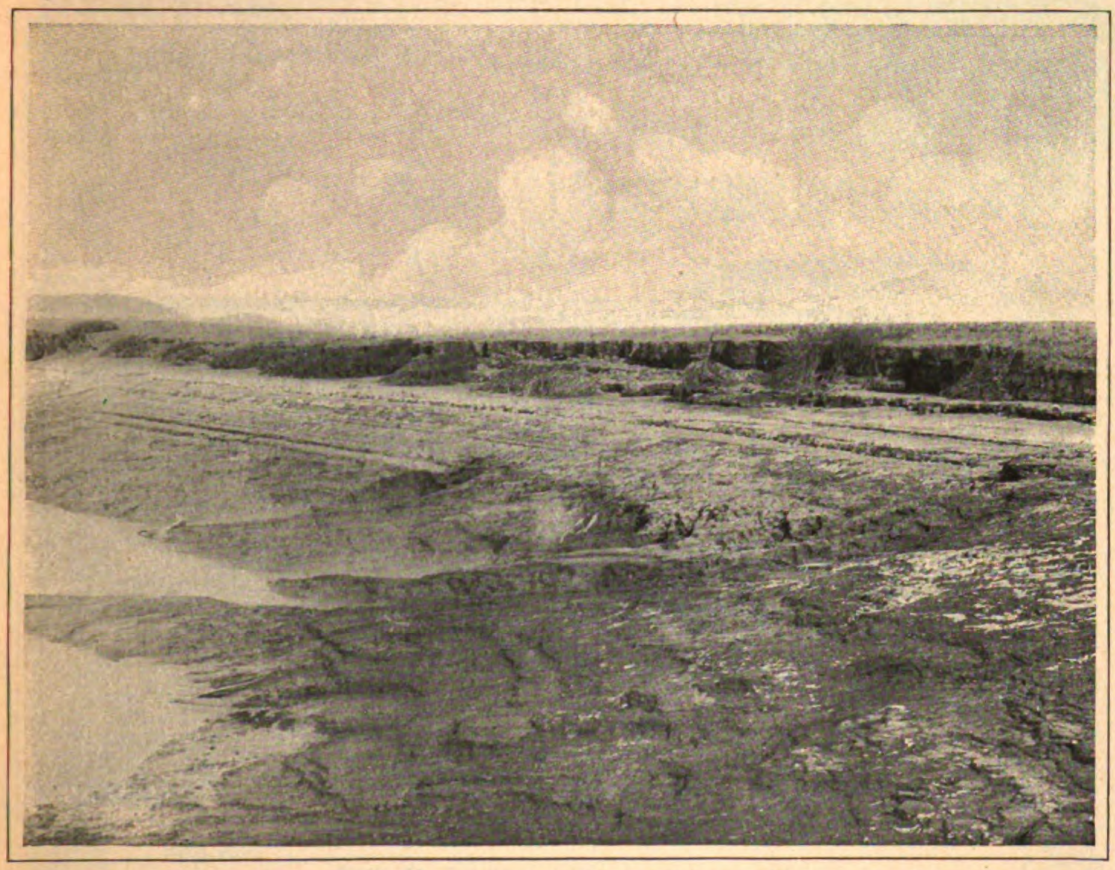
At three points the river cuts directly into the Sonora mesa. At these points the absolutely dry sand and gravel rise forty feet above the water, and every gale aids the river in cutting away the bank. The result is three of the most graceful sweeping curves in all the river's winding course.

A light gale was blowing as we passed the upper mesa. Light as it was, it had started hundreds of streams of sand flowing from the top of the bank as freely as water. One of these streams was fully eighteen inches in diameter. As we ran rapidly past the lower end of the exposure a ton or more of sand fell from the top of the bank.

We made a short stop on one of these exposures, and again were confronted with evidence of the persistence of desert vegetation and the fertility that no one would expect to find on the vast expanse of sand.

The plain was liberally dotted with white lilies blooming luxuriantly. Yet more plenty was a diminutive plant quite like the moisture-loving forget-me-not, in

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BOILING SPRING WHERE THE ALGERIAN ALGA WAS FOUND

full bloom. Shrubs were plentiful enough to appear to form quite close thickets in the near distance, but all strictly desert plants are of individual habit, and none are ever crowded. Collectively they are a multitude, and in variety and in beauty of form and blossom compare well with plants of more favored climes.

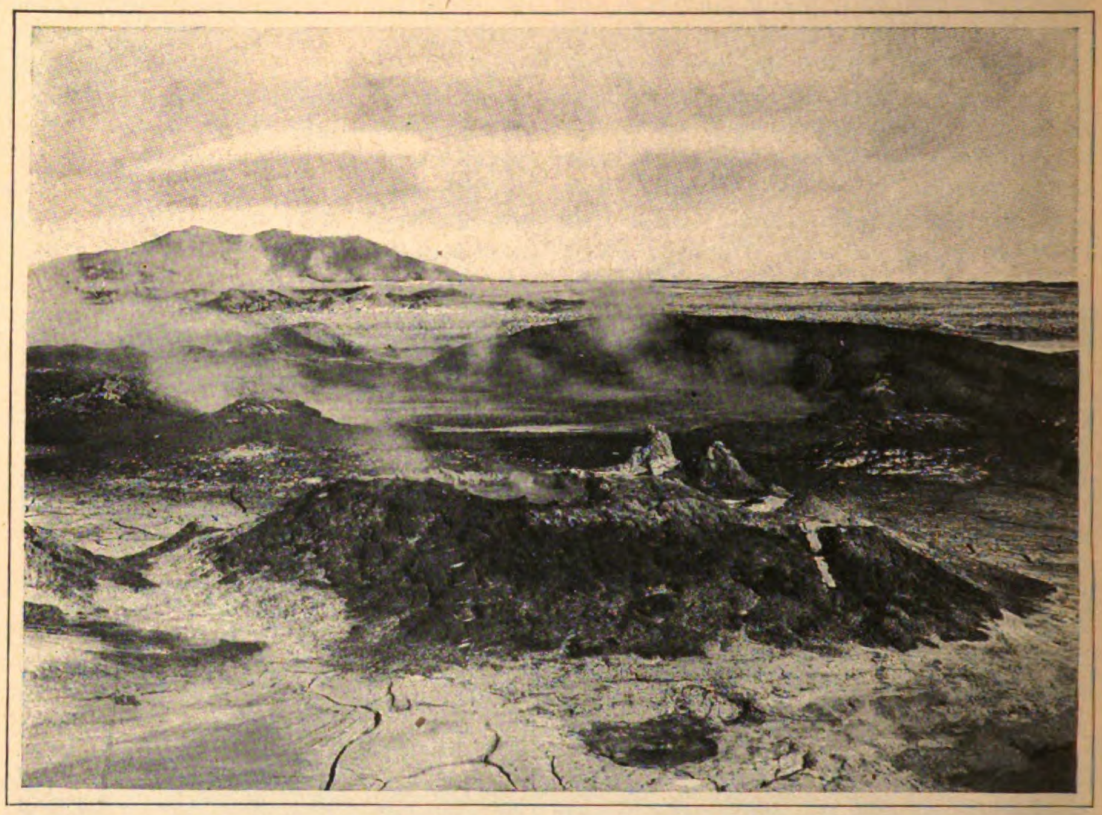
Four families of Cocopa Indians were found at Colonia Lerdo. They had laid out melon-patches along the river front, and each group of seedlings occupied the centre of a depression six feet in diameter and a foot deep, excavated to retain moisture.

We engaged Cocopa Mike, the head of the colony, to help us row the big boat against the current of the Hardy—or Hardy's Colorado, as it is generally known. A short run took us to this river's mouth, and three days later we reached a point where the main channel runs for several hundred yards along the base of a spur of the Cocopa Mountains. Here we camped for ten days.

Back of this spur lies an extensive gravel mesa, and we found the desert expanse gay with flowers. The tall, thorny, rugged ocotillo uplifted its gaudy crest of crimson flowers. At frequent intervals throughout the plain the yellow blossoms of a plant quite like the coreopsis nodded and bowed to every passing breeze. The lycium, or matrimony-bush, was ablaze with its brilliant red fruits, and the crested quail feasted upon them to repletion without being able to reduce the quantity appreciably. Farther northward, evening-primroses, some of most delicate pink, others a lemon yellow, bloomed abundantly; while on the stonier mounds and levels to the southward varieties of cacti displayed their beautiful blooms. The river banks were guarded by heavy thickets of mesquite and willow, affording shelter to innumerable birds.

Across the narrow river, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the flooded delta that some day will be brought under subjection and bent to the will of man. Climb

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MUD-VOLCANOES STILL ACTIVELY AT WORK

high on the spur or mountain as one might, and the view of the flooded plain was merely extended. Laughingly we called our camps our happy homes, but this one was the brightest and most interesting of all.

Many living plants and a large variety of specimens of small mammals, reptiles, and birds were collected. Extensive observations were made, from which Mr. Godfrey Sykes is preparing a sketch map as a contribution to the geography of the country. The mysterious Cocopas, long so called because of their inaccessibility and the little there was known about them, had been fairly well conquered.

In the closing days of the expedition we followed the Hardy to its head at Volcano Lake, and spent a day in examining the many active mud-volcanoes, which cover an extent of some two square miles overlooking the lake. The land all about is strongly impregnated with salts and sulphur, but even here sesuvium sessile was abundant in places, and in a hot spring near the volcanoes was found an alga hitherto only reported from Algeria.

The expedition disbanded at Calexico, a town too young to yet be indicated on any map. It is located on New River, and the boundary-line between the United States and Baja California is all that separates it from its Mexican neighbor, Mexicala. It is an object-lesson in what a slight control of the abundant waters will accomplish in the delta of the Colorado. Only some three years old, it is the prosperous centre of an area devoted mainly to fruit and grain, and its people talk enthusiastically of four to six crops of some farm products in a single season.

Expert gardeners who desire to develop the finest of fruits and flowers seek the woodlands and swamps, and there laboriously gather leaf-mould, the wreckage of forest and stream. Carefully they combine this with sand, lest the plants become cloyed with the overrich food or sodden from improper drainage, and not a plant ever fails to repay them their intelligent care. And this is precisely the work that the Colorado is performing, and the product is stored in the great delta of the American Nile.

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The Passing

BY JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

SUDDENLY she awoke.

She had not been asleep—there had been no dreams to mark the interval of time, but when she had last seen the room the central light had been lit and three dizzy stars had been visible through the upper pane of the window. Now the sun glowed through the green leaves of the trees without and the room was deluged with rich day. A faint, sweet breeze stirred the thin white curtain with the soft breath of early summer.

She lay perfectly still, absorbing it all. Never, it seemed, had her faculties been more sensibly acute; never had the joy of the world so thrilled her: it was near to complete happiness. She thought of the dark weeks before—she thought of the nights, those long, long, wretched nights, filled with shadows and pain and unreasoning fear. Death had been so close—and now . . .

The fluttering of the leaves, the bright dancing, glinting, beautiful, beautiful sun! What had death to do with a day like this—in June? It was June, the month she had always loved above all the others, the best month. That alone was an omen of Hope and Life.

Her hand, when she tried to raise it, was heavy beyond belief, but that was natural. One could not be so ill as she had been and still retain one's strength. Now that she had awakened, now that the sun had come and June was here, the weakness would soon go. Each day would contribute to regenerate her vitality. How glorious it would be to rediscover the world! To stroll about among the new-leaved trees and the roses, to be alive! To see the daisies gleam before the sun and to smell hot clover—to be alive.

Some one walked softly across the room, and there was the subdued click of a very gently closing door. A murmur came low and almost melodious to her ear.

"And now,—do you think—?"

"I am sorry— I fear not. She is sinking very fast."

"Unconscious still?"

"Up till three minutes ago. . . ."

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She must have dozed a bit then, for her opened eyes were rather surprised to find a face looking down upon her, a very pale drawn face, with trembling lips.

"I'm glad you've come," she said. She wondered how her voice came to sound so faint and wistful. It would have been sad had it not been amusing. She smiled, and the woman above her clasped her hand but did not speak. "I have been very ill, haven't I?"

"Very." Brief as was the word, it trembled, and the woman hastily caught her lower lip in her teeth after it had escaped.

"But I am getting well. I feel so well. I feel like talking and singing. . . . I am glad I shall get well. There was a chance that I would—die—wasn't there?"

"A chance," murmured the other uncertainly.

"I thought so. . . . And I didn't care then. I didn't care at all. I wasn't frightened. . . . But now I want to get well."

The woman nodded.

"Yes, yes, of course," she exclaimed eagerly; it seemed that her voice caught curiously.

"Did they send me flowers, every one?"

"Every one."

"May I see them?"

"If Nurse says yes."

There was a silence. It was easy to speak, but one felt unconscionably weak after it. Apparently three days passed before the flowers were brought.

She raised her hand with a great effort and they gave her a rose.

"How mysterious," she breathed, "how mysterious! It is sad to think it lives only a short while,—lives . . . Who sent these?"

"Olivia."

"Dear girl. Who else?"

"Mary King and the Danes. Cecil too,—oh, and lots of others. I'll tell you—some—other time." The woman turned away her head swiftly.

"Yes, you must. Some other time. Then I can write, and thank them. It was so thoughtful. I'm too tired now."

There was another long pause as she lay with her eyes fastened upon the flower in her hand, thinking of nothing but the pink of it, the pale color at the edge, like a shell, the deep color in the heart like a sunset.

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"You must have my monogram stamped—on some new paper. To be ready. . . . I used up all the last. Different colors, to surprise me. You choose them," she began again.

"Yes," said the woman.

"Have you a cold?"

"Why?"

"Your voice is husky."

"Oh,—yes,—I have." The woman choked a bit and hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief.

"And a cough. You must be careful.—Till I'm able to nurse you.—As you did me." She sighed a bit in weary contentment.

It seemed a long time after, when the woman shifted her position.

"Would you like me to read, dear?"

"What?—Oh, yes. It may put me to sleep. I ought to sleep. . . . It gives strength. . . ." Her voice had grown unwontedly thin. She hoped she had not talked too much. It gave her an odd feeling of fear; in future she must be careful to not overdo things. Sleep would cure her.

The woman beside her had begun to read, and the words were strangely familiar. She seemed always to have been hearing them, and they were coming through infinite space to her ear, getting confused and almost losing significance in their journey.

"'The Lord is my Shepherd—I shall—shall not want—maketh me to lie—down—green pastures—green—beside—waters. . . .'"

She had known it always. She had always travelled beside the waters—that brook she heard, rushing over stones—rushing, roaring, roaring now, like a torrent. And evening came up and blurred all things . . . roaring. . . . She clutched convulsively, and a pressure from the hand in hers steadied her. The roaring grew fainter, and close at hand, sane, and oh, how comfortingly homelike and substantial,—came the voice that stilled the supernatural noises.

"'He restoreth my soul—He leadeth me—the paths—'"

The darkness of evening increased; the tumult of the waves was stiller, but yet sounded. The voice came now across an abyss in fits and starts, growing more distant and muffled.

"'. . . righteousness—for his name's sake. . . . Yea . . . I walk . . . Valley of the . . . Shadow . . . Valley . . . of the . . . Shadow . . . Valley . . . Shadow . . .'"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

NOT very long ago we had the advantage of a conversation with a gentleman who had passed a great part of his life in a certain relation to wild animals. He had not followed and studied them in their native haunts, but as their proprietor and employer he had found frequent occasion to note their characteristics in the intervals between their public appearances. He had thus ceased to regard them wholly from the showman's point of view; they were still of a prime business interest, but they had secondarily become interesting to him as fellow creatures. In his talk he brought the philosophic mind to the illustration of their simple psychology, but he took such a practical view of their habits and customs, their very restricted sympathies and elementary social instincts, that it was with a start of surprise we heard him conclude, "Still, I do believe it is true that a lion won't hurt a lady." This was a sharp reversion to the region of the ideal where he saved himself from the dull air of the commonplace, and drew a breath of the vital ether of romance. We were just going to ask him for any proofs he could allege of the chivalrous delicacy of the lion's nature, when he rose and said he guessed it was about his bedtime; it was, in fact, rather late in the evening.

Thinking his case over afterwards it seemed to us that it was not out of line with a certain trend in modern emotioning towards what we may call the heraldic in natural history. It was his response to the fine demand in the arts for something more beautiful than truth, something nobler than nature; and at the same time it testified to the progress of that understanding between man and the lower animals which every one must have noticed in the writings of the new naturalists. We were not ungrateful, and we see much to hearten and inspire in the *rapprochement* of the higher and the lower forms of life. We are proud that our own species has made the advances to which the other species have so handsomely, if not always very articulately, responded. It were too nice, perhaps, to inquire whether in the modest doubt which overtook our race when many people began, under the instruction of evolution, to be not so sure they had souls, there was an insensible reaching out from us towards the beasts that perish. There had been trouble before that time in the minds of some who could not believe that their favorite dogs, so much kinder, wiser, and truer than certain persons they could name, had no souls; but if men themselves had no souls, that simplified matters immensely. It is not impossible that from this moment arose the dog-cult which appears to have spread through all ranks of society in the civilized world, until now it has become as much as one's place in it is worth to say one does not like dogs.

In spite of all this, however, we will venture to own that it was with a sense of something purposely banal in his answer, when the other day we asked a young novelist whether he had ever thought of taking an animal for a hero, and he replied, "Yes, a dog!" Dogs have been heroes almost from the moment they ceased to be wolves and foxes and turned upon their savage ancestors in defence of their new-found human friends. There is doubtless something to be said on the side of the wolves and foxes in the matter; one can see how they might well accuse the dogs of race-treason; but that is a point of view which no believer in the heroism of dogs will take. "Allow," we imagine such a one urging, "that the wolves and foxes are right in much that they claim. Admit, for the sake of argument, that dogs are filthy brutes, with habits that no wolf or fox would indulge; that they bring fleas into the house, and a bad smell; that they will go straight from a perfumed bath, the curled darlings of tender mistresses, and seize the first occasion of rolling in carrion; that they are worse than swinish in their diet if permitted to indulge their preferences; that in guarding the shepherd's flocks

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by night they will sup on the lambs of neighboring folds if opportunity offers; that they are nervous and hysterical, and that they will rouse the households they watch over with a thousand false alarms, and then yield to the first burglar who tempts them with a bit of meat; that knowing the superior intelligence of their own species, they have such a low taste for society that they will rather consort with the stupidest little boy, or the greatest blackguard of a man, or the silliest doll of a woman, than with the best and wisest dog that ever was; that they are vain, jealous, vindictive, and cruel; that their peculiarly excitable temperament renders them liable to the most dreadful of diseases, especially in a state of high domestication, when they go mad and incontinently bite their dearest friends, who presently expire in inexpressible torments; that in the country they minister mainly to the idleness of man, and in towns are an unmitigated nuisance. But what of all that? Do they not throttle venomous serpents about to bite infants in their cribs and then suffer themselves to be precipitately slain by the rash fathers who mistake the blood of the reptile for that of their offspring? Do they not constantly save children from drowning? Do they not come and notify people that their masters are lying helpless from injury or exhaustion in waste places, and pull at the garments of the incredulous till they go to the rescue? Do they not fly at the throats of footpads and other dangerous characters who would steal unsuspected upon their victims? Will they not refuse to be driven from the doors of their sick masters, and then go and lie on their graves, refusing all food till they die?"

It must be confessed that arguments like these leave the wolves and foxes scarcely a leg to stand on, and establish the dog almost unassailably in that quality of hero in which he has not yet been adequately, or at least coherently, painted. His heroism illustrates a thousand anecdotes and a hundred short stories, but it does not yet illumine a sustained fiction, say, of a hundred and twenty thousand words. In the mean time his universal acceptance as a factor of civilization is perhaps the first step toward that great union of the higher and lower species inaugurated under the ægis of agnosticism. If we are *all* beasts that perish why should not we be better friends, or at least more intimate acquaintance? It has always been accepted by the innocence of infancy that there are good bears, good tigers, good panthers, who reverse their instincts at the behest of a higher impulse, and lead lost children back to their homes. The goodness of elephants is notorious; they are stern disciplinarians in the case of boys who give them tobacco instead of peanuts or sweetmeats; after twenty years they return to drench them with water from the wayside pools when they recognize them in the crowd of other boys come out from town to meet the menagerie; but in the case of the brown babes of the Hindus carelessly rolling in the dust of the highway, they have the habit of lifting them tenderly with their trunks and passing them over to their mothers at the very moment when these had expected them to be crushed beneath the ponderous feet of their rescuers. In proof of the rule that elephants are good, there are exceptional bad elephants which seize every occasion to kill their keepers, or even disinterested spectators; and all elephants are subject to emotional crises, when they forget their better nature, and go through the town, banging the bazars to pieces right and left, and playing havoc with the foot-passengers. Still, they have on the whole been as constantly if not as universally the friends of man as the dogs themselves, their sole rivals in intelligence. They cannot be so conveniently kept as pets, but in the increasing amity between man and other animals, there is no reason why an elephant should not be taken for a hero. In the Orient, elephants are largely employed in works of construction, and one of them might be figured as a walking delegate, calling out the other elephants from their labors in an open shop; or still better, he might be portrayed as a public-spirited strike-breaker in cases where union elephants have gone out in violation of their contracts.

In the ravage of fiction so many heroes of the human species will have

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been consumed that our authors must begin to draw upon the other species, and they ought really to look about them in the light of the new natural history. We are ourselves so little acquainted with this that we are not prepared to say whether science has shed a Rœntgen ray upon the nature of a useful animal long celebrated for its patience and known for its sagacity and stubborn endurance. But so many human heroes of romance are donkeys that the transition to their archetype would be easy. The cat, which is of a cold, ironical temper, would not lend itself so readily to idealism in fiction. As a lion, it has indeed shown a devotion to allegorical if not actual ladies; the good actions of Puss-in-Boots, and his high efficiency in behalf of humble worth and modest ambition, are certainly not to be lightly passed over. Another animal, which in signal instances has shown itself such a gifted mathematician as to have associated its very name with the idea of learning, is not apparently susceptible of use as a hero. But what of the vast and various tribes of apes, which, suspending themselves by their interlocked tails, may be imagined bridging the chasm of the missing link and affording humankind a safe passage over to unquestionable solidarity with all the other animals? It is but a few years since an enthusiastic scientist was studying their speech with the hope of finding coherence and significance in their utterances. We believe he went to Africa and dwelt in tropical forest with a phonograph, on the sensitive records of which their cries were to impress themselves. Are none of these records available for fiction? The simian hero would not be so bad. Say that his race is at best a caricature of humanity: are most of the heraldic heroes otherwise?

But if we must have something native, something strictly indigenous, for our heraldic fictionists to deal with after their long wanderings in factitious realms and far-off times, why should not some bold young beginner try a leap into fame from the back of the American buffalo? Those noble brutes, which scarce a generation ago were as the sands of the sea for number and the plunge of its surges for passion and terror, are now reduced to a few scattered remnants, sad captives sinking to slow extinction in the hybrid cattelo with his mongrel name. But at the moment we write, an aged monarch of their savage race is dying of pneumonia in a paddock of Central Park. What his feelings, his thoughts must be as he recalls the days of his ancestors when they roamed the immeasurable plains in incalculable multitude, let the daring genius of the heraldic novelist ask the science of the new naturalist, and together let them write the great American novel, which we have all so long looked for, in *The Last of the Bisons!*

There is something very charming and inspiring in the enlargement of our sympathies to such of our cousins of the animal kingdom as do not yet speak our language, and have not emulated our rash haste in getting about on two feet. Some physiologists hold that they are all the better, or at least the healthier, for still going on all fours and have more generally their organs in the right place. But there are bipeds besides ourselves, more normally conditioned than we, with which we may consort without a sense of precipitate self-assertion. We hope to be winged like them when we die, if we are good, and even here some of the most persistent endeavors of modern invention are in emulation of their powers of flight. The balloon, the parachute, the aeroplane, the aerodrome, are all types of human endeavor for that dominion of the air which now belongs to the birds. In the mean time it has been found that wild birds are far tamer than they had been supposed. There seems to reside in most of them the potentiality of the high domestication of the hen; and though her culture has been rather of the heart than of the head, there seems no reason why certain birds, hitherto believed untamable, should not develop the qualities of a much more intellectual companionship. The appeal to their social instincts has apparently to be made through their stomachs; but if they are constantly and regularly fed, robins, bluebirds, sparrows, and others of the house-haunting tribes are said to become fearless, and even affectionate. In the course of time, as we win their confidence more and more, it is imag-

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inable that they may impart their secret of aerostation; and thus one of the most pressing of the modern problems may be solved for us. In the hope of such an event we suggest the cultivation of an intimacy with the various members of the crow family as promising the most immediate results. These readily learn to talk, and though the crow himself is not a very neat bird, he is quite as neat as the dog, which never gets beyond a bark, while the crow's cousin, the jay, is quite as intelligent, and is irreproachable in his habits. We would commend certain other birds to the heraldic novelists as susceptible of a high degree of development as heroes. The eagle will at once occur to the fancy as a fit hero for a tale of patriotic adventure, a story of Revolutionary times; for his contemplative habit of mind an owl would figure as the wise old friend of the lovers, coming to their rescue at the moment when a happy dénouement seemed hopeless.

We find something extraordinarily consoling and inspiring in the enlargement of our sympathies to the whole animal kingdom. If we have not dwelt upon their extension to such a particular ally of man as the horse, it is because we feel that more impassioned pens have already done the fact full justice. As our friendship with the birds may be expected to develop in an ultimate type of dirigible balloon, so our love for the horse will yet doubtless give us an automobile of the most perfect self-control, incapable of turning turtle, with impenetrable, non-explosive, indestructible tires, with delegate chauffeurs stationed at all the police courts for arrest, fine, and imprisonment in cases of illegal speeding, while the machine keeps on its way uninterrupted, and for all persons run over by it with taximetric pensions precisely graduated to the nature and extent of their injuries.

We are probably just beginning to know the moral and social capabilities of the horse, who, through the Horse Shows, is becoming every year more and more an important factor in civilization; but in every direction we are reaching out to our fellow creatures, whether or not they part the hoof and chew the cud, or are of the far larger orders once considered unclean. A beautiful phase of our modern friendship with them is that we are not cultivating it selfishly, though at the same time we are not restricted in any use or pleasure which we derive from the destruction and consumption of our friends. Lo, the poor Indian who expects

His faithful dog shall bear him company

to the Happy Hunting-Grounds of the sky, makes sure of his society by first eating him; and we who are now detecting a reason like our own in the wild birds and brutes have no scruple in killing them for sport or food. Still, their furs and feathers keep us from the cold or heighten our beauty and bravery, as in the old days when no one dreamed of them as kindred intelligences.

We have left ourselves no space to inquire fully what has inspired us to this modern unity with the lower animals. Possibly the widespread reading of heraldic fiction may have something to do with it in familiarizing us with such elemental and unvarying types that a run of heroes and heroines will not seem much more differenced one from another or much more deeply motived than a herd of the field or a flock of the air. But this is a little fantastic, and we prefer to look for the explanation in the perfection of human affairs. With the cessation of wars in an armed peace which no nation dares to break; with a diffusion of well-being so general that there is practically no longer any poverty in the world; with the discovery of so many beneficent microbes that the diseases now stand aghast and no longer attack the human family; with the greed for money finally glutted; with the suppression of snobbishness through the prevalence of an enlightened social equality; with the extirpation of vice, or at least its transplantation; with the cessation of graft in finance, and the disappearance of the boss in politics, there is every reason why the human mind, which might otherwise prey upon itself, should turn to cultivate an intellectual friendship with all our fellow creatures.

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Editor's Study.

SINCE more than a century romance has dominated English literature. This was really but a reversion to the original and characteristic note. Many of the features which marked the beginnings of the revival soon vanished; they belonged to mist-land or ghost-land as seen in moonlight, to old ballads and ruined abbeys—to a world of unreal but haunting mystery, which could have no permanent sway over the sane and re-awakened English mind. These elements were banished into a forgotten limbo along with the invented Ossian, the Chatterton illusion, Horace Walpole's medieval bric-à-brac, and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

It was not necessary to borrow mystery any more than to borrow trouble. The whole world of living men and women was full of it. The truths of this world were stronger than any invention, and lost their essential wonder if in any way disguised. Thus romance has come to be identified with truth itself.

Another change has come over the spirit of modern romance. At the close of the eighteenth century, literature reflected the gloom of the French Reign of Terror, and the buoyant romance of the happy Elizabethan era was impossible to it. For a long time, too, it suffered the Puritanic depression. These dismal shadows have been dispelled, and favorable conditions have permitted that free play of thought and feeling from which spring a lighter grace and a gayer humor. A brighter romance attends all freshly disclosed truth, which, even if painful, has the blood-red color of life, never the blackness of dull melancholy. Quick sympathy begets optimism and banishes both fear and cowardice in our quest of truth. We let the dead bury its dead, and so shun that leaden degeneracy which has no part in life or in any vision of the living truth; but we are not afraid to confront those elements of human passion which we call evil, so they throb and quiver as bits of life. If our sympathy prompts companionship with sinners and we give this society its due place in literary portraiture, we are, in such association, following the great example.

Nothing that is a part of life need be hidden. Romance, whatever element it may be that gives it its strangeness, is not the satisfaction of a mere craving for novelty, of an idle curiosity; it is a response to the sincerity of our quest, whose faith is illuminated by the flaming torch of sympathy.

We of to-day, in the field of fiction, demand a living human drama, such as Mrs. Abby Meguire Roach has given us in some of her stories. Instead of aversion, from a formally moral sense condemnatory of certain lines of human conduct, there is in such stories the invitation to approach these human souls in stress, to intimately comprehend them, not in judgment, but with sympathy. The situation itself, in terms of logic or of conventional morality, is not in process of explication. It is the spiritual implication which concerns us—and it is that alone which justifies fiction of this kind.

You see, it is not a criminal, awaiting the particular penalty condign to his offence, who is brought near to us. No accusers are present. They who are listening to the story see only a human being to whom they stand in stead of the Master of all human comprehension. In this way romance has taken on the Christian spirit, instituting a court whose functions are as far different from those of civil or criminal jurisprudence as the heavens are above the earth.

Readers have become just this high audience, willing to forego the old-fashioned masquerade. It is not enough to say that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. No man knows how the man next to him lives, beyond the phenomena outwardly open to observation. Modern romance seizes upon this large unknown world as its province and brings out of its darkness luminous points. It introduces us to our neighbors and, indeed, to ourselves.

It sometimes happens to us that in dreams—where we are supreme dramatists—we come to know our friends and acquaintances and ourselves more intimately than in our wakeful intercourse, whose very intentness of observation hides from

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us a large area of phenomena which nevertheless is occultly or faintly brought within the range of our consciousness, registered there as on a photographic negative, without development. In dreams, the brain serves as a developing-room, and this outlying field of phenomena not only takes form, but very significantly shapes the drama, affording pleasant or unpleasant surprises. So in a world that seems to us quite familiar, through unlimited means of information supplementing our narrow observation and experience, Genius, working as in a dream, develops, as from some unsuspected region outside of our definite knowledge, luminous points which serve for the divination of a world beyond our ordinary ken. It may be the genius of a novelist, of a scientific investigator, of an interpreter of history, or of a traveller with the creative eye; but in each of these quests what wonderful disclosures, often not in the line of expectation, but entering obliquely to the main intent of discovery! What surprises—and every surprise a new romance!

It is this vast and varied field of romance outside of fiction to which we wish to invite the reader's attention, because it is the field in which our magazine literature has in recent years achieved the most important results—really the accomplishments we had clearly in view when in this Magazine the consideration of timely topics was relegated to the daily and weekly press. To the question, Which would the reader more miss in his magazine—the matter he could get elsewhere just as well and more promptly, or that which elsewhere he would not be likely to get at all? there seemed to be but one answer. The best organization of magazine material must favor the economy of the reader's time and attention.

This economy was further considered in the exclusion of articles conveying the information which as a fairly well educated person the reader might be supposed to possess already, and such information, general or special, as was easily accessible in books or in widely circulated periodicals dealing with specialties. It would have been as wise to continue the publication of fashion plates at the end of the early numbers of this Magazine as to maintain that educational function formerly of almost indispensable value, or to publish articles on the use of the microscope or camera or on industrial and agricultural economies. The old-fashioned conventional travel article was once an important supplement to secondary education, but its use has been superseded.

Thus the matter to be either necessarily or wisely excluded from the well-organized magazine of to-day covered a vast field, apart from subjects of a religious or political character, which had been excluded from the beginning. A large class of subjects was relegated to reviews—such as those on social questions, and those furnishing statistics of progress or elaborate notices of current literature.

What, then, is the principle of selection in the new organization of magazine material—that is, in articles outside of fiction? Broadly indicated, the scope embraces wholly new disclosures in the various departments of knowledge: in science; in geographical exploration; in archæological research, illuminating the retrospect of human history; in interpretative scholarship, throwing new light upon past literature and social forms; in psychology, as affecting problems of everlasting human interest; in travel, for new impressions of nature and humanity; in history and biography, for new revelations concerning epoch-making movements and distinguished characters, often involving a radical revision of established and obstinately fixed judgments; in sociology, for remarkable instances of past experiments freshly brought to mind, illustrating ardent aspirations in the development of new ideals, and for suggestions from the foremost thinkers in this field, inspiring new departures; and in education, for such novel exposition of its psychological aspects as have been given by recent contributions from President Hadley.

The appeal is to intellectual curiosity on its highest plane, inspiring and uplifting. The field is so wide, in all the variations we have indicated, that only a meagre portion of it could be given place but for the vast exclusion, rigidly insisted upon, of "timely" articles, of mere information, or of general or special discussion, however practical or useful. The

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infinite variety of fiction in the Magazine does not more essentially belong to the field of romance than do these new disclosures in science and other departments of knowledge, lifted up into the literature of power by writers as eminent in the power and in the art of expression, when such art is required, as our novelists are and our short-story writers. Oliver Lodge's imaginative coordinations in science are of as high an order as are those of Henry James in the interpretation of human character. Our most important recent articles of travel—"London Films," and other portraitures of the English country and people—have been contributed by the greatest master of expression in American fiction. It is the fine imaginative sensibility of such writers as Arthur Symons which has elevated the descriptive sketch into the region of art, affording the highest intellectual satisfaction. Agnes C. Laut's chronicles of adventure — another variety in our scope of fresh disclosures — have the charm and interest of stories in the field of imagination.

Miss Laut's efforts to establish beyond the possibility of dispute the credit due to Pierre Esprit Radisson as the first discoverer of the vast region beyond the Great Lakes and of the Mississippi River, twelve years before the explorations of Marquette and Joliet, have recently been crowned by her discovery in London of the record of this great traveller's last years and death—a record which has eluded the diligent search of scholars during the last twenty years. Here is another most interesting romance for Magazine readers.

Another, in the field of arctic exploration, is to come from Mr. Einar Mikkelson, who is about to undertake what Sir Clements R. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, says points unerringly to "the next great exploit that is needed in the interests of polar geography." The Magazine is helping to make this expedition possible, and the explorer will first give to the world the results of his discoveries in these pages.

How many intimate truths of history lie hidden in the dry records of critical State Trials—such as that of Aaron Burr! Frederick Trevor Hill is writing a series of papers having in view the disclosure of such truths. The results of his careful study will be for our readers somewhat remarkable surprises.

Our readers are familiar with recent striking disclosures in astronomy as revealed by writers directly from their observatories, and those concerning the physical elements—especially the marvellous developments of radioactivity, presented at every new stage of the thrilling series. The discoveries of science are the romance of the universe, revealing mysteries hidden from the foundation of the world and complementary to the psychical wonders of the mind and heart of man as disclosed by the master interpreters of fiction.

It is pure science that is of supreme intellectual interest, wholly apart from its industrial application. That which made the Bessemer furnace possible was first conceived in purely scientific investigation with reference to the physical elements, and with no thought of its practical utility. In that new world which Professor Robert Duncan is opening up to our readers in his articles on the Chemistry of Commerce, which he is preparing in Europe in immediate relations with the work going on in laboratories as well as in the factory, the highest interest for him and for us is in his study of the elements and their wonderful potences—such as those of catalysis, disclosed in his introductory chapter. While these articles are of immense practical importance and for that reason alone will command the attention of all who are especially interested in the radical transformations of industry effected by the new discoveries—so new in their application, in some instances, as to have here their first announcement even to the commercial world—yet for all of us there is that transcendent interest in a romance which eclipses the most wonderful enchantments and magical phenomena of the fairy-tale. The work had been temporarily interrupted by the writer's illness, but is now resumed.

That which is beyond our ordinary ken, beyond the reach of our senses and our casual contacts with man and nature—this is the field of modern romance, limitless in its possibilities of interest, inspiring and expanding the human imagination.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Her First Trip Abroad

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

She comes along the deck a bit unsteadily, a stewardess following close in her wake carrying a rug and cushions. It is the third day out. The water has an unpleasant greenish hue, and a subsiding but still heavy swell causes the boat to lurch considerably. She is snugly ensconced in her chair, which is drawn beside another, whose occupant greets the newcomer briskly. [N. B.—It is the return trip of her maiden voyage, and she is keenly conscious of the obloquy always attached to such inexperience.]

WHY, how do you do?—I didn't recognize you at first—you had such a pretty suit on that first day at luncheon. . . . Oh, please don't misunderstand me—of course no one would wear anything decent on the steamer after you are out, and I do like that shapeless bunchy hat—everything flops down in this damp air, anyway. I can't do a thing with my hair. In fact, to-day is the first day I have really had it fixed since I came aboard. . . . Oh, no, not at all. I never am. I simply had a bad cold, and I was so tired out I just thought I wouldn't try to get up-stairs. Quite a little motion still, isn't there? . . . No, I don't mind it at all. I don't think I shall stay up long—there seems to be such a draught. . . .

Do you know, I think I shall have my chair moved over to the other side—I don't believe it can be as rough as this. I wonder where the steward is. . . . Now just look at those stupid women, simply monopolizing him—you wouldn't think he had anything to do but wait on them.

. . . . Steward, I don't seem to care for this side of the boat; can't you move my chair over to the other? . . . This is the what? . . . Lee side? Oh, it is? Well—oh, yes, I remember now, that's the side with the red light at night. Well, it doesn't matter, really, I know the best people prefer the lee, and it was nice of you to think of putting my chair here, but I would much rather sit where there is less wind. . . . Oh-h-h, it is!—Well, they didn't have it like that on the boat I went over on—I had it very carefully explained to me; besides, I have crossed so many times, there isn't anything about a vessel I don't know, from the main cockpits down to the tiller. . . . Well, all right, I suppose I had better stay right here. . . .

Bouillon? Oh, no,—please, please, take it away, quick. I'm not at all hungry—I ate such a hearty breakfast, I mean.

. . . Yes, I heard it stop in the night. I thought probably it was to take on water or something. . . . Oh, this one doesn't? . . . Something the matter with the rudder?



THE THIRD DAY OUT

. . . Now, isn't that funny, it doesn't show at all, yet they make all that fuss! That's what they call keeping things shipshape, I suppose—they are always painting and fixing everything up.

How pretty the fog looks coming down, doesn't it? . . . Makes you nervous? Why, how foolish,—what for? . . . Why, I think

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you are much safer when you are all hidden than when you stand right out ready for other boats to bang into. No, indeed, I love the fog, and my face-woman says it's splendid for the complexion. Going over we had one of those wireless boats, and never had a bit of trouble—our waiter got awfully drunk one night, but that was all.

There's that good-looking steward. Steward—steward, would you please go down to my room and get a book; in the left hand corner of— ... What? ... You're the first officer? Well, I think you can find it. Now, remember, in the left— . . . You will send the deck-steward? You're too kind—I beg you won't trouble—

Well, what do you think of that? Did you ever hear of such impertinence? . . . I don't care; just because he has a few more brass buttons than the other is no reason why he shouldn't do a little thing like that. . . . I don't agree with you, for on all the other boats I ever travelled on, *all* of them, from the captain down, just waited on me tooth and nail. . . .

You know, after being in London, I simply can—cahn't talk like an American—everybody took me for English; sometimes for Spanish, or French, but never for American. I suppose I shall get back into it again, though, after a long while. . . . Yes, I was there ten days—of course in point of real time it doesn't seem so long, but I just *lived* every moment. I think the court life and real society are so wonderful in London. . . . Well, I really didn't join in so much, but I saw a good deal of it, don't you know, sort of looking on. I didn't feel like being very gay myself, but I went to the music-halls and places, and observed.

. . . No, I didn't like it nearly as much as Paris; the stores—shops, I mean—aren't nearly so attractive. But I like English people so much better than Americans. There was the nicest man in a little store—shop—off Strand Street—I went in to ask for a paper of pins and he hadn't any, but he gave me a whole handful out of a box, or at least several dozen, and he wouldn't take a cent. You wouldn't find that in America. The pins were so large I couldn't use them, but that doesn't make it any different about the man.

. . . The what? National Gallery? Oh, you mean Paris—the Galerie something, where they had those lovely silk petticoats for almost nothing. I got the loveliest pale-blue one, with rows and rows of insertion and lace, and I only paid twenty-five francs for it, and— . . . Oh, a picture-gallery—London—yes, I remember. That gloomy-looking building in a square, with a monument in front—Vendôme, I think, they called it. Yes, I used to pass it every day going to that cheap little glove place in a side street. I never bought anything, but it was such a treat to see cheap gloves. I never went in the gallery, for, to tell you the truth, I took this trip for enjoyment, and I didn't look at a thing I didn't want to. After I had been to one gallery and looked at everything, I made up my mind if you had seen one picture you had seen them all, and I wasn't going to bother my head about any more. I wanted a good time.

Did you get one of those tea-baskets at that store—shop—in Regent Street? . . . A friend of mine bought one the day after I got mine and paid exactly the same price as I did, and I got six more teaspoons than she did. It was precisely the same thing. The handles on her basket were



DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH IMPERTINENCE?

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bent in the middle a little differently than mine, but otherwise it was exactly the same. She was awfully mad about it, and I was tickled to death, for she is always trying to get ahead of me in some way. I hate that kind of a woman, don't you? But we're great friends just the same.

. . . Oh, yes, I love Paris. It's so shiny and bright, and the cabmen can't cheat you with those taxidermist cabs. . . . Oh, taxametre—I knew it was something like that—and I got the prettiest little brooches in one of those places on the rue something, for only a franc, and they make such nice presents for your family and the servants. I like to take them all something—I think it's so selfish for people to come over and then never think of those left at home. I can't tell you how many of those picture postals I sent back. I hate to have them sent to me, but it's such an easy way of saying nothing when you don't want to write.

. . . The Louvre? I went in the magazine part every day, but in the other I only stayed long enough to get out. I didn't go above the first floor—I never saw anything so stupid as those old pieces of broken images. And that horrid sort of Rogers Group—the man and his two sons, I suppose they are—all having the d. t's, with snakes all over them! Perfectly horrid. I don't see any art in unpleasant things. Still, they say travel is a great educator. That is, of course, if you are really intelligent and can pick out the dross from the tinkling cymbals.

. . . Dear me, that was an awful wave—I do believe it's getting rougher. It's given me quite a headache. I didn't think I should stay up long. I—I—think I'll go down-stairs again. . . . No, I don't believe I'll go in to luncheon—I don't feel hungry. Good-by.



SUCH A TREAT TO SEE CHEAP GLOVES

Familiar

"I THINK Ethel is old enough to go to Sunday-school," said the proud little wife of the newly fledged vestryman, somewhere in very suburban New Jersey.

So Ethel had a front seat in the infant class the same Sunday upon which her father first passed the alms-basin in church.

The Rector told the children, in his most effective style, the dramatic story of the infant Moses.

He was just under good headway, when Ethel's birdlike treble piped up: "Iss zat my farvver's 'Holy Moses'?"

The Poet's Plaint

THE horseless cart pervades the land,
The wireless telegram;
We have the seedless apple, and
The boneless ham.

These are to me of small portent,
But, oh, my need is sore!
If only some one would invent
A wolfless door!

CAROLYN WELLS.

Logical

WHEN a small boy, recently, asked what was meant by the Darwinian theory, he was greatly shocked by the statement that many people believed that monkeys were the ancestors of man. "But that cannot be," he repeated, many times in dismay, evidently searching for a more satisfactory answer to this startling theory. Finally, his face lighted up at the discovery of a conclusive argument against it. "Don't you see," he said, "some day *we* shall be ancestors, and we're not monkeys!"

Good Cause

FRANCIS and David, six and four years respectively, were standing by the nurse, upon whose lap lay their little baby brother, crying lustily.

"Huh!" said Francis, scornfully, "what *you* cryin' for? You ain't a girl. Jus' girls cry. Boys don't cry. What *you* cryin' for?"

But David bent sympathetically over the baby.

"*I* know what he's cryin' for," he said, tenderly: "he's cryin' 'cause he ain't a girl, so's he *can* cry!"

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Prelude

I HAVE lived in three rooms and bath,
I have frozen when nights were cold,
Have been choking with thirst when the water-pipe burst,
But did not complain or scold.

When I lived in my three-room flat,
Was there aught that I did not stand,
Did I ever talk back to the janitor's slack,
Or question his full command?

I have written the tale down here
For the brownstone-dweller's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye who are wise
Will know what the jest is worth.

MOVING

"WHAT makes the door-bell ring so hard?" the husband asked his bride.
"The van has come to take our things," the tired wife replied.
"What makes you look so worried, dear?" the husband asked his bride.
"I'm thinking of the things they'll break," the tired wife replied.

For they've taken an apartment, and they're moving in to-day.
The chiffonnier's been carried down, two beds and the buffet,
The bookcase and piano, they are carting them away,
And they're moving to the city in the morning.

"What makes the mover puff so hard?" the husband asked his bride.
"He has the couch upon his back," the tired wife replied.
"What makes the little man fall down?" the husband asked his bride.
"He tried to carry all the chairs at once," the wife replied.

They have taken out the furniture; it's lying all around,
A quarter of it in the van, the rest upon the ground.
Hear the table legs a-cracking. It is not a pleasant sound.
Oh, they're moving to the city in the morning.

"The bed belongs in here—in here," remarked the pretty bride.
"The room is several feet too short," the moving-man replied.
"What makes the table look so queer?" remarked the pretty bride.
"It's lost a leg or two, I guess," the moving-man replied.

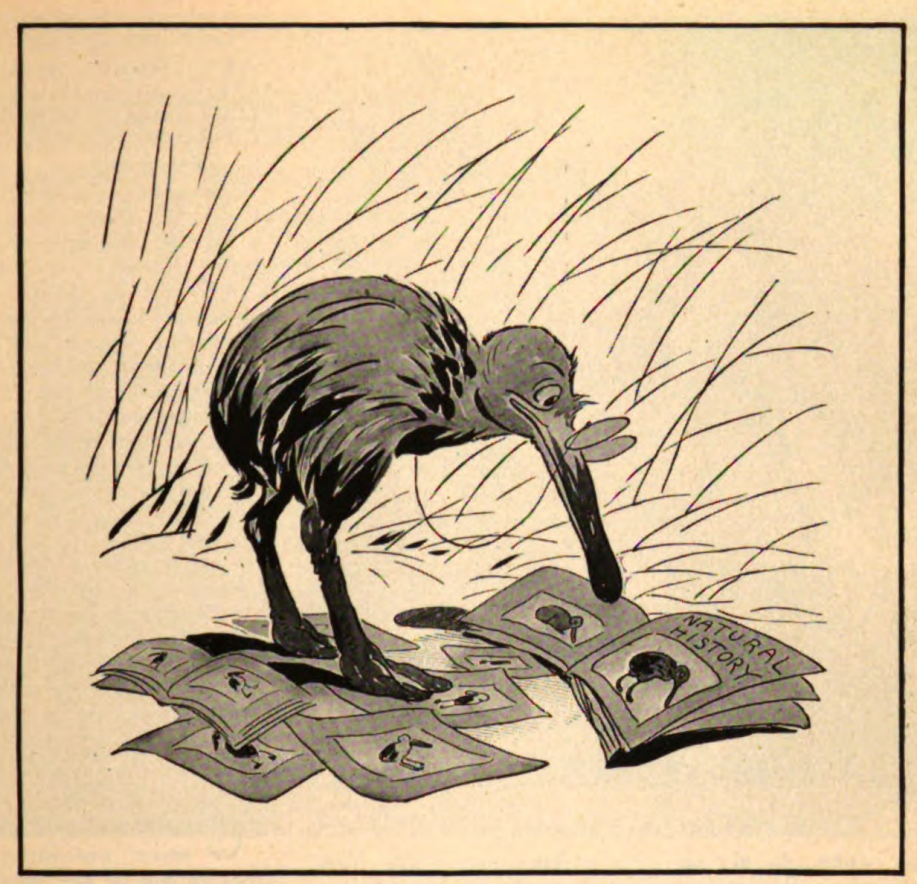
For they've taken an apartment, and it's really a disgrace,
The splinters from the furniture are all about the place.
Upon the sacred rosewood chair reclines a packing-case.
They are moving to the city in the morning.

"What's that so black against the sun?" the husband asked his bride.
"They're hoisting the piano through the window," she replied.
"What makes the cracking overhead?" the husband asked his bride.
"It's scraping up against the bricks," the tired wife replied.

For they've moved in their apartment, and everything looks queer.
The bride sits weeping on a trunk, her hat upon her ear.
If they are very lucky they'll be settled in a year,
After moving to the city in the morning.

REYNALE SMITH PICKERING.

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The Apteryx (Beast)

BY BURGES JOHNSON

HAVE you heard of the truly terrible fix
Of the miscellaneous Apteryx?
It sits and mourns, in a voice forlorn:
"Oh what and why was I ever born?"
(But an answering word it ne'er has heard)
"Oh, am I a beast or am I a bird?
The worst of tricks 'twas thus to mix
The family tree of the Apteryx!

"At times, in spite of my wingless state,
I claim I'm an *avis vertebrate.*
And I prove my point on weightiest grounds,
By laying an egg of several pounds.
But the birds all say, who chance that way,
'For a beast, that's a most remarkable lay!'
And each one kicks, when asked to mix
In a social way with the Apteryx.

"Ah me! What manner of thing am I?
Though I've hairy hide and I cannot fly,
When beasts in a cousinly way I greet,
They spot my bill and my birdlike feet.
. . . . . .
Dear, kind artist, this time at least,
Beneath my portrait write 'A Beast';
And if it sticks, and no one kicks,
You'll earn the love of the Apteryx."

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A Submarine Morning

"Come, John, do get up; it's getting late. The Sunfish has been up an hour."

Absolute Silence

A CERTAIN colored school in a Southern city, formerly taught by white teachers, had been equipped with a colored faculty, and one of the dusky pupils told of it in this wise:

"Dey tuk ouh white teachers away, and done sent us niggah teachers, and de fust thing de niggah teacher done was to put all de white niggahs in de front, and de black niggahs in de back, and den she say she want aibs'lute silence. What is aibs'lute silence, anyway? We willin' to gib it to her, but we ain't know what 'tis. We huntin' all round foh aibs'lute silence an' ain't found it yit."

His listener replied: "Why, John, don't you know what absolute silence means? It means to keep quiet, and not talk."

"Huh!" said John, "is dat all she mean? Well, why ain't she say *shet up*, like de white teachers does, 'sted o' walkin' round heah askin for aibs'lute silence."

How the Judge Found

MY father, remarked a prominent lawyer, practised law in Texas in the "early days," and as a child I heard him tell many interesting stories concerning the rulings, etc., of a certain Judge, a unique character, who held court in one of the far-western counties of that State. This one has lingered in my memory:

A man was found dead in the creek that runs through the county-seat. At the coroner's inquest, where the Judge presided, a search discovered in the man's pockets a wallet containing five $5 gold pieces, and in the hip pocket a revolver. The Judge "found" as follows:

"I find that this man came to his death of accidental drowning. I also find him guilty of carrying concealed weapons. Constable, seize the $25 to pay his fine."

A Poser

"COMPOUND numbers" were unfolding their intricacies to the small boy. To turn gallons into quarts, quarts into pints, pints into gills, was easy, but behold a difficulty! The bent little figure straightened up from his desk, the blue eyes took on a puzzled look, then came the poser: "How can you reduce hedgehogs to gallons, mother?"



"What's the matter with Thomas, he doesn't speak to me any more?"

"Oh, papa gave him some pennies the other day, and he buried them, and he thinks he has a copper-mine."

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THE MONKEY. *"Heavens! They've skied my picture."*
THE GIRAFFE. *"On the contrary, it hangs just on the line."*

"'Long in Apple-blossom Time"

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

WHEN the orchard lanes are white
With the blossoms of the trees,
Far and fast a fairy sprite
Rides upon the scented breeze.
Every heart he hovers over
Feels an influence sublime;
Every lad becomes a lover
'Long in apple-blossom time.

'Long in apple-blossom time,
'Long in apple-blossom time,
When the dainty bloom is falling, falling softly, rhyme on rhyme;
When the summer breeze is stealing, then awakes the heart's deep feeling;
Every lad becomes a lover
'Long in apple-blossom time.

Underneath the pink and cream,
Strolling softly to and fro,—
Is it love or just a dream?
Better wait until you know!
But with every falling blossom,
Hark! I hear a wedding-chime;
For the lasses are so lovely!
'Long in apple-blossom time.

'Long in apple-blossom time,
'Long in apple-blossom time,
When the heart is bubbling over, and the lover lives in clover;
Is it fancy? Is it reason? No, 'tis apple-blossom season,
And the lassies are so lovely!
'Long in apple-blossom time.

Every heart that hath its home
Where the apple-blossoms reign,
Though afar and long it roam,
Feels the old thrill come again
When the apple-blossom fairy
Whispers of the dear old clime!
Lass and lad again are lovers
'Long in apple-blossom time.

'Long in apple-blossom time,
'Long in apple-blossom time,
When the blossom bells are calling, calling softly, chime on chime;
Then the old familiar feeling comes across the heart-strings stealing;
Every life's again a lover
'Long in apple-blossom time.

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War-Song of the Liverbone Goops

BY GELETT BURGESS

THE galloping Goops
Are coming in troops
With quadropedantical frantical whoops!
In truly vermicular
Slanticodicular
Quite irresistible twistable loops!
Goops, every one of them
Goops, don't make fun of them
Goops, do you *see* them?
(——) Two! Three!

With their arms—like this!
And their charms—like that,
Without hair, or care, each pair so fat—
With their feet like this!
Aren't they sweet—like that?
And they don't know never where they're at!
No, they don't care, never,
As they gallop on forever,
For they know they are clever as a cat!
Goops every one of them,
Liverbones, some of them,
If you chance to understand them, you will evermore demand them and the maniac who planned them,
Think of that!



"Hi, Jimmie, come up here, quick, an' see the brass-band goin' by."
"Where?"
"On Nellie's finger."

Physiology up to Date

AFTER a lesson on digestion the teacher, anxious to know just how much her instruction had been understood, questioned the class. The first answer was rather discouraging, as the girl called upon made this startling statement:

"Digestion begins in the mouth and ends in the big and little testament."

It was the same teacher who received the following note:

"Pleas teacher do not tel Mary any more about her incides it makes her so proud."

Unfair

"GRANDPA, what's that board got on it? This isn't the Park, there's no grass to keep off of," said little Gilbert, out for his Sunday walk in the woods.

"All dogs found on these premises, without their owners, will be shot."

"Why, that ain't fair, grandpa! The poor dogs can't read!"

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Harper's Magazine

for JUNE

DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE LAW

I.—The Aaron Burr Trial. By Frederick Trevor Hill

Mr. HILL, a lawyer as well as a writer of established reputation, has written for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of notable papers on famous American trials which have had an important bearing on our history. For his studies of these trials he has gone to original sources, hitherto practically untouched. His accounts of these great battles of the law are wonderfully vizualized pictures, done by a man who has a thorough appreciation of both dramatic situations and legal questions. His succinct descriptions of the men involved are brilliant.

Mr. White's Etchings of Philadelphia

CHARLES H. WHITE, the etcher, has recently made for the Magazine a delightful series of etchings of Philadelphia. They are accompanied by one of the artist's most picturesque and amusing descriptions of what he saw in the Quaker City. The alleys of Philadelphia, the social divisions of the city, the omnipresent street musician, are among the points on which he comments.

A Social Clearing House

An interesting account of one of the most useful of our modern educational and philanthropic institutions—the Institute of Social Science—an institute which supplies information on history, sociology, economics, etc., etc., when it cannot be found elsewhere—a place where facts of almost any sort may be obtained from world-wide sources.

Through the African Wilderness

Mr. H. W. NEVINSON, whose recent slave-trade articles in HARPER'S MAGAZINE have attracted such wide attention, writes of a dangerous trip which he made into the interior of Africa. He describes with wonderful vividness the trials and dangers of the trip, the ways of the African lion, etc., etc. The British government is about to take action, owing to the revelations which Mr. NEVINSON has made in regard to the slave-trade in Portuguese West Africa.

Terrestrial Magnetism

Mr. CYRUS C. ADAMS, President of the Association of American Geographers, writes of that still mysterious force known as terrestrial magnetism, with reference to the great discoveries of Humboldt, Gilbert, Gauss, and other scientists, and the important investigating expeditions now being made in the Arctic and Northern Pacific.

Mr. Howells in Chester, England

Mr. HOWELLS calls the ancient city of Chester "our nearest point in antiquity." He describes in his most delightful way the many charms of a town where remnants of Roman, Saxon, and Norman ruins are still to be found. The present city is almost as unusual and unique as the remains of the ancient one, some of which may be seen to this day in the cellars and foundations of the modern houses.

Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods

Dr. H. C. McCOOK writes of an unusual species of ant found in the Garden of the Gods, at the foot of Pikes Peak in Colorado, and elsewhere, which store honey in a curious way. Their remarkable dwellings and customs are described by the author who spent a long time studying them.

8 Short Stories by

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN, CALVIN JOHNSTON, MARY HEATON VORSE, RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, HERMAN WHITAKER, ROSE YOUNG, ETC., ETC.

Mrs. Deland's Great Serial

"THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

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Illustration for "The Vulture"

See page 830

THEY BORE GALEONE UP THE STAIR

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXII MAY, 1906 No. DCLXXII



My Explorations in Unknown Labrador

BY MINA B. HUBBARD

IN undertaking a Labrador expedition of exploration it was my purpose to carry to completion the plans which Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., my husband, had mapped out for himself in his expedition of 1903.

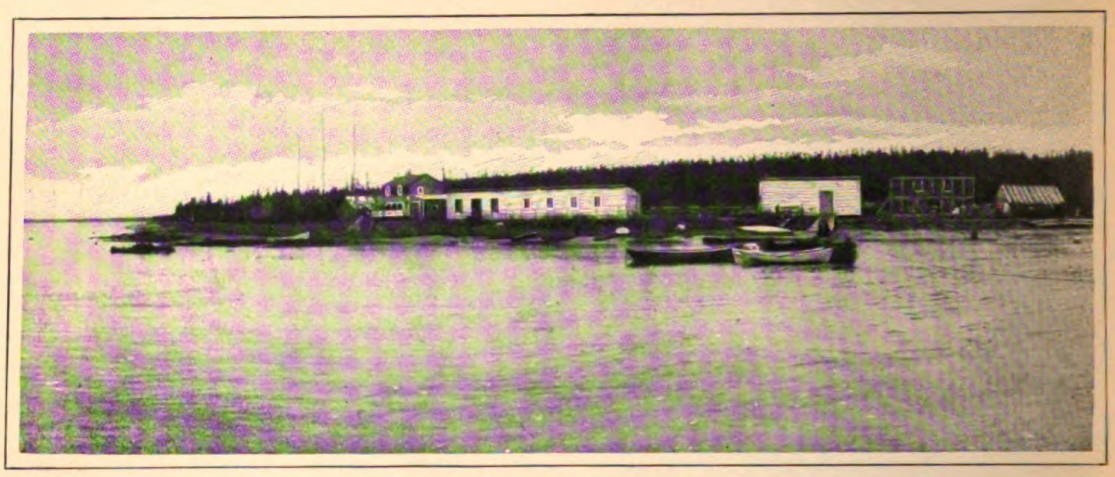
Mr. Hubbard planned to explore and map one and perhaps both of the two large unknown rivers of northeastern Labrador—the Northwest River, draining the great interior lake, Michikamau, to Hamilton Inlet; and the George River, draining the northern slope of the plateau to Ungava Bay,—to witness the annual caribou migration said by the Indians to take place about the upper waters of the George River; to visit in their home camp the Nascaupee Indians, or "Barren Ground People"; and to secure to the name, besides the honor of mapping the rivers, that of being first after McLean to cross the six hundred miles of unexplored wilderness lying between Hamilton Inlet and Ungava Bay. In 1838 John McLean, a trader of the Hudson Bay Company, had crossed this part of Labrador, but he left no map, and his account of the journey is so incomplete that to this day it is not certain what route he took. Thus the country still remained *terra incognita*.

The tragic ending of Mr. Hubbard's expedition is well known. The fatal mistake in the rivers, to which so many things contributed to lead him, was made, and he failed to accomplish his purpose; but that did not prove his expedition a carelessly and ignorantly

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OUR STARTING-POINT, NORTHWEST RIVER POST, LAKE MELVILLE

planned undertaking. On the contrary, all the information obtained by his survivors from the Indians at Northwest River Post in December of that year went only to show that had it not been for the mistake in the rivers the expedition would have been entirely successful. I knew, what, strangely, does not appear in the published account of the trip, that the Indians who hunt that country make the journey from Northwest River post to Lake Michikamau by the Nascaupee route in twenty-one days, and that they do not consider it a hard journey, nor one nearly so difficult of achievement as that which Mr. Hubbard actually made.

It seemed to me fit that my husband's name should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so much, and in the summer of 1905 I undertook and in every particular successfully completed the work which Mr. Hubbard had so greatly desired to have the honor of doing.

My expedition demonstrated that geographers were mistaken in supposing the Northwest River, draining Lake Michikamau, and the Nascaupee River, draining Seal Lake, to be two distinct rivers. They are one and the same, the outlet of Lake Michikamau carrying its waters northeast to Seal Lake, and thence southeast to Hamilton Inlet. The head waters of the Nascaupee River I traced northward through Lake Michikamau and the other lakes and streams leading to the height of land—a narrow strip of bog some three hundred yards in width,—and located the head waters of the George River immediately beyond it, following three hundred miles to its mouth the course of the stream, which, at its source a tiny rivulet, is at its discharge into Ungava Bay a great river three miles in width, and securing correct maps of the waters traversed. I witnessed also the annual caribou migration, and visited in their home camps the two bands of Indians inhabiting the northern slope of the plateau—the Montagnais and the Nascaupees,—travelling three hundred and fifty miles of wilderness before seeing any human faces other than those of my crew. On the 27th of August I reached the George River Hudson Bay Company's post at Ungava, first after McLean to cross the country.

The entire journey of six hundred miles was accomplished in a few hours less than sixty-one days, forty-three days of actual travel and eighteen days in camp; for we did not travel on rainy days, and sometimes not on Sunday. We had all we could eat all the time, and at the journey's end there was, including my gifts to the Nascaupee Indians, a surplus of one hundred and fifty pounds of provisions.

With me I had three men of my crew, chief among whom was George Elson, the Scotch Indian who had so loyally served Mr. Hubbard on his expedition of 1903, and whose devotion had culminated in his nobly heroic, though unsuccessful, efforts to save Mr. Hubbard's life. The other two were Joseph Iserhoff, a Russian half-breed, and Job

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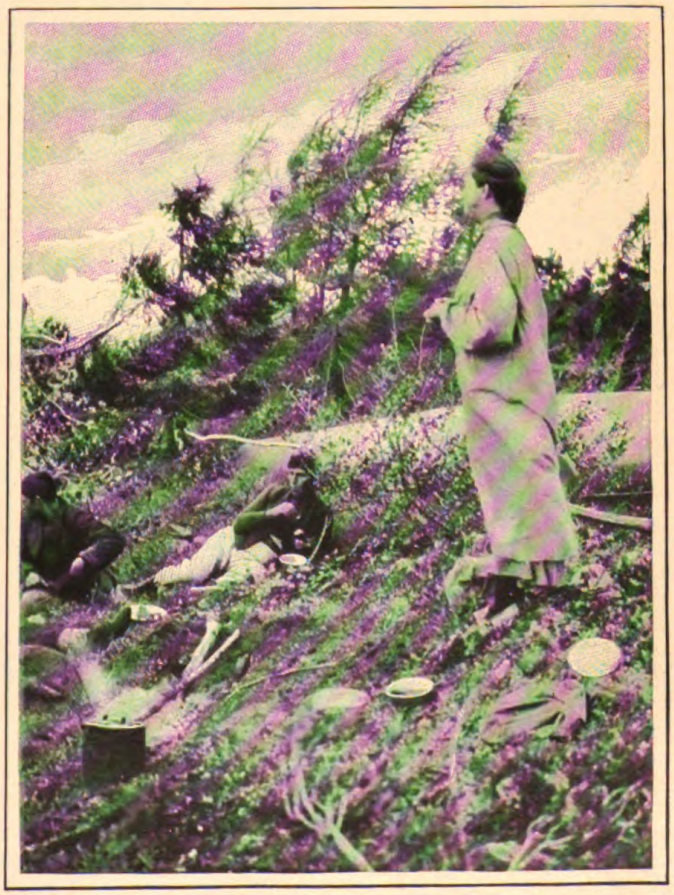
Chapies, a pure-blood Cree Indian. All three had been born and brought up in the Hudson Bay country, and were expert hunters and canoemen. They had come to me from Missanabie, some eight hundred miles west of Montreal.

Monday morning, June 26, found us at our real starting-point in Labrador, Northwest River Post, Lake Melville, and at work in earnest. There was a really perplexing array of stuff when the outfit was unpacked and spread out in the store. It seemed as if the little canoes could never hold it all. The men looked a little doubtful too. I wondered what I should have to leave behind.

M. Duclos, of the French post, and Mr. Cotter, of the Hudson Bay Company, cheerfully raided their kitchens to supply my lack in utensils, the flour-bags were finished and filled, and before noon Tuesday most of the outfit was packed, and the men tried it in the canoes. There were two of these, canvas-covered, and nineteen feet long, thirteen inches deep, and thirty-four inches wide, and with each three paddles and a sponge. The remainder of the outfit consisted of 2 balloon-silk tents, 1 stove, 5 12″ water-proof canvas bags, 2 9″ water-proof canvas bags, 1 doz. 10-lb. water-proof balloon-silk bags, 392 lbs. of flour, 4 lbs. baking-powder, 15 lbs. of rice, 20 lbs. erbswurst, 20 cans of standard emergency rations, 12 lbs. tea, 60 lbs. sugar, 1 oz. crystalose, 4 cans condensed milk, 12 lbs. chocolate, 4 cans condensed soup, 5 lbs. hardtack, 200 lbs. bacon, 14 lbs. salt. There were kitchen utensils, 3 small axes, 1 crooked knife, 2 nets, 2 rifles, and 3 tarpaulins. For each of the men there were a 22-cal. 10″ barrel single-shot pistol for partridges and other small game, a bowie-knife, and a pair of light wool blankets. They took also two pairs of "shoe-packs" each.

For myself I had a revolver, a hunting-knife, and some fishing-tackle; one pocket folding-kodak, one panoram kodak, a sextant, a barometer, a thermometer. I wore a short skirt over knickerbockers, a short sweater, and a belt, to which were attached a handsome embroidered cartridge-pouch and my revolver and knife. My hat was a rather narrow-brimmed soft felt. I had one pair of heavy leather moccasins reaching almost to my knees, one pair of high sealskin boots, one pair low ones, which M. Duclos had given me, and three pairs of duffel. Of underwear I had four suits and five pairs of stockings—all wool. I took also a rubber automobile-shirt, a long Swedish dogskin coat, one pair leather gloves, one pair woollen gloves, and a shirt-waist—for Sundays. For my tent I had an air mattress, crib size, one pair light, gray camp-blankets, one light wool comfortable weighing three and a half pounds, one little feather pillow, and one hot-water bottle.

Thanks to the courtesy of M. Duclos, Gilbert Blake had been added to my crew. Gilbert was one of the two young lads of the rescue party George Elson



WIND-BOUND ON MICHIKAMAU.

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had sent back two years before when his desperate efforts to get help had brought him to Donald Blake's house. He was one of the trappers whose paths run to Seal Lake, and he could guide us so far by the trapper's route, should we go that way. Beyond that we should have to hunt the way.

We started at 3.15 in the afternoon of June 27, 1905, with a few days more than I had hoped added to the time we should have to do the work. It was alarmingly short at best. I had been informed at the Hudson Bay Company's post at Rigolett that their ship *Pelican* would be at the George River post at Ungava the last week in August. This ship was my only means of returning to civilization before winter. That left just two months to cross the country, a distance of six hundred miles.

Thirteen miles above Grand Lake we came to where the Red Wine River flows in from the south. Here on the north bank the first of the portage routes by which the Indians avoid the roughest parts of the river leads out to run through a chain of lakes, entering the river again at Seal Lake. By this route the Indians reach Seal Lake from Northwest River in less than two weeks, taking just twenty-one days to make the journey through to Lake Michikamau.

When at Northwest River I had secured a map of both routes from them. The trappers told us that going by the river it would take us a month to reach Seal Lake. I wished very much to go by the river route, because that is the way Mr. Hubbard would have gone had he not missed the way. Yet our time was short. It was hard to decide which was best to do. George Elson had had experience of what it means to try to find a way through Labrador lakes. The trail was old and might not be easily found. Our map was crude, and we knew that we should not be able to make the trip as quickly as the Indians even at best, and it was quite possible that a good deal of time might have to be spent looking for the trail. Going ashore, the men examined the trail. When they returned to the canoe the decision was reached to keep to the river.



TREE AT LAKE MICHIKAMAU, WHERE RECORDS WERE LEFT

As the river grew more and more difficult, part of the outfit had to be portaged. One day, two miles above camp, about half a load of outfit was put into one of the canoes, and slipping the tracking-line round the bow, George and Gilbert went forward with it, while Job and Joe got into the canoe to pole. Had it not been for my confidence in them I should have been a little anxious, for here the river was very rough, and close to the shore where they would have to go was a big rock, round which the water poured in a way that to me looked impassable. But I only thought, "They will know how to manage that," and picking up my kodaks, I climbed the

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banks to avoid the willows. I had just reached the top, when, turning round, I saw the canoe turn bottom side up like a flash, and both men disappeared.

I stood unable to move. Right away Joe came up. He had caught the tracking-line and held to it. Then I saw Job appear. He had not been able to hold to the canoe; the current had swept him off, and was now carrying him down the river. My heart sickened at the sight, and still I could not move. Then an eddy caught him, and he went down. Again he appeared, and this time closer to us, for the eddy had somehow thrown him inshore where the water was not so deep. He was on his back now and swimming a little, but could neither get up nor turn over. I wondered why the men stood there watching him without a move. Then it dawned on me that George was holding the canoe, and I found my voice to shout, "Run, Joe!" Joe's own experience had for the moment dazed him, but now he suddenly came to life. Springing forward, he waded out and caught Job's hand before he was carried into deep water again. As he felt himself caught in Joe's strong grasp, Job asked: "Where is Mrs. Hubbard? Is she all right?"

For more than a week our progress was very slow, for there was much carrying to be done. Twenty-five miles above the first rapid we were obliged to leave the river, which here became impassable.

The tributary stream along which our way next led us was too large to be called a brook, and learning from Gilbert that it was a great marten country, I called it Wapustan River. This also we found a swift stream. It dropped from ledge to ledge down rocky hillsides. For much of the seven miles we followed it there was rough portaging to be done, though in places the outfit could be taken up in the canoes.

On Saturday, July 15, we left the Wapustan and began on a nine-mile cross-country trip, working up to the northwest, from which direction a brook



SKINNING THE CARIBOU

flows. A two-mile carry brought us out on Saturday evening to a lake at its head. After dinner Sunday we again went forward. It seemed very fine to have a whole mile of paddling. From the head of the lake a mile of good portaging brought us to waters flowing to Seal Lake.

Our way now led through three exquisitely beautiful little lakes to where their waters drop down over rocky ledges in a noisy stream, on their way to Seal Lake. Here on the left of the outlet we made our camp. On either side rose a high hill only recently burned over—last summer, Gilbert said. George, Gilbert, and I climbed the hill back of our camp in hopes of catching a first glimpse of Seal Lake, but we could not see it.

Slipping down the hill again, I reached camp just as supper was ready, and after the meal George and I crossed to climb the hill on the other side, which rose five hundred and forty feet above our camp. A brisk climb brought us to

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the top in time to see the sunset and one of the most magnificent views I had ever beheld. George, being taller, caught sight of the lake before I, and said, "There is Seal Lake."

It blew cold on the mountain and a shower passed over from the northeast, but it was soon gone, and the sun set over the hills in a blaze of red and gold. The way down the mountain seemed long. When we reached camp at 9.15 P.M. it was still quite light. Joe had been fishing, and had four brook-trout for my breakfast. Job and Gilbert had been down the valley a couple of miles prospecting, and soon came in with the information that a mile below camp we could put our canoes in the water. Beyond there would be two short portages, and then we should not again have to take them out of the water before reaching Seal Lake. The day following we camped at the head of the lake.



MRS. LEONIDAS HUBBARD

Beyond Seal Lake the river is not so difficult, though at one place we were obliged to leave it for nine miles of its course, where it is crowded between high rocky hills, flowing narrow, swift, and deep—too swift and deep for either poles or paddles. Monday, July 31, we reached the lake country east of Michikamau, and a little before noon Tuesday morning, August 1, we came, in the fourth lake, to where the river flows in from the south down three heavy falls and rapids. On the west side of its entrance to the lake we found the old trail. The blazing was weather-worn and old, but the trail was a good one, and had been much used in the days long ago. The portage was a little more than a quarter of a mile long, and we put our canoes into the water again in a tiny bay above the islands.

We had lunch a little way above the portage, and in the afternoon passed up the short reach of river into another lake, stretching, the men thought, about ten miles to the east and twelve to fifteen miles west. The lake seemed to average about four miles wide. The narrowest part was where we entered it, and on the opposite shore, three miles away, rose a high hill. It seemed as if we should even now be in Michikamau, perhaps shut from the main body of the lake only by the islands. From the top of the hill we should be able to see, we thought, and paddled towards it.

The hill was wooded almost to the top. Above the woods was the barren moss-covered summit. It seemed to me as we climbed that I should strangle with the heat and the flies and the effort, but most of all with the thoughts that were crowding my mind. Instead of being only glad that we were nearing Michikamau, I had been growing more and more to dread the moment when I should first look out over its broad waters. Sometimes it seemed that I could never go to the top, but I did.

The panorama of mountain and lake and island was wonderful. For miles in every direction were the lakes. Countless wooded islands, large and small, dotted their surfaces, and westward beyond the confusion of island and

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water around us lay the great shining Michikamau. Still we could see no open way to reach it. Lying along its eastern shore a low ridge swept away northward, and east of this again the lakes. We thought this might perhaps be the Indian inland route to George River, which Mr. Low speaks of in his report on the survey of Michikamau. Far away in the north were the mountains with their snow patches, which we had seen from Lookout Mount. Turning to the east, we could trace the course of the Nascaupee to where we had entered it on Sunday. We could see Lookout Mount, and away beyond it the irregular tops of the hills we had come through from a little west of Seal Lake. In the south great rugged hills stood out to the west towards Michikamau. North and south of the hill upon which we stood were big waters. The one to the south we hoped would lead us out to Michikamau. It emptied into the lake we had just crossed in a broad shallow rapid at the foot of our hill, a mile and a half to the west.

George showed me, only a few miles from where we were standing, Mount Hubbard, from which Mr. Hubbard and he had seen Michikamau; Windbound Lake and the lakes through which they hoped to find their way to the great lake; the dip in the hills to the east through which they had passed on their long portage.

As we crossed a long lake the next day, Wednesday, Job remarked that there was some current here. On nearing a point to the west we were startled by a sudden exclamation from him. He had caught sight of a freshly cut chip on the water. We stopped and the chip was picked up. The two canoes drew together. It was examined closely, and an animated discussion in Indian went on. It was fine to watch them, and a revelation to me to see an ordinary little chip create so much excitement. The conclusion finally reached was that the wind had brought it here in the night from our own camp.

Passing a point, the canoe again stopped some distance beyond it. Another brisk conversation ensued, and then I learned they had discovered a current coming from the south, and we turned to meet it. Following it up one mile south and one mile west, we came to where the river flows in from the south in a rapid. This was really a joke. We had so comfortably settled ourselves in the belief that the rapids had all been passed. Job and Gilbert had taken off their "shoe-packs" with the prospect of a good day's paddling, and here were the rapids again. Our course for four miles above this point was up a tortuous, rapid river. It seemed to flow from all points of the compass and in almost continuous rapids. The rapids were not rough, but the currents were fearfully swift and seemed to move in all directions. They are more dangerous than many of the rougher rapids.



MRS. HUBBARD TALKING WITH INDIAN WOMEN

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THE ARRIVAL AT GEORGE RIVER POST AT UNGAVA

About 2 P.M. we came out to a lake. It was not very large and its upper end was crowded with islands. Four miles from the outlet the lake narrowed and the water flowed down round the islands with tremendous swiftness. Again it widened, and a mile west from the rapids we landed to climb a hill. Everybody went, and by the time I was half-way up, the men were already at the top, jumping about and waving their hats and yelling like demons—or men at a polo match. As I came toward them, Gilbert shouted, "Rice pudding for supper to-night, Mrs. Hubbard." It was not hard to guess what all the demonstration meant. We could not see all the channel from our hilltop, there were so many islands; but it could be seen part of the way, and, what was most important, we could see where it led straight west to Michikamau.

Once more in the canoes, our way still led among the islands up the swift-flowing water. It was not till 5.15 P.M. that we at last reached the point where the Nascaupee first receives the waters of the great lake. Continuing westward near the shore of a long island, we landed shortly before 7 P.M. on its outer shore to make our first camp on Lake Michikamau.

It was a beautiful place and had evidently been a favorite with the Indians. There were the remains of many old camps there. Near the shore grew a thick wall of stunted spruce, and back of this an open space some fifty yards wide, sloping gently up to the greenwoods above. On going ashore we caught sight of a flock of ptarmigan just disappearing among the bushes. The men gave chase, but the birds managed to elude them, and they came back empty-handed. Here the flies and mosquitoes were awful. It made me shiver just to feel them creeping over my hands, not to speak of their bites. Nowhere on the whole journey had we found them so thick as they were that night. It was good to escape into the tent.

Next morning I arose early. It was cloudy but calm, and Michikamau was like a pond. How I wondered what fortune would be ours in the voyage on this

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The dotted line "Low's Northwest R." indicates the previously supposed course of river draining Lake Michikamau

THE TRAIL FROM NORTHWEST RIVER TO UNGAVA BAY

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big water—the canoes seemed so tiny here. I called the men at 6.30 A.M., and at nine we were ready to start. Before our start, Job blazed two trees at the landing, and in one he placed a big flat stone, on which I wrote with a piece of flint Joe brought me:

HUBBARD EXPEDITION
ARRIVED HERE AUG. 2ND, '05.

Underneath it the names of all the party. Then we embarked, and it was "All aboard for George River!" our next objective point.

The way the men managed the canoes in the lake was fine to see. They were as much at home on Michikamau as they had been in the rapids of the Nascaupee. By 10 A.M. of our third day on the lake we could see plainly the long rocky point at the entrance of the bay at its northern extremity. The wind was blowing the waves straight against it, and it looked fearsome to me. Now the sails had to come down, for we were going too much into the wind. Fortunately for us, it calmed a little when we got to within half a mile of the point, and at 10.30 A.M. we passed safely round it into the sheltered bay.

We had not reached our haven too soon. Almost immediately the wind rose again, and by noon was blowing so strong that we could have done nothing in any part of Lake Michikamau, to say nothing of crossing the upper end in a heavy south wind.

Nine miles to northward we made camp on an island in Lake Michikamats, which is some twelve miles long and from two to four miles wide. My tent was pitched in a charming nook among the spruce-trees, and had such a beautiful carpet of boughs, all tipped with fresh green. The moss itself was almost too beautiful to cover, but nothing is quite so nice for carpet as the boughs. Through the night the south wind rose to a gale and showers of rain fell. Sunday morning I was up at 7 A.M., and after a nice, lazy bath luxuriously dressed myself in clean clothes. Just after 9 A.M. I lay down to go to sleep again. I had not realized it before, but I was very tired. My eyes had closed but a moment when a rat-a-tat-tat on the mixing-pan announced breakfast.

There was much speculation as to what we should find at the head of Lake Michikamats. If only we could see the Indians we should be all right. Our caribou meat was nearly gone, and we could do very well with a fresh supply of game now. There would be a chance to put out the nets when we reached the head of the lake, and the scouting had to be done. The nets had not yet touched the water.

It was nearly noon next day when the men, preparing dinner, caught sight of a big stag caribou swimming across to the point south of us. There was a spring for the canoe, and in much less time than it takes to tell it the canoe was in the water, with Job, Gilbert, and George plying their paddles with all strength. As the beautiful creature almost reached the shore, a flying bullet dropped in front of him and he turned back. His efforts were now no match for the swift paddle-strokes that sent the canoe lightly towards him, and soon a shot from George's rifle ended the struggle. He was towed ashore, bled, and brought to camp in the canoe.

The following day we got our first glimpse of the great caribou migration. On the west shore of the lake we found thousands of the beautiful creatures gathered on a plain at the foot of a barren hill. Later we saw them swimming to an island three-quarters of a mile out, making a broad, unbroken bridge from shore to shore. For fifty miles beyond this point the country was alive with them.

Wednesday we passed northward from the head of Lake Michikamats through several small lakes and streams, and at 5 P.M. we arrived at the height of land. A short portage of three hundred yards and we put the canoes into a little lake, which proved to be the source of the Great George River. We camped that night where its waters begin their swift descent to Ungava Bay.

Some fifty miles below the head of the river we came upon the Indians. There were only the women of the tribe there. The men had gone to Davis Inlet on the east coast to trade for their winter supplies, and had not returned. These people we found belonged to the Montagnais tribe. They received us in friendly manner, eagerly urging us to remain longer

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with them. George Elson spoke to them in their own tongue, and here we learned that we were but two days' journey from the Nascaupee camp, farther down the river. The women speak only their own language, but we learned that some of the men speak English quite easily.

Sunday morning, August 20, I awoke in a state of expectancy. We had slept three times since leaving the Montagnais camp, and unless the Barren Ground People were not now in their accustomed camping-place we ought to see them before night. Many thoughts came of how greatly Mr. Hubbard had wished to see them and what a privilege he would have thought it to be able to visit them.

It seemed this morning as if something unusual must happen. It was as if we were coming into a hidden country.

As we paddled along at pretty brisk rate, suddenly George exclaimed, "There it is."

There it was indeed, a covered wigwam high up on a sandy hill which sloped to the river and formed the point round which it flowed to the lake among the mountains. Very soon a second wigwam came in sight. At first we saw no one at the camp. Then a figure appeared moving about near one of the wigwams. It was evident that they had not yet caught sight of us; but as we paddled slowly along, the figure suddenly stopped, a whole company came running together, and plainly our sudden appearance was causing great excitement. There was a hurried moving to and fro, and after a time came the sound of two rifle-shots. I replied with my revolver. Again they fired, and I replied again. Then more shots from the hill.

As we drew slowly near, the men ran down towards the landing, but halted above a narrow belt of trees growing near the water's edge. There, it was plain, a very animated discussion of the newcomers was going on.

We all shouted: "Bo jou! Bo jou!" (Bon jour!)

A chorus of Bo jous came back from the hill. George called to them in Indian, "We are strangers, and are passing through your country."

The sound of words in their own tongue reassured them, and they ran down to the landing. As we drew near we could hear them talking. I, of course, could not understand a word of it, but I learned from George later what they were saying.

It was a strangely striking picture they made that quiet Sabbath morning, as they stood there at the shore with the dark-green woods behind them and all about them the great wilderness of rock and river and lake. They had strongly Indian faces, and those of the older men showed plainly the marks of the battle for life they had been fighting. They were tall, lithe, and active-looking, with a certain air of self-possession and dignity which almost all Indians seem to have. They wore dressed deerskin breeches and moccasins, and over the breeches were drawn bright-red cloth leggings, reaching from ankle to well above the knees, and held in place by straps fastened about the waist. The shirts, some of which were of cloth and some of dressed deerskin, were worn outside the breeches, and over these a white coat bound about the edges with blue or red. Their hair they wore long and cut straight round below the ears, and tied about the head was a bright-colored kerchief. The faces were full of interest. Up on the hill where the wigwams were the women and children and old men stood watching, perhaps waiting till it should develop whether the strangers were friendly or hostile.

"Where did you come into the river?" the chief asked.

George explained that we had come the whole length of the river, that we had come into it from Michikamau, which we reached by way of the Nascaupee. He was greatly surprised. He knew the route and had been at Northwest River. Turning to the others, he told them of our long journey. Then they came forward and gathered eagerly about us. We told them we were going down the river to the post at Ungava.

"Oh, you are near now," they said. "You will sleep only five times if you travel fast."

My heart bounded as this was interpreted to me. It meant that we should be at the post before the end of August, for this was only the 20th. There was still a chance that we should be in time for the ship.

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We then inquired about the river. All were eager to tell about it, and many expressive gestures were added to their words to tell that the river was rapid all the way. An arm held at an angle showed what we were to expect in the rapids, and a vigorous drop of the hand expressed something about the falls. There would be a few portages, but they were not long, and in some places there would be just a short lift over; but it was nearly all rapid.

"And when you come to a river coming in on the other side in quite a fall you are not far from the post."

There was a tightening in my throat as I thought, "What if I had decided to turn back rather than winter in Labrador!"

Meanwhile the old women had gathered about me, begging eagerly for tobacco. Of course I did not know what it was they wanted, and when the coveted tobacco did not appear they began to complain bitterly. "She is not giving us any tobacco." And again, "See, she does not want to give us any tobacco." George explained to them that I did not smoke and had no tobacco. I succeeded in appeasing them, however, by gifts of flour, tea, pork, and rice, and accompanied them to their camp on the hill for a necessarily short visit, seeing and talking with the younger women and children, and learning a little of what life means to them.

When the word went forth that we were about to leave, all gathered for the parting. I was looking about for something which I might carry away with me as a souvenir of the visit. The chief's daughter stood near, and stepping towards her, I touched the beaded band on her hair, thinking that perhaps they had others they might be willing to let me take. She drew sharply away and said something in tones that had a plainly resentful note in them. It was, "That is mine." I determined not to be discouraged and made another effort. Stretched on a frame to dry was a very pretty deerskin, and I had George ask if I might have that. This seemed to appeal to them as a not unreasonable request, but they suggested that I take one that was dressed. A woman who wanted my sweater went into the wigwam and brought one out. It was very pretty, and beautifully soft and white on the inside. She again pleaded for my sweater. I felt so sorry to have to refuse her, but had to do so. I handed her back the skin, but she bade me keep it. They gave George a piece of deerskin dressed without the hair—"To line a pair of mitts," they said.

When I said "Good-by," they made no move to accompany us to the canoe.

On the evening of August 22 we reached the foot of Indian House Lake, and the day following began the descent of what proved to be one hundred and thirty miles of almost continuous rapid. The river was fearfully steep, there being places where the little canoes were carried down at the rate of a mile in four minutes. We had five days of almost constant rapid running.

Saturday at noon my observation showed us very near our destination, and we camped at night within ten miles of the post. The men smiled a little incredulously when I said we should be at the post before noon Sunday. There was a bit of quiet fun Sunday morning after breakfast over my putting the remainder of the tea into a bottle to keep as a souvenir of the trip. I learned later that it was the opinion of the crew—expressed in Indian, of course—that the tea would probably taste good at lunch. However, inside of two hours we were in sight of what I knew must be the island opposite the post, and before 11 A.M. there was a sudden exclamation from George—"There it is!"

Half an hour later Mr. Ford, agent at the post, followed by a retinue of Eskimos, came over the mud left by the retreating tide to meet us, while Mrs. Ford waited at the foot of the hill, all as eagerly excited at our arrival as I was to reach the post. As my hostess, with shining eyes, took my hand in greeting, she said, "Mrs. Hubbard, yours is the first white woman's face I have seen for two years."

In reply to eager questioning I was told that the ship had not arrived, and would not be there until the middle of September.

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The Vulture

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

". . . . There is in me life, said the knight, but it is but little, and therefore leap thou up behind me, when thou hast holpen me up; and hold me fast that I fall not, and bring me to Queen Morgan le Fay, for deep draughts of death draw to my heart, that I may not live, for I would fain speak with her or I died. For else my soul will be in great peril and I die. . . ."
—"Le Morte d'Arthur." Book IX. Chap. XLIII.

YOU will have heard so much that is bad of him—for the great name he bore spread his infamy very widely abroad—and so little that is good—if indeed anything at all—that I am all but disheartened at the very outset of my tale with having such weight of prejudice to combat. Men said, and still say, that from first to last his life was an evil one, that neither youth nor innocence, neither weakness nor trust, was ever safe from him, that in the wake of his predatory career he left but tears and anguish, dishonor and death. It was the old Duca di Nemira who one day in a fit of disgust gave him that name which clung to him ever after—the Vulture.

"Where there is battle, murder, or death," the old man said, "look above you! You'll see Gian Galeone circling round and round in the sky waiting for his pickings." And in spite of this Nemira loved the man, in an unwilling shamefaced fashion, as did many of us, to the very end.

Ay, he lived an ignoble life, as men say, but when they go on to contend that he died also ignobly—a fitting end in a tavern brawl over a woman—there I beg leave to differ with them, for I know more than they. If I can make it plain to you that he died a good death, if I can persuade you that in his end he went far towards making amends for that evil life of his, I shall have wrought well, done Galeone the last service that I or any one can do him. He is gone now—God rest his soul that knew no rest here on earth!

A party of four gentlemen posting from the Duca di Nemira's place near Castrovillari, in Calabria, to Canitello—whence they meant to cross the straits to Messina—halted to rest their horses at a roadside inn between Palmi and Bagnara. They were travelling by night because they were in a hurry. It was somewhat after midnight when they reached the inn, but they expected after a rest of an hour or two to reach Canitello with the first light of the morning.

The four men were the old Duca di Nemira, the Marchese Nero di Neri, Marino Loredan, a Venetian, and Don Pietro Cassaro, a surly and ill-natured youth who was generally disliked, but who, for family and other reasons, could not be ignored as he deserved.

As they went into the public room of the inn, preceded by a very obsequious waiter, a man seated at a table in the far corner—the only occupant of the place—half rose to his feet and made as if he would call out to them in greeting, but after an instant he dropped back again into his chair with a little bitter mirthless laugh. He had been out of Italy for three years, and he had almost forgotten that it was wiser to allow his Italian acquaintances—he had no friends—the first word. Sometimes they spoke it and sometimes not, as their humor or the surroundings dictated. The newcomers seated themselves about a round table near the centre of the room, and the waiter brought heavy glasses and an armful of bottles of the strong country wine.

The old Duca di Nemira paused, with his glass half-way to his lips.

"There is Gian Galeone!" he said, in a tone of surprise. "There is Gian Galeone, in the corner yonder!" He looked at Neri, who sat beside him, and

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then, after a moment, set down his glass and went across the room. Galeone rose to meet him.

"You here, Gian?" said the old man, and held out his hand. "I thought you were in the East. Loredan was saying only a day or two ago that he had not heard of you for more than a year. We thought you might be dead."

The other man's face softened for a moment and he smiled, but a wry smile.

"Death will have none of me, Nemira," he said. "Death turns its back when I seek it." He gave a little laugh. "It is a rather terrible thing not to be able to die," said he.

The elder man shook his head gravely.

"I will not jest with you about death, Gian," he said. "It may be waiting for either or both of us to-night. Will you not join us at our table yonder? You are alone, I see. I think you know Neri and Loredan and Cassaro."

A quick flush came up over Galeone's face, and he turned his head away for a moment to hide it. It had been a long time since any one of Nemira's class had offered him such a civility, and the act touched hidden springs in him which he had believed to be dead and dry. When he spoke his voice was not quite steady.

"Thank you!" he said, simply. "I should—like to join you. I have not seen an old acquaintance for three years. I landed at Messina from the East only this morning." He squared his shoulders and unconsciously straightened his back as he moved across the room towards the other three men. He was more keenly pleased at Nemira's friendliness than he could have expressed. It may be that in the warm flush of the moment he even had some vague mad thought that this might mean the beginning of a rehabilitation; that with such men as these to count upon, the world, which had so long since turned from him, might receive him again and the mantle of a new respectability cloak his ancient sins. He was very tired.

But if such a thought flashed into his mind in that moment it cannot long have endured. To be sure, the three gentlemen bowed very civilly to him, and Nero di Neri and young Loredan took his hand and said they were glad to see him again in Italy, but Cassaro made excuse of the table which stood between them to avoid the latter form of greeting, and his eyebrows were lifted a fraction of an inch above their normal line.

They sat down, Galeone between Nemira and Loredan, and the four politely toasted his return, but after the few first formal questions and inquiries the Marchese di Neri and Don Pietro turned their shoulders and began a conversation of their own, leaving the newcomer to the other two. It was not a happy experiment that old Nemira had made, and it is probable that more than once during the next hour he very earnestly regretted having made it. On his own part he did his best to engage Galeone in talk, choosing such topics as seemed to offer the greatest freedom from embarrassment—and this was not easy; also young Loredan seconded his efforts as well as any man could have done, but in spite of them both the attitude of the other two was all too patent, and it grew more glaringly so with each moment.

Galeone sank deeper and deeper into a bitter hard-eyed gloom, and, as the time went by, his answers to Nemira's or to Loredan's kindly questions became more brief, until they were but "yes" or "no"; sometimes he did not answer at all, but only nodded or shook his head, never stirring his eyes from the glass which his brown hand gripped on the table before him.

Young Loredan the Venetian watched the man, at first covertly, out of the corners of his eyes; later, as it became possible, quite openly. He had never known Galeone well, but like every one else in the Italian states and many abroad he knew the man's sinister history. In consequence he was very glad of this chance to see him close at hand. The personality of any one, man or woman, whose life has been extraordinarily tragic or evil or both is certain to be of great interest to others. One must watch the face of such an individual with an eager scrutiny, wondering what event or influence has scored this or that line, hollowed thus the cheek under its cheekbone, twisted so awry the telltale curves of the mouth. The face of any such man or woman is a battle-field, scarred, drawn, indelibly stamped with what has fought there.

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And so young Loredan watched the tired lean face of the man whose infamy had become almost a proverb, and instead of horror or repulsion a great pity stirred in him, for the face had things in it not evil, but good—there was an odd unlooked-for sweetness there. And the man stood so alone!

Don Pietro turned his head and, after a slant-eyed glance towards Gian Galeone, glooming over his wine, buried in abstraction, spoke to the Duca.

"Did we not pass Donna Vittoria Malvagna's castle somewhere between Palmi and here?" he asked. "Neri thinks it is farther inland." Old Nemira frowned and looked at the man beside him, but Galeone sat patently apart. His ears were deaf to what went on about him.

"The castle is on the slope of Monte Elia above Palmi," said the old man. "We passed under it an hour ago." His eyes signalled caution, and he jerked his white head to one side significantly, but young Cassaro's wits were too blunt to understand.

"The shameless baggage!" he said, with a short laugh of contempt. "She does well to hide herself down here in the mountains. She does well to stay away from Rome. Poor young Monforte dead for her, and his wife mad!—Neri says that she has her claws in Andrea Bordone now. She'll pluck him bare in a year's time."

As if the name had suddenly recalled his wits from their wandering, Gian Galeone raised his head, and his eyes sharpened from dulness to attention. The old Duca made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"What was that you said?" asked Galeone. "Bordone? Don Andrea Bordone? Why, I—used to know him. He's a poor thing at best, but I knew him.—Who did you say had her claws in him?"

Old Nemira started hastily to speak, but before his tongue had formed the words, Don Pietro had answered.

"Vittoria Malvagna," he said, "the Marchese di Malvagna's widow. She is an old hand at that—" He halted suddenly, with the sentence unfinished, and sat staring across the table. Galeone was trembling from head to foot, so that his hands shook violently before him and his teeth chattered.

"Liar!" he said, in a queer, choking whisper. "You foul and utterly damned liar!" Marino Loredan caught him by the left arm, and at the same instant Neri cried out sharply to Don Pietro. But on the moment the truth of the situation seemed to break in upon Cassaro's slow brain, and he began to laugh.

"Eh, Madonna Santissima!" he cried. "I had forgotten. You used to worship that star, years back, didn't you, Galeone, when the star was not so easy to reach! Ho, ho! Try again! You may find it easier now.—Birds of a feather!" Nero di Neri was dragging at his shoulder and whispering fiercely to him, and from the other side old Nemira cried out an angry reproof, but the man laughed on. He must have been mad.

"Try again!" he cried. "It is easy now."

"Liar! Liar!" whispered Gian Galeone across the table, and with his free right hand threw the half-filled wine-glass hard into the other's grinning face.

Upon that there was of course immediate uproar, with cries and curses and a great overturning of chairs, but through it all Galeone stood quiet and still. The three others had pushed Don Pietro, furious and screaming hysterical threats, towards the opposite wall of the room, and held him there, trying to quiet him. The old Duca turned excitedly back to Galeone.

"You must not fight with him, Gian!" he cried. "The boy is mad. He must have drunk too much wine. You must not fight with him over this." Galeone turned his still eyes to the elder man and Nemira's eyes dropped.

"Not—fight?" said he. "You heard what he said. You heard the—name. *Not fight?*"

The old man looked up and down and at last aside.

"You have—been away a long time, Gian," he said at last. "Things—many things have changed. Even the best of women sometimes—" He could not meet those still eyes.

"I—am sorry, Gian," he said, uncomfortably. "No jury of honor would compel Cassaro to meet you on this excuse. Wait until you know more of the—circumstances."

Galeone beat his two hands suddenly

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Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence

THROUGH IT ALL GALEONE STOOD QUIET AND STILL

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together. "God!" he cried out, "must I fight you all?—I tell you if that dog, that—foul lying swine does not fight, I will kill him with my hands!"

The three men across the room came forward, Don Pietro Cassaro between the other two, who held to his arms. He was breathing hard and his face was purple.

"When will you fight—Vulture?" he demanded, and licked his lips. He was of the south, and rage turned him into a beast, very unpleasant to see.

"The sooner the better," said Galeone, gently. "I must, with all possible despatch, rid the earth of so unclean a thing. Now, if you will! There is a full moon, very bright. I should like to do it now."

The others broke into immediate and stormy protest, contending that it was irregular and absurd and altogether impossible; but while Galeone stood by silent, Don Pietro beat the three from him with his hands.

"The devil take your irregularities, and you with them!" he cried. "Let it be now, as the fellow says! I shall die of an apoplexy if I do not kill him tonight. There will be swords here in the inn."

They turned in desperation to Galeone, but he faced them unmoved.

"I feel that I cannot wait," he said. And then: "I am travelling alone. I have no friend to stand with me as second. Would one of you—as a mere formality"—a flush came over his face and for the first time his eyes wavered—"as a mere formality," he said, "be willing—"

"I will, Galeone!" cried young Loredan, and sprang forward to him. "I will! Not in formality, but in friendship if you will allow it so. I will, gladly."

"Why—why—" the man began, and something like a sob came into his throat. The red burned to crimson in his cheeks. "I—cannot thank you," he said, unsteadily. "It is a long time since—you are very good. I—cannot thank you as I should like." He caught the younger man's hand in his, and the old Duca di Nemira turned away winking. The little scene was oddly pathetic.

Swords were brought by the frightened innkeeper and preparations made. There was no surgeon in the place, and for a long time Nemira made that sufficient ground for refusing to countenance the meeting, but Marino Loredan had some rough. knowledge of the treatment of wounds, and at last the old man, protesting still, was forced to give over.

They went out into the night. It was a warm, still night of early summer, with a round moon, whose glow lay white upon the dust of the highroad, and gray upon the open fields, and velvet black upon the bordering groves of orange and lemon and olive. It was nearing two of the morning. The innkeeper, teeth achatter with the chill of fright, led the little party to an open space of trodden turf beyond the stables. It was masked from the highroad by trees, and the moon shone there, making the place almost as light as day.

The two principals laid off their coats and waistcoats and removed the stocks from their throats. Then with small ceremony they took their places in the centre of the open space. The Marchese Nero di Neri acted as second to Don Pietro, and old Nemira was witness. They made their salutes, Galeone with quiet formality, the other contemptuously, as one eager to be at the serious work. Then their blades crossed and they fought.

From the beginning it was patent that the younger man's life lay in the elder's hands. Don Pietro was no mean swordsman. He had the fair degree of skill which all Italians of the upper class possessed in that day—and, for that matter, still possess,—but Galeone was a soldier. He slept, as it were, sword in hand, and before ill living had dulled his eye, slackened his wrist, he had been rather famous as a duellist.

He seemed to play with the lad before him. Cassaro attacked with an insensate fury. He was still in his fever of mad rage, and rage had robbed him of all judgment. The other played with him, and the three men who watched held their breaths to see the calm, almost unerring security of his defence.

Then the ever-possible accident occurred. Galeone gave ground for a pace, quite obviously with the mere intent of goading his opponent into a hotter and more exhausting fury, when all at once his foot slipped on the smooth turf, and

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for an instant his guard was down. Before the seconds' blades could be interposed they saw Don Pietro lunge and a quick stain come upon the front of Galeone's white shirt.

Loredan ran to him, but the other waved him away.

"A scratch," he said, lightly. "The merest scratch. I am ready to go on." The Venetian knew that it was not true, but he fell back, and after a moment they encountered again. This time Galeone did not stand upon his defence. He attacked swiftly, though without that foolish outcry and stamping of the feet to which most Italian swordsmen are addicted.

It seemed to those who watched that he made no more than a single thrust, when Don Pietro's arm fell to his side and he went down on his knees slowly, as if of his own accord, and there coughed once, and so fell upon his face and lay still.

Galeone turned away, and the others ran to the fallen man and knelt over him. After a few moments Loredan rose, shaking his head, and went towards his principal. Galeone stood at a little distance, leaning against a tree. He had drawn his long cloak over his shoulders. It hung nearly to his feet, covering him. He looked up as the young man approached.

"Dead?" he asked, quietly. The other nodded.

"I thank God!" said Gian Galeone. "The world—is—cleaner—without him." Something in his attitude, some quality in the voice, caught at the younger man's throat.

"But *you, you!*" he cried, stammering, and sought to pull away the cloak from the other's breast.

"I shall—follow him ere—morning," said Galeone. "Hush! I do not want the others to know. Go to them now and help them if they need you. Then bring my horse here to me. I have a journey—to make—before I die.—Be quick!"

Young Marino drew a sharp sobbing breath and turned about. The other two, aided by the innkeeper, were carrying the body of Don Pietro from the place. He ran to them and spoke in old Nemira's ear. Then, as quickly as he might, he made his way to the stable. A stable-lad was leading Galeone's horse, already saddled and bridled, into the courtyard of the inn. Orders had been given to this effect before the little party had left the house. Young Loredan took the bridle from the lad and led the animal round to the open place where its master waited. He stood as before, leaning against a tree, cloaked and still.

"I have brought the horse," said Don Marino, "because I will not waste time or words in disputing with you. If you must be gone from here to-night, you must, and that is all there is of it. Of course I shall go with you. I doubt you could ride alone. First, however, we must see to your wound."

Galeone would have protested, but the younger man gently forced him to sit down upon the turf, and finally to lie back against the little hillock of earth which was at the tree's foot. The stable-lad, to whom he had given instructions, came running with strips of linen. The Venetian took them and sent the boy away. Then he opened Gian Galeone's shirt at the breast and gave a sharp cry. The man had been thrust through the body a hand's breadth below the heart, and he was bleeding to death.

"You cannot ride!" cried young Loredan. "It is impossible."

"I must ride to-night, friend," said the wounded man, "or crawl on hands and knees. There is a little strength left in me. Be as quick as you can with your bandaging, and then lift me to the horse's back. Ride you behind me, if you will. I must see Madonna Vittoria Malvagna's face at Roccafiorita before my eyes are blind.—For my soul's sake I must see her face once before I go."

"Oh, my God!" said young Loredan, under his breath, and with a sick dismay he stared at the man, who lay before him white in the moonlight.

"You must not go there!" he said, whispering. "You must not!" And again Galeone said weakly,

"For my soul's sake I must see her face once—before I go."

After that the Venetian said no more, but finished his rude bandaging as best he could, and wrapped the long cloak about the dying man. In a pocket of the coat was a flask of brandy, and he made

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him swallow some of this. Then with difficulty, by the exertion of all the strength he possessed, he got him upon the horse's back and mounted behind him. He turned the beast's head to the north and, holding Galeone's body between his arms, rode away through the moonlight night towards Palmi and Monte Elia.

They had not above three miles to go, but they were more than an hour in covering the distance, since the horse must go at a walk all the way. They came into the olive groves at the foot of the great hill, and there left the highroad, taking to a winding zigzag avenue which led upwards into Roccafiorita. From time to time young Marino held the brandy-flask to the other's lips, or asked him how he did, and always Galeone answered strongly:

"I shall live until I have seen her face."

So they came into the fir-bordered drive within the park walls and presently to the castle itself. Despite the hour there were lights in the upper windows. Loredan dismounted and took Gian Galeone down in his arms. Then he knocked loudly with the iron knocker and called out for admittance. A window opened and a servant's voice demanded to know who was there. He said: "One who must see the Marchesa, and that at once—a matter of life and death. Make haste!"

The window closed and there were sounds within. Presently chains rattled and bolts were drawn. The door swung open and two servants, half dressed, rubbing the sleep from their eyes, peered out into the gloom, sulkily curious.

"Look to the horse yonder!" said Marino Loredan, and went in, his arm about Galeone's shoulders, supporting him. He went through a narrow passage and came into the great state hall of the castle from one side. Here another servant barred their way, and another still was making lights about the great room.

"Say to the Marchesa," said young Loredan, "that Don Gian Galeone must see her immediately — immediately!" The man stared and went away, running up the broad stairway which mounted from the hall. But half-way to the top he met a woman coming down.

Loredan had never seen Donna Vittoria Malvagna, but on the instant he knew that this was she, and in the same instant he felt that he could not wonder at poor Monforte's wreck and death or at Andrea Bordone's mad infatuation. He said to himself that for such women kingdoms had more than once been lost, empires given over, history made and unmade.

The servant spoke quickly, and the woman gave a little cry.

"It is impossible, impossible!" she said. "You have mistaken the name." She came a little farther down the great stair, peering through the dim light at the two men who stood together. Suddenly she halted, and something like a sob broke from her. She put up her two hands over her face. But when after a moment she dropped them her great eyes blazed across the hall.

"You swore to me, Galeone," she said, "that you would never again come before me or trouble my peace to the last day of your life! You swore it."

Gian Galeone took a step forward away from his friend's supporting arm.

"It is—the last day of my life—Vittoria," said he. The cloak slipped from his shoulders and fell about his heels on the flagstones. He stood forth in his shirt, swaying upon his feet, a ghastly object—all the front of him crimson with his blood.

The woman screamed terribly. Even the servants fell back with cries of horror.

"I could not—die," said Gian Galeone, speaking with great difficulty, "until I had—seen your face—once." And he would have fallen prone but that Marino Loredan caught him in his arms and bore him up.

At that Donna Vittoria seemed suddenly to waken from her frozen stupor. She ran to them with a great cry.

"Gian!" she cried, in an exceedingly bitter agony, "Gian, Gian!" She took him from Loredan's support and held him bodily in her arms. She was a tall strong woman, and her passion of grief had made her stronger. Galeone lay heavily against her breast, his head in the hollow of her shoulder. He had fainted from exhaustion. And holding him so, the woman's great eyes burned across his body to young Marino

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Loredan. Out of her agony her lips said voicelessly:

"How?—Why?"

"He was wounded in a duel," said Don Marino, in a low voice. "He knew that he must die, and so made me bring him here. I rode upon the horse behind him and held him up. He cannot last much longer, I think. It is a miracle that he should have reached here alive."

The woman began a terrible dry sobbing which shook all her strong body. She hid her face against Galeone's white cheek. Then presently,

"Help me with him!" she said, calming herself. "Help me to carry him up the stair and lay him in a bed!" But Don Marino beckoned one of the servants, and the man brought a chair at his bidding. In this they set Galeone's lax body, and so bore him up the stair and into a chamber where the woman led them.

They laid him upon a couch there, and while Donna Vittoria and the servants brought restoratives and a basin of water and clean linen for bandages, Loredan cut the shirt away from his friend's wounded breast and made the wound ready for a fresh dressing.

The man came slowly out of his swoon, and his eyes opened upon what must have seemed to him the very gates of paradise; for the Marchesa knelt beside the couch, her arms laid out across his body and her face bent close to his.

"Eh, my sweet!" said he, whispering, "it is very good to die so." He said it over and over again, and there was peace unspeakable in his sunken eyes—love unutterable in them.

"Oh, Gian!" she wept, tearless, "what is it has brought you to your death? Tell me what it is, Gian!"

"A liar," said he, whispering still, because he was very weak,—"a liar spoke a—very foul lie, Vittoria, and I sent him before—his God. God will blacken—his face—eh, I burn, I burn!—his face, and—cast him into the hell which—yawns for such. In the fight I—took a wound.—That is all.—Mother of God! it is—good to die so—here—looking into your eyes!"

Donna Vittoria's face went very white.

"What—lie did this liar speak, Gian?" she asked, watching his eyes.

"It—does not matter," he said. "It was a foul lie—against the—purest and—loveliest lady who lives." She raised her head and looked across Galeone's body to Marino Loredan, who sat beyond in the shadows. Loredan turned his eyes away. Then the woman gave a very bitter moan and hid her face upon the body of the man who lay before her. She lay so for a long time, and tremors of spasmodic trembling shook her at intervals. Gian Galeone spoke on in fitful gasping whispers, halting for very weakness between the sentences.

"Eh!" said he, "the Vulture has made his last—flight, torn at his last prey.—Even so must vultures end— Nay, a sweet end, Vittoria!—Undreamt of sweetness! I had thought to die in battle or in some despicable quest. Not thus in a good fight—for you, my queen. Eh, what good thing has my evil life compassed that—God should make my end—beautiful?—I have lived vilely—in shame and dishonor."

The woman raised her head.

"My doing, Gian, mine!" she said. "I had your golden love long, long ago, and I was mad and cast it into the mire. If there are stains upon you, it is because of me. I might have saved you pure and good.—Oh!" she cried, in agony, "I have brought all your ill upon you from the first to this last, and never anything but ill!"

"If you could have—loved me—a little, Vittoria!" sighed the man who was dying.

"Oh, Gian!" she wept, "I have loved you all my life long, and no other—only at first I did not know—and then I was proud—and afterwards bitter, thinking that you had forgotten. But always I loved you.—And now," she said, her face twisting awry,—"now I have brought you to your death."

Gian Galeone's sunken eyes blazed suddenly and a splendor came upon his face as if some great light had shone there. He tried to cry out, but his lips were bound, and he tried to raise his arms, but there was no strength in them. Donna Vittoria saw what he would have, and she bent forward and kissed him.

At last, when his tongue could make the words, he said,

"I thank—God that I die—thus—in your honor—sweet!" And at that, as at

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something unbearable, the woman's face twisted again in a strange agony, and she hid it with her hands.

Later they fell into such talk as lovers use—foolish tendernesses, sweet oaths, remembrances out of the far-away unspoilt past. And so time dragged on until the gray dawn crept in like a mist through the row of eastward windows, but still the strong spirit clung within Galeone's body and would not be cast forth. Only his breathing grew more difficult and more painful and his speech fainter, so that Donna Vittoria had to stoop to his lips to hear what he would say. He waited, it would seem, for the sunrise. When the first golden beams fell upon the green and yellow Sicilian coast across the strait—Faro, the old castle of Scilla, Messina town and harbor, with the squat bulk of Ætna behind, Stromboli and the Lipari Islands to the north, Milazzo in between,—then Galeone died.

At the last, as so often happens, an odd burst of strength came to him, so that his voice swelled suddenly from its former whisper, and he half raised himself on the couch. He seemed to be blind, for he put out one hand to feel if Donna Vittoria were there.

"I am—going—now, Vittoria," he said, aloud. "Tell me—before I go, that you are glad I came to you—to-night—glad I die—for your—honor!"

"I am glad, Gian," she said, steadily. "If ever you have done wrong, I think your death will wipe that out. A noble death, Gian, in a good cause.—Gian! Gian!"

Once again she leant forward and kissed him. Then he coughed, putting his hands to his breast. He said her name once, in a whisper, smiling. Then he coughed again, blood came from his lips, and he died.

Over his body Marino Loredan faced the woman. Her face was white and very haggard, her eyes tortured depths of gloom.

"Would you lie to him into the very grave?" said young Loredan. "Is there no shame in you at all?" She met his gaze without shrinking.

"It was a good lie, Don Marino," she said. "It sent him on his way in peace—with joy. I would do the same again—a thousand times. I am not ashamed."

She moved across to the row of eastward windows and, for a moment, stood looking out into the brightening day. Then she turned back.

"I wonder," said she, "if you will understand when I say that—he has not died in vain."

A single dry sob wrung her.

"I loved him!" she said. "If I have done evil, it was because I thought he had forgotten, and I was—mad. What has been done cannot be undone, but—Galeone has not died in vain. It may be that in his death he has saved two souls. Who knows, Don Marino? Who knows?"

Her eyes fell upon the couch and what lay there, and she began to tremble.

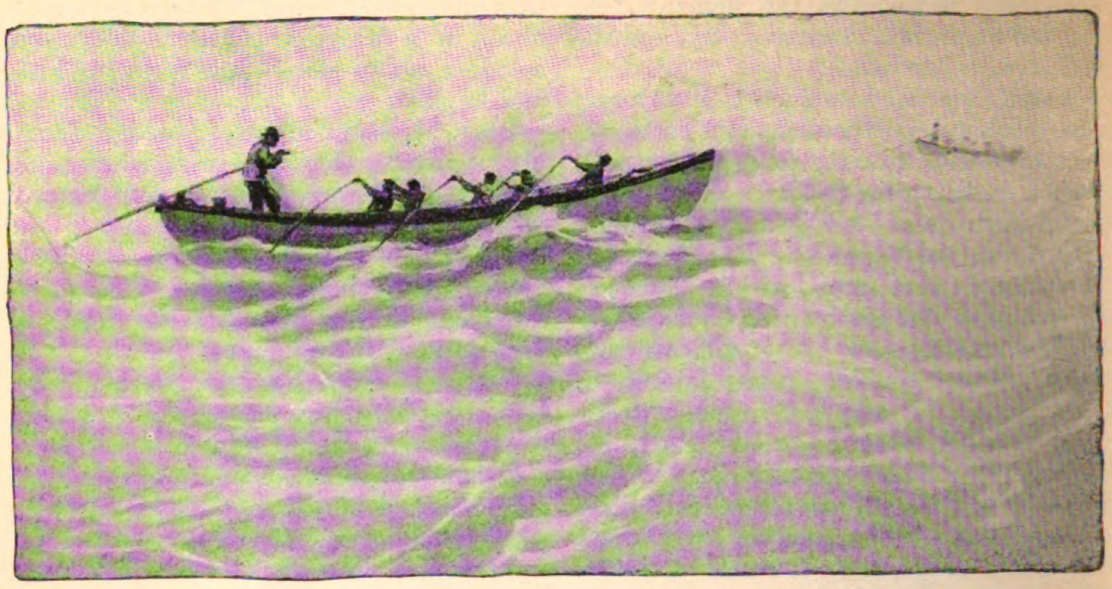
"Leave me alone with my dead!" she cried, in a very bitter voice. Grief beyond description wrung her face. "I loved him!" she said. "Leave me alone with my dead!" Loredan tiptoed out of the chamber. At the door he heard the woman beginning to sob behind him.

Afterglow

BY THOMAS WALSH

OVER the orchard one great star;
The mellow moon—; and the harvest done;
And the cheek of the river crimsoned far
From the kiss of the vanished sun.

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The Blubber Hunters

BY CLIFFORD WARREN ASHLEY

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

II.—TAKING WHALES

WE raised our next whale at sun-up on another Sunday some weeks later, and almost before the first long-drawn "Bl-o-o-w" from aloft had ceased its echo our boats had dropped like shadows on the surface of the desert ocean. One moment the decks had been hushed and quiet. The next it was as if a squall had struck us—a hurricane of orders preceded a wild stampede, and underfoot was instantly strewn with a tangle of braces, sheets, and halyards thrown by the mates from the pins. The men reached and hauled, the mates slacked away, the great yards swung, and the old bark slowly came about. Shoes were kicked from feet, and while we still luffed, the bow boat took to the water with scarcely a ripple, and the boat's crew swarmed down the falls and dropped catlike into their places.

With a whir of tackle the waist and starboard boats followed; so closely, they seemed almost to strike the water in unison. Carried away in the excitement of the moment, I forgot a pair of burned hands I then was nursing, and brushing aside one of the regular boatmen, I slid down the davit tackle, and found myself in the mate's boat, struggling with the rest of the crew in the maze of gear.

Wallowing precariously in the heavy wash, we balanced on gunwale and thwart and swayed and stepped the awkward swinging mast, then made fast the stays. The sail was hoisted and peaked, the sheet paid out, and with the boom sousing through the water we started down the wind full thirty yards ahead of Mr. Freitus. The boats were soon widely scattered. Occasionally another could be seen when the seas at the same instant tossed both of us high. The *Sunbeam* in the distance showed only her top-hamper. Of the whereabouts of the whale we were advised from time to

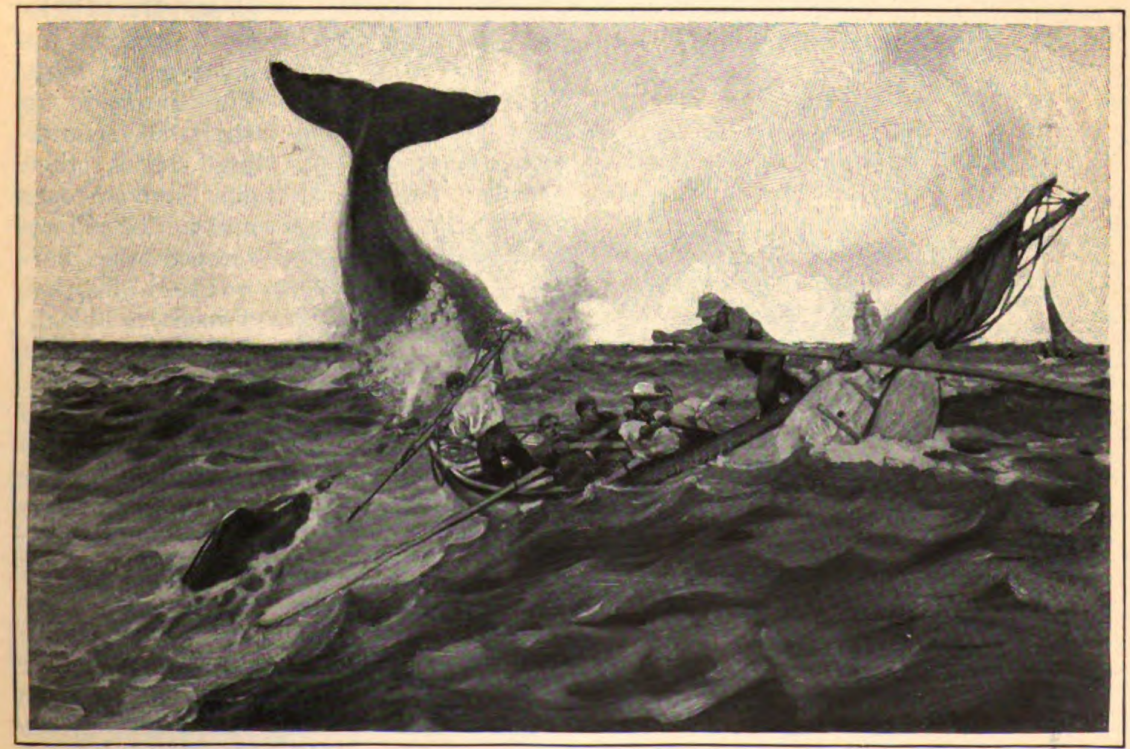
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time by her signals aloft. The colors soon had disappeared from the main-truck, indicating that the creature had sounded. So we held our course unaltered till the weather-clew of the fore-t'-gallant-s'l told us he had broken water far off to our windward, and there was nothing left but to in sail and pull for it.

For four hours or more we tugged at the oars, changing our course from time to time to suit the varying whim of the whale; several times we were almost within "darting distance," when he turned flukes and sounded. So we pulled down, perceptibly gaining nearer, and the chase every moment becoming more and more intense. We strained at the oars till the mate, crouching by the stern-sheets, was blurred to our sight, and brilliant specks of light danced before us; our throats were parched, our hands were bleeding.

Suddenly, "Stand by your iron, Tony!" and from somewhere back of us came a faint, sonorous whistle. I twisted my neck, and caught a glimpse of a dark mass cleaving the water a hundred fathoms ahead. Our oars bent like reeds, the boat leaped ahead like an animal under the lash. Stooping low over the steering-oar, Mr. Hicks jerked out crisp words of encouragement to us. Again the whale spouted nearer, and then, for a third time, that long-drawn whistling exhaust; and the humid vapor escaping from the pent-up lungs drifted like a mist over the boat, and we felt on our necks its dampness. The rankness of it was still in our nostrils, when there were a swirl and a rush, and the huge monster breached clear of the sea, and with mighty flukes tossed high, for an instant was silhouetted against the yellow of the afternoon sky; then, with a deafening roar of displaced waters, disappeared beneath the surface, just as another whale, coming from we knew not where, broke water under our very bows. "Give it to him!" yelled the mate. Tony gave a frantic lunge, and the harpoon was buried to its hitches; overboard went the second iron.

"Fast, by ——! Peak your oars! Get out of the way of that line! Empty some water on that loggerhead, you —— lubbers!" and with a dash over the tottering thwarts, Tony and Mr. Hicks shifted places. A jerk pitched those unprepared in a heap to the bottom. For an instant our stem was sucked



OVERBOARD WENT THE SECOND IRON

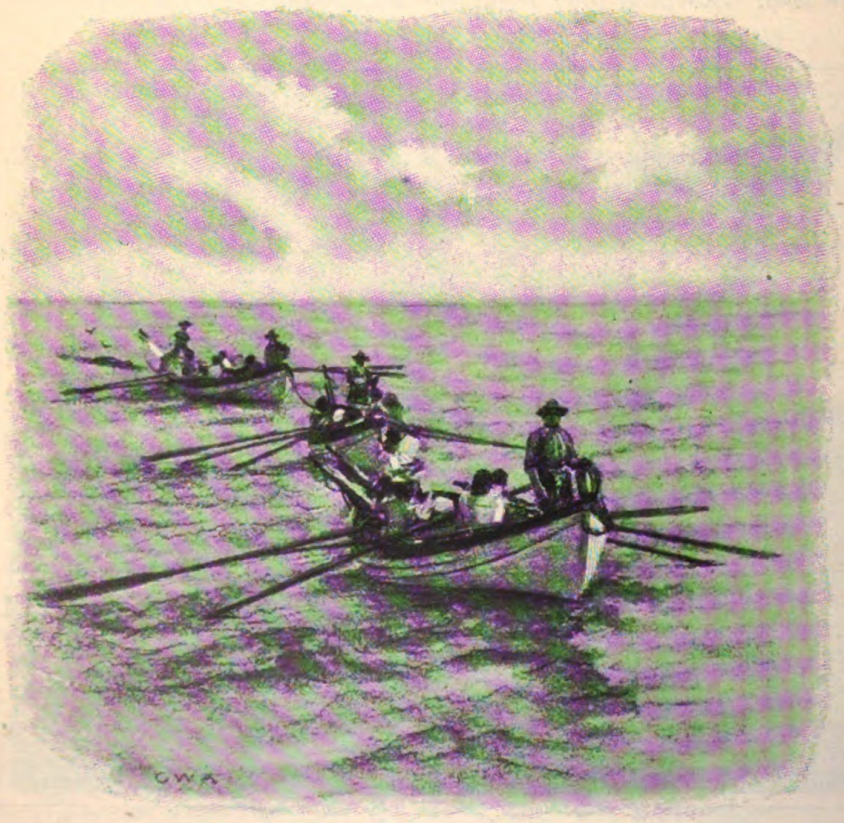
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under and we shipped a barrel of water. Then we were off with the speed of an express, with the water pouring in a sheet over our bows and sifting the full length of the boat, till the last of us was drenched to the skin. Writhing and squirming from tub to loggerhead, from loggerhead to chock, under the kicking-strap and along the channel formed by our peaked oars, the line whistled and tore, sometimes with a rumble like the roll of drums, sometimes with the wailing shriek of a siren—whistled till it smoked, yet still the boat was being lashed through the water like a fly on a trout-line and behind us rolled up a wash like that of a steamboat. The water boiled at our bows and eddied by our quarter, leaving a line of suds behind us far back to the horizon. Buffeted from side to side by the oncoming waves, the boat creaking and quivering under the impacts, we tore in an arrowlike flight due westward, till the ship was but a speck in the distance.

Tony stood by the stern-sheets, a canvas patch in hand; from time to time he threw a turn of the line over the loggerhead, sometimes cast one off, but only to go on again the instant after. And so we held our pace without let-up; for though, after a while, the whale slackened his first mad pace, the line also went out slower, and ever the bow of the boat was kept just above the level of the water. And we, crouching in the bottom to steady her, bailed constantly to keep from filling with the influx over the bows. Slower and slower the line surged, but the stern tub was emptied and the waist tub was being drawn on heavily. Then came a moment when it ceased running through the chocks and the boat began to lag.

"Stand by to haul in line!" came the order, and getting out of our cramped positions, we grasped the now inanimate rope and hauled and strained with feet braced on the thwarts, winning it back inch by inch, painfully and slowly, Tony holding what we made with his turn on the loggerhead. Span by span, fathom by fathom, the line crawled in, and we coiled it aft in the bottom.

Gradually we hauled up to the whale, and our nerves tingled again in breathless suspense. With knee braced in the clumsy cleat, Mr. Hicks stood ready, his lance poised high. We dragged up abaft the churning flukes, then got out our oars and pulled till we scraped the barnacled flanks, "wood to blackskin." Almost bending double, Mr. Hicks ground in the lance till it brought up at the socket, a full six feet of cold steel; then for an instant the whale "churned." The great fanlike flukes lifted from the water; gently they seemed to tap the surface, but



TOWING A WHALE ALONGSIDE THE SHIP

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the report was like that of a cannon, and the other boats, two miles away, caught its reverberations. "Vast pulling! Stern all! Peak your oars!" and we watched all that coil of line, fruit of an hour's toil, roll over the bow again, to be hauled in anew.

But our quarry was now spouting thin blood and visibly growing weaker. Four wearisome times, hand over hand, we hauled up to and lanced him. Each time he carried out less of our line. He no longer swam with the decision of his first frenzied flight, but frequently altered his course, spouting oftener and thicker and with visible effort, and behind him he left an ever-darkening trail of crimson. Then, when we were still at some distance, as though goaded afresh, he churned his flukes, and with vast form listing to one side, tore with some suggestion of his original pace in a large arc around us. Suddenly he veered sharply; then, with a horrid inward convulsion, a stream of clotted crimson gushed from his spiracle, and the great carcass turned belly up, with the seas lapping over it—lay just awash, a huge, shadowy, undulating mass, with no more semblance to a living creature than had the seaweed drifting by it. Already the scavengers of the deep were gathering, their sharp fins cutting the water knifelike all about us. Not a moment could we halt; the day was all too short for the task before us. Reeving a short warp through the spout-hole, we passed a line from one boat to another, and, all tandem, began the long dead tow to ship.



WE TRICED THE BOATS UP TO THEIR PLACES

Luckily the *Sunbeam* crowded sail, and with a favorable wind bore down to us. After what seemed an interminable pull we dragged the carcass alongside and passed up the tow-rope. With a rattle and jangle the fluke-chain was belted, and heaving away at the windlass, the whale was soon fast alongside.

As we rounded the *Sunbeam's* stern to get under our davits, the grateful aroma of coffee greeted our nostrils, and with renewed energy we clambered to deck and triced the boats up to their places, swung the cranes, and fastened the gripes.

"Dinner, all hands! Dinner, Cook, dinner!" There was a stampede aft, and with a clattering of pots and pans the half-starved crew mobbed the galley in a fight for double rations.

A whale-ship "cuts in" a whale always over the starboard side. To admit of this, three of the four whale-boats are suspended from the port side, while to

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starboard, over the gangway, is lashed a long platform, or cutting-stage. This is lowered from the ship's side and boomed out some fifteen feet over the dead whale. From this platform, which has a hand-rail, the mates work, cutting at the blubber with long-handled, keen-edged spades, similar in shape to those used to clear ice from sidewalks.

If the weather is not too rough, a ship will "cut to windward" (with the whale on the starboard side toward the wind). By so doing the wind pressure on the sails will counterbalance to a greater or lesser degree the weight of the cutting-falls, and so tend to keep the ship on an even keel. The strain at the mainmast is terrific. Several instances are on record where the weight of a whale's head has caused the foot of the mast to crush through a vessel's back-bone, so scuttling her.

The cutting-tackle consists of a cluster of gigantic blocks made fast to the maintop, through which are rove the two falls, each suspending a heavy block and blubber-hook. This cluster of blocks is braced well forward with a jigger, in order that the two hooks may swing directly over the blubber-room at the main-hatch.

The blubber, except for a filmlike coating called blackskin, easily scraped off with the thumb nail, is the only outer covering of the whale. It is of a fatty nature, but is of very close texture and exceedingly tough. This separates readily from the flesh beneath, so that in cutting, only vertical incisions are made with the spades, along a general line termed the scarf, and the lift of the windlass rips the blubber from the carcass as the peel is skinned from an orange, requiring only an occasional jab from the spade to keep it free, the whale rolling over and over in the water as it is unwound, the mates on the stage hacking with their spades a corkscrew line about the rolling body, the windlass tearing away the blubber. When the end of the strip has been hauled to the lower masthead, the third mate at his station in the waist, with a long boarding-knife punctures two holes through it close to the deck and at some distance apart. Through these a chain strap is rove and the second fall attached to it. Then, all hands standing back from the gangway, with a few well-directed lunges the mate severs the mass above the newly fastened tackle, and to the lusty shout of "Board ho!" the great weight of the first "blanket piece" swings inboard, sweeping any luckless obstacle from its path, and dragging about with it those who are attempting to steady it down the hatchway.

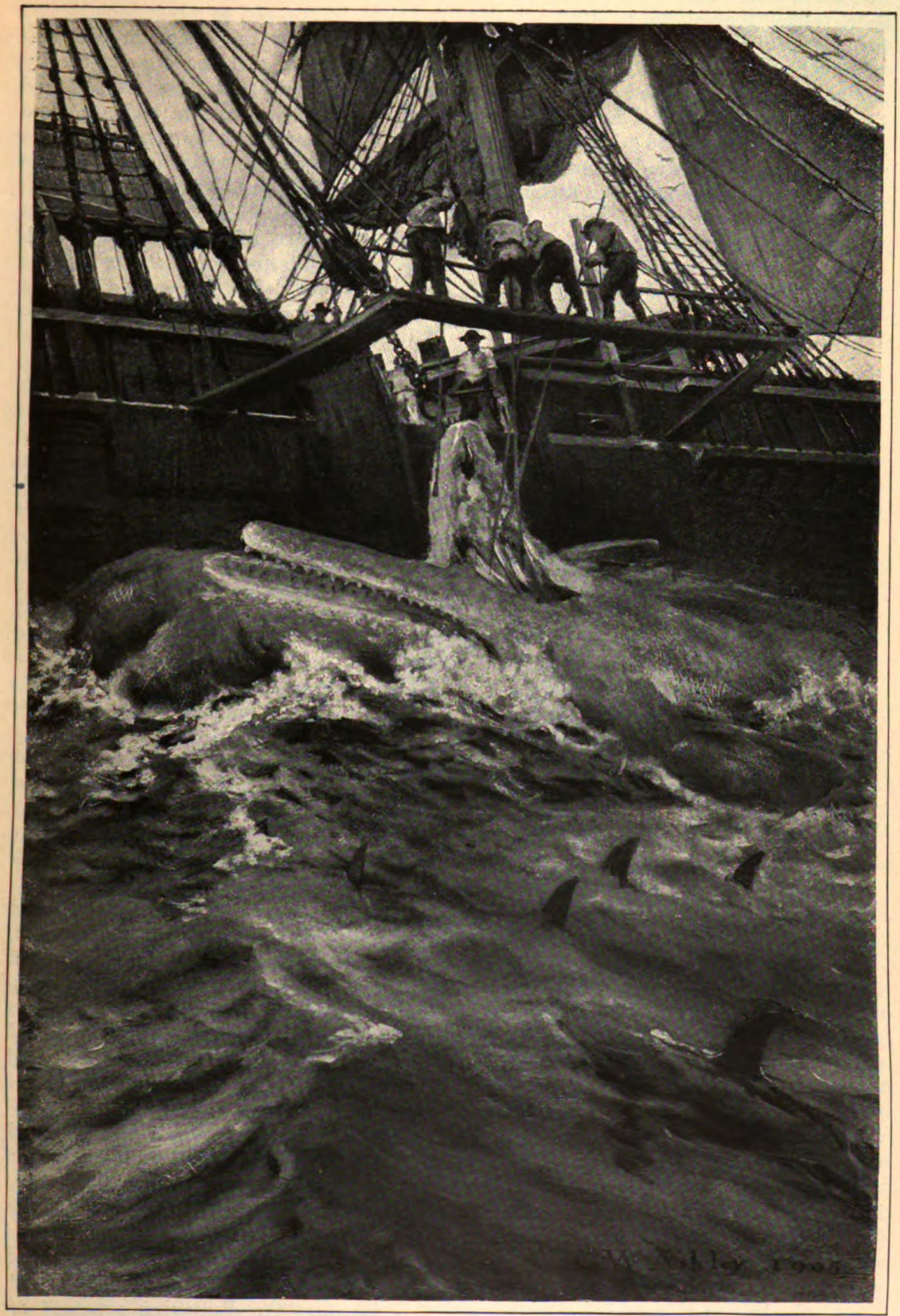
The day was too far advanced when we got our first whale alongside to do more than get the fluke-chain in place and prepare for an early start in the morning. During the night the wind freshened, and by morning was blowing half a gale. The ship labored badly, with the whale's enormous bulk jerking and bumping alongside. After the expenditure of an infinite amount of patience and labor, the first blubber-hook was embedded at the base of the left fin and a semicircular cut made below it. With the carcass yawing and twisting, the seas continually breaking over it till it was often submerged completely, not one thrust in six of the cutting-spades was effective. To get the hook in place it was necessary to send down a man.

"Who's overboard?" Mr. Goomes asked.

From a dozen volunteers one was selected—a big, hulking negro, distinguished from the rest by a wide cotton rag he wore under his jaws to keep his hat in place. Giving the man chance to remove only his coat, a "monkey-rope" was fastened about his waist, and he was dropped sprawling on the slippery, heaving flank of the whale. About him hovered innumerable sharks, gliding like shadows alongside, now and then tearing away a hunk of flesh and flopping silently off, pursued by others equally ravenous.

With lines a couple of us eased the weight of the enormous blubber-hook while the negro groped for the hole made near the flipper. The mates, with backs to the hand-rail, fought off the sharks from too close a proximity. The seas constantly broke over him, and twice the man was washed from his task, and was only preserved by the rope about his waist from being ground between the whale and the ship's side. Then, with the hook in position, the windlass crawled up on

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CUTTING-IN THE WHALE

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the slackened fall so slowly that the poor fellow seemed to be under water for nearly a minute hugging the hook to its place. Suddenly the ship yawed, and then with a slap and a jerk the fall tightened. There was a hollow rending sound, and the blood-dripping semicircle of blubber lifted from the carcass, with the disjointed fin flopping at its end. As the ship rolled far over, the carcass raised a third of its bulk from the water, then settled suddenly back with a sullen splash, and a straightened blubber-hook jerked high in the air and fell with a crash on deck. The whole wearisome process was to be gone through with again.



DETACHING THE BLANKET-PIECE

A second hook having been fetched, it seemed about to hold, when a sea a little larger than common broke completely over the stage, and lifting the whale bodily, crashed it up under the stage planks, and would have carried away the mates but for their lashings; as it subsided, the whole weight of the whale was thrown suddenly on the tackle, and the second blubber-hook was left dangling in mid-air, so much junk.

The officers by this time were all well out of patience, and the crew naturally had to bear the brunt. Orders followed each other in a torrent, and were no sooner given than countermanded, the whole interspersed plentifully with curses for the fancied stupidity of the crew. A little late in the day, perhaps, it was decided to tack ship and cut to leeward. Our unwieldy burden, acting as a "drug," made it impossible to get up headway sufficient to put over directly. So over two hours were spent wearing ship. For a long while it looked as though even this was not feasible, but at last we got about, and were well rewarded by the comparative quiet in which our cut lay. We swayed the stage a trifle higher to allow for the starboard list of the ship, and the wind having abated considerably since early morning, but for the heavy ground-swell no easier cutting could have been desired. The only remaining blubber-hook—a new one and much larger than the others—was broken out, and for the third time a man went overboard to secure the hook in place.

It would seem that we had received our due of accidents. Yet no sooner had the blanket been well started toward the maintop than a sudden lurch gave an extra strain to the fall, which was an old one. It parted and the block, tackle, and our third and last blubber-hook went clanking overboard.

While Cooper hewed an old-fashioned toggle from an oaken plank, the rest of us sat down to a glum meal in the cabin. Skipper even omitted his customary joke—a threat to tie his napkin about the cabin-boy's neck, when that individual had forgotten to fetch it. We faced at this juncture the dismaying prospect of cutting-in a whole voyage without a hook, and the outlook was anything but cheerful. So dinner was bolted in a

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gravelike gloom and the work on deck resumed directly. A chain strap having been with considerable difficulty shackled about the lower jaw, the body was rolled over, and there, pinned by the strap in the angle of the jaws, were the missing block and hook. How they had remained in such an insecure position is a mystery. But no time was given to speculation. A fourth man plunged recklessly overboard without pausing to make fast the monkey-rope, and three more sharks gave up the ghost.

Seven hours' arduous labor performed and our job as yet unstarted! But if all things before had seemed to hinder, all now seemed to facilitate matters. A new fall was rove through the blocks, the hook was lowered from the cutting-stage and dropped directly into the hole without necessitating a man's going overboard. The blubber lifted easily; the ship rode quietly; the work progressed without a hitch. The carcass was decapitated; the head secured astern. The body rolled over and over, weltering in gore, the great dripping blankets followed each other up the alternating falls.

Mr. Freitus by the gangway sliced with his boarding-knife and swung the pieces inboard. Cooper perspired over the squeaking grindstone, muttering curses on those whose continual call, "Sharp spade! Sharp spade!" kept him "humping." Between decks, in the blubber-room, one watch stowed back the "blankets" and cut them into smaller "horse-pieces." Above, the other watch steadied the huge chunks by the hatch-coamings and lugged the heavy block and chain back to the gangway, slopping and sliding in the slush and gurry.

Moving too deliberately from the path of one of the inswinging blankets, one of the green hands was swept from his feet like a tenpin, carried across the deck and slapped down the hatchway. He managed to work out the remainder of the day, but for the rest of the season was on the sick-list.

About us in a great circle the waters were quite crimson with the outpour of blood from the carcass. The sea fairly boiled with monstrous sharks battling among themselves for the detached fragments. The work was progressing smoothly, when suddenly the ship lost her headway, and a faint, all but imperceptible tremor was felt in the deck. We were already hove to; now we made sternway. It seemed almost as though some curious unknown current had seized us. The whale swung from under the stage, making further work impossible. The men exchanged superstitious glances; the mates stared aloft, but everything seemed drawing properly. Suddenly a shriek from somewhere aft broke the strained silence, and Steward struggled from the rear of the galley, dragging hapless Cook by the ear. "This —— nigger been an' harpooned a shark!" Sure-enough, furiously lashing the water into a foam astern, a thirty-foot shark was just succeeding in freeing himself from the cook's investigating iron, made fast to a cleat at the taffrail. The ship, freed once more, serenely gathered headway, the whale swung in, and all hands resumed their labors.

The spiral cutting progressed to a point midway between the hump and flukes; then, after the body had been disembowelled and searched for possible ambergris, two vertebræ were disjointed and the carcass cast adrift. Hauling the remnant partially from the water, the flukes were severed at the small, and, freed of the chain, followed the denuded carcass down to the sharks. To the exultant cry of all hands, "Five-and-forty mo-o-ah!" the shank of the tail smashed over the sheer-plank and spun across the deck.

We hoisted the junk and made it fast to the lash-rail, aft the gangway. Then came the case, the real lift of the day. Its thirty tons or more brought the starboard scuppers down to the water-level; the ship's hull cracked and groaned under the strain. Half on deck, half by the board, it was secured fast and the stage hoisted out of the way.

"All hands aft and splice the main-brace!" came the welcome call. And further work on the whale was stayed till observance was paid to this time-honored custom. It may be that the hearty bawl when the last of the cut swings inboard is as much due to the anticipated grog as to the five-and-forty barrels nearer "full ship." Standing by the quarter-deck, our skipper dealt out the stimulant from a cracked and brim-

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THEY HALF CUT, HALF LADLED THE BARRELS OF PULPY SUBSTANCE FROM ITS CELLS

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ming pitcher. Filing past, each man in turn received the tumblerful, and tossing the raw stuff at a single gulp, passed forward with watery eyes.

"Bailing the case" is perhaps the most interesting of the several processes peculiar to whaling. After the "splicing of the main-brace" some portion of the litter had been cleared away from deck and the cutting-tackle sent down. A hurried supper was partaken of, after which one watch was sent below and the other turned to preparing the try-works, cutting horse-pieces, and lastly bailing the case. The decks were lighted with a few thick-globed lanterns, which diffused a feeble radiance over the scene.

The tail of a beaver, the hump of a camel, and the case of a sperm-whale have each the same function—the hoarding up of reserve nourishment against a time of fast. Fatty and unctuous, glistening and pearly white, the cavernous reservoir lay opened before us like some vast comb of honey, trickling its stored-up treasure over the sullied planking, turning it to purest snow. Stark naked, three negroes climbed into its tanklike interior, and wallowing up to their waists, with knives and scoops, half cut, half ladled the barrels of pulpy, dripping substance from its cells. With coal-hods, tubs, and pails, an improvised bucket brigade passed the prized contents forward to the try-pots, where two bronzelike figures, standing in the capacious kettles, with groping fingers tore the oozing pulp to shreds.

Delving deeper and deeper with an eagerness requiring no encouragement, the bailers labored without cessation. The try-pots were filled, but still the supply held, till thirty barrels and more of pure spermaceti stood in brimming tubs along the bulwarks. The scuppers had been stoppered, and the deck washed inches deep in gurry and congealing case-matter. Through this the men splashed and slipped, and with scoop and shovel reclaimed the precious leakage and poured it into tubs.

Under the try-pots fires were started, and the flames leaped hungrily high above the funnels, throwing a lurid glare over the shifting scene. Above, the wan ghostly sails flapped and glowed, the flames contorting wildly in the backdraught caused by the flapping. Black toiling figures teemed like ants about the decks; and all made a picture the weirdness of which suggested a transcript from the nether world. Like a presiding evil spirit, Smalley's dark face shone in the intense heat before the works as he forked the minced strips of blubber and soused them in the seething caldrons.

Watch relieved watch, but all through the night the work went on. The horse-pieces were minced, the tried-out "scrap" was fed to the fire. Black smoke belched from the chimneys, darkening with a cobwebby soot the rigging aloft and the near-by bow boat. The tried-out oil was bailed to a temporary cooler. More blubber was fed. The men, passing by, helped themselves to choice bits of well-fried scrap. A pungent, sickening odor of burning fat burdened the air.

In the morning we sighted another New Bedford whaler, also boiling, the schooner *Eleanor B. Conwell.* But before there was opportunity to speak her we again raised whales, and by noon had another alongside. In a drizzling rain we finished cutting-in and stowed the damp blubber between decks.

The second morning the Portuguese skipper of the *Conwell* came over with a boat's crew and gammed with us; during his stay on board his crew joined in the labors with ours, and as they worked they discussed the comparative merits of the two ships, their captains, and the fare.

Mr. Goomes, myself, Tony, and a boat's crew lowered in the starboard boat and cruised till nightfall with the schooner. In the heavy ground-swell running she made bad weather of it, the big boom thrashing from side to side, jarring and racking the whole craft. The steward was the only white man aboard, and he made a melancholy tale of his trials with the captain, who, he said, permitted him no molasses to cook with, no yeast for his bread, and as for butter, "why, the blamed Gue eats lard on his bread, and thinks a white man oughter."

The crew were a wild lot, and already underfed; their mutiny a few months later might then have been predicted. I came back to the *Sunbeam* minus a jack-knife but with my pockets full of gingerbread.

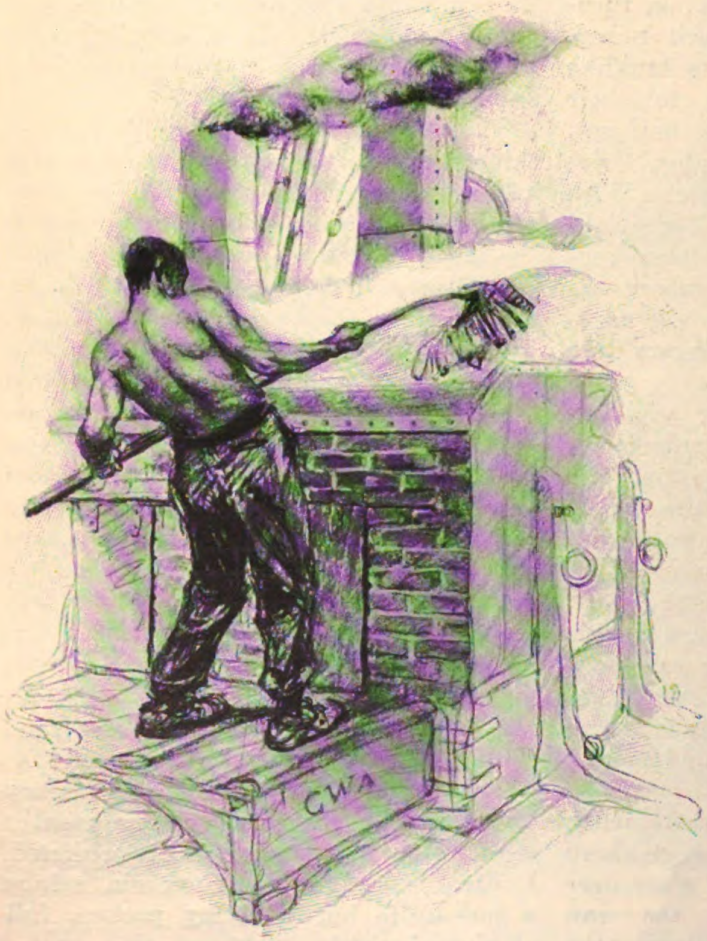
Our pots could try out about two barrels

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of oil an hour, and at this rate we now had perhaps fifty barrels of all but boiling oil in the large metal coolers between decks. Driven aft by the heat, the cockroaches that night literally swarmed the cabin. Time and again we were awakened by their running across our faces. Pulling on my boot hurriedly in the morning, I encountered no less than six of them. Almost under the try-pots, and with the floor buried in a heap of musty and mildewed garments, wet and oily from constant duty overboard and contact with the dripping blubber, the rat-hole of a forecastle, with its twenty occupants, must have been a veritable hell.

The wet blubber between decks began to rot within twenty-four hours after being stowed down. Which was the more obnoxious, the burning scrap on deck or the decaying blubber below, is difficult to determine. That night I attempted to sleep on the galley roof, propped against a line-tub. At 2 A.M. there was a miniature cloudburst, and I went below and spent the remainder of the night in a temperature of 162°.

If anything, it was hotter below the second night. I had planned to sleep under one of the spare boats, but found Steward and Cook occupying the only suitable place. I determined to risk another night on the galley. There was scarcely any breeze blowing, but the flapping of the spanker to the ship's pronounced roll made a considerable draught, which fanned my face unpleasantly. Half a mile off our beam the *Conwell* pitched and rolled, boiling her oil. Her sails were ruddy in the light from the try-works, which cast a dulled reflection over the water. I went to sleep with its baleful glow dancing confusedly before my eyes, and, perhaps as a consequence, was tortured by the most blood-curdling dreams. In the end a realistic whack brought me to my senses, and I wildly grabbed the davit I had struck against, barely in time to save myself from going overboard. Rolling up my blanket, I started below, noticing with a shudder as I passed the binnacle that the man at the wheel was sound asleep. There was not another person to be seen about deck.



TRYING OUT OIL

We raised whales again within the week, and for a second time the five pounds tobacco reward fell to Bo's'n. The commotion of the other occasions was repeated. Amid creaking of blocks, flapping of sails, shuffling of feet, the babel of orders and curses, and the crew's hearty "aye, aye, sir!" covers were removed from line-tubs, casks and stores hurriedly lowered to the hold, breakfast swallowed, and in fifteen minutes the boats were sent down and a long pull to windward ensued.

On account of my hands, now in bad shape, I this time remained aboard ship. After the boats had lowered I slung a pair of field-glasses

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about my neck and joined Captain in the hoops. The day was hot and sultry, and the water reflected the sun's blinding glare into our eyes. 'Way below us the pygmy seamen scurried about deck, handling ship, and setting the various signals to keep the boats advised of the whales' whereabouts. Evidently we were pursuing a large school this time, for the spouting was continuous. So the colors stayed hauled to the main-truck. After a long chase one of the boats got fast, and the panicky flight of the whale soon carried them all but beyond our vision. I went to deck and stretched my legs and again took my post at the lookout in time to witness the flurry. While we were absorbed in the culmination of the distant tragedy, Cooper announced from deck the sighting of another whale. Sure-enough, not two hundred fathoms off our quarter, another leviathan was steaming up, logging about two feet to our one and heading directly across our bows. He swam so near, not varying his course, that a collision seemed imminent, and recalling the fate of other vessels that had permitted a whale to ram them, Captain Gifford became alarmed and ordered those below to make all noise possible. So they pounded the deck and the water-butts with cord-wood sticks, pumped the squeaking windlass, clanged the ship's bells, and banged tin pans. Amid the clatter, but with a dignity consistent with his proportions, the whale settled from sight and passed under our bilge and away. Under a fair wind we now ran down and picked up the waiting boats, and so got the second "cut" alongside.



MINCING THE "HORSE-PIECE"

From then on we captured whales in rapid succession, till one day we raised another solitary bull, and took to the boats on sighting him. Ours had lowered first, and we were full and going free before the next boat, Mr. Goomes's, swung from the cranes. Just before she took the water the forward tackle fouled, and the boat's stern swinging under the *Sunbeam's* counter, just settling in a swell, the stern-post and steering-oar brace were smashed to splinters and the rudder put out of commission. We left Mr. Goomes stretched at full length over the cuddy-board, furiously rigging a jury steering-gear, and jabbering, while he worked, a stream of Portuguese oaths, impartially directed at both his crew and the job. But the chase was a long one, and when we finally got an iron to the whale it was from Mr. Goomes's boat, and later Mr. Freitus closed in and got fast also.

It was toward the end of the afternoon that we found ourselves racing abeam of Mr. Goomes and within ear-shot of the labored spouting of the whale.

Mr. Hicks and Tony quickly shifted places and we pulled up beside the fugi-

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tive. Quickly the varying orders came: "Give way all!—Vast pulling Three! Pull Three!—Stern Two!—Vast pulling Two!—Give way all!—Hit her up lively there!—All together now!—Steady! Ste-a-dy!" Then the great mossy hump was swimming so close to us I could have reached over and touched it; and bobbing



"THE NANTUCKET SLEIGH-RIDE"—LANCING A WHALE

some fifty fathoms astern, with drawn, anxious faces, trailed the other two boats, mere puppets in the drama. Suddenly we heard the sharp suck of the lance, then a hoarse, "Vast pulling! stern all! stern all!" We obeyed just in time! Under us the great tail lifted with a crash, and we canted off and nearly floundered. I had barely got my oar back in place when the whale broke water again, and with an exhaust like the bellow of a bull, cut across our bows. Instantly the drawn lines trailing behind him to the other boats slipped over our blades with a deadly grip, and began to creep up the looms of our oars. The boat listed and the water rose to the gunwale. We struggled vainly to liberate ourselves. Tony tried to swing off, but we were being carried broadside with such force that the steering-oar was of no avail. "Cut the line!" yelled Mr. Hicks. The man at my back dropped his oar and drew a sheath-knife. The line was whizzing over the oars with a rumble like thunder. He raised the knife and slashed. Not having allowed for the velocity at which the line was running, his edge turned, and the knife buried itself an inch in his thigh.

All this while the fast boats were tearing down on us, yet it seemed as if they would never realize our predicament and slacken line.

I saw the man with his knife poised for a second jab; then there was a violent concussion, and a shooting sense of pain in the back of my head. A distorted vision loomed before me with threatening steel held aloft; then all was oblivion. Just in the nick of time the others had slackened line, but not before a mass of fouled gear had created considerable damage. When I came to, we were floating tranquilly on an even keel. Alfred, our stroke, was emptying a bucket of sea water over me. The other boats were clustered about, and the lifeless whale was drifting quietly up to windward.

Far in the distance the *Sunbeam's* canvas caught the golden rays of the setting sun, and in the beauty and serenity of the scene it was difficult to conceive of the stir and passion which so recently had swayed us.

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The Advocate

BY ALICE BROWN

"YOU goin'?" called Isabel Wilde from the road, to Ardelia, sitting forlornly on the front steps. It was seven o'clock of a wonderful August morning, with all the bloom of summer and the lull of fall. Isabel was a dark, strong young creature who walked with her head in the air, and Ardelia, pretty and frail and perfect in her own small way, looked like a child in comparison. Isabel had been down to carry a frosted cake to her little niece Ellen, for Ellen's share of the picnic at Poole's Woods. It was Fairfax day, when once a year all Fairfax went to the spot where the first settlers drank of the "b'ilin' spring" on their way to a clearing.

"You goin'?" she called again, imperiously, and Ardelia answered, as if from some unwillingness:

"I guess so."

"Now what do you want to say that for?" rang her mother's voice from an upper window, where, trusting to her distance from the road, she thought she could speak her mind without Isabel's hearing. "You know you ain't. Oliver's gone off to work in the acre lot."

Isabel had heard. She stood regarding Ardelia thoughtfully, her black brows drawn together and her teeth set upon one full lip.

"Ardelia," she called, softly, after that moment of consideration.

"What is it?" came Ardelia's unwilling voice, the tone of one who has emotion to conceal.

"Come here a minute."

Ardelia rose slowly and came down the path. She was a wisp of a creature, perfectly fashioned and very appealing in her blond prettiness. Isabel eyed her sharply and judged from certain signs that she had at least meant to go. She had on her light-blue dimity with the Hamburg frills, and her sorrowful face indicated that she had donned it to no avail.

"What time you goin', 'Delia?" asked Isabel, quietly over the fence.

Ardelia could not look at her. She stood with bent head, busily arranging a spray of coreopsis that fell out over the path, and Isabel was sure her eyes were wet.

"I don't know," she said, evasively; "maybe not very early."

Isabel was looking at her tenderly. It was not a personal tenderness so much as a softness born out of peculiar circumstance. She knew exactly why she was sorry for Ardelia in a way no one else could be. Yet there seemed to be no present means of helping her.

"Well," she said, turning away, "maybe I'll see you there. Say, 'Delia!" A sudden thought was brightening her eyes to even a kinder glow. "If you haven't planned any other way, s'pose you go with us. Jim Bryant's goin' to take me, and he'd admire to have you, too. What say, 'Delia?"

Ardelia's delicate figure straightened, and now she looked at Isabel. There was something new in her gentle glance. It looked like dignity.

"I'm much obliged to you, Isabel," she returned, stiffly. "If I go, I've arranged to go another way."

"All right," said Isabel. "Well, I guess I'll be gettin' along."

But before she was half-way to the turning of the road she heard Mrs. Drake's shrill voice from the upper window:

"He's begun to dig, 'Delia. Oliver's begun to dig. He won't stop for no picnics, I can tell ye that."

It seemed to Isabel as if the world were very much out of tune for delicate girls like 'Delia who wanted pleasure and could not have it. She paused a moment at the crossing of the roads, the frown of consideration again upon her brow. "Makes me mad," she said to herself, but half absently, as if that

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Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"YOU GOIN'?" CALLED ISABEL WILDE FROM THE ROAD

were not the issue at all. Then she turned her back on her own home road and the house where her starched dress was awaiting her, and where Jim Bryant would presently call to take her to Poole's Woods, and walked briskly down the other way. Isabel stopped at the acre field, but she had no idea of what she meant to say when she was there. Oliver was digging potatoes, as she knew he would be, and she recognized the bend of the back, the steady stress of one who toiled too long and too unrestingly, so that his very pose spoke like a lifelong purpose. She stood still for a moment or two before he saw her, gazing at him. Old tenderness awoke in her, old angers also. She remembered how he had made her suffer in the obstinate course of his own will, and how free she had felt when at last she had broken their engagement and seen him drift under Ardelia's charm. But he would always mean something to her more than other men, in

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a fashion quite peculiar to himself. She had agonized too much over him. She had protected him too long against the faults of his own nature, and now she could not be content unless, for his sake, she protected Ardelia a little also. Suddenly he lifted himself to rest his back, and saw her. They stood confronting each other, each with a sense of familiarity and pain. Oliver was a handsome fellow, tall, splendidly made, with rich, warm coloring. He looked kindly, but stolidly set in his own way.

"That you, Isabel?" he asked, awkwardly.

They had met only for a passing word since the breaking of their troth.

"Yes," said Isabel, briefly. "I've got to speak to you. Wait a minute. I'll come in by the bars, and you meet me under the old cherry. It 'll be shady there." She turned back to the bars, ducked deftly under, and, holding her skirts from the rough land, made her way to the cherry in the corner of the lot. Oliver wonderingly followed. She felt again that particular anger she reserved for him, when she saw him stalking along, hoe in hand. It was a settled tread, with little spring in it, and for the moment it seemed to her a prophecy of what it would be when he was an old man, with a staff instead of the hoe. She was waiting for him under the tree.

"Oliver," she began, speaking out of an impulse hardly yet approved by judgment, "you goin' to the picnic?"

Oliver looked at her in wonder.

"Why, no," said he, slowly.

"Didn't you promise 'Delia you'd go?"

"No, I guess not. I said mebbe I'd be round if I had time, but I ain't found the time. These 'taters have got to be dug."

The red had surged into Isabel's full cheeks. She looked an eloquent remonstrance.

"Oliver," she said, impetuously, "'Delia's sittin' on the front steps, waitin' for you to come. She'll be terrible disappointed if you put her off like this."

Oliver took off his hat and passed a hand over his forehead. She noticed, as she had a hundred times, how fine his hair was at the roots, and was angry again because he would not, with his exasperating ways, let any woman love him as she might. He seemed to have nothing to say, but she knew the picture of lone 'Delia sitting on the steps was far from moving him. It did cause him an honest trouble, for he was kind; but not for that would he put off his work.

"Oliver," she continued, "did you ever know what 'twas that made me tell you we must break off bein'—engaged?"

He was looking at her earnestly. His own mind seemed returning to a past ache and loss.

"I understood," he said at length—"I understood 'twas because you kinder figured it out we shouldn't get along well."

She stood there, a frowning figure, her lips compressed, her eyes stormy. Then she turned to him, all frankness and candor.

"Oliver," she said, "I never give you any reasons. What's the use? I was terrible fond of you. I was. I don't know's any girl ought to say that when you're engaged to somebody else, an' I'm engaged myself, an' happy as the day is long. But what 'twas—what come between us—you never made me have a good time."

He stood leaning upon his hoe, very handsome, very stern in his attention to her, and, as she could see, entirely surprised. The child in her, that rare, ingenuous part of her she kept in hiding, came out and spoke:

"Why, Oliver, we never had any fun! You were awful good to me. You'd worry yourself to pieces if I was sick; but we never had more'n one or two good times together, long's it lasted, and them I planned. And I got terrible sick of it, and I says to myself, 'If it's so now, when we're only goin' together, it 'll be a million times worse when we're married.' And then when you took a fancy to 'Delia, I was real pleased. I says to myself: 'Maybe she'll know how to manage him. Maybe 'twas somethin' in me,' I says, 'that made him not want to have a good time with me, and maybe now 'twon't be so.' An' when I see you goin' on the same old way, workin' from mornin' till night, I says to myself: 'Somethin's got to be done. I ain't goin' to have 'Delia put upon like this.' 'Tain't because it's 'Delia, I ain't

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so terrible fond of 'Delia, only we went to school together. But don't you see, Oliver, I couldn't say it for myself? No girl could. But I can for 'Delia."

"Well," said Oliver, "well." He was entirely amazed. Then as he looked at the field, a general maxim occurred to him, and he remarked, "The farm's got to be carried on."

"No, it ain't, either," said Isabel, with a passionate earnestness, "not as you do it. Other folks don't work themselves to death the way you do, and you're forehanded, too. It's because you like it. You like it better'n anything else. You were born so, an' it's just as bad as bein' born with an appetite for drink or anything else."

"I never knew you felt so, Isabel," he said, gravely. "I don't see why you didn't speak on't before when—old times."

"I'd rather have died," she declared, passionately. "Any girl would. 'Delia would. Maybe she'll cry all the afternoon if she finds she ain't goin', but if you call over there Saturday night, butter won't melt in her mouth. She won't tell you how 'shamed she is before folks to think you didn't take the trouble to go with her. Anyways, she won't if she's any kind of a girl."

Oliver had plucked some wisps of grass from the edge of turf under the tree, and he was wiping his hoe thoughtfully. Isabel began to laugh. She was trembling all over from old anger and the excitement of her new daring, and she kept on laughing.

"One thing," she said, as she brushed away the tears with an impatient hand, "'Delia's mother's got her spy-glass on us this very minute. What under the sun she thinks I'm here for I don't know and I don't much care. You can tell her anything you're a mind to. Only you come. Come now, Oliver, you come!"

Oliver quite meekly hung up his hoe in the branches and waited for her to lead the way.

"I've got to ketch the colt," he said. "Mother took Dolly to go after Aunt Huldy. Mother's always made a good deal o' the picnic."

There was a beat of hoofs upon the road, and Isabel, her present mission stricken from her mind, turned to see. It was Jim Bryant, driving by to call for her. "My soul!" she said, under her breath.

"What is it, Isabel?" Oliver was asking her, with concern.

She had caught herself up, and she laughed in a sorry mirth.

"Nothin'," she said. "You catch the colt."

They walked out of the field in silence. At the stone wall he paused.

"Isabel," he said, solemnly, and with that double sense she had had all through the interview she thought this was the look she had seen on his grandfather's face when he led in prayer—"Isabel, you'd ought to spoke to me before. Why, I've been tryin' to get ahead so's to make her comfortable, when—we set up housekeepin'."

Isabel was not sure whether he meant her or Ardelia. At any rate, it was the woman to whom he meant to be loyally kind. She paused also, and looked at him with earnest eyes. It was the last moment in all her life to convince and alter him.

"Don't you see, Oliver," she urged, "that's what folks are together for, chiefly, to have a good time. I don't mean they've got to be on the go from mornin' till night. They've got to work hard, too. Why, what's 'Delia marryin' you for, anyways? 'Tain't to stay at home and work, day in, day out. She can do that now, right where she is. 'Tain't so's she can see you workin'. She can take her mother's spy-glass and have that, too, till she's sick to death of it. You go along, Oliver, and catch the colt."

He looked at her very kindly, gratefully, too, perhaps, and turned away toward the live-oak field. But Isabel, hurrying homeward, stopped and called him.

"Oliver, you say your mother's gone?"

"Yes."

"She lay your things out?"

"No, I guess not. I told her I wa'n't goin'."

"Well, I'll see to it as I run along."

Laying out the things of the men folks of the family was rigidly observed in this household, where Oliver was regarded as the cherished head. He had been brought up to a helpless lack of acquaintance with his best clothes. He knew them only as lendings apt to con-

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Drawn by Henry J. Peck

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE SEEMED TO HAVE NOTHING TO SAY

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strict him a little when he got them on, and to rouse in his mother a tendency to make unwelcome remarks about his personal charms. Where they lived, between those times of warfare, he scarcely knew. Isabel laughed a little to herself, in a rueful fashion, as she hurried along the road. Her own swain was waiting for her, but not for that would she give up the quest. She ran up Oliver's driveway and, without pausing, opened the blind where the key, she knew, was hidden, and snatched it forth. She unlocked the door and crossed the kitchen, rigid in its order, with Oliver's cold luncheon set out on the table under wire covers. She made her way up-stairs, and in his room, also in beautiful array, stood for a moment looking about her. Isabel gave a little laugh. "I should think I was crazy," she said to herself, and then she opened bureau drawers until she found the careful display of bosomed shirts she knew were there. She laid one on the bed, his collar and necktie beside it, and took down his best suit from the closet. She gave the collar of the coat a little unnecessary brush with her hand. It seemed almost a wifely touch, and she was angry with herself. Yet it was only that this was mating-time, and the tender and the maternal strove blindly in her, and brought forth a largess great enough to touch other lots besides her own. Then she sped down-stairs and went away to her own home. Her mother—a little woman, all energy—met her at the gate. She had on her best bonnet and carried her Paisley shawl. She was shading her eyes with her hand and looking tense in a way Isabel declaimed against, for it made wrinkles in her mother's nice forehead.

"For mercy sake, where you been?" she called. "Ain't you seen Jim?"

"No," said Isabel, lightly. "Where is he?"

"Well, I dun'no' where he is," said her mother, reprovingly. "He come here after you, all dressed up, an' I told him you was gone down to Ellen's to carry the cake. So he said he'd go along down an' fetch you up, an' I told him he better stop to Ardelia's an' see if you wasn't there. An' then he come back, ridin' like the wind, an' he said I could tell you Mis' Drake said you's goin' to the picnic with Oliver. She see you through the spy-glass, an' Oliver'd gone to ketch the colt."

"There's father," said Isabel, steadily. "He's drivin' out the carriage-house now. You got the cake in the buggy?"

"You do worry me 'most to death," said Mrs. Wilde. Her face had tied itself into a snarl of knots, from which the kindly eyes looked angrily. "Who you goin' with, Isabel? You ain't been an' took up with Oliver again, after all's said an' done?"

Isabel laughed, but her voice shook a little, and not with mirth.

"I'm all right, mother. Don't you say anything to anybody. That's all. Here comes father. Take care your dress. You'll get wheel-grease on it."

Her strong hands were lifting the little creature, and Mrs. Wilde found herself driven away. She was turning a glance over her shoulder to the last, and calling, "Isabel, you tell me—" But father, who had Isabel's masterful purpose, whipped up, and they were gone. Isabel, still smiling, as if the sun itself could judge her and it was desirable to keep up some appearance before it, went into the house and closed the door behind her. She took off her hat and hung it on its nail in the front hall. Then her muscles seemed to weaken in a strange way, and she went into the darkened parlor where no neighbor would find her, and sat down by the centre-table. She bowed her head upon the great picture-Bible, and unmindful of the cross and anchor in perforated paper below and the green wool mat with its glass beads, began to cry. Isabel hated tears with a fiery scorn. She liked to stand on her two feet and face the world as her father did; yet here she was sobbing over the centre-table and drawing quick breaths of misery. Even then, in the passion of her grief, it did occur to her that in all the anger she had felt toward Oliver in times past, she had never wanted to cry. Something now had hurt a deeper heart than she knew she had. She had got over the first tempest of her grief, and sat drying her eyes with a wondering shame, and suddenly there was a sound of a horse driven rapidly. Hope flooded her face with color. She sprang up and slipped to the window and peered

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"I SHOULD THINK I WAS CRAZY," SHE SAID TO HERSELF

out at the side of the curtain. But it was not he. It was Oliver, erect and handsome in his best clothes, and Ardelia beside him. Oliver glanced up at the house as they went by; but he bent to Ardelia again in a way that looked fondness and protection at once. And Ardelia was openly in paradise. She was looking up to him with no eyes for any face at the window, and as they whirled out of sight Isabel saw her lift a hand and with an intimate, pretty motion brush something from his coat. Then they were gone, and immediately the neighborhood seemed to settle into a quiet. All the town was at Poole's Woods, and Isabel was left behind. For a long time, it seemed to her, she sat there, trying to still her breath and school herself into her old serenity. Then, with her handkerchief, a little wet ball, tight in one hand, she rose, went to the glass that even in the darkened light showed her a miserable look, made a little face at herself, and walked out into the kitchen. There she stood idly for a moment, debating what she should do. Jim Bryant had not lived long in the town,

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"I GUESS I CAN HAVE A BURNFIRE IF I WANT TO"

but she knew him well from these few weeks of intimacy. He was tempestuously devoted to her, in a way that stirred her blood. There was plenty of fire and passion in him; he had a temper, and he would not come back. Isabel set her lips. "I guess," she said to herself, "I'll have the burnfire." She thought of baking pound-cake, but all the day before they had made cake for the picnic. She might wash the blankets, or begin quilting, or clean the cistern. These dramas were hardly exciting enough. The bonfire was better. She tied on her father's hat and kilted her skirts. Then she brought out the iron rake from the barn and settled the brush-heap anew. It was on the square of land where she had had her perennial bed for three years, and now she had decided to sow it down to grass. The litter of the garden was there, with splinters of shingle and dried weeds, and next week her father meant to burn it. Isabel touched her match and stood by, watching, while the flames curled and crept. Then they crackled among the brush, and she held them down and got excited over it, and for an instant forgot Poole's Woods. It was a good little fight out-of-doors in the hot sun, with a stream of fire when it caught something dry, and then a column of smoke that made a tang in the air and stirred her blood deliciously. Isabel

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was like a creature of the earth combating something for the earth's good, and getting hotter and more breathless every minute.

"What you doin' there?" called a voice from the gate.

She forgot the bonfire, remembering her father's hat and her kilted skirts. Jim Bryant threw the gate shut with a clang and came striding across the yard. He was tall and brown and sturdy. Isabel knew exactly how he looked with his brow set and his blue eyes blazing.

"I've got a burnfire," she said, and raked the harder.

Jim came up and took the rake out of her hand. It seemed to be for no purpose save that he had to do something. Isabel put up her head and looked at him. There was hostility in her glance, but it was the challenge of sex that meets and measures.

"I see the smoke comin' up over this way, an' I thought there was the devil to pay," he said, harshly. "What you carryin' on like this for?"

"I ain't carryin' on," said Isabel, from tense lips. "This is our land, and I guess I can have a burnfire if I want to."

"Why ain't you at Poole's Woods?"

The fire was dying down a little, but one persistent flame moved like a snake in the dry stubble and he savagely stamped it out. "Why ain't you? I come after you."

"You didn't wait, did you?"

"Old Mis' Drake said you were goin' with Briggs."

"Did I tell you so?"

He weakened a little.

"N-no! But she said you'd been down talkin' it over an' Oliver'd gone to ketch the colt. She offered me the spy-glass."

Isabel's lips had a little line of white about them. She looked full at him now.

"Did you take it, Jim?"

"Take it? No!" he roared at her. "Do you think I'd do a thing like that?"

They stood looking at each other, glance holding glance, their eyes blazing. Suddenly he threw the rake as if he had been throwing down a shield and held out his arms to her. Isabel walked into them, and while they kissed, her father's straw hat slipped back over her shoulders, and she laughed and never missed the fluffy headgear lying in her room up-stairs, waiting for Poole's Woods. Suddenly she remembered that they were out in the broad sunlight, in sight of the road, and then she bethought her that all the town had gone to Poole's Woods to leave them the world alone to kiss in. She remembered, too, that old Mrs. Drake's spy-glass might be trained on them at that moment.

"I don't care," she said, and laughed.

"Don't care for what?" asked her lover, his lips at her ear.

"For anything. There! let me go. There's some more fire in the grass."

They stamped and raked quite soberly for a moment, and then Isabel began to laugh again. She looked wild and beautiful in her fight with the earth and her own heart. Jim laughed a little, too.

"What is it, Belle?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, in the ecstasy of happiness. "I guess I like a burnfire."

When it died still lower, they walked toward the house, hand in hand, and sat there on the steps watching it.

"Well," said Bryant, smiling at her, "you want to go to Poole's Woods?"

Isabel smiled back.

"I guess so," she said. "We can be there by luncheon-time now."

"All right. I'll go home an' harness up." Half-way down the path he stopped and turned. "Say, Isabel!"

She answered from the porch on her way in to don the muslin dress.

"What is it?"

"You never told me what you were down there for."

"Where?"

"Down to Oliver's."

She shook her head and laughed.

"No, nor I sha'n't, either." His brows were coming together. "'Twas an errand," she called to him. "It wa'n't mine, either. You got to know?"

Again they stood looking at each other, this time with a steady challenge as if more things were decided than the moment's victory. Then suddenly, as if in the same breath, they smiled again, and Bryant gave her a little nod.

"Get your things on," he called. "We're goin' to Poole's Woods. That's all I want to know."

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Lyonors of Lyonesse

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

FROM her dark tower she lightly threw
To him three roses red;
He spake no word as near he drew,
But bowed his troubled head.

Two lilies white, for Innocence,
Burned on his shield, like flame;
He dare not view that wall from whence
Three sin-dark roses came.

For her red mouth was wise with love,
No shame her laughter screened,
Where, moonlight-bosomed, she above
His wall-bound pathway leaned,—

Since clad in mail he rode for Christ,
And strait the path he trod;
Nor scorned he to be sacrificed
For his most jealous God.

But from her rose-grown tower she came,
And laughed into his eyes.
He flushed to his pale brow with shame,
And spake unto the skies:

"To Christ this woman yet shall bow,
Or be cast down!" he said.
"Yea, where she flaunts her scarlet now,
Shall float the Cross instead!"

She laughed where swayed her spear aloft,
For she no arms did wear;
All her slim body, white and soft,
Of steel and mail was bare.

Her embattled eyes broke into song;
A challenge paled her cheek,
For in her weakness she stood strong,
He, in his strength, lay weak.

She, in twined gold soft-helmeted,
Cuirassed in yielding rose,
From her wise pleading mouth of red
Let fall sweet words, for blows.

Oft had he fought in his stern mail,
But no such fight as this;
She crept where he stood stunned and pale
And his pained mouth did kiss.

He said no word, but on his face
Like fire her red lips burned;
He said no word, but from that place
Broken and bent he turned.

She saw him sered and stricken seek
His lonelier paths again;
Then two strange tears crept down her cheek
And crowned her face with pain.

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She sank before him on the ground,
And clasped his iron greaves;
And wept forlorn where she had frowned,—
Her hot tears fell, like leaves.

"This man took not my wanton kiss,
He stooped and shamed me not!
I ne'er have known a man like this,—
And such I need, God wot!"

But, trembling, he still sought the way
That lightly, once, he trod,
And riding whispered: "From this day,
I need thy strength, O God!"

And like a little child, she wept;
Then smiled, that it was so;
And watching long, like one who slept
And wakened, saw him go.

And saw, with widened eyes, that hour
A beauty known not of
From her torn body break and flower,
Yet dreamed not it was love,

But prayed, that night, for his pure soul
And thanked her new-found God
That he had gone unhurt and whole
To that white world he trod.

She dreamed not once, how like a sword
Still through his visor press'd
Her perilous face, how each soft word,
Like thorns, still tore his breast.

She dreamed not of the fight he fought,—
Till lo, he crept again
To her with all his vows forgot;
And then she knew his pain!

Then on his fallen sword she wept;
From where his arms did cling
About her conquering knees, she leapt
And cried, "I did this thing!"

"But see, the white blade of your soul
It ne'er was mine to slay!
From its soiled sheath, unscathed and whole
It shall flash on its way!"

"For me," she cried, "for God, you must
The better knight remain!" . . .
And through his naked heart she thrust
The sword his hand would stain.

On his dead mouth she pressed one kiss,
And "God, I thank thee!" cried,
"For giving me the strength for this;
That spotless, see, he died!"

Then on her woman's breast she bound
His coat of mail that day,
And with grim plume and armet crowned
Rode e'er for Christ, men say!



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The Awakening of Helena Richie

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XIX

DAVID was quite a personage in Old Chester for a few days. Mrs. Richie was his slave, and hardly left him, day or night; Dr. King came to see him five times in one week; Mrs. Barkley sent him some wine jelly in a sheaf-of-wheat mould; Dr. Lavendar climbed the hill on two afternoons, to play dominoes with him. but Mrs. Richie as it happened, was not present either day to watch the game. The first time she had just gone to lie down, Sarah said; the second time she had that moment started out to walk—"Why, my goodness!" said Sarah, "she must 'a' *just* gone! She was here not a minute ago. I should 'a' thought she'd 'a' seen you tyin' up at the gate?"

"Well, evidently she didn't," Dr. Lavendar said, "or she would have waited. Tell her I'm sorry to miss her, Sarah." Then, eagerly, he went on up-stairs to David.

William King, too, was scarcely more fortunate; he only found her at home once, so at the end of the week he was unable to tell her that David was improving. It was, of course, necessary that she should be told this; so that was why he and Jinny continued to come up the hill for another week. At any rate that was the explanation he gave his Martha.

"I must let her know just when David can go back to school," he said. And Martha, with a tightening lip remarked that she should have supposed a woman of Mrs. Richie's years could use her own judgment in such a matter. William's explanation to Dr. Lavendar was somewhat fuller:

"I make a point of calling, on the plea of seeing David, but it's really to see her. She's so high strung, that this little accident of his has completely upset her. I notice that she sort of keeps out of the way of people. I'm pretty sure that yesterday she saw me coming and slipped out into the garden to avoid me—think of that! Nervousness; pure nervousness. But I have a plan to brighten her up a little—a surprise-party. What do you say?"

Dr. Lavendar looked doubtful. "William," he said, "isn't life surprising enough? Now, here's Sam Wright's Sam's performance."

Dr. Lavendar looked care-worn, and with reason. Sam Wright's Sam had indeed provided a surprise for Old Chester. He had quietly announced that he was going to leave town.

"Going away!" repeated the Senior Warden. "What are you talking about?"

Sam said briefly that he wanted to try to get a drama he had written, published.

"You are out of your senses!" his father said; "I forbid it, sir. Do you hear me?"

Young Sam sighed and looked out of the window. "I shall go, I think, tomorrow," he said thoughtfully.

Samuel Wright stared at his wife in dumbfounded silence. When he got his voice, he said in awful tones, "Eliza, he defies me! A child of mine, and lost to all sense of duty! I cannot understand it; unless such things have happened in *your* family?" he ended with sudden suspicion.

"Never!" protested the poor mother; "but Samuel, my dear—Sammy, my darling—"

The Senior Warden raised a majestic hand. "Silence, if you please, Eliza." Then he thrust his right hand into his bosom, rested his left fist on the marble-topped centre-table, and advanced one foot. Standing thus, he began to tell his son what he thought of him, and as he proceeded his anger mounted, he for-

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got his periods and his attitudes, and his voice grew shrill and mean. But, alas, he could not tell the boy all that he thought; he could not tell him of his high ambitions for him, of his pitiful desire for his love, of his anguished fear lest he might be unhappy, or foolish, or bad. These thoughts the Senior Warden had never known how to speak. Instead, he detailed his grievances and his disappointments; he told Sam with ruthless candor what the world called his conduct: dishonest, idiotic, ungrateful. He had a terrifying string of adjectives, and through them all the boy looked out of the window. Once, at a particularly impassioned period, he glanced at his father with interest; that phrase would be fine in a play, he reflected. Then he looked out of the window again.

"And now," Mr. Wright ended sonorously, "what reply have you to make, sir?"

Sam looked confused. "I beg your pardon, father? I did not hear what you were saying."

Samuel Wright stared at him, speechless.

As for the boy, he said calmly, "Good night, father," and went up-stairs to his own room, where he began his packing. The next morning he had gone.

"Where?" asked Dr. Lavendar, when the angry father brought him the news.

"I do not know," said the Senior Warden, "and I do not—"

"Yes, you do," said Dr. Lavendar; "but that's not the point. The point is that it doesn't really matter, except for our comfort, whether we know or not. Sam is a man, and our protection is an impertinence. He's taking a dive on his own account. And as I look at it, he has a right to. But he'll come up for breath, and then we'll get some information. And he'll get some sense."

But of course the Wright family was in a most distressed state. The mother was overwhelmed with anxious grief; the father was consumed with mortification and blazing with anger.

"He didn't take his second-weight flannels," moaned Mrs. Wright; "he will catch cold. Oh, where is he? And nobody knows how to cook his hominy for him but our Betsy. Oh, my boy!"

"Good riddance," said Sam Sr. between his teeth; "ungrateful puppy!"

Dr. Lavendar had his hands full. To reassure the mother, and tell her that the weather was so warm that Sam couldn't use the second-weight flannels if he had them, and that when he came back Betsy's hominy would seem better than ever—"Old Chester food will taste mighty good, after a few husks," said Dr. Lavendar, cheerfully—to tell Sam Sr. that a grateful puppy would be an abnormal monster, and to refrain from telling him that whatever a father sows he will undoubtedly reap—took time and strength. So Dr. Lavendar did not enter very heartily into William King's plans for a surprise-party. However, he did promise to come, if the doctor succeeded in getting Old Chester together.

Meantime he and Danny and Goliath went up to The Top to tell Benjamin Wright about Sam's Sam. The grandfather displayed no surprise.

"I knew he was going to clear out," he said. He was poking about among his canaries when Dr. Lavendar came in, and he stopped and sat down, panting. "These fowls wear me out," he complained. "Whiskey? No? Dear me! Your Senior Warden's got you to sign the pledge, I suppose? Well, I will; to drink the cub's health. He'll amount to something yet, if he doesn't eat his fatted calf too soon. Fatted calf is very bad for the digestion."

"Wright, I don't suppose you need to be told that you behaved abominably Sunday night? Do you know where Sam is?"

"I don't; and I don't want to. Behaved abominably? He wouldn't shake hands with me! Sam told me he was going, and I gave him some money—well! why do you look at me like that? Gad-a-mercy, ain't he my grandson? Besides, since our love-feast, ain't it my duty to help his father along? I've had a change of heart," he said, grinning; "where's your joy over the one sinner that repenteth? I'm helping young Sam, so that old Sam may get some sense. Lavendar, the man who has not learned what a damned fool he is, hasn't learned anything. And if I mistake not, the boy will teach my very respectable son, who won't smoke, and won't drink, that interesting fact. As for the boy, he will

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come back a man, sir. A man! Anyway, I've done my part. I gave him his first tobie, and his first drink, and now I've given him a chance to see the world. I've evened things up." He thrust a trembling hand down into the blue ginger-jar for some orange-skin. "He said he'd pay the money back; I said, 'Go to thunder!' As if I cared about the money. I've got him out of Old Chester; that's all I care about."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "I hope you haven't got him merely out of the frying-pan."

"So you think there is no fire in Old Chester? She's a pretty creetur, Lavendar, ain't she? Poor thing!"

Dr. Lavendar did not follow the connection of ideas in the older man's mind, but he did say to himself, as he and Goliath went away, that it was queer how possessed Benjamin Wright was that Sam's love-making was dangerous. Then he sighed, and his face fell into troubled lines. For all his brave words, he wished he knew where the boy was; and though he was already late for dinner, he drew up at William King's door to ask the doctor if he had any new ideas on the subject.

But Willy was not at home. Martha was sitting under the grape-vine trellis at the back door, topping and tailing gooseberries. From the kitchen behind her came the pleasant smell of preserving. She had a big yellow earthenware bowl in her lap, and excused herself for not rising when Dr. Lavendar came round the corner of the house to find her.

"*I* am a housekeeper, Dr. Lavendar. William thinks it's pretty not to understand housekeeping; but I expect if he didn't have preserves for his supper, he wouldn't think it was so pretty. No; he isn't at home, sir. He's gone out—with the thermometer at ninety—to see about that party he is getting up for Mrs. Richie. So long as he has time to spare from his patients, I should think he would like to take up my spare-room carpet for me. But, oh dear, no. He has to see about parties!"

"William is always doing friendly things," said Dr. Lavendar, sitting down on the door-step and helping himself to a gooseberry from Martha's bowl. "You are going to make some fool for the supper, of course?" He took off his hat, and wiped his hot forehead with his big red handkerchief.

"Oh, of course. I'm very tired, and I have my housekeeping to attend to; but I can make gooseberry fool. That's what I'm for."

"When is this party?" said Dr. Lavendar. "I declare, I've been so worried about Sam's Sam, I've forgotten."

"It's next week; Thursday. Yes; she can send that boy to his death, maybe; but we must have parties to cheer her up."

"Oh, come now," Dr. Lavendar remonstrated; "I don't believe a glimpse of the world will kill him. And nobody can blame Mrs. Richie for his foolishness. I suppose we are all going?"

"Everybody," Martha King said scornfully; "even Samuel Wright. He told his wife that he wouldn't have any nonsense about Sam, and she'd got to go. I think it's positively cruel; because, of course, everybody knows that the boy was in love with this housekeeper, that doesn't even know how to make soap!" Martha shook her bowl sharply, and the toppling green pyramid crumbled. Dr. Lavendar looked at her over his spectacles, instantly her face reddened, and she tossed her head. "Of course, you understand that I haven't the slightest personal feeling about it. Nobody despises anything like—that, more than I do. I merely regret William's judgment."

"Regret William's judgment! Why, think of the judgment he displayed in choosing a wife," said Dr. Lavendar. But when he climbed into his old buggy he had the grace to be ashamed of himself; he admitted as much to Danny. "For she's a sensible woman, Daniel, and, at bottom, kind." Danny yawned, and Dr. Lavendar added, "Poor Willy!"

Mrs. Richie's first hint of Dr. King's proposed festivity came a week later from David, who happened to be at home to dinner, and who saw fit to mention that Lydia Wright wasn't to be allowed to come up with her father and mother.

"Come up where?" Mrs. Richie said, idly. She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, watching the child eat. When he said, "To your party to-night," she sat up in astonished dismay.

"My *what?* David! Tell me—exactly.

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Who is coming? Oh, dear!" she ended, tears of distress standing in her eyes.

David continued to eat his rice pudding. "Can I sit up till nine?"

Mrs. Richie pushed her chair back from the table, and caught her lower lip between her teeth. What should she do? But even as she asked herself the question, Dr. King stood, smiling, in the French window that opened on to the lawn.

"May I come in?" he said.

The fact was, a misgiving had risen in William's mind; perhaps a complete surprise would not be pleasant. Perhaps she would rather have an idea of what was going to happen. Perhaps she might want to dress up, or something. And so he dropped in to give a hint: "Half a dozen of us are coming in to-night to say how-do-you-do," he confessed. ("Whew! she doesn't need to dress up," he commented inwardly.) The red rose in her hair and her white cross-barred muslin with elbow sleeves seemed very elegant to William. He was so lost in admiration of her toilet, that her start of angry astonishment escaped him.

"Dr. King," said David, scraping up the sugar from his saucer, "is God good because He likes to be, or because He has to be?"

"David," said William King, "you will be the death of me!"

"Because, if He likes to be," David murmured, "I don't see why He gets praised; and if He has to be, why—"

"Dr. King," said Helena breathlessly, "I'm afraid—really, I'm not prepared for company; and—"

"Oh," said William, cheerfully, "don't bother about that. Mrs. King is going to bring up one or two little things, and I believe Mrs. Barkley has some ideas on the subject. Well, I must be going along. I hope you won't be sorry to see us? The fact is, you are too lonely up here, with only David to keep you busy; though I must say, if he fires off questions like this one, I should think you would be pretty well occupied!"

When he had gone, Helena Richie sat looking blankly at David. "What on earth shall I do?" she demanded aloud.

"If God was wicked," David went on, "and turned round to be good, then I'd praise Him. Do you like to be good, or do you have to be good?"

"I think," she said hurriedly, "that I'll send word I have a headache."

"Dr. King didn't look at my scar," David said resentfully; "but I made Theophilus Bell pay me a penny to show it to him—and Lydia, too, and Thomas Hayes. That's three cents. Mrs. Richie, when I am a man, I'm *never* going to wash behind my ears. I tell Sarah so every morning. I'm going to see my rabbits, now. Good-by."

He slipped down from his chair and left her to her perplexity—as if she had not perplexity enough without this. For the last few days she had been worried almost to death about Mr. Benjamin Wright. She had not written to Lloyd yet of that terrible interview in the garden which would drive her from Old Chester; she had been afraid to. She felt instinctively that his mood was not hospitable to any plan that would bring her to live in the East. He would be less hospitable if she came because she had been found out in Old Chester. But her timidity about writing to him was a curious alarm to her; it was a confession of something she would not admit even long enough to deny. Nevertheless, she did not write; "I will to-morrow," she assured herself each day. But now, on top of her worry of indecision and unacknowledged fear, came this new dismay—a party! How furious Lloyd would be if he heard of it; well, he must not hear of it. But what could she do? If she put it off with a flimsy excuse, it would only defer the descent upon her. How helpless she was! They would come, these people; they would be friendly; she could not escape them!

"Oh, I must stop this kind of thing," she said to herself, desperately.

CHAPTER XX

WITH the exception of Benjamin Wright, all Old Chester lent itself to William King's project with very good grace. Mr. Wright said, gruffly, that a man with one foot in the grave couldn't dance a jig, so he preferred to stay at home. But the rest of Old Chester said that although she was so quiet and kept herself to herself so much, Mrs. Richie

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was a ladylike person; a little shy, perhaps — or perhaps only properly hesitant to push her way into society; at any rate it was but kind to show her some attention.

"Her modesty does her credit," Mrs. Barkley said, "but it will be gratifying to her to be noticed. I'll come, William, and bring a cake. And Maria Welwood shall tell Ezra to take three bottles of Catawba."

A little before eight, the company began to assemble, full of such cordial courtesy that Mrs. Richie's shrinking and awkward coldness only incited them to heartier friendliness. Dr. King, master of ceremonies, was ably assisted by his Martha. Mrs. King may have been, as she told all the guests, very tired, but she could be depended upon to be efficient. It was she who had engaged Uncle Davy and his fiddle; she who put the cakes and wine and fruit upon the dining-room table, already somewhat meagrely arranged by Helena's reluctant hands; she who bustled about to find card-tables, and induced Tom Dilworth to sing:

"Thou—Thou reignest in this bosom!—"

and got Mr. Ezra Barkley to ask statistical conundrums.

"It's well there is somebody to attend to things," she said in a dry aside to William. "Mrs. Richie just walks around as if she didn't belong here. And she lets that child sit up until this hour! I can't understand how a sensible woman can deliberately spoil a child. I wish I knew what that perfume was," she ended, frowning.

It was after supper, while the husband and wife, still oppressed with their responsibilities, were standing in the doorway looking in upon the cheerful party now in full enjoyment of its own hospitality, that Eddy Minns came up behind them and touched William King's arm.

"Dr. King," he said breathlessly, "a telegram, sir. For Mrs. Richie. And mother said it was bad news, Dr. King!"

"Oh, William!" said Martha; "bad news! Do you know what it is, Eddy?"

"Somebody is dead," the boy said, important and solemn.

"Her brother?" William King asked, in dismay.

"Well, not the brother that comes here; his name is Lloyd, mother said. This is somebody whose name begins with 'F.' Perhaps another brother. Mother showed the despatch to me; it just said: 'F. died suddenly yesterday in Paris.' It was signed 'S. R.'"

"It isn't from Pryor, then," William commented.

"Oh, William," Martha whispered, "what shall we do? Must you give it to her *now*?—oh, William!"

Dr. King stood staring at the orange-colored envelope in silence.

"Shall I call Dr. Lavendar?" Martha asked breathlessly.

"Wait," her husband said; "let me think: it may not be anybody very near and dear; but whether it is or not, there is nothing she can do about it to-night. The telegraph-office is closed. I don't see why her evening need be spoiled. No; I won't give it to her now. When the people go—"

"Oh, dear! Dr. Lavendar says we must end up with a reel. But I'll get them off as soon as I can," Martha declared in her capable voice, "then I'll break it to her."

"I will tell her," the doctor said. He put the envelope in his pocket with a troubled frown.

"If she is in affliction, a woman will be more comfort to her than a man," Martha objected. "Look at her now, poor thing! She little thinks— No indeed; I must stay with her. I'm very tired, and she's not very friendly; but I won't shirk my duty on that account."

"It isn't your duty," William said impatiently; "you'd better arrange about the reel." And with that he left her. But he was so uneasy at withholding the telegram that he forgot to choose a partner.

With a start he let Martha push him into place opposite Miss Maggie Jay, who was so stout that when the two large bodies went jigging down the lane, the clasping hands arched above their heads had to break apart to give them room.

"She may think I ought to have told her at once," William was saying to himself, watching Mrs. Richie with such furtive attention that he forgot to turn his partner, until Martha's sharp reminder set him shuffling his feet, and grin-

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ning in a sickly way at panting Miss Maggie. . . . "Who is 'F.'? Will 'F.'s death be a great grief? Will she suffer?" William King's kind heart began to beat thickly in his throat. If she should cry! He bowed, with stiffly swinging arms to Miss Maggie. He thought of Helena,—who was moving through the dance as a flower sways on its stalk, —as one thinks of a child in pain; with the impulse to hold out his arms. In his absorption he stood stock-still—but happily the reel was over, and the people were beginning to say good-by. He drew a long breath of relief at getting rid of them, and as he stood waiting, Martha plucked at his sleeve. "Give me the despatch; I'll break it to her."

He started at her touch. "No; I'll see to it. But I wish, as you go down the hill, you'd tell Dr. Lavendar about it. He'll come up and see her in the morning."

Mrs. King drew back, affronted. "Oh, very well," she said, and made her adieux with cold eyes.

But Helena Richie was oblivious of Mrs. King's coldness; her anxiety and dismay had grown into an uncontrollable nervousness, and when at last, thinking she was alone, she threw up her arms with a gesture of relief, the sight of William King, coming gravely towards her, made her break into an angry exclamation. But before she knew it, he had taken her hand, and was holding it in his kind clasp.

"Mrs. Richie, I am afraid I must give you bad news."

"Bad—news—?"

"A telegram has come," he began, taking the orange envelope from his pocket; but she interrupted him, seizing it with a sort of gasp and tearing it open. A moment later she stood quite still, looking at the despatch, then with dilating eyes at the doctor, and again at the despatch. She pressed her fingers hard against her lips, and he saw that she was trembling.

"You must sit down," he said gently, and put his big, quiet hand on her shoulder. She sank under his firm touch into a chair.

"It is not—bad news."

"I am glad of that," William said. "But you are a little pale," he added smiling.

"It was a shock."

"I am glad it was nothing more."

She spread out the telegram and read it again. She did not seem to hear him. Dr. King looked at her uneasily. There was certainly no grief in her face, yet her color did not come back.

"Some one is dead," she said. "Not —a friend." William was silent. "But it startled me."

"Yes," the doctor said.

"Oh, Dr. King!" she cried out violently, and put her hands over her face. He thought with relief that tears had come. "He was—an enemy," she said.

"He is dead, Mrs. Richie; forgive him."

She did not answer. It was all William King could do not to stroke the soft hair of the bent head, and say "Don't cry," as if to a child.

But when she lifted her face, her eyes were quite dry; there was a flashing look in them that broke into breathless, wavering laughter. "I beg your pardon; it is just the—the shock, you know."

"Yes," the doctor said; "I know." He could not help covering with his big, warm palm, the nervous hands that were pulling and twisting the telegram. "There, there! My dear Mrs. Richie— where is that bromide I gave you for David? I want you to take some."

"Oh, it isn't necessary; truly it isn't. I am not unhappy. I am just—"

"You are startled; and you must have a good night's sleep. Is the bromide in David's room? I'll get it."

When he came back with the medicine, she took it hurriedly—anything to get rid of him! "Is there anything I can do?" he said. "Do you want to send any reply? I can take it down to-night and send it the first thing in the morning."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what am I thinking of! Of course, a message—I must send a message. Will you take it? Oh, I am afraid I trouble you very much, but you are so kind. I'll go and write it."

She tried to rise, but she was still so shaken that involuntarily he put out his hand to help her. At the old mahogany desk between the windows she hunted about for paper and pencil, and when she found them, knelt down and

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wrote for a moment, rapidly; then paused, and tore the paper up. William glanced at her sidewise; she was pressing the pencil against her lips, her left hand opening and closing with agitation. The doctor shook his head. "That won't do," he said to himself. Again she wrote; again hesitated; again tore the sheet of paper across. It seemed to him that he waited a long time. But when she brought him the message, it was very short; only: "*F. is dead,*" and her initials. It was addressed to Mr. Lloyd Pryor.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said; her color was coming back, and she had evidently got control of herself. But she hardly noticed William's farewell, and he had not left the porch steps before she began to pace up and down the parlor.

"Well!" said Martha, "was it a brother, or sister? How did she take it? I suppose you think she found it easier because you broke it to her. I must say, William, flatly and frankly, that I think a nice woman would rather have a woman near her when she is in trouble, than a man. I was very tired, but I was perfectly willing to remain. Well! what relation was this F.? A cousin?"

"Why, I don't know," the doctor confessed blankly; "she didn't say, and it never occurred to me to ask; and—"

"Well, upon my word!" said Martha King.

CHAPTER XXI

HELENA stood breathing quickly; it was as if she had been smothering, and suddenly felt free air. She was alone. The people—the terrible, persistently friendly, suffocating people, were gone! She could face her own blazing fact; she could draw a full breath. . . . *Frederick was dead.*

She was walking back and forth, staring with unseeing eyes at the confusion of the room—chairs pulled out from their accustomed places; two card-tables with a litter of cards and counters; the astral-lamp burning low on the big rosewood table that was cluttered with old daguerreotypes belonging to the house. The dining-room door was ajar, and as she passed it she had a glimpse of the empty disorder of the room, and could hear her two women moving about, carrying off plates and glasses and talking to each other.

"Well, I like company," she heard Sarah say. "I wish she'd have somebody in every day."

And Maggie's harsh murmur; "You ain't got to cook for 'em." Then the clatter of forks and spoons in the pantry.

"Seemed to me like as if she wasn't real glad to see 'em," Sarah commented. "My! look at all this here good cake crumbled up on somebody's plate."

"Well, a widow woman don't enjoy company," Maggie explained.

A minute later Sarah came bustling in to close the parlor windows for the night, and started to find the room still occupied. "I thought you had gone up-stairs, ma'am," the girl stammered, wondering nervously if she had said anything that she would not care to have overheard.

"I am going now," Mrs. Richie told her, drawing a long breath, and opening and shutting her eyes in a dazed way. "Just like as if she'd been asleep and was woke up, sudden," Sarah explained to Maggie later.

In her own room, the door locked, she sank down in a chair, her clasped hands falling between her knees, her eyes staring at the floor.

Dead. . . . How long he had been about dying. Thirteen years ago Lloyd had said, "He'll drink himself to death in six months; and then—!" Well; at least part of the programme was carried out: he drank. But he did not die. No; he went on living, living, living! That first year they were constantly asking each other for news of him: "Have you heard anything?" "Yes; an awful debauch. Oh, he can't stand it. He'll be in his grave before Christmas." But Christmas came, and Frederick was still living. Then it was "before spring"—"before fall" — "before Christmas" again. And yet he went on living. And she had gone on living, too. At first, joyously—except when she brooded over the baby's death; then impatiently—for Frederick would not die! Then, gradually, gradually, with weary acceptance of the situation. Only in the last two

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or three years had she begun to live anxiously, as she realized how easily Lloyd was accepting Frederick's lease of life. Less and less often he inquired whether Mr. Raynor had mentioned Frederick's health in the letter that came with her quarterly statement. By and by, it was she, not Lloyd, who asked, "Have you heard anything of Frederick?"

The house was quite silent now, except when Sarah trudged up the back stairs with the clanking silver-basket on her arm. The lamp on the corner of her bureau flickered, and a spark wavered up the chimney; the oil was gone and the wick charring. She got up and blew the smouldering flame out; then sat down again in the darkness. . . . Yes; Lloyd was no longer vitally interested in Frederick's health. She must make up her mind to that. But after all, what difference did that make? He loved her just the same; only men are not like women, they don't keep on saying so; they are more matter-of-course. No; she would not distrust him. Yet behind her most emphatic assertions cowered that dumb apprehension which had struck its cold talons into her heart the day that David had hurt his hand. . . . *Suppose Frederick's death should be an embarrassment to Lloyd!*

In the darkness, with the brush of the locust branches against the closed shutters of the east window, her face blazed with angry color, and she threw her head back with a surge of pride. "If he doesn't want me, I don't want him!" she said aloud. She pulled the lace bertha from her shoulders, and began to take out her hairpins; "*I* sha'n't be the one to say 'Let us be married.'"

When she lay down in the darkness, her eyes wide open, her arms straight at her sides, it flashed into her mind that Frederick was lying still and straight, too. His face must be white, now; sunken, perhaps; the leer of his pale eyes changed into the sly smile of the dead. *Dead.* Oh, at last, at last!—and her mind rushed back to its own affairs. . . . That horrible old Benjamin Wright and his insinuations; how she had worried over them and over the difficulty of getting away from Old Chester, only that afternoon. Ah, well, she need never think of such things again, for never again could any one have an insulting thought about her; and as for her fear that Lloyd would not want her to leave Old Chester—why, he would take her away himself! And once outside of Old Chester, she would have a place in the world like other women. She was conscious of a sudden and passionate elation: *Like other women.* The very words were triumphant! Yes; like that dreadful Mrs. King; oh, how intolerably stupid the woman was, how she disliked her; but when Lloyd came and they went away together, she would be like Mrs. King! She drew an exultant breath and smiled proudly in the darkness. For the moment the cowering fear was forgotten. . . . How soon could he come? He ought to have the telegram by ten the next morning—too late to catch the express for Mercer. He would take the night train, and arrive at noon on Saturday. A day and a half to wait. And at that she realized with sudden astonishment that it was still Thursday. It seemed hours and hours since she had read that telegram. Yet it was scarcely an hour ago that she had been dancing the Virginia reel with those terrible people. A little later she had noticed William King lingering behind the departing guests—how annoyed she had been at his slowness. Then he had taken that envelope out of his pocket—she gasped again, remembering the shock of its contents.

In this tumult of broken and incoherent thought, the night passed. It was not until dawn that her mind cleared enough for consecutive thinking, and when it did she was so fatigued that she fell asleep and slept heavily till awakened by an anxious knock at her door. Had Mrs. Richie one of her headaches? Dr. Lavendar was down-stairs; what should Sarah tell him?

"Tell him—oh, just say I have a headache. Ask him to excuse me. And bring me my coffee, Sarah. Has David gone to school? What time is it? Ten!" She was broad awake at that—he must have got the despatch. Allowing for delays, his answer ought to reach her by noon.

She sprang up with the instinct to do something, to get ready. She began to plan her packing, the thrill

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of action tingling through her. She dressed hurriedly, looking incessantly at the clock, and then laughing to herself. What difference did it make how late it was? By no possibility could Lloyd appear on the morning stage; unless, yes, it *was* possible; Mr. Raynor might have telegraphed him. No; Mr. Raynor had never recognized the situation. Lloyd could not reach her until noon on Saturday; he could only telegraph. She sighed and resigned herself to facts, drinking the coffee Sarah brought her, and asking whether David was all right. "Poor darling, having his breakfast all alone," she said. Then she looked at the clock; Lloyd's despatch could hardly reach her for another hour.

The still, hot morning stretched interminably before her. A dozen times it was on her lips to order the trunks brought down from the garret. A dozen times some undefined sense of fitness held her back. When his answer came, when he actually said the word—then; but not till then. . . . What time was it? After eleven! She would go into the garden, where she could look down the road and have the first glimpse of Eddy Minns climbing the hill. With her thoughts in galloping confusion, she put on her flat hat with its twist of white lace about the crown, and went out into the heat. From the bench under the big poplar she looked across at the girdling hills, blue and hot in the still flood of noon; below her was the valley, now a sea of treetops islanded with Old Chester roofs and chimneys; there was no gleam of the river through the midsummer foliage. She took her watch out of the little watch-pocket at her waist—nearly twelve! If he had got the despatch at nine, it was surely time for an answer. Still, so many things might have happened to delay it. He might have been late in getting to his office; or, for that matter, Eddy Minns might be slow about coming up the hill. Everybody was slow in Old Chester!

The empty road ran down to the foot of the hill; no trudging messenger climbed its hot slope. Twelve! "I'll not look at the road for five minutes," she told herself, resolutely, and sat staring at the watch open in her hand. Five minutes later she snapped the lid shut, and looked. Blazing, unbroken sunshine. "It ought to have been here by this time," she said to herself with a tightening of her lips. Perhaps he was away? Her heart sank at that; but how absurd! Suppose he was. What did a few hours' waiting amount to? She had waited thirteen years.

For another hour she watched in the heat and silence of the garden; then started to hear Sarah, at her elbow, saying that dinner was on the table.

"Very well," she answered impatiently. "I'll wait another five minutes," she said to herself. But she waited ten. When she sat down in the dining-room, she ate almost nothing. Once she asked Sarah if she knew how long it took for a despatch to come from Philadelphia to Old Chester. Sarah gaped at the question, and said she didn't know as she'd ever heard.

In the afternoon, with covert glances out of the window, she kept indoors and tried to put her mind on practical things: the arrangements with her landlord for cancelling the lease; the packing and shipping which George must attend to. At last, on a sudden impulse, she said to herself that she would go and meet David as he came home from school —and call at the telegraph-office.

In the post-office, where the telegraph bound Old Chester to the outer world, Mrs. Minns, looking up from her knitting, saw the tense face at the delivery window.

"No letters for you, Mrs. Richie," she said; then she remembered the telegram that had by this time interested all Old Chester, and got up and came forward, sympathetically curious. "Well'm; I suppose there's a good deal of dyin' this time of year?"

"Have you a despatch for me?" Mrs. Richie said curtly.

"No'm;" said Mrs. Minns.

"Did Dr. King send a telegram for me this morning?" she asked in a sudden panic of alarm.

"Yes'm," the postmistress said, "he sent it."

Mrs. Richie turned away, and began to walk about the office; up and down, up and down. Once she stopped and read the names on the pigeonholes of the letter-rack; once the telegraph instru-

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ment clicked, and she held her breath: "Is that mine?"

"It ain't," Mrs. Minns said laconically.

Helena went to the open doorway, and gazed blankly out into Main Street. She might as well go home; he wasn't going to telegraph. She told herself that he was out of town, and had not received her despatch. But her explanation was not convincing; if he was away, the despatch would have been forwarded to him. It must be that as he was coming on Saturday, he had not thought it worth while to telegraph. She wandered aimlessly out into the hot street—there was no use waiting any longer; and as for meeting David, he had gone home long ago.

As she went up the street, Dr. Lavendar stopped her. He had been told that the news of the night before did not mean affliction, but Dr. Lavendar knew that there are worse things than affliction, so he stood ready to offer comfort if it was needed. But apparently it was not wanted, and after a minute's pause, he began to speak of his own affairs: "I've been wondering if you would trust David to me for two or three days in October."

"David?" she repeated, blankly; her mind was very far away from David.

"I have to go to Philadelphia then"—Dr. Lavendar was really eager—"and if you will let me take him along—I guess Rose Knight will let him off—we would have a fine time!"

"Certainly, Dr. Lavendar," she said, courteously. But she thought quickly, that very much might happen between now and October. However, she could not explain that to Dr. Lavendar. It was easier to say yes, and be done with it. "Good evening," she added impatiently, for the old gentleman would have kept her indefinitely, talking about David.

But as she climbed the hill her mind went out to the child with the relief of one who in darkness opens a door towards the light. She found him in the parlor, curled up in a big chair by the window, looking at a picture-book. He climbed down immediately, and came and took her hand in his, a demonstration of affection so unusual that she caught him in her arms and might have cuddled him with the undesired "forty kisses," if he had not gently moved his head aside. But her eyes were so blurred with tears of fatigue and fright she did not notice the rebuff. It was several minutes before she was able to smile, then hand in hand she and David went in to tea.

The next twenty-four hours were tense with expectation and fear. Helena's mind veered almost with every breath: He had not telegraphed because he had not received her despatch; because he was away from home; because he was coming on Saturday;—*because he was sorry Frederick was dead* . . .

Saturday morning she and David watched the hill road from nine o'clock until stage-time. From the green bench under the poplar, the tavern porch on Main Street could just be seen; and at a little before twelve Jonas's lean, shambling nags drew up before it. Mrs. Richie was very pale. David, fretting at the dulness of the morning, asked her some question, but she did not hear him, and he pulled at her skirt. "Does everything grow?"

"Yes, dear, yes; I suppose so."

"How big is everything when it begins to grow?"

"Oh, dear little boy, don't ask so many questions!"

"When you began to grow, how big were you? Were you an inch big?"

"If he has come," she said breathlessly, "the stage will get up here in fifteen minutes!"

David sighed.

"Oh, why don't they start?" she panted; "what *is* the matter!"

"It's starting," David said.

"Come, David! Hurry!" she cried. "We must be at the gate." She took his hand, and ran down the path to the gate in the hedge. As she stood there, panting, she pressed her fingers hard on her lips; they must not quiver before the child. She kept her watch in her hand. "It isn't time yet to see them; it will take Jonas ten minutes to get round to the foot of the hill."

Overhead the flicker of locust leaves cast checkering lights and shadows on her white dress and across the strained anxiety of her face. She kept her eyes on her watch, and the ten minutes passed in silence. Then she went out into the road and looked down its length of noon-

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tide sunshine; the stage was not in sight. "Perhaps," she said, "it would take twenty minutes to get to the foot of the hill? I'll not look down the road for ten minutes more." After a while she said faintly, "Is it—coming?"

"No'm," David assured her. "Mrs. Richie, what does God eat?"

There was no answer.

"Does he eat us?"

"No; of course not."

"Why not?"

Helena lifted her head, suddenly; "It would take twenty-five minutes—I'm sure it would."

She got up and walked a little way down the road, David tagging thoughtfully behind her. There was no stage in sight. "David, run down the hill to the turn, and look."

The little boy, nothing loath, ran; at the turn he shook his head, and called back, "No'm. Mrs. Richie, He *must*, 'cause there's nothing goes to heaven but us. Chickens don't," David explained anxiously. But she did not notice his alarm.

"I'll wait another five minutes," she said. She waited ten; and then another ten. "David," she said, in a smothered voice, "go; tell Maggie he isn't coming—to dinner. You have your dinner, dear little boy. I—don't want any."

She went up-stairs to her own room, and shut and locked the door. All over. All over. All over.

Yet when, in the early afternoon, the mail arrived, a spasm of hope that was absolute agony, caught her by the throat and turned her faint—for he had written.

There were only a dozen lines besides the "Dearest Nelly":

"I am just starting out West, rather unexpectedly, on business. I am taking Alice along, and she is greatly delighted at the idea of a journey—her first. I don't know just when I'll get back; not for six weeks anyhow. Probably eight. Hope you and your youngster are all right.

Yours, L. P.

"Your despatch received. We must talk things over the next time I come to Old Chester."

She passed her hand over her eyes in a bewildered way; for a moment the words had absolutely no sense. Then she read them again: "We must talk things over—"

What things? Why, their marriage of course. Their marriage! She burst out laughing; and David, looking at her, shrank away.

CHAPTER XXII

THE next few days were intolerable. But of course, after the first passion of disappointment, she began to hope; he would write fully in a few days. She kept calculating how soon she might expect this fuller letter. She did not write to him, for as he had given no address it was evident that he did not wish to hear from her.

It was at this time that Helena saw herself age. But that week passed, and then another, and though he wrote, he did not write "fully." In fact, he made no allusion whatever to Frederick or the future. She was instant with explanation; he was absorbed with business; Alice was with him; he had no time. That these were absurd excuses she knew. But they were the best she could find, and she had to have excuses. When still another week passed, the tension lessened; indeed, she would have broken down under the strain if she had not fallen into a sort of apathy. She told herself that after all there was no reason why she should leave Old Chester immediately. Mr. Benjamin Wright's insolence had been outrageous and he was a horrible old man; but he had said that he would not speak of her affairs. So as far as he was concerned she could perfectly well wait until that Western trip was over; she would just try not to think of him. So she played with David, and talked to him, and listened to his confidences about the journey to Philadelphia which Dr. Lavendar planned. It was more than two months off, but that did not trouble David. He and Dr. Lavendar had long talks on the subject of which occasionally, David dropped condescending hints.

"Maybe I'll take you to Philadelphia," Helena said once, jealously; "will you like that?"

"Yes'm," said David, without enthusiasm.

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At which she reproached him; "Wouldn't you like to go with me, to see Liberty Bell?"

"Yes'm."

"And maybe Mr. Pryor will take you to ride on a steamboat," she lured him.

"I like Dr. Lavendar best," said David with alarm.

It was only David with whom Helena talked in these days of waiting; Old Chester found her still unsociable, and William King was obliged to admit that his party had not accomplished much. However, he insisted upon being sociable himself, and continued to come frequently to see her on the ground that she was not very well. Before she knew it she yielded again to the temptation of friendliness, and was glad to see the big, kind figure trudging up the garden path. He told her all the news Old Chester afforded, which was not extensive, and she replied with that listening silence which is so pleasant and which gave the doctor the opportunity—so valued by us all—to hear himself talk; an opportunity not often allowed him in his own house. The silence covered bleak anxiety and often an entire absence of mind; but William, rambling on, could not know that. He was perfectly happy to look at her, although sometimes his face sobered, for hers had changed. It was paler; the charming indolence had gone; the eyes had lost their sweet shallowness, something cowered in their depths that he could not clearly see—fear, perhaps, or pain; or perhaps it was just bewilderment. The delicate oval of her cheek had hollowed; there was a droop about her lips that touched him as a child's grieving would have done. Yes; she had changed greatly. "Depressed," he told himself. So he did his best to cheer her with Old Chester's harmless gossip; and one day—it was in September—she did show a quick and even anxious interest.

"Sam Wright's Sam has come back," the doctor said; "the young man arrived on the noon stage. I wonder what monkey-shines he'll be up to next!"

"*Oh!*" she said, and he saw her hands clasp in her lap; "I wonder if his grandfather knows?"

He looked at her, and then looked away—the color was hot in her face. William said to himself that the cub ought to be thrashed. "Maybe he's got some sense by this journey in search of a publisher," he announced comfortingly.

In her consciousness of old Mr. Wright's dismay, she hardly heard what the doctor said; but she asked vaguely if Sam had found a publisher.

"Perhaps; I don't know. There are fools in every profession—except medicine, of course! But I believe he has not imparted any information on that point. His father merely told me he had come back." In spite of himself, William's face fell into its own kind lines. "His father is hard on him," he said; and then he began to tell her stories of the three generations of Wrights; ending with the statement that Samuel loved his son in a dumb sort of fashion, like the apple of his eye. "But he has always taken hold of him the wrong way," William said.

Certainly the doctor's opinion was borne out by the way in which Sam Sr. took hold of his son on his return. Reproaches were perhaps to be expected; but, alas, the poor, sore-hearted father tried sneers as well. A sneer is like a flame; it may occasionally be curative because it cauterizes, but it leaves a bitter scar. Of his dreadful anxiety in these seven or eight weeks of absence, of his sleepless nights, of his self-accusings, of his anguished affection, the Senior Warden could find nothing to say; but for anger and disappointment and contempt he had fluent and searing words. Such words were only the recoil from anxiety. But Sam could not know that; he only knew that he was a disgrace to his family. The information left him apparently unmoved. He did not betray—very likely he really did not recognize in himself—the moral let-down that is almost always the result of such upbraiding. He was silent under his father's reproaches, and patient under his mother's embraces. He vouchsafed no information beyond, "I had to come back"; which was really no information at all. Mr. Wright sneered at it, but Mrs. Wright was moved; she said, her mild eyes swimming in tears, "Of course, Sammy, dear. Mother understands. I knew you couldn't stay away from us."

Sam sighed, submitting to be kissed, and turned to go up-stairs; but some-

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thing made him hesitate,—perhaps his mother's worn face. He came back, and bending down kissed her cheek. Mrs. Wright caught her breath with astonishment, but the boy made no explanation. He went on up to his own room and standing listlessly at the window, said again to himself, "I had to come back." After a while he added, "But I won't bother her." He had already forgotten the two sore hearts down-stairs.

The next morning he hurried to church; but Mrs. Richie was not there, and in his disappointment he was as blind to Old Chester's curious glances as he was deaf to Dr. Lavendar's sermon.

The long morning loitered past. After dinner the Wright family dispersed for its customary Sunday afternoon nap. The Senior Warden, with *The Episcopalian*, as large as a small blanket, spread over his face, slept heavily in the library; Mrs. Wright dozed in her bedroom with one finger marking her place in a closed volume of sermons; the little girls wandered stealthily about the garden, memorizing by their father's orders their weekly hymn. The house was still, and very hot. All the afternoon young Sam lay upon his bed and brooded over his failures: He could not make Mrs. Richie love him; he could not write a great drama; he could not add up a column of figures; he could not understand his father's rages at unimportant things; "and nobody cares a continental whether I am dead or alive!—except mother," he ended, and his face softened. At five o'clock he reminded himself, listlessly, that he must go up to The Top for supper. But it was nearly six before he had energy enough to rise. The fact was, he shrank from telling his grandfather that the drama was no longer in existence. He had been somewhat rudely rebuffed by the only person who had looked at his manuscript, and had promptly torn the play up and scattered the fragments out of the window of his boarding-house. That was two days ago. The curious lassitude which had followed this *accès* of passion was probably increased by the Senior Warden's reproaches. But Sam believed himself entirely indifferent both to his literary failure, and to his father's scolding. Neither was in his mind as he climbed the hill, and halted for a wistful moment at the green gate in the hedge; but he had no glimpse of Mrs. Richie.

He found his grandfather sitting on the veranda, reading aloud, and gesticulating with one hand:

"But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or like the snaky wreath of Sisiphon—"

He looked up irritably at the sound of a step on the weedy driveway, then his eyes snapped with delight.

"Hullo—hullo! what's this?"

"I had to come back, grandfather," Sam said.

"Well! Well!" said Benjamin Wright, his whole face wrinkling with pleasure. "'Had to come back?' Money gave out, I suppose? Sit down, sit down! Hi, Simmons! Damn that nigger. Simmons, here's Master Sam. What have you got for supper? Well, young man, did you get some sense knocked into you?" He was trembling with eagerness. Marlowe, in worm-eaten calf, dropped from his hand to the porch floor. Sam picked the book up, and sat down.

"If you wanted some more money, why the devil didn't you say so?"

"I had money enough, sir."

"Well—what about the drama?" his grandfather demanded.

"He said it was no good."

"Who said it was no good?" Mr. Wright pulled off his hat, fiercely, and began to chew orange-skin. Sam, vaguely turning over the leaves of the book upon his knee, mentioned the name of a publisher. "Fool!" said Benjamin Wright; "what does he know? Well; I hope you didn't waste time over him. Then who did you send it to?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! What did you do with it?"

"Oh, tore it up," Sam said patiently.

His grandfather fell back in his chair, speechless. A moment later, he told Sam he was not only a fool, but a d——

"Supper's ready, suh," said Simmons. "Glad you're back, Master Sam. He ain't lookin' peart, suh?" Simmons added confidentially to Mr. Wright.

"Well, you get some of that Madeira —'12," commanded the old man, pulling

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark

SAM TAKES TEA WITH HIS GRANDFATHER

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himself up from his chair. "Sam, you are a born idiot, aren't you? Come and have some supper. Didn't I tell you you might have to try a dozen publishers before you found one who had any sense? Your experience just shows they're a fool lot. And you tore up your manuscript! Gad-a-mercy!" He grinned and swore alternately, and banged his hat on to his head so that his ears flattened out beneath the brim like two red flaps.

They sat down at either end of the dining-room table, Simmons standing at one side, his yellow eyes gleaming with interested affection and his fly-brush of long peacock feathers waving steadily, even when he moved about with the decanter.

"I had to come back," Sam repeated, and drank his glass of '12 Madeira with as much appreciation as if it had been water.

"I've got a new family," Mr. Wright declared. "Simmons, unhook that second cage, and show him the nest. Look at that. Three of 'em. Hideous, ain't they? Simmons, you didn't chop that egg fine enough. Do you want to kill 'em all? A nigger has no more feeling for birds than a cat."

"I done chop it, as—"

"Hold your tongue!" said Mr. Wright, amiably. "Here; take that." He fumbled in his vest pocket, and the peacock feathers dipped dangerously as Simmons caught the expected cigar. "Come, come, young man, haven't you had enough to eat? Give him another glass of wine, Simmons, you freckled nigger! Come out on the porch, and tell me your wanderings, Telemachus."

The boy was faintly impressed by his grandfather's attentions; he felt that he was welcome, which gave him a sort of pleasure. Out on the porch, in the hot dusk, Benjamin Wright talked; once or twice, apropos of nothing, he quoted some noble stanza, apparently for the joy of the rolling numbers. The fact was, he was full of happiness at his grandson's return, but he had had so little experience in happiness that he did not know how to express it. He asked a good many questions, and received very vague answers.

"Have you got any notes of the drama?"

"No, sir."

"Doggone your picter!

"'Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song,
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!'

So you made up your mind to come home?"

"I had to come back," Sam said.

There was a pause. Benjamin Wright was reminding himself that in handling a boy, one must be careful not to say the wrong thing; one must express oneself with reserve and delicacy; one must weigh one's words — boys were such jackasses.

"Well;" he said, "got over your fool falling in love with a female old enough to be your mother?"

Sam looked at him.

"I hope your trip has put sense into you on that subject, anyhow?"

"I love Mrs. Richie as much as I ever did, if that's what you mean, sir," Sam said listlessly.

Upon which his grandfather flew into instant rage. "As much in love as ever! Gad-a-mercy! Well; I give you up, sir, I give you up. I spend my money to get you out of this place, away from this female, old enough to be your grandmother, and you come back and say you are as much in love with her as ever. I swear, I don't believe you have a drop of my blood in you!" He flung his cigar away, and plunged his hand down into the ginger-jar on the bench beside him; "A little boy like you, just in breeches! Why, your mother ought to put you over her knee, and—" he stopped. "You have no sense, Sam," he added with startling mildness.

But Sam's face was red as his grandfather's. "She is only ten years older than I. That is nothing. Nothing at all. If she will overlook my comparative youth and marry me, I—"

"Damnation!" his grandfather screamed. "*She*, overlook? *She*—" he could not speak for rage.

"I am younger," the boy said; "but love isn't a matter of age. It's a matter of the soul."

"A matter of the soul!" said Benjamin Wright; "a matter of—of a sugar-tit for a toothless baby! Which is just

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about what you are. That female, I tell you, could have dandled you on her knee ten years ago."

Sam got up; he was trembling all over. "You needn't insult me," he said.

Instantly his grandfather was calm. He stopped chewing orange-skin, and looked hard at his ridgy finger-nails.

"I shall ask her again," Sam said. "I said I wouldn't, but I will. I must. That was why I came back. And as for my age, that's her business and mine."

"You've drunk too much," said his grandfather. "Sit down. I've something to say to you. You can't marry that woman. Do you understand me?"

"You mean she doesn't care for me?" Sam laughed noisily. "I'll make her. Old—young—what does it matter? She must!" He flung up his arms, and then sank down and hid his face in his hands.

"Sammy," said the old man, and stopped. "Sam, it can't be. Don't you understand me? She isn't fit to marry."

The young man gaped at him, blankly.

"She's—bad;" Benjamin Wright said in a low voice.

"How dare you!" cried the other, his frowning bewilderment changing slowly to fury; "how dare you? If she had a relative here to protect her, you would never dare! If her brother was here, he would shoot you; but she has me, and I—"

"Her *brother!*" said Benjamin Wright; "Sam, my boy, he isn't her brother."

"Isn't he?" Sam flung back at him, "well, what of that? I'm glad of it; I hate him." He stood up, his hands clenched, his head flung back. "What difference does it make to me what he is? Her cousin, her friend—what do I care? If she marries me, what do I care for her relations?"

His grandfather looked up at him aghast; the young, insulted innocence of love blazed in the boy's face. "Gad-a-mercy," said Mr. Wright, in a whisper, *"he doesn't understand!"* He pulled himself on to his shaking legs, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Sam," he said very gently, "he is her lover, my boy."

Sam's lips fell apart; he gasped heavily; his hands slowly opened and shut, and he swayed from side to side; his wild eyes were fixed on that old face, all softened and moved and pitying. Then, with a discordant shriek of laughter, he flung out his open hand and struck his grandfather full in the face.

"You old fool! You lie! You lie! Do you hear me?"

Benjamin Wright, staggering slightly from the blow, tried to speak, but the boy, still laughing shrilly, leaped down the porch steps, and out into the darkness.

"I'll ask her!" he screamed back; "you liar!"

CHAPTER XXIII

HELENA had gone up-stairs to put David to bed. There was some delay in the process, because the young man had insisted upon looking at the stars to trace out Orion's little sword, and the Dipper. That accomplished however, he was very docile, and willing to get into bed by shinning up the mast of a pirate-ship—which some people might have called a bedpost. After he had fallen asleep, Helena still sat beside him in the darkness, her absent eyes fixed on the little warm body, where, the sheets kicked off, he sprawled in a sort of spread-eagle over the bed. It was very hot, and she would have been more comfortable on the porch, but she could not leave the child. When she was with David, the sense of aching apprehension dulled into the comfort of loving. After a while, with a long sigh she got up, but stopped to draw the sheet over his shoulders; then smiled to see how quickly he kicked it off. She pulled it up again as far as his knees, and to this he resigned himself with a despairing grunt.

There was a lamp burning dimly in the hall; as she passed she took it up and went slowly down-stairs. Away from David, her thoughts fell at once into the groove of the past weeks. Each hour she had tormented herself by some new question, and now she was wondering what she should do if, when Lloyd came to fulfil his promise, she should see a shade, oh, even the faintest hint, of hesitation in his manner. Well; she would meet it! She threw her head up, and came down with a quicker step, carrying the lamp high, like a torch. But as she lifted her eyes, in that gust of pride, young Sam Wright stood panting in the doorway. As his strangled voice fell on her ear, she knew that he knew.

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"I have—come—"

Without a word she put the lamp down on the table at the foot of the stairs, and looked at him standing there in the darkness. Instantly he was across the threshold and at her side. He gripped her wrist and shook it, his eyes burning into hers.

"You will tell me that he lied! I told him he lied. I didn't believe him for a second. I told him I would ask you."

"Please let go of my arm," she said, faintly. "I don't know what you are—talking about."

"Did he lie?"

"Who?" she stammered.

"My grandfather. He said your brother was not your brother. He said he was your lover. My God! Your lover! Did he lie?" He shook her arm, worrying it as a dog might, his nails cutting into her flesh, and snarling his question out between shut teeth. His fury swept words from her lips.

She stepped back with a spring of terror, trying to pull her wrist from his grasp; but he followed her, his dreadful young face close to hers. She put her other hand behind her, and clutched at the banister-rail of the stairs. She stared at him in a trance of fright. There was a long minute of silence.

Then Sam said slowly, as though he were reading it word by word, aloud, from the open page of her face, "He—did—not—lie." He dropped her wrist; flung it from him, even, and stood motionless. Again neither of them spoke. Then Sam drew a long breath. "So, *this* is life," he said, in a curiously meditative way. "Well; I have had enough of it." He turned as he spoke, and went quietly out into the summer night.

Helena Richie sat down on the lowest step of the stairs. She breathed in gasps. Suddenly she looked at her arm on which were four deep red marks; in two places the skin was broken. Upon the fierce pangs of her mind, flayed and stabbed by the boy's words, this physical pain of which she had just become conscious, was like some soothing lotion. She stroked her wrist tenderly, jealous of the lessening smart. She knew vaguely that she was really wincing lest the smart should cease and the other agony begin. She looked with blind eyes at the lamp, then got up and turned the wick down; it had been smoking slightly and a half-moon of black had settled on the chimney. "Sarah doesn't half look after the lamps," she said, aloud, fretfully, and drew in her lips; the nail-marks stung. But the red was dying out of them. Yes; the other pain was coming back. She paled with fright of that pain which was coming; coming; had come. She covered her face with her hands. . . .

"Who," demanded a sleepy voice, "was scolding?"

Helena looked around quickly; David, in his little cotton night-drawers, was standing at the head of the stairs.

"Who scolded? I heard 'em," he said, beginning to come down, one little foot at a time; his eyes blinked drowsily at the lamp. Helena caught him in her arms, and sank down again on the step. But he struggled up out of her lap, and stood before her. "It's too hot," he said; "I heard 'em. And I came down. Was anybody scolding you?"

"Yes, David," she said in a smothered voice.

"Were you bad?" David asked with interest.

Helena dropped her poor shamed forehead on to his little warm shoulder. She could feel his heart beating, and his breath on her neck.

"Your head's pretty heavy," said David patiently; "and hot."

At that she lifted herself up, and tried to smile; "Come, dear precious; come up-stairs. Never mind if people scold me. I—deserve it."

"Do you?" said David. "Why?"

He was wide awake by this time, and pleaded against bed. "Tell me why, on the porch; I don't mind sitting on your lap out there," he bribed her; "though you are pretty hot to sit on," he added, truthfully.

She could not resist him; to have him on her knee, his tousled head on her breast, was an inexpressible comfort.

"When I go travelling with Dr. Lavendar," David announced drowsily, "I am going to put my trousers into the tops of my boots, like George does. Does God drink out of that Dipper in the sky?"

Her doubtful murmur seemed to satisfy him; he shut his eyes, nuzzling his head

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into her breast, and as she leaned her cheek on his hair—which he permitted because he was too sleepy to protest—the ache of sobs lessened in her throat. After a while, when he was sound asleep again, she carried him up-stairs and laid him in his bed, sitting beside him for a while lest he should awake. Then she went down to the porch and faced the situation. . . .

Sometimes she got up and walked about; sometimes sat down, her elbows on her knees, her forehead in her hands, one foot tapping, tapping, tapping. Her first idea was flight: she must not wait for Lloyd; she must take David and go at once. By to-morrow, everybody would know. She would write Lloyd that she would await him in Philadelphia. "I will go to a hotel," she told herself. Of course, it was possible that Sam would keep his knowledge to himself, as his grandfather had done, but it was not probable. And even if he did, his knowledge made the place absolutely unendurable to her; she could not bear it for a day—for an hour! Yes; she must get off by to-morrow night; and—

Suddenly, into the midst of this horrible personal alarm, came, like an echo, Sam's last words. The memory of them was so clear that it was almost as if he uttered them aloud at her side: "Well; I have had enough of it." Enough of what? Of loving her? Ah, yes; he was cured now of all that. But was that what he meant? "So this is life. . . . I have had enough of it."

Helena Richie leaped to her feet. It seemed to her as if all her blood was flowing slowly back to her heart. There was no pain now in those nail-marks; there was no pain in her crushed humiliation. *"I have had enough of it."* . . .

Good God! She caught her skirts up in her hand and flew down the steps and out into the garden. At the gate, under the lacey roof of locust leaves, she stood motionless, straining her ears. All was still. How long ago was it that he had rushed away? More than an hour. Oh, no, no; he could not have meant—! But all the same, she must find him: *"I have had enough of it."* Under her breath she called his name. Silence. She told herself distractedly that she was a fool; but a moment later she fled down the hill. She must find Dr. King; he would know what to do.

She was panting when she reached his gate, and after she had rung and was beating upon the door with the palm of her hand, she had to cling to the knob for support.

"Oh come; oh, hurry! *Hurry!*" she said, listening to Mrs. King's deliberate step on the oilcloth of the hall.

"Where is Dr. King?" she gasped, as the door opened; "I want Dr. King!"

Martha, in her astonishment at this white-faced creature with skirts draggled by the dew and dust of the grass-fringed road, started back, the flame of the lamp she carried flickering and jumping in the draught. "What is the matter? Is David—"

"Oh, where is Dr. King? Please—please! I want Dr. King—"

William by this time was in the hall, and when he saw her face he, too, said:

"David?"

"No. It's— May I speak to you a moment? In the office? I am alarmed about—something."

She brushed past Mrs. King, who was still gaping at the suddenness of this apparition from the night, and followed the doctor into the little room on the left of the passage. Martha, deeply affronted, saw the door shut in her face.

As for Mrs. Richie, she stood in the darkness of the office with her back against the door, one hand behind her on the knob.

"I am very much frightened; Sam Wright has just left me, and—"

William King, scratching a match under the table and fumbling with the lamp chimney, laughed. "Is that all? I thought somebody had hung himself."

"Oh, Dr. King," she cried, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

He put out his friendly hand and led her to a chair. "Now, Mrs. Richie," he said in his comforting voice, "sit down here, and get your breath. There's nothing the matter with that scalawag, I assure you. Has he been making himself a nuisance? I'll kick him!"

At these commonplace words, the tension broke in a rush of hysterical tears, which, while it relieved her, maddened her because for a moment she was unable to speak. But she managed to say brokenly,

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that the boy had said something which frightened her, for fear that he might—

"Kill himself?" said the doctor, cheerfully. "No indeed! The people who threaten to kill themselves, never do. Come now, forget all about him." And William smiling, drew one of her hands down from her eyes. "Gracious! what a wrist! Did David scratch you?"

She pulled her hand away, and hid it in the folds of her skirt. "Oh, I do hope you are right; but Dr. King, he said something—and I was so frightened. Oh, if I could just know he had got home, all safe!"

"Well, it's easy to know that," said William. "Come, let us walk down to Mr. Wright's; I bet a hat we'll find the young gentleman eating a late supper with an excellent appetite. Love doesn't kill, Mrs. Richie—at Sam's age."

She was silent.

William took his lantern out of a closet, and made a somewhat elaborate matter of lighting it, wiping off the oozing oil from the tank, and then shutting the frame with a cheerful snap. It would give her time to get hold of herself, he thought.

"I must apologize to Mrs. King," Helena said. "I was so frightened, that I'm afraid I was abrupt."

"Oh, that's all right," said Martha's husband, easily, and opened the outer door of the office. "Come."

She followed him down the garden path to the street; there in the darkness, broken by the gay zigzag of the lantern across the flagstones of the sidewalk, William found it easier to speak out.

"I hope you don't mind my referring to Sam's being in love, Mrs. Richie? Of course, we have all known that he had lost his heart. Boys will, you know. And, honestly, I think if ever a boy had excuse for—that sort of thing, Sam had. But it has distressed me to have you bothered. And to-night is the climax. For him to talk like a—a jackdonkey, because you very properly snubbed him—you mustn't mind my speaking plainly; I have understood the whole thing from the beginning—makes me mad. You're really worn out. Confound that boy! You are too good, Mrs. Richie, that's the trouble. You let yourself be imposed upon."

Her broken "no—no," seemed to him a lovely humility, and he laughed and shook his head.

"Yes, yes! When I see how gentle women are with us clods of men, I really, I—you know—" William had never since his courting days got into such a bog of sentiment, and he stammered his way out of it by saying that Sam was a perfect nuisance.

When they reached the gateway of the Senior Warden's place, Mrs. Richie said that she would wait. "I'll stand here in the road; and if you will make some excuse, and find out—"

"You won't go in?" he asked her; but realized at once that her call would need an explanation. "Very well; you wait here. I'll come back and tell you he's all right. There isn't a particle of reason for anxiety, but it's a better sedative for you than bromide. That's the why I'm doing it," said William, candidly. He gave her the lantern, and said he did not like to leave her. "You won't be frightened? You can see the house from here, and can call if you want me. I'll have to stay about ten minutes, or they wouldn't understand my coming in."

She nodded, impatient at his delay, and he slipped into the shadows of the maples and disappeared. For a minute she could hear the crunch of his footsteps on the gravel of the driveway. She sat down on the grass by the roadside, and leaned her head against the big white gate-post. The lantern burned steadily beside her, casting on the ground a shower of yellow spots that blurred into a widening circle of light. Except for the crickets all was still. The cooler air of night brought out the heavy scents of damp earth and leaves, and over in the deep grass a late May-apple spilled from its ivory cup the heavy odor of death. A bob-white fluted in the darkness on the other side of the road.

Her acute apprehension had ceased. William King was so certain that, had the reality been less dreadful, she would have been ashamed of the fuss she had made. She wanted only this final assurance that the boy was at home, safe and sound; then she would think of her own affairs. She watched the moths fly about the lantern, and when one poor downy pair of wings touched the hot,

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domed top and fell fluttering into the road, she bent forward and looked at it, wondering what she could do for it. To kill it would be the kindest thing,—to put it out of its pain. But some obscure connection of ideas made her shudder back from death, even a moth's death; she lifted the little creature gently, and laid it in the dewy grass.

Down the Wrights' carriage road she heard a footstep on the gravel; a step that grew louder and louder, the confident, comforting step of the kind friend on whom she relied as she had never relied on any human being.

"What did I tell you?" William called to her, as he loomed out of the darkness into the circle of light from the lantern.

"He is all right?" she said trembling; "you saw him?"

"I didn't see him, but—"

"Oh," she said blankly.

"I saw those who had, ten minutes before; won't that do?" he teased her. "I found the Wright family just going to bed—where you ought to be this minute. I said I had just stopped in to say how-do-you-do. Samuel at once reproved me, because I hadn't been to evening church."

"And he—Sam? Was he—"

"He was in the house, up-stairs, his mother said. I asked about him sort of casually, and she said he had just come in and gone up to his room. His father made some uncomplimentary remarks about him. Samuel oughtn't to be so hard on him," William said thoughtfully; "he said he had told Sam that he supposed he might look forward to supporting him for the rest of his life—'as if he were a criminal or an idiot.' Imagine a father saying a thing like that!" William lifted his lantern and turned the wick up. "Now, I'm only hard on him when he is a goose; but his father—"

What was that?

William King stood bolt upright, motionless, his lips parted. Mrs. Richie caught at his arm, and the lantern swinging sharply, scattered a flying shower of light; they were both rigid, straining their ears, not breathing. There was no sound except the vague movement of leaves overhead, and faintly from across the meadow—*"Bob-white! bob-white!"*

"I thought—I heard—" the doctor said in a whisper; Helena, clutching at his arm, reeled heavily against him.

"Yes. It was. That was what it was."

"No! Impossible!" he stammered. And they stood listening breathlessly; then, just as the strain began to relax, down through the darkness from the house behind the trees came a cry:

"Dr. King—"

An instant later the sound of flying steps on the gravel, and a girl's shrill voice: "Dr. King!"

"Here, Lydia," William said, running towards the little figure; "what's the matter!"

Helena, in the shadow of the gate-post, only caught a word:

"Sam—"

And the doctor and the child were swallowed up in the night.

When William King came out of that house of confusion and death, he found her huddled against the gate-post, haggard, drenched with dew, waiting for him. He started, with a distressed word, and lifted her in his arms. "Oh, you ought not to be here; I thought you had gone home long ago!"

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"He—shot—?"

"Yes. Poor boy; poor, foolish, crazy boy! But it wasn't your fault. Oh, my poor child!"

She shivered away from him, then without a word turned towards Old Chester. The doctor walked at her side. It was nearly three. No one saw them as they went through the sleeping streets; at William's house, she stopped, with a silent gesture of dismissal.

"I am going to take you home," he said gently. And a few minutes later he began to tell her about it. "He was dead when I got there. They think it was an accident; and it is best they should. I am afraid I'll have to explain to my wife, because she saw your apprehension. But nobody else need know. Except—I must tell Dr. Lavendar, of course; but not until after the funeral. There is no use complicating things. But other people can just think it was an accident. It was, in one way. He was insane. Everybody is, who does—that. Poor Samuel! Poor Mrs. Wright!

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark — Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

HE FOUND HER HUDDLED AGAINST THE GATE-POST, WAITING FOR HIM.

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I could not leave them; but I thought you had gone home, or I would have come. Mrs. Richie, promise me one thing: promise me not to feel it was your fault."

She dropped her face in her hands. "Not my fault! . . . I killed him."

CHAPTER XXIV

"HE was cleaning his father's pistol, and it went off—" the poor, dazed mother said, over and over. The father said nothing. He sat, his elbow on his knee, his forehead resting in the palm of his hand. Sometimes his heavy eyes glanced up, but he did not lift his head. He had hardly spoken since the accident. Then, he had said to William King:

"I suppose he undertook to clean my revolver. He always did things at queer times. I suppose it went off. It had a tricky hammer. It went off. By accident — not . . . He hadn't any reason to . . . He said, only yesterday, when he got back, that he couldn't stay away from home any longer. He said he *had* to come back. So, you see, there isn't any reason to think . . . He was cleaning it. And it went off. The hammer was tricky."

The slow, bewildered words were spoken with his eyes fixed blindly on the floor. At the sight of his dreadful composure, his wife's loud weeping died into a frightened whimper. He did not repeat the explanation. Dr. Lavendar heard it from Mrs. Wright, as she knelt beside the poor, stony father, patting his hand and mothering him.

"It was an accident, Dr. Lavendar. Sammy took a notion to clean his father's pistol. And it went off. And oh, he had just come back to us again. And he was so glad to get home. He went to church yesterday morning. I didn't have to urge him. He wanted to go. I feel sure he had begun to think of his Saviour. Yes; and he wanted to go back to the bank, and write up his ledgers; he was so happy to be among us again. Oh, Dr. Lavendar, he said to me, 'I just had to come home, mother.' And I kissed him, and I said, 'Yes, my darling; home is the best place.' And—he kissed me, Dr. Lavendar. Sammy was not one to do that—a big boy, you know. Oh, I am so glad he *wanted* to come home. And now the Lord has taken him. Oh, Samuel, try, try to say: 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

The Senior Warden stared in silence at her plump hand, shaking and trembling on his knee. Dr. Lavendar did not urge any word of resignation. He sat beside the stricken pair, hearing the mother's pitiful babble, looking at the father's bent gray head, saying what he could of Sam—his truthfulness, his good nature, his kindness. "I remember once he spent a whole afternoon making a splint for Danny's leg. And it was a good splint," said Dr. Lavendar. Alas! how little he could find to say of the young creature who was a stranger to them all!

Dr. Lavendar stayed with them until noon. He had been summoned just as he was sitting down to breakfast, and he had gone instantly, leaving Mary wringing her hands at the double distress of a dreadful calamity and Dr. Lavendar's going without his breakfast. When he saw William King he asked no questions, except,

"Who will tell his grandfather?"

But of course there was only one person to tell Mr. Benjamin Wright, and Dr. Lavendar knew it. "But you must come with me, William; Benjamin is very frail."

"Yes;" said William King; "only you've got to have something to eat first."

And that gave Dr. Lavendar the chance to ask Mrs. Wright for some breakfast, which made her stop crying, poor soul, for a little while.

As Goliath pulled them slowly up the hill, William told part of his part of the story. He had dropped in to the Wrights' the night before to say how-do-you-do. "It was nearly ten. I only stayed a few minutes; then I went off; I had got as far as the gate, and I was—was fixing my lantern, and I thought I heard a shot. And I said—'*What's that?*' And I stood there, sort of holding my breath, you know; I couldn't believe it was a shot. And then they called. When I got to the house, it was all over. It was instantaneous. Samuel told me that Sam had been fooling with his revolver, and—"

"Yes;" said Dr. Lavendar; "that's what they told me."

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Both men were silent. Then Dr. Lavendar said, "Will it kill Benjamin?"

"I don't know. I don't know;" the doctor said, sighing. "Oh, Dr. Lavendar, why does the Lord hit the innocent over the guilty's shoulder? The boy is out of it; but his father and mother, and grandfather, and—and others, they have got to bear it."

"Why, Willy, my boy," said Dr. Lavendar, "that's where the comfort of it is. It means we're all one—don't you see? If we suffer in the boy's suffering or wrong-doing, it is because we and he are one in Christ Jesus."

"Yes, sir," said William, respectfully. But he did not understand.

When they reached The Top, it seemed to take them a long time to hitch Goliath. It was Dr. Lavendar who got himself together first and said calmly, "Come, William."

The front door was open, and the two bearers of heavy news entered unannounced. Benjamin Wright was in the dining-room, where the shutters were bowed to keep out the heat. He had taken off his hat, and was pottering about among his canaries, scolding Simmons, and swearing at the weather. Dr. Lavendar and William, coming from the white glare of sunshine, could hardly distinguish him as he shuffled back and forth among the shadows, except when he crossed the strip of dazzling green light between the bowed shutters. Dr. Lavendar stopped on the threshold; William stood a little behind him.

Mr. Wright, declaiming sonorously:

> "—Did you ever see the Devil,
> With his wooden leg and shovel,
> A-scratching up the gravel—"

paused to stick a cuttlefish between the bars of a cage and caught sight of the first figure. He instantly began to snarl a reproach:

"I might have been in my grave, for all you know, Edward Lavendar; except you'd have had to 'give hearty thanks for the good example' of the deceased. What a humbug the burial service is—hey? Same thing for an innocent like me, or for a senior warden. Come in. Simmons! Whiskey"—

He stopped short; William had moved in the shadows. "Why, that's Willy King," he said; and dropped the cuttlefish. "Something is wrong. Two black coats at this hour of the day mean something. Well! Out with it! What's happened?"

"Benjamin," said Dr. Lavendar, coming into the room, "Sam's Sam—"

"Keep Willy King out!" commanded the very old man, in a high, peevish voice. "I'm not going to die of it. He's—killed himself? Well; it's my fault. I angered him." He took up his hat, clutching the brim with shaking hands and pulling it fiercely down over his eyes. "Keep Willy off! I'm not—I'm not—"

Simmons caught him as he lurched back into a chair, and Dr. Lavendar bent over him, his old face moving with tears.

"It was an accident, Benjamin, either of the body or the soul—it doesn't matter which."

William King, standing behind the chair that held the forlorn and quivering heap, ventured gently: "Samuel says that Sam was cleaning his pistol, and—"

But Dr. Lavendar held up his hand and William was silent.

"Hold your tongue;" said Benjamin Wright. "Lavendar knows I don't like lies. Yes; my fault. I've done it again. Second time. Second time. Simmons! Get these—gentlemen some—whiskey."

Simmons, his yellow jaws mumbling with terror, looked at Dr. Lavendar, who nodded. But even as the old man got himself together, the brain flagged; William saw the twist come across the mouth, and the eyes blink and fix.

It was not a very severe shock, and after the first moments of alarm, the doctor said quietly.

"He is not dying."

But he was, of course, perfectly helpless and silenced; his miserable eyes seemed to watch them, fixedly, as they carried him to his bed, and did what little could be done; but he could make no demand, and offer no explanation.

It was not until late in the afternoon that William King had time to go to the Stuffed Animal House. "But I've thought of you all day," he told Mrs. Richie, taking her hand and looking pitifully into her face. It was strangely changed. Something was stamped into it that had never been there be-

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fore. . . . Weeks ago, a hurricane of anger had uprooted vanity and left confusion behind it. There was no confusion now; it had cleared into terror.

William found her walking restlessly up and down the long parlor; she gave him a look, and then stood quite still, shrinking a little to one side, as if she expected a blow. Something in that frightened, sidewise attitude made him hesitate to tell her of Benjamin Wright; she hardly knew the old gentleman, but it would startle her, the doctor reasoned. And yet, when very carefully, almost casually, he said that Mr. Wright had had a slight shock—"his life is not in danger just now," said William, "but he can't speak;"—she lifted her head and looked at him, drawing a full breath, as if eased of some burdening thought.

"Will he ever speak?" she said.

"I don't know; I think so. But probably it is the beginning of the end; poor old man!"

"Poor old man," she repeated, mechanically; "poor old man!"

After a pause the doctor said gently, that he hoped she would sit with Mrs. King and himself at the funeral on Wednesday.

Helena caught her hands together convulsively; "*I* go? Oh, no, no! I am not going."

The doctor was greatly distressed. "I know it is hard for you, but I'm afraid Samuel and his wife will be so hurt if you don't come? They know the boy was fond of you—you were always so good to him. I don't like to urge you, because I know it pains you; but—"

"Oh, I can't—I can't!"

She turned so white that William had not the heart to say anything more. But that same kind heart ached so for the father and mother, that he was grateful to her when he saw her on Wednesday, among the people gathering at the church. "Just like her unselfishness!" he said to himself.

All Old Chester, saddened and awed, came to show its sympathy for the stricken parents, and its pity, if nothing more, for the dead boy. But Helena, ghastly pale, had no room in her mind for either pity or sympathy. She heard Mr. Dilworth's subdued voice directing her to a pew, and a few minutes afterwards found herself sitting between Dr. and Mrs. King. Martha leaned over to greet her with an appropriate sigh; but Mrs. Richie did not notice her. There was no sound in the waiting church, except once in a while a long-drawn breath, or the faint rustle of turning leaves as some one looked for the burial service. The windows with their little borders of stained glass, were tilted half-way open this hot morning, and sometimes the silence was stirred by the brush of sparrows in the ivy under the sills. On the worn carpet in the chancel the sunshine lay in patches of red and blue and purple, that flickered noiselessly when the wind moved the maple leaves outside; it was all so quiet that Helena could hear her own half-sobbing breaths. After a while, the first low note of the organ crept into the stillness, and as it deepened into a throbbing chord, there was the grave rustle of a rising congregation. Then from the church door came the sudden shock of words:

"*I am the Resurrection and the Life, said the Lord.*"

Helena, clutching at the back of the next pew, stood up with the rest. Suddenly she swayed, as though the earth was moving under her feet . . . The step of the bearers came heavily up the aisle. Her eyes fled from what they carried—("oh, was he so tall?")—and then shuddered back again to stare.

Martha King touched her arm; "We sit down now."

Helena sat down. Far outside her consciousness words were being said: "Now is Christ risen—" but she did not hear them; she did not see the people about her. She only saw, before the chancel, that long black shape. After a while the doctor's wife touched her again; "Here we stand up." Mechanically, she rose; her lips were moving in a terrified whisper, and Martha King, glancing at her sidewise, looked respectfully away. "Praying," the good woman thought; and softened a little.

But Helena was far from prayer. As she stared at that black thing before the chancel, her selfishness uncovered itself before her eyes and showed its nakedness.

The solid ground of experience was heaving and staggering under her feet, and

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in the midst of the elemental tumult, she had her first dim glimpse of responsibility. It was a blasting glimpse, that sent her cowering back to assertions of her right to her own happiness. Thirteen years ago Lloyd made those assertions, and she had accepted them and built them into a shelter against the disagreeable consciousness that she was an outlaw, pillaging respect and honor from her community. Until now nothing had ever shaken that shelter, nor had its dark walls been pierced by the disturbing light of any heavenly vision declaring that when personal happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it. She had not liked the secrecy which her shelter involved; no refined temperament likes secrecy. But the breaking of the law, in itself, had given her no particular concern; so that behind her excusing platitudes she had always been comfortable enough. Even that whirlwind of anger at old Benjamin Wright's contempt had only roused her to buttress her shelter with declarations that she was not harming anybody. But sitting there between William King and his wife, in the midst of decorously mournful Old Chester, she knew she could never say that any more; not only because a foolish and ill-balanced youth had been unable to survive a shattered ideal, but because she began suddenly and with consternation to understand that the whole vast fabric of society rested on that same ideal. And she had been secretly undermining it! Her breath caught, strangling, in her throat. In the crack of the pistol and the crash of ruined family life she heard for the first time the dreadful sound of the argument of her life to other lives; and at that sound the very foundation of those excuses of her right to happiness rocked and crumbled and left her selfishness naked before her eyes.

It was so unbearable, that instantly she sought another cover: obedience to the letter of the Law—Marriage. To marry her fellow outlaw seemed to promise both shelter and stability—for in her confusion she mistook marriage for morality. At once! Never mind if he were tired of her; never mind if she must humble what she called her pride, and plead with him to keep his word; never mind anything — except this dreadful revelation: that no one of us may do that which it would not be best for all to do. Yes; because she had not understood that, a boy had taken his own life. . . . Marriage! That was all she thought of; then, suddenly, she cowered—the feet of the bearers again.

"I will be married—" she said with dry lips, "oh, I will—I *will!*" And Martha King, looking at her furtively, thought she prayed.

It was not a prayer, it was only a promise. For with the organic upheaval into her consciousness of the primal fact of social responsibility, had come the knowledge of guilt.

But the Lord was not in the earthquake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nocturne

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

I WAKED from sleep, I knew not why;
The air was with thy presence sweet:
Yet no voice answered to my cry,
Nor hand to mine outstretched to greet.
The cold, dead moon hung in the sky,
Wrapped in her misty, winding sheet;
I listened and there loitered by,
A footfall in the empty street.

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THE PORTALES DE SANTO DOMINGO STILL EXIST

A Return to Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

THROUGHOUT all my wanderings, byways and back streets ever have been most to my liking. On coming into a new strange country it is well enough, of course, to go a stage or two upon main highroads, and to be at least on nodding terms with city thoroughfares; but the folk frequenting such crowded places—having been rubbed into a sort of common smoothness by their constant jostlings — have ceased to be typical: and the traveller who would do more than tickle the surface of things must go aside a little—along the footpaths where the common people walk, and into the little streets where in their own way they live their lives out—really to get into touch with that new strange country's heart.

Such browsings in nooks and corners have a pleasant flavor everywhere. Human nature is much the same the world over; and the world over—I generalize broadly from the few parts of it which I have visited—the well-disposed stranger who stops in humble places to have a dish of friendly talk with casual humble wayfarers has no need to fear rebuffs nor coldness. For the good coin that he offers, honest change will be given him; and he is sure to pick up a store of intimate knowledge about the land in which he sojourns, and equally is sure to find himself engaged in many pleasing small adventures, if he will but make the most of his opportunities for wayside gossiping by clinging closely to the skirts of happy chance.

Here in the City of Mexico my most profitable prowlings still are—as in ancient times they were—away from the town's cosmopolitan centre into the outer regions where its truly personal life goes on. I confess that I had my hesitations about beginning them again; and even about coming back to Mexico at all. In the old years, when this city for a while

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THE EVANGELISTA WRITES LETTERS FOR PATRONS

was my home, things went slowly and very easily here—with only a gentle buzzing of new-born activity central over the terminal stations of the new railways, then just come in from the North. It was a pleasant place to live in. The days drifted past placidly—having even in what was looked upon as their strenuous mornings an agreeable touch of the languorous calm of otherwhere afternoons. Remembering all that, I could not but have my doubts as to how Mexico and I, under new conditions, would get on together. At the best it is a dangerous adventure to try to pick up again a long-interrupted friendship. In my case the risk was extrahazardous: because in the seventeen years of our separation I knew that I myself, being grown older and rustier, had changed for the worse; and I was assured that Mexico had changed so much for the better (as it was put to me) that I feared that the old-time charm of my dear city would be gone.

On the very threshold of my return this fear seemed to be justified. At the Colonia Station we found waiting to welcome us those whom—of all in the whole Republic—we most longed to see: but the vehicle in which they carried us cityward—and actually over streets laid with asphalt—was an automobile! The asphalt alone would have dashed me. To find that subserviently smooth and characterless substance in the place of the masterful stones which I remembered—every one of them with a will of its own and a bump of its individual devising—was distinctly disheartening. As for the automobile—in the Mexico with which I was familiar, a flying-machine would have been no more out of place—it fairly numbed me with a gloomy surprise. A year or so ago, in Normandy, I felt that I was nothing less than an itinerant anachronism when I went motoring over roads trodden by Richard Cœur de Lion and William the Conqueror. Here in Mexico — where the transition from armored knights to automobiles has been practically instantaneous—the anachronistic elements of the situation were even more acute. An uneasy dread beset me that among the casual wayfarers whom we were liable to knock down and mangle (in the customary manner) might be Bernal Diaz, or Don Fernando del Tapia, or even Cortés himself; and the brilliant electric lamps which replaced in the streets the former dim oil-lanterns—while appreciably lessening the danger

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of such encounters—only increased by their inappropriate modernity the confusion of my loosely hung ideas.

At the end of the run, being come to our hotel, a leisurely elevator ambled us upward to an apartment that included a white-tiled bath-room enshrining a porcelain-lined tub that was our very own. Elevators and private baths in Mexico! I went to sleep quite worn out with wondering: pursued by dizzied fancyings of the Spaniards fleeing on the Dismal Night along electric-lighted causeways, and of Alvarado making his famous leap—loop-the-loop fashion—in a motor-car!

In accordance with my habit in foreign countries, my first wanderings were in the grand parts of the town: along the main central thoroughfares, and later through the whole new quarter that in recent years has sprung up on the city's western rim. In the course of them, because I carried with me my old loving memories, I got a good many bruises and even one serious wound; and at the end of them, because of my old conservatism, I had the feeling that an unwarrantable advantage had been taken of my prolonged absence to infuse a jarringly youthful friskiness into my Mexico's sedate antiquity.

My serious hurt—the scar will be lasting—came when I found that the Portales in the Coliseo Viejo and Refugio and Tlalpaleros had been destroyed. Those arcaded sidewalks made one of the most picturesque bits in all the city; and of a Sunday or a feast-day—when the interarch spaces were filled with venders of old books and old bric-à-brac—they were luminously exemplary of one phase of the city's character. I cannot reconcile myself to the loss of them. Their demolition was an archæological crime. With the new buildings that I found scattered through the old streets—none of them objectionable, and some of them of an admirable elegance—I could not reasonably pick a quarrel: save on the ethical ground that they stood out in too arrogant contrast with, and so put shame upon, their modest old neighbors left over from an earlier and a simpler time. After all, I said to myself tolerantly, a city that is very much alive has the right to keep on growing; and a part of its growth necessarily must involve the destruction and the renewal of its out-



ONE OF THE TINY CAKE-STANDS

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worn parts. This large view of the matter comforted me; and I found farther comfort in perceiving that, so far—with the lamentable exception of the Portales—nothing has been sacrificed in the making-over process that could assert a right, historical or artistic, to be preserved.

As for the new western suburb, I frankly accepted it as a legitimate growth: a pardonable development of the strong new life that is thrilling into energy my city's three centuries of drowsiness. As it stands on land that has been vacant since the morning of Creation, nothing has been lost in the making of it; and for the comfort and for the dignity of the city much has been gained. On its minor streets the small houses, having a well-to-do air about them, keep in friendly touch with the architectural traditions of the country; yet depart a little from those traditions in ways which make them less monotonous without and tell of a greater comfort within. On its grand street, the Paseo de la Reforma—while the old architecture fairly is broken with in favor of a new order, in some of its manifestations suggestive of a mésalliance between French Suburban and Euclid Avenue Renaissance—the effect of the rather spirited villas and of the graver palaces (the term is not an exaggeration) which rub elbows together for a half-mile or more is of an affluent impressiveness. And the Paseo itself—what with its great width, emphasized by its lines of trees and by its bordering gardens; its well-thought and well-worked central monuments—which set in rather trying contrast its double row of statues of Mexican heroes; and, above all, its superb perspective leading up to the hill and castle of Chapultepec—assuredly is one of the most original, and on large lines one of the most noble, driveways to be found in any land. In a word, I gave to the new quarter the refreshment of my approval: with the single reserve that it tended—by striking a note so modern—to force still farther into the background the old Mexico of my old ideals.

For this same reason I resented, and sharply, the American-built electric cars which nowadays go whizzing everywhere about my city, and the electric lamps which at night fill it everywhere with an unseemly electric glitter. The little cars drawn by little mules, with drivers who at every corner outdid Gabriel with their tin-trumpetings, were characteristic institutions which I missed regretfully; and still more regretfully I missed the shadowy romance of the oil-lamp lighted streets: dotted—the dots growing fainter and fainter down the long perspective—with the serenos' lanterns, set in the middle of every crossway to warn evil-doers of the night that the city-watch was vigilant.

To be sure, the little points of light still are at the crossways, but they are lost in electric blazings; and the muffled figures of the serenos, of old so alluringly mysterious, are changed into mere commonplace policemen in the electric glare. As to the classic spectres of the streets of Mexico, a very sturdy imagination is required now-a-nights to have faith in them. The Vaca de Lumbre — that devilish fire-breathing cow which comes out from the Potrero de San Sebastian at midnight and goes galloping about the city, luminous with an unholy halo of hell-fire and darting forth living flames from her nostrils—can make but a poor showing with the best of her infernal pyrotechnics against arc-lamps. La Llorona, the Wailer — who wanders shrieking for her lost children, and who incidentally kills with her icy breath whoever is luckless enough to encounter her—is so essentially a spirit of darkness that her wailings under electric lights really would have to take the form of apologies. And Don Juan Manuel—that sinner above all sinners, who roves at night, his hand muffled in his cloak holding a keen dagger, questioning whom he meets "what hour is it?" and then slaying whom he has questioned—could make no excuse for his incongruous presence in a well-lighted thoroughfare. The natural reply to his question would be: "Why don't you look at your watch?"—and even a spectre of Don Juan Manuel's known malevolence, being addressed so prosaically, would not have the effrontery to venture upon romantic crime. Assuredly, I said to myself in the course of my first evening's walk, a legendary city is taking dangerous chances when it jeopardizes its legends by tampering

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with electricity; and, in my heat over the concession that had been made to mere popular convenience, I confess to having had some pretty harsh thoughts about the City Council and the Mayor!

Yet another atmospheric change wholly to my unliking was the new flavor that I found in the streets of Plateros and San Francisco—virtually a single street, the most fashionable in the city — where lines of English signs, backed by notices in the shop-windows that English was spoken by the shopkeepers, and where the preponderating presence of my own country-folk speaking unmistakable American with their bad best foreign charm.



MOST APPETIZING MEAT STEWS SOLD FROM DOORWAYS

Still more seriously disconcerting was my discovery, on my first Sunday, that the church parade on San Francisco—an ancient institution of the capital—had lost its most entrancing distinction from church parades elsewhere. In the days that are dear to my memory, the ornate youth of the city lined up against the house fronts—with the look of uncapped caryatides—and along the narrow pavement in front of them the ladies of the city streamed homeward from the churches clad in seemly black of a richness and wearing on their heads black lace mantillas: a garb in which the plainest of women becomes a bewitchment, and that so ravishingly enhances the beauty of a beautiful woman as to make her seem a landfall in the latitude of dreams! The parade still goes on. The young men still stand in their caryatid row; and still (very handsomely, I think, under the existing conditions) look, and even speak, their admiration as the ladies still stream past them—but the ladies no longer wear black, and their grace-giving mantillas are gone! To their undoing, they are clad in silks of dynamic colorings, not always harmonized; and upon their unhappy heads are the hideously huge hats of the period—and the result of casting aside a beautiful racial dress for an ugly passing fashion is so disastrous that to comment upon it would be not less ungallant than unkind. To find the women of Mexico thus helping in the hapless work of uprooting ancient customs—and in a manner so conspicuously to their own disadvantage—was my most painful blow!

Having come upon so much that was changed in the body and in the soul of my city, in its high places, I had my hesitations—as I have said—about resuming my prowlings, of old always so delighting, on its lower planes. Over there was my last chance—and I was shy of taking it. If it failed me, my moody doubts would be resolved into the gloomy certainty that I had done unwisely in seeking to revive a love which better had been left to smoulder warmly deep-bedded in the embers of the past.

In a way, the investigations that I dreaded to venture upon were compelled

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by a practical necessity: the need that we should search for our old lavandera, Joséfa Correa—whose home, in the Street of the Little Magueys, was in the humble northern quarter of the city that precisely corresponds with the East End of London and the East Side of New York.

Joséfa was a most lovable old body who for a long time was both our washerwoman and our friend. Her semi-weekly visits gave us always a cordial pleasure; and her talk—of which she was no miser—gave us always much of interest to ponder upon: she being a very wise old woman, with views of life that were large and sound. Moreover, she was a link between the new Mexico and the old—between the Clerical times and the times which came in with the Laws of the Reform. In her politics she was a conservative; but not narrow. "Porfírio is a little hasty," she once said, "but he means well"—and she showed a most intelligent appreciation of the betterments which have come to Mexico under this great and wise dictator's rule. Some good things had been lost, she said, in the course of the change; most notably—this was a natural reflection from her standpoint—the kindly care that of old was taken by the Churchmen of the very poor. But she approved, on the whole, of the new order of things: holding that the lower classes had a better chance to make a good life for themselves under the new dispensation than had been open to them under the old ordering—when each social stratum stayed fixed in its appointed station; and when the poor, with few exceptions, remained the poor from the beginning to the ending of their toiling days.

To meet again this sage and dear old woman was a pleasure to which we looked forward, in returning to Mexico, with a warm eagerness. But, being come upon the very edge of it, we had our doubtings and our fears. The lower-class Mexicans rarely are long-lived—and our Joséfa, we reflected sorrowfully, was an old woman when we parted from her seventeen years ago.

At that parting she gave us instructions for finding her when—at the end of the twelvemonth or so that we fancied would be the limit of our absence—we should return to Mexico. Such instructions were necessary. As the poor are prone to be, Joséfa was migratory in her habits. Two or three times in the course of our four years' acquaintance she had changed her dwelling place; and she was quite of the opinion that her flittings—the pleasurable excitement incident to which seemed to be the main cause of them—would continue, and that the Calle de Magueyitos (in which we left her) soon would cease to be her home. It therefore would be best, she said, to give the Magueyitos the go-by and to obtain her new address by going direct to her kinsman Don Juan Guzman Rosales: who surely would know it; and whose abode, in the Tercera de Soto, was as permanent as that of the Archbishop—and almost as well known! She spoke of this relative with a pride that was justifiable. He was a Profesor de Armas, and the actual proprietor of a tiro de pistola—a shooting-gallery. He was all that, on her word! Any one, for streets around, could and gladly would direct us to him. But, in point of fact, directions would be needless—because in two ways his house in the Third de Soto was conspicuous above all the other houses in the block: on the front of it we would find painted (very well done, too) a picture of a Señor Caballero firing a pistol at a target; also, from within the house would come a noble crackling of pistol-shots, and with this the clash of swords. Mistakes about that house were impossible. The sword-play and the shooting were continuous. All day long caballeros came to Don Juan's gallery to perfect themselves under his instruction in the art of arms. And so we parted from our Joséfa: holding to her future whereabouts—in the person of her stably eminent relative—what had the look of being a permanent clue.

It was this clue that we followed hopefully—but of course not directly. Going straight from one point to another—and so missing side chances of investigation and adventure—is among the rarest of my indiscretions. The Tercera de Soto—the Calle de Soto is made up of nine blocks numbered sequently—bore northwest by north from our starting-point, and I therefore laid my course for it northeast northerly: a course that car-

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THEY EAT MORE FOOD IN PUBLIC

ried us down past the Cathedral to the Plazuela de Santo Domingo; and thence by a long leg westward—through a street cut up under seven names into seven sections—to our prescribed landfall.

In the matter of reviving my wavering faith in the permanence of Mexican institutions, that was a happy voyage. We were no more than past the Cathedral than I was again in the atmosphere that I longed for—with nothing to suggest the intruding foreign element but the American-built electric cars; and those so packed with men in cotton shirts and cotton trousers, and with women in calico petticoats and rebosos, that their Americanism was reduced to the lowest terms. Being come to the Plazuela, I was made yet more happy by finding the Portales de Santo Domingo—as characteristic and as picturesque as the others which so outragingly have been demolished—still blessedly existing: with their shoe-shops, and their little puestos for the sale of toys and sweets, and their line of evangelistas writing letters for those to whom penmanship is a sealed mystery—all as it had been, and as it ought to be. The only inroad upon the customs of antiquity that I noted was an evangelista (who ought to have been ashamed of himself) hard at work upon a typewriter; and obviously taking in his manipulation of that pernicious instrument an unseemly pride.

As we made our westing toward the Calle de Soto — in spite of the ever-present electric tramway—the true Mexican flavor grew increasingly strong. In this region, and in the region eastward of the Volador, I am persuaded that little shops are crowded more closely together than in any other city (not excepting the shabby quarter of Naples) in the world; and nowhere, certainly, are minute commercial transactions carried on with a more spirited energy. Yet the lively chaffering — in contrast with Whitechapel or Hester Street—rarely crosses the line of civility; and is apt to be lightened by a strong dash of chaff. The common people of the City of Mexico have inherited from both their Spanish and their Aztec ancestors a tradition of politeness; and on the Aztec side they have also a heritage of dry humor and of innate gentleness. That they have by

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IN A "CASA DE VECINDAD"

both descents a strain of ferocity is true, and when pulque gets the worse of them they fight like incarnate devils; but that is the exception—their normal dealings with each other being carried on smilingly, and their voices having normally a kind ring. Their love for their children is in the way of being a racial touchstone. Only twice in all the years that I have been in Mexico have I seen even an approach to harshness with a child.

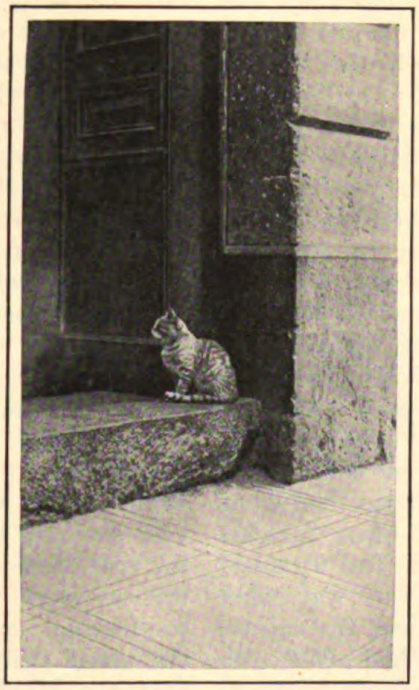
Quite as characteristic as the tiny shops which we passed were the tinier street eating-places. Probably the common people of Mexico do not eat more food than any other people; but they certainly do eat more food in public, in a casual and incidental sort of way, than overtly is consumed elsewhere. Partly to supply this extraordinary demand, partly by temptation to create it, eating-stands are scattered thickly throughout the poorer quarter. Everywhere are affable old women crouched in doorways who sell cakes and pastry and sandwiches of meat and radishes and lettuce dashed with chile; those of them in a large way of business having cooking establishments—a brazier of some sort—for the frying of pancakes, and the baking of tortillas and tamales, and the making of most appetizing-looking meat stews: all of which both look and smell so enticingly, and are so cleanly made, that the blessed Saint Anthony the Abbot—should he chance to come walking with his pig Barabbas in Mexico—would have reason to be well on his guard! I have the impression that these excellent old women severally have their regular customers. Certainly, their patrons chat away with them in a most friendly fashion between mouthfuls, and usually stop to talk for a while longer when the eating is at an end: much as, in other social latitudes, a regular diner at a restaurant stops to pass with its proprietor—when dinner is over—a word or two of well-fed good-will.

Most refreshing of all the refreshments of this pleasing walk were our encounters with many sedate but lovable cats—of the kind which of old were a feature of every shop doorway in the city; but which now, disastrously, are missing from its grander parts. They are grave and dignified to a degree, these shop-keeping cats; and even, now and then,

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a little offend good cat-manners by their too marked air of self-importance. But amiability is the very essence of their small beings—and to come again within stroking reach of their soft little jowls, and to hear them purr their acknowledgment (in cat Spanish) of my small courtesy, made me feel that I had found again the Mexico which too hastily I had fancied was lost.

It was in a very happy spirit, therefore, that we came at last to the Tercera de Soto and began our quest for Don Juan Guzman Rosales, Profesor de Armas: whose abiding-place was as fixed as that of the Archbishop, and who was to tell us where our Joséfa lived.



A Shopkeeping Cat

But many things may happen—even to profesores de armas—in seventeen years. We went the length, and back again, of the Third de Soto: but on none of the houses was there a picture of a pistol-shooting caballero, and from none of them came the rattle of pistol-shots and the clash of swords.

Failing to find what we searched for, we applied ourselves to a botica on the corner for information. It was a small botica; but the little clerk within it was even disproportionately smaller, and very young. Indeed, he was so embryotic an apothecary that to let him loose at dispensing drugs struck me as being but a left-handed way of inviting the extermination by poison of the entire neighborhood. Yet it is but fair to add that he seemed to have an immense sense of his poisonous responsibilities, and obviously did his best to live up to them by affecting an air of age. So far as our search was concerned, he was useless. The shooting-gallery perceptibly touched his youthful imagination; but it was too remote to touch his youthful memory. Checking his unprofessional interest in it, he answered gravely that Don Juan Guzman Rosales was all unknown to him, and that if ever there had been a tiro de pistola in the Tercera de Soto much time had been made since it vanished — and he so inflected the phrase "hace mucho tiempo" as to relegate Don Juan and the pistols to a period not less remote than the Spanish conquest.

At the panadería, on the opposite corner, better fortune attended us. The baker was an old baker; and his bakery —as he told us impressively—had been planted on that very corner by his father, before he himself was born. Assuredly, he said, he knew—that is, he had known — the Profesor de Armas whom we sought. Many and many a time he had practised with the pistol in Don Juan's gallery. But, alas, he added, he should practise there no more! Don Juan was with the saints—and the pistol-gallery had ceased to be! Perceiving how greatly we were disconcerted by this intelligence—he was a most amiable old man and seemed truly desirous of helping us—he continued, encouragingly, that in the matter of the señora lavandera whom we sought our case was not desperate. The family Rosales, from whom no doubt we could obtain the address of the lady washerwoman, was living he believed—he was not personally acquainted with its members—in a casa de vecindad, only a step away. The entrance to the tenement, he explained, was through the archway nearest to the corner; and, once within that archway, anybody could direct us to the Rosales dwelling. The matter was of great simplicity—we would have no trouble at all. And he accepted our thanks with a cordial dignity and wished us a very good day.

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Casas de vecindad are little courts, open only to foot traffic, in which the little houses—usually of a single story—are as small as houses well can be. They are picturesque to a degree. On lines stretched zigzag bright-colored clothes hang out to dry in the sunshine; a swarm of women wearing bright-colored skirts and blue rebosos crowd the doorways; a minor swarm of children, clad more or less in sunbeams, roll on the ground contentedly; and always about the common hydrant, in the court's centre, is there a sociable group engaged in chattering talk. In these cheerful tenements men are seen only in the early mornings and at night-time. The husbands and fathers are laborers, who spend their days abroad.

Having found our court, and entered it, we addressed ourselves to the women about the hydrant. Our coming made a stir among them. Their gossipings—carried on in pleasant-sounding gentle voices—ceased suddenly as we approached. But they received us with a charming courtesy; and the eldest of them, in answer to our questioning, gave us the comprehensive information that the whole of the family Rosales—save one nephew, who had vanished into unknown parts—was dead! We gathered from what was told us that things had gone very badly indeed with these luckless Rosales after their head, the Profesor de Armas, had departed—as the baker had told us—to dwell among the saints; so badly that, really, they had acted with a sound discretion in making haste to follow him. But (as we never had so much as laid eyes on a single one of them) our regret for their misfortunes, ending in their extinction, was of an abstract and impersonal sort.

It was with a real anxiety, however, that we asked—on the chance that these friends of her relatives might have some knowledge of her—for information concerning our Joséfa; and the answer given us was the answer that we dreaded: our dear Joséfa was dead—had been dead for seven years! There was a break in the woman's voice as she spoke, and a note of strong sorrow—which were explained when she added that Joséfa had been her close friend, and had died in that very court. Most of the others, we found, also had known her, and seemed truly to have loved her; and presently we all were talking away together—that she had been the friend of all of us sufficed to make all of us friends—as though we had known each other for years. What they told of her excellencies—her loving-kindness, her sagacity, her rectitude, her punctuality in her duties—tallied exactly with our own less extended knowledge of her admirable life; and we found a sorrow-touched pleasure in listening to their warm-hearted praises of this truly good woman: who had left behind her so sweet a memory among her intimates; and whose memory was dear to us also, although she had been but casually our friend. At last, with a great outburst of polite leave-takings, we came away from them all and homeward: happier for our encounter with that little friendly company, but with an undersorrow because our dear Joséfa was gone.

But though we found her not, I am happy in the thought that it was Joséfa who brought me into touch again with the real Mexico of my affections; that it was my quest for her which gave me the comforting assurance—notwithstanding the many painful changes in my city—that the Mexico of the kindly, honest, lovable common people has not changed at all.

And I like to fancy that Joséfa, up there in heaven—laying aside the harp that probably rather bothers her, and gazing downward over the great golden walls with her earth-tired old elbows resting comfortably on the glittering parapet—watched us while we made our wandering search for her: and so knows the good turn that she has done me, and is glad too.

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Foresight

BY NELSON LLOYD

I AM to die to-morrow. The clouds that have obscured the brink of life drift away as I come nearer. All is clear now; I see the sheer cliff, and then nothingness.

To-day, to the world's eye, Edward Garth is a strong man with years of happiness before him, but as I sit at this same desk writing, the end will come, to-morrow at five. One moment in God's sunshine, the next in His darkness; one moment envied for my riches and power, the next a mere heap! Beyond that I cannot pierce. My foresight carries me only to that instant when soul and body part. There the future closes about me as mysteriously as the past. When that moment comes, I would that I could pause at the brink, by the heap, by the lifeless body half stretched across the table, and know what those will say that held that I was mad. What will say Kraemler, and Ritzka, and Browning, the men of science, who, limping backward through life themselves, saw in prescience only madness. Learned egotists—if I was mad, you were blind!

So I move to the end, not with fear, but with elation. Of hope, I have none; I do not ask it. I know the hour, and there is no escape. To live would be to prove myself mad. To die is my victory. The heap upon the table will be the conqueror, and the conquered those wise men who, living, stand by it and wonder. They must admit defeat. How can they quibble longer when I have written to them to come to this room at five on the minute and see my proof?

Thus closes the journal of my friend Edward Garth. He did write after that, but disconnectedly. We found the pages scattered about him that day when we called "at five on the minute." To Kraemler and Ritzka these last incoherent scribblings meant madness. To me they meant madness, but it was only the madness that Garth foresaw. He lived in the future, and when that future was narrowed down to minutes he lacked experience for the business of his brain. His past was gone. As he drew nearer and nearer the brink he could know nothing, see nothing, think of nothing but death. So he had said it would be. His nerveless hand clutched the pen; his cheek, still warm, pressed the page that held his last strange record.

"I am strong—every faculty is keen—sight, hearing, every sense—but my brain runs wild, like a mill with no grist—thinking over and over the little left—I am coming nearer and nearer—soon a blow—a blur—peace—and—a moment—and—" Garth had reached the edge of Life and stepped bravely on.

"Mad, Dr. Browning—your friend was brilliantly mad," Kraemler said to me, as we stood gazing at the heap.

There lay the body half stretched across the table. Here were Kraemler, Ritzka, and Browning, the men of science, the learned egotists. Was he pausing at the brink, I wondered. Was his soul lingering there to hear the verdict of the blind fools who had condemned him, because they saw not as he did? Could he know that the victory was his? I knew it. In my hand was the story of his life; there in the damp pages was the proof of it. Garth was dead; and, living, I was the witness of what he had foreseen.

"But was he mad, Dr. Kraemler?" I returned, in gentle protest. "And you, Ritzka, do you not feel some doubt as to the correctness of your conclusions? Perhaps we are blind. We live in grooves. We inherit from our ancestors absurd political systems and foolish theologies, and those who arise to attack and refute them we damn as revolutionists, demagogues, heretics. Even in our way of using our minds we are abject slaves to heredity. Generation after generation moves backward through life, seeing only

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that which has passed, blinking at the future as though it were the blinding sun. And when one comes who turns around, puts his back to the past and his face to the future, we call him a lunatic and try to cure him."

Ritzka was half beaten. He turned from the heap, and going to the window, stood in silence looking down the sweep of broad lawns to the beach, where the children of Edward Garth were playing in the waters of the Sound.

"Do you still hold to your view?" I demanded.

My friend turned. "If all mankind moved in darkness, Browning, those who saw would be called blind," he answered, quietly.

"Exactly," said Kraemler, in that didactic way of his that brooks no contradiction. The greatest alienist of the time was almost beaten. I knew it. But all his dearest theories, his years of labor, were in danger, and he was fighting to the last to save them. Placing his hand upon the heap, he spoke as coldly as though in the lecture-room. "This one case proves nothing. Let me see three or even two like it, and then I shall be willing to admit the possibility of such a mental state as you believe existed here. We have had what I held to be an ordinary case of mental derangement, such as we have seen hundreds of, though, I confess, none where the patient possessed the same hallucinations. Garth was a victim of amnesia, and we have had frequent evidences that since he was stricken, two years ago, he partially recovered his memory. With that faculty so seriously crippled it was not surprising that there should come to his disordered mind the idea of prescience. Knowing that the past was almost closed to him, he turned in desperation to the future. But that he could have gained foresight when he lost memory is absurd—highly absurd. It is astonishing, Dr. Browning, that you should take the ground that the vague ramblings of the patient were truths; that, to use his own expressive way of putting it, his mind was turned around."

"The proofs, Kraemler," I interrupted. "Garth hoodwinked us. We now know that the day we declared him sane enough to leave his home alone, unguarded, he was as mad as the day we were first called to his bedside, when he could not even remember his wife. Look at the wonders he worked with his crippled mind. I tell you he was either all mad, or more sane than you or I. Remember again and again—"

"Coincidence—accident," cried Kraemler. "I admit that you can point to a half-dozen instances where Garth's foresight proved as accurate as memory, but in none of these was the chance of coincidence entirely eliminated. We should have taken a single case as evidence of clear reasoning, coupled with subsequent circumstances that conspired to support his predictions. The recurrence of these cases is certainly puzzling, but his whole contention is too absurd for me to allow it, strange though the facts are."

"Look at his death," said I. "You see now how his prophecy has been fulfilled."

"The weakest point in your argument," returned Kraemler, sharply. "Cases are not unknown where men have predicted their own deaths. Once the idea is fixed in the mind, it seems as though every power of the will bent itself to forming the physical conditions that would bring about a fulfilment of what has become a desire."

"Granted," said I, with heat. "Give me a score of such cases and you cannot move me. I believe that the day of Edward Garth's death was fixed when he was born; that this was the day, as he knew; that no power on earth could have changed it—not even you, Kraemler, nor I, with all our boasted skill."

Kraemler was exasperatingly calm. He shrugged his shoulders by right of his greater fame. "Undoubtedly this was the day of Garth's death, fixed when he was born or before that—in the beginning of things, if you will," he said. "There is no disproving that every event in this life was foreordained. But to take the view that you do one must cast science to the winds."

Science? A carpentry of obvious facts; a house of cards that a puff of air brings tumbling about our heads; a crude structure that rises proudly above the plain of Ignorance! The blind man gropes in the dark and knows only the object on which he can lay his hands.

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Kraemler was blind. And had Kraemler called aloud that Edward Garth was mad, the world would have believed him, for the world moves backwards, lives with its eyes intent upon the past, and looks askance at those who break from the narrow groove down which it goes to eternity. There was a time when Kraemler, with the power of his great name and intellect, had bent my mind to his, but that day when I saw the heap upon the table, when I read the pages scattered there about it, I believed the story of Edward Garth.

There is reason in those pages which Kraemler calls the vague ramblings of a madman, but it is not reason as he knows it, or as Ritzka knows it, or I know it, for Garth's mind had gone far beyond our silly rule of measurement. He proved it in those two strange years, but in our wisdom we doubted and tried to cure him. He proved it in his death, but even then I alone of the three surrendered absolutely. My justification is my friend's own story, as I have gathered it from his papers. I found at times puzzling omissions, lapses, confusions, which taken on the face seemed to indicate that he had indeed been insane. But when we consider that the events he describes occurred at a time when he had no memory, that he had to recover his past from fragmentary notes and piece it out with such facts as he could surreptitiously wheedle from his friends, we see in every line how sane he really was.

My last dollar was gone. The record of my ruin was before me on the white tape that curled over the table in inextricable chaos. The closing sale of Central Pacific was sixty points above the opening, and no doubt existed now that the stock was cornered and would climb next morning past all buying. But, up or down, the movement of the shares made no difference to me, for the last vestige of my fortune had gone that day, even with the little that was my wife's, in vain effort to save me from disaster.

I have said that I was ruined. To my mind I was. But most people in the world are born ruined, live ruined, and die ruined, judging from our low point of view. At middle age I faced the world again without a cent, for the results of my years of labor had been swept away in a fever of speculation. Money comes in so slowly in mercantile pursuits. In Wall Street fortunes are made overnight. I was weary of honest little profits. I wanted riches in a hurry. So I had staked a few thousands and lost; staked a few more to recover them and met with success; then doubled my ventures, till that moment came when only my debts were left as reminders of my former affluence.

I folded the paper on which I had been figuring and put it in my pocket. With one sweep of the arm the tape rattled to the floor and curled snakelike around my feet. I kicked myself free, and rising, turned to Cogden.

"I am down and out," I said. "To-morrow I shall come here and try to straighten the tangle."

"It is too bad you were caught," the broker returned, with a sympathy tempered by my debts to him. "Dine with me at the club to-night, Garth, and we will talk it over. Perhaps we can find some way—"

"There is no way," I cried. "Every available share of stock I own has been put up as collateral. I have borrowed from my friends to the limit of their good nature. I owe more than a hundred thousand dollars, and in my business I shall have to scrimp and scrape for the rest of my life to make it. I am going home to be alone—to think—though God only knows what good it will do me."

I did not want sympathy. It was not deserved. I had played a big game and lost. Had I won I should have transferred to my account the fortunes of others without a qualm, simply because they were unknown. The wraiths of the market would never have haunted me. The money was real, the losers were shadows, not worth a thought, and I should have gone home whistling. Now they were whistling, and I, worse than penniless, stood again face to face with the greatest problem of life—that of merely living. To myself alone poverty would have meant nothing, for I had lived in it and thrived on it in my younger days, but my wife and children had known only comfort. It was the thought of what my financial ruin meant to them that drove me half mad, for there must

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be a struggle of years before I could return to them what I had lost in a few reckless days. Was it a wonder that I felt half a criminal? Was it a wonder that when I reached home I feared to face them with the truth, slunk by the library where I could hear their voices, crept up-stairs to my study? I wanted to be alone. I wanted to gather together my scattered wits and nerves. I wanted them to see me standing erect, not crouching under the blow, stunned.

Hours and hours I passed there—working—thinking. They tell me now that it was only minutes. But I was working as I had never before worked in my life, sitting motionless, my head in my hands, my brain throbbing, thinking, seeking some escape from my straits. There seemed nowhere that I could turn. Simple labor would not settle obligations such as mine in twenty years. My debts alone demanded my life. In the market only could I rise, in that market where I had come to grief. Yet with money to start again the future might find me as blind as the past. I had been blind. A little foresight yesterday and I might have been saved, and more.

Foresight—that was what I lacked—that was where I failed. I had hindsight in plenty, like all mankind, a useless power of seeing what has gone. What I wanted was to know the future. The past was full of the dead. The future held life.

Memory—what is it? An eaten cake, a sop to man in the creation, a half-gift, for to him is denied a foretaste of the sweets to come.

Foresight—give me foresight, and the world would march to my music! Foresight—over and over I prayed for it in my desperation. God, take back your foolish gift of memory and let me really see!

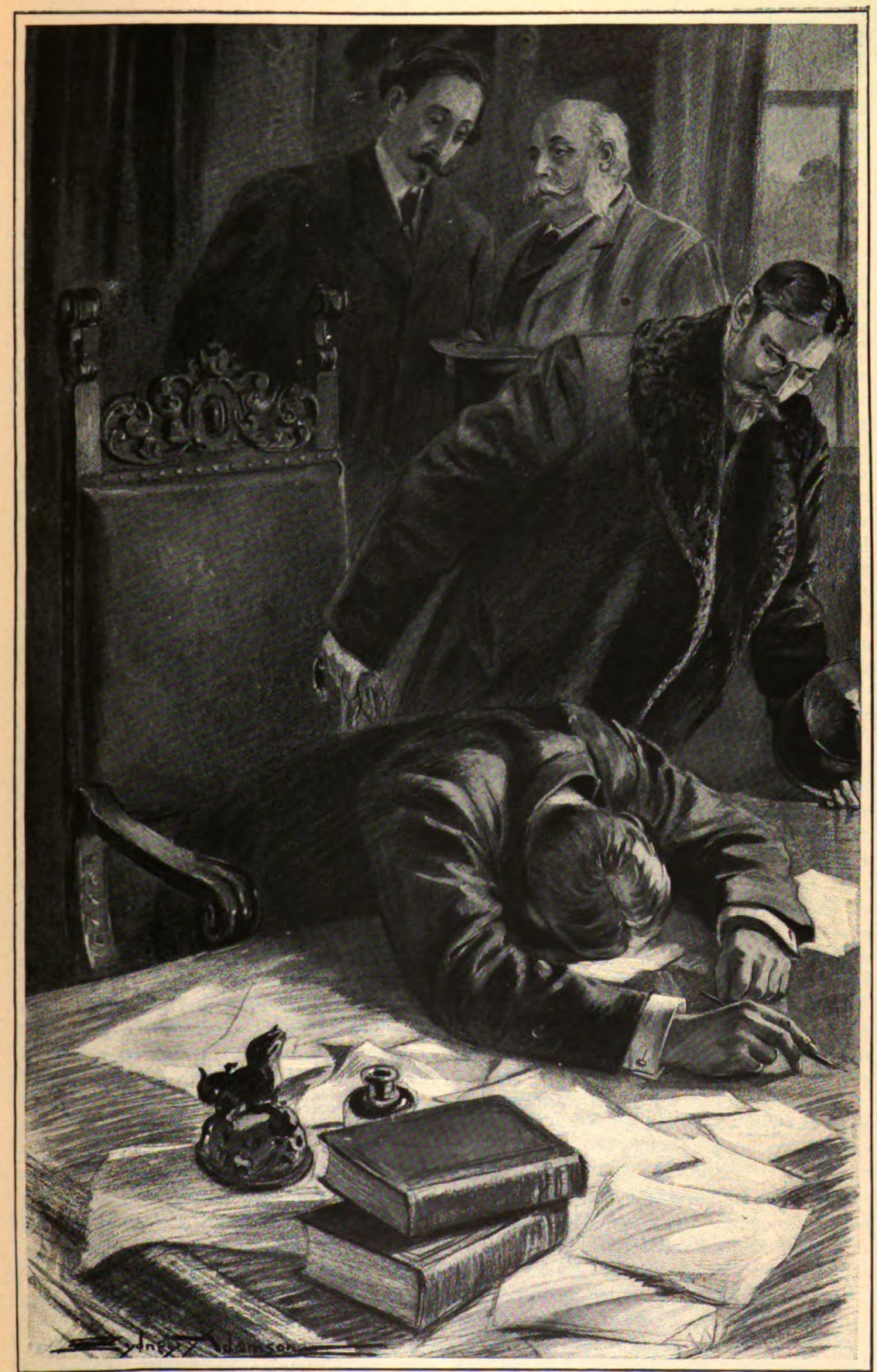
Garth was insane, they said of me; misfortune had robbed him of his mind. The experts declared it after many consultations at my bedside, and the more I argued with them, the more fixed became their belief. My wife said it, poor woman, for she it was who first discovered my condition, when she came to my study that night, to be admitted only after wild appeals, to be confronted angrily and denied as though I had never seen her before in my life. So it was with the children. The evidence was clear, and one and all they held me deranged.

My memory was gone. I admitted that. But it was the sole point on which we all agreed. When I went farther and averred that I had gained something better, the experts listened to my claims with forced gravity, and decided that I had hallucinations. By that time I had adjusted myself to my changed mental state, and was able to match my wits with theirs. At first I had been bewildered by the loss of the much-used faculty; for, unaccustomed to the new one of prescience, ignorant of its possibilities, of its transcending value, I had been like one living only in the present, as an oyster or a fish. But as I regained the strength my long illness had robbed me of, my mind worked more freely in the new channel, and the day came when I could face the alienists with reason. It was not reason as they knew it. To them I was mad. To me they were blind.

But even Kraemler would be carried away in the heat of the argument and forget that he was pitted against a lunatic. My idea was absurd, he said. A man's intelligence is the sum of his experience; unless the record of his past is imprinted on his mind it is impossible for him to think—he must be bereft of reason.

"An idea that should long ago have been abandoned," I returned. "A man's life is a fixed road, fixed from the moment of his birth until his death. Every incident is set there firmly, irrevocably. He moves along it instant by instant. The real life is the present moment. You, gentlemen, like all mankind, go down the road backwards. You see what has passed, and from it you reason in your crude way concerning what is to come. I have turned around. The present is as clear to me as it is to you. Even you cannot recall all the past; neither can I recall all the future. Only the imprint of what we deem great events is in our minds. The man who has dined all his life on brown bread and water remembers the night when he had pease. I see the future as you the past, and the past as you do the future. As you have a blurred conception of what will occur in

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Drawn by Sydney Adamson Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

HE LAY HALF STRETCHED ACROSS THE TABLE.

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this room in the next half-hour, so have I concerning what has already happened. You get your future by arguing from cause to effect; I get my past by arguing from effect to cause."

"A simple case of amnesia complicated by hallucinations," said Kraemler to Ritzka and Browning.

Hallucinations? They gave me no chance to prove them truths. Prisoner as they made me, my experience was so limited as to leave always for my vaunted prophecies the possibility of accident. That my wife should bring my breakfast with her own hand next day was not unusual; that my brother should visit me, natural; that he should stumble over a chair on leaving my room, mere coincidence. Did I plunge into the future for great events the recurrence of which would prove my foresight, Kraemler and his learned professional brothers smiled pityingly. They could not wait months to see. Their duty was with the present. My body was weakened, my mind gone, and it was their part to build me up again.

Then there came to me the hopelessness of my case, did I persist in my claims. To them I was insane; worse than that, to my wife and to my children, because I thought the right way. The future gave me a lesson in the matter of Lang, a bishop of the church hooted from the pulpit a year hence for maintaining that he had conversed with the spirits of the dead; in the case of Candler, the great scientist, lampooned by an ignorant and egotistical press for announcing that he had been in communication with the Martians. If I was to live without a madhouse, I must live as the world did, as madly, seeming like it to go backward through life.

It was possible for me to simulate a partial cure, for, after all, what is memory? The rich storehouse of the mind, they say. A storehouse stuffed with straw! I could get the few grains and asked no more. How well I succeeded, Kraemler knows, and Ritzka and Browning. They humored me — kind men. They let me have my paper memory, my note-book, where I could record experiences that were really worth the keeping. They mourned because I could not recall the useless things, dinners, persons whom I was never to hear of more, world's events that could in no way affect my future. Friends faded away into the past—enemies went with them. Those that I was to see again I knew, and is it not better to have friends coming to meet you than leaving you forever? The wife, lost in the first bewilderment, came back to me, for this was the woman who was to be my wife to-morrow, so to-day I knew her. My children too—I saw them around me daily in the years to come, and I knew their right to be with me in the present. This was not insanity. It was reason. With all the world thinking as I did, I could have gone through life easily. But other men had memory. To be sane is to be like other men, no matter how mad they are. If I was to use my power, I must be free.

When I think now of Kraemler, of Ritzka, and of Browning, I laugh. They rubbed their hands and smiled over me, and said that they were curing me, for I told them when my eldest son was born; I did not tell them that I figured back from his coming twenty-second birthday. I remembered where I lived, they thought, and I did not enlighten them, but I knew my home because I was to be there in time to come. The learned men decreed that I might safely go abroad again, the numbed faculty was awakening, and familiar scenes might arouse it to its former activity. Yet, as I wrote before them, line after line faded away the moment it left my sight. Perhaps they will not believe that as I write to-day, page after page, as it is turned, sinks into the blackness of the unknown. They will point to the coherency and say that Garth was almost sane. Altogether sane, I retort, but it has taken me months to recover the few facts that I set forth here. One by one I have wheedled them from my wife and children. Then Browning has helped me, for he does not know as much as Kraemler of the workings of the human brain, and at times has wavered in his opinion. Cogden has helped me. He half believes, but excuses himself on the ground that he is superstitious. In his ignorance he draws nearer the light than the wise men, though the truth has never been told him, even as Kraemler knows it. Garth is half mad, he says, but he has a strange

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intuition about the market. And Cogden has reason to know!

That day when they let me leave my house I hurried to the broker's office. He spoke of my debts, the thousands that I owed my friends, and though this was the first I knew of my present financial condition, I took him at his word. The obligations would all be settled quickly, I said, as I was about to open a new line of operations. I wanted to begin by selling short 1000 shares of Central Pacific.

Cogden smiled pityingly. "You have not a cent with us, Garth," he explained. "Worse—you stand several thousands in our debt. I dined last night with Harlan and Kingsbury, and they intimated that they had made you considerable advances on no security other than friendship and their trust in you."

"But Central is sure to break to-morrow," I returned, stoutly. "It will smash to 91⅛. I know it positively. Remember that figure—91⅛."

My friend was sympathetic, but I bore with him. "You have been unstrung by your illness," he said. "Don't worry about your obligations now, but go to the country and come back when you are altogether well and in condition to do something."

It was impossible for me to be angry with him. Cogden was right in his way of thinking, and as at that moment he knew more about my financial affairs than I did myself, he was surely justified in refusing to further me in any more reckless speculation. The situation was clear. I needed his support, and the way to win it was to demonstrate that I had at last attained an intimate knowledge of the inside workings of the market. That was my bait. I flung it at him as I left the office, he returning a well-meant admonition to try the Hot Springs. But the next afternoon when he called me on the telephone there was in his voice evident relief that I had not taken his advice and left town.

"Have you any more information about Central?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Yes," I answered, easily. "Plenty. How did the shares act to-day?"

"Closed at 94¼," he laughed. "They went all to pieces at noon and sold down to 91⅛. The price then went up on heavy buying, presumably by the insiders. I have a tip that they will drive it back above par to-morrow. What do you hear?"

"I am going to Hot Springs on the night train," I replied. "With no money to operate, what good does it do me to know all about Central?"

"Do you advise my buying?" he asked, anxiously.

"Can you handle a thousand for me to-morrow?" I returned.

"Have you good information?"

"Absolute."

"All right—then we will take a flyer together," Cogden said. "It's a buy, of course."

"No," said I. "Sell. Keep out at the opening. They will get Central up to 98—then the bottom will drop out of it. Buy in around 79 at noon."

That made the broker laugh sceptically. "It sounds foolish," he snapped.

But next day I received a hurry message from him. "Don't leave town. I have a scheme."

They called me a wizard. That is a common name in Wall Street for a man with some foresight and no memory. To them I was a wizard, I suppose; to myself I was only a man who saw, walking among the blind. By their own law, I could have taken their all; I could have made the kings of finance march to my music, and the world keeps step with them, but I was kind.

In Cogden I had a slave, for he followed me to wealth beyond his dreams. He followed blindly, wondering. His first admiration at my acuteness gave place to awe, and then fear. Had he been less avaricious he would have pressed me for an explanation, demanded the sources of information on which a man who gave every evidence of being deranged based his startling conclusions on the market movements. Just once his curiosity overcame his discretion—never afterwards. He cringed, our connection meant so much to him, and contented himself with silence, but he paralleled every order I put into his office. I owned him because he was avaricious. I hated him because he seemed at times to half guess the truth, and if free of the hold I had on him would blurt it to the world. I did not fear him, for I knew that while

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I lived that hold would not be broken. Still, I wanted to work out my life plan alone, and to blind him I played him, throwing away a half-million by selling short a stock that I knew was to rise twenty points in a single week. He, plunging after me, lost double the sum. The lesson was well learned. Faith was shaken, as I foresaw, and he was more cautious in his dealings. The wizard could make mistakes, and his broker grew more wary.

They called me successful. Surely he is successful who in a year can pile up millions of other people's money! Garth, rising from the ashes of his fortune to a new one forty times its sum, was a figure in the Street. The more that fortune grew, the wiser he was held. He was eccentric, no longer deranged, for he was rich. You might hail him in the club and he would stare at you for five minutes before he remembered you, but if you were his friend he would whisper things that meant profits—large profits. Oh, it paid to be Garth's friend!

Up-town, women smile upon the sons of Edward Garth, for where Fortune smiles women follow. These were lads of promise, the promise of millions. Men seek his daughters, for love sprouts quickly where the soil is rich. Dear, plain daughters! Sometimes when I read in the papers the fulsome accounts of their beauty, I wonder could I love them were they another's, or would I pass them by as in my young days I must have passed by their sisters by the score to marry the prettiest girl I knew? Sometimes I try to pierce the blackness beyond the brink toward which I am moving and learn my children's future. Will they be loved or simply married? Will they be happy with all ambition gone and their fate a life of play? Will they reach the valley of content dragging a heavy ball of gold?

They call me happy. I am happy—as happy as a man can be. For myself I have no care, for I know the little of the way that is left me. And those blind charges of mine that I must leave in the road shall not want, but neither shall they surfeit. My care has been for them, and now that fear is gone and I move calmly to the end of life.

A cloud seems to hover over my last days as in the old time my memory could not carry back to birth. I have long been conscious that I was coming to the sheer cliff. As yet I cannot fix the day and the hour when I shall reach it, but, as I move, the heavy mist is lifting. Impressions, once vague and indistinct, now stand out boldly before me. Soon I shall see my death, and I do not fear it. Once, just once, I did shrink back when I saw how near the brink I stood. I prayed again—prayed wildly for memory and blindness. Then strength came and wisdom, and now I go forward, erect, with eyes fixed fearlessly on the blackness ahead.

I go on gladly. So little of the future remains that I lack experience for the business of my brain. Each day I lose knowledge; each passing moment narrows down my range of thought. A man with memory builds up a life, then dies, his soul mourning to leave the home it knows and go into the unknown. With foresight I have spent my life; my mind is starving; soon I shall know nothing, think of nothing, see nothing but the black chasm, and I long to leap it, into the fulness of the eternal future beyond.

To go bravely, I must go clean. I robbed the world when its back was turned, and by its own rules I could decree that it slave for centuries for my children and my children's children. To-day I have its promise for it. To-morrow I will release it, give back the millions that I took. I will buy, buy, buy, for the market is going to fall. It will be my last great coup; so when I stand at the brink I can turn and say, "Poor world, you were blind and I did not rob you; you were down and I did not strike you; yet you call me mad."

On the night of the day that Edward Garth died, Kraemler, Ritzka, and I sat in the library of my house at Roslyn, going over his strange journal.

"'How can they quibble longer when I have written to them to come to this room at five on the minute and see my proof?'" read Ritzka.

He looked up from the page and asked, "Was it proof?"

"We were there on the minute of five," I said. "Was there not proof in what we saw?"

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I PRAYED WILDLY FOR MEMORY AND BLINDNESS

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"Proof that he was mad—brilliantly mad," said Kraemler, with vehemence. "It is written there in every page that you have read, Ritzka; it is written more strongly on the dying scrawls we found scattered all about him."

"We do not deny that Garth's story of his last two years is true," I argued. "Let us grant him insane; the results of his insanity were all that sane men slave to gain — wealth, happiness, and even honor. He alone can explain how he attained his ends, and his story is simple enough once we admit the possibility of his having found a new way of thinking."

"Can we admit that possibility?" put in Ritzka.

"Never," Kraemler cried. "There are many things, Dr. Browning, that it is impossible for the human mind to understand. But there is one it has learned from long experience, and that is its own limitations. They have been as carefully mapped out as Europe itself. It is likely that in Garth's later life he did by using judgment preconceive occurrences that by fortunate circumstance for him actually happened. He had a shadow in his grasp, and being deranged, thought it the substance."

"Let us suppose the case of a child born unhampered by the influence of heredity," said I. "In its first life it has only a present. According to our philosophy, a recurrence of impressions arouses thought. It sees one flash of light, then another, and there arises a simple idea of similarity or dissimilarity. Seeing the second, it remembers the first and compares the two. But the second flash impression is bound to happen. It is coming toward the child as the other is receding. Why, then, should not the child on seeing the first at once compare it with the second?"

"What do you mean to suggest by that?" said Kraemler, impatiently. He saw at once the weakness of the proposition as far as it had gone, for there could be on the child's mind no flash impression except in the past.

Now it was my intention to clear away this objection to my argument by showing that through hereditary influence we had come to a reverse conception of Time.

"I mean to show that if the child were not hampered by our tendency to cling tenaciously to past impressions, it would reach into the future, it could get a grasp on those to come," I returned. "There is no reason why we should not foresee as well as remember—were we taught early to look to the future for mind-food and not to the past. Our conception of Time—"

Kraemler with his quick intelligence had already grasped my idea. "An astounding and not uninteresting theory," he interrupted, rising and pacing up and down the room. He always talks best when he is standing, for it takes him back to the lecture-room again, with a hundred silent students hanging on his every word. The suggestion pleased him, for he loves to argue, and here was an opportunity for him to take a new theory, examine it from every side, tear it to pieces, and perhaps leave it a wreck. He began a dissertation on the elementary processes of thinking, quoting Locke, Descartes, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, showing wherein they were wrong in their deductions as to certain essentials. He had proceeded to a point where he could take up his own famous Theory of the Knowable and the Unknowable, and we were following him with rapt attention as he worked his way with wonderful sureness through the psychological maze, when there came a sudden interruption.

The headlight of an automobile flashed blindingly into the room as a car swept at full speed up the driveway, coming to a sudden stop at the door, with a scrape of brakes and a cavernous groan. A bell rang impatiently in the distant quarters of the house. Then form was cast aside for haste; there were hurried footfalls on the veranda, and Cogden appeared at the low French windows that opened out from the library.

"Is Garth dead?" he cried, as he stepped into the room.

"Died at five," I said, advancing to meet him.

He did not seem to see my extended hand, but sank down on the nearest chair and fumbled his hat in a dazed way. A moment and he looked up, to see the three of us standing gazing inquiringly at him.

"Pardon my abruptness, gentlemen," he said, recovering himself. "But this

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is awful news for me. I was going down to-night to see Garth, but at dinner word came that he was dead. I could not get his place on the telephone, and so came over here as fast as my car could carry me. Of course he died mad?"

"That is a question," I replied. "We were discussing it as you came in."

"Discussing!" cried the broker. "As if it needed discussion." He arose with an oath and glared angrily at us. "Garth was a fool," he went on, passionately. "A fool of fools. He ruined himself and—" There was a sudden pause; Cogden's face flushed. "And—and—he ruined himself," he added, with a quick change to a quieter tone.

Ritzka and I exchanged glances. "He had been operating in the market?" put in Kraemler, with an eagerness unusual in him.

"Operating!" sneered Cogden. "I'd hardly call it operating. He has thrown away millions. His orders to buy began to pour into our office a week ago, and the market has kept going down steadily. The more it declined, the more he bought. I thought he knew—he had always known before. Once I warned him, but he laughed. It would turn, he said; he could foresee it. This was to be his last great coup and would make him a fortune beyond all his dreams."

"His last great coup," repeated Ritzka, musingly.

"Coup!" snapped Cogden. "A fine coup! Till this afternoon I never worried, for Garth had seemed invincible, and his losses in our office were not one-tenth of his wealth. Then I knew the truth. Every big house in the Street had been handling his buying orders on margins, narrow margins, and day by day they had been wiped out. I don't believe there is over a half-million left of all his fortune—the rest has been thrown to the winds."

"Given back to the world," said Ritzka.

"'Poor world,'" read Kraemler, stepping to the table and picking up the journal, "'you were blind and I did not rob you; you were down and I did not strike you; yet you call me mad.'"

"He was mad," cried Cogden, repeating the thought uppermost in his narrow mind. "Mad—stark, stark mad."

"Perhaps," said Kraemler, quietly. "But it was well for the world that when God made a man with foresight and no memory He did not destroy his conscience."

A Flower Song

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

"YOU sang of blossoms months ago;
Why do you sing of them to-day?"
"Because about me lies the snow,
And on before me waits the May.

"I sang of them when they were here;
For, seeing, who could help but sing?
I sing when fields stretch cold and drear,
To drown the wild wind's wearying.

"For, while I sing of blossoms gone,
And of the blossoms yet to be,
It ever seems, as I fare on,
The world is filled with flowers for me."

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New York Revisited

BY HENRY JAMES

CONCLUDED

IF the Bay had seemed to me, as I have noted, most to help the fond observer of New York aspects to a sense, through the eyes, of embracing possession, so the part played there for the outward view found its match for the inward in the portentous impression of one of the great caravansaries administered to me of a winter afternoon. I say with intention "administered": on so assiduous a guide, through the endless labyrinth of the Waldorf-Astoria was I happily to chance after turning out of the early dusk and the January sleet and slosh into permitted, into enlightened contemplation of a pandemonium not less admirably ordered, to all appearance, than rarely intermitted. The seer of great cities is liable to easy error, I know, when he finds this, that or the other caught glimpse the supremely significant one—and I am willing to preface with that remark my confession that New York told me more of her story at once, then and there, than she was again and elsewhere to tell. With this apprehension that she was in fact fairly shrieking it into one's ears came a curiosity, corresponding, as to its kind and its degree of interest; so that there was nought to do, as we picked our tortuous way, but to stare with all our eyes and miss as little as possible of the revelation. That harshness of the essential conditions, the outward, which almost any large attempt at the amenities, in New York, has to take account of and make the best of, has at least the effect of projecting the visitor with force upon the spectacle prepared for him at this particular point and of marking the more its sudden high pitch, the character of violence which all its warmth, its color and glitter so completely muffle. There is violence outside, mitigating sadly the frontal majesty of the monument, leaving it exposed to the vulgar assault of the street by the operation of those dire facts of absence of margin, of meagreness of site, of the brevity of the block, of the inveteracy of the near thoroughfare, which leave "style," in construction, at the mercy of the impertinent cross-streets, make detachment and independence, save in the rarest cases, an insoluble problem, preclude without pity any element of court or garden, and open to the builder in quest of distinction the one alternative, and the great adventure, of seeking his reward in the sky.

Of their license to pursue it there to any extent whatever New-Yorkers are, I think, a trifle too assertively proud; no court of approach, no interspace worth mention, ever forming meanwhile part of the ground-plan or helping to receive the force of the breaking public wave. New York pays at this rate the penalty of her primal topographic curse, her old inconceivably bourgeois scheme of composition and distribution, the uncorrected labor of minds with no imagination of the future and blind before the opportunity given them by their two magnificent water-fronts. This original sin of the longitudinal avenues perpetually, yet meanly intersected, and of the organized sacrifice of the indicated alternative, the great perspectives from East to West, might still have earned forgiveness by some occasional departure from its pettifogging consistency. But, thanks to this consistency, the city is, of all great cities, the least endowed with any blest item of stately square or goodly garden, with any happy accident or surprise, any fortunate nook or casual corner, any deviation, in fine, into the liberal or the charming. That way, however, for the regenerate filial mind, madness may be said to lie—the way of imagining

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what might have been and putting it all together in the light of what so helplessly is. One of the things that helplessly are, for instance, is just this assault of the street, as I have called it, upon any direct dealing with our caravansary. The electric cars, with their double track, are everywhere almost as tight a fit in the narrow channel of the roadway as the projectile in the bore of a gun; so that the Waldorf-Astoria, sitting by this absent margin for life with her open lap and arms, is reduced to confessing, with a strained smile, across the traffic and the danger, how little, outside her mere swing-door, she can do for you. She seems to admit that the attempt to get at her may cost you your safety, but reminds you at the same time that any good American, and even any good inquiring stranger, is supposed willing to risk that boon for her. "*Un bon mouvement,* therefore: you must make a dash for it, but you'll see I'm worth it." If such a claim as this last be ever justified, it would indubitably be justified here; the survivor scrambling out of the current and up the bank finds in the amplitude of the entertainment awaiting him an instant sense as of applied restoratives. The amazing hotel-world quickly closes round him; with the process of transition reduced to its minimum he is transported to conditions of extraordinary complexity and brilliancy, operating—and with proportionate perfection—by laws of their own and expressing after their fashion a complete scheme of life. The air swarms, to intensity, with the *characteristic,* the characteristic condensed and accumulated as he rarely elsewhere has had the luck to find it. It jumps out to meet his every glance, and this unanimity of its spring, of all its aspects and voices, is what I just now referred to as the essence of the loud New York story. That effect of violence, in the whole communication, at which I thus hint, results from the inordinate mass, the quantity of presence, as it were, of the testimony heaped together for emphasis of the wondrous moral.

The moral in question, the high interest of the tale, is that you are in presence of a revelation of the possibilities of the hotel—for which the American spirit has found so unprecedented a use and a value; leading it on to express so a social, indeed positively an æsthetic ideal, and making it so, at this supreme pitch, a synonym for civilization, for the capture of conceived manners themselves, that one is verily tempted to ask if the hotel spirit may not just *be* the American spirit most seeking and most finding itself. That truth—the truth that the present is more and more the day of the hotel—had not waited to burst on the mind at the view of this particular establishment; we have all more or less been educated to it, the world over, by the fruit-bearing action of the American example: in consequence of which it has been opened to us to see still other societies moved by the same irresistible spring and trying, with whatever grace and ease they may bring to the business, to unlearn as many as possible of their old social canons, and in especial their old discrimination in favor of the private life. The business for them—for communities to which the American ease in such matters is not native—goes much less of itself and produces as yet a scantier show; the great difference with the American show being that, in the United States, every one is, for the lubrication of the general machinery, practically in everything, whereas, in Europe, mostly, it is only certain people who are in anything; so that the machinery, so much less generalized, works in a smaller, stiffer way. This one caravansary makes the American case vivid, gives it, you feel, that quantity of illustration which renders the place a new thing under the sun. It is an expression of the gregarious state breaking down every barrier but two—one of which, the barrier consisting of the high pecuniary tax, is the immediately obvious. The other, the rather more subtle, is the condition, for any member of the flock, that he or she—in other words especially she—be presumably "respectable," be, that is, not discoverably anything else. The rigor with which any appearance of pursued or desired adventure is kept down—adventure in the florid sense of the word, the sense in which it remains an euphemism—is not the least interesting note of the whole immense promiscuity. Protected at those two points, the promis-

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cuity carries, through the rest of the range, everything before it.

It sat there, it walked and talked, and ate and drank, and listened and danced to music, and otherwise revelled and roamed, and bought and sold, and came and went there, all on its own splendid terms and with an encompassing material splendor, a wealth and variety of constituted picture and background, that might well feed it with the finest illusions about itself. It paraded through halls and saloons in which art and history, in masquerading dress, muffled almost to suffocation as in the gold brocade of their pretended majesties and their conciliatory graces, stood smirking on its passage with the last cynicism of hypocrisy. The exhibition is wonderful for that, for the suggested sense of a promiscuity which manages to be at the same time an inordinate untempered monotony; manages to be so, on such ground as this, by an extraordinary trick of its own, wherever one finds it. The combination forms I think, largely, the very interest, such as it is, of these phases of the human scene in the United States—if only for the pleasant puzzle of our wondering how, when types, aspects, conditions, have so much in common, they should seem at all to make up a conscious miscellany. That question, however, the question of the play and range, the practical elasticity, of the social sameness, in America, will meet us elsewhere on our path, and I confess that all questions gave way, in my mind, to a single irresistible obsession. This was just the ache of envy of the spirit of a society which had found there, in its prodigious public setting, so exactly what it wanted. One was in presence, as never before, of a realized ideal and of that childlike rush of surrender to it and clutch at it which one was so repeatedly to recognize, in America, as the note of the supremely gregarious state. It made the whole vision unforgettable, and I am now carried back to it, I confess, in musing hours, as to one of my few glimpses of perfect human felicity. It had the admirable sign that it was, precisely, so comprehensively collective—that it made so vividly, in the old phrase, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Its rare beauty, one felt with instant clarity of perception, was that it was, for a "mixed" social manifestation, blissfully exempt from any principle or possibility of disaccord with itself. It was absolutely a fit to its conditions, those conditions which were both its earth and its heaven, and every part of the picture, every item of the immense sum, every wheel of the wondrous complexity, was on the best terms with all the rest.

The sense of these things became for the hour as the golden glow in which one's envy burned, and through which, while the sleet and the slosh, and the clangorous charge of cars, and the hustling, hustled crowds held the outer world, one carried one's charmed attention from one chamber of the temple to another. For that is how the place speaks, as great constructed and achieved harmonies mostly speak—as a temple builded, with clustering chapels and shrines, to an idea. The hundreds and hundreds of people in circulation, the innumerable huge-hatted ladies in especial, with their air of finding in the gilded and storied labyrinth the very firesides and pathways of home, became thus the serene faithful, whose rites one would no more have sceptically brushed than one would doff one's disguise in a Mohammedan mosque. The question of who they all might be, seated under palms and by fountains, or communing, to some inimitable New York tune, with the shade of Marie Antoinette in the queer recaptured actuality of an easy Versailles or an intimate Trianon—such questions as that, interesting in other societies and at other times, insisted on yielding here to the mere eloquence of the general truth. Here was a social order in positively stable equilibrium. Here was a world whose relation to its form and medium was practically imperturbable; here was a conception of publicity *as* the vital medium organized with the authority with which the American genius for organization, put on its mettle, alone could organize it. The whole thing remains for me, however, I repeat, a gorgeous golden blur, a paradise peopled with unmistakable American shapes, yet in which, the general and the particular, the organized and the extemporized, the element of ingenuous joy below and of

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consummate management above, melted together and left one uncertain which of them one was, at a given turn of the maze, most admiring. When I reflect indeed that without my clue I should not have even known the maze—should not have known, at the given turn, whether I was engulfed, for instance, in the *vente de charité* of the theatrical profession and the onset of persuasive peddling actresses, or in the annual tea-party of German lady-patronesses (of I know not what) filling with their Oriental opulence and their strange idiom a playhouse of the richest rococo, where some other expensive anniversary, the ball of a guild or the carouse of a club, was to tread on their heels and instantly mobilize away their paraphernalia—when I so reflect I see the sharpest dazzle of the eyes as precisely the play of the genius for organization.

There are a thousand forms of this ubiquitous American force, the most ubiquitous of all, that I was in no position to measure; but there was often no resisting a vivid view of the form it may take, on occasion, under pressure of the native conception of the hotel. Encountered embodiments of the gift, in this connection, master-spirits of management whose influence was as the very air, the very expensive air, one breathed, abide with me as the intensest examples of American character; indeed as the very interesting supreme examples of a type which has even on the American ground, doubtless, not said its last word, but which has at least treated itself there to a luxury of development. It gives the impression, when at all directly met, of having at its service something of that fine flame that makes up personal greatness; so that, again and again, as I found, one would have liked to see it more intimately at work. Such failures of opportunity and of penetration, however, are but the daily bread of the visionary tourist. Whenever I dip back, in fond memory, none the less, into the vision I have here attempted once more to call up, I see the whole thing overswept as by the colossal extended arms, waving the magical bâton, of some high-stationed orchestral leader, the absolute presiding power, conscious of every note of every instrument, controlling and commanding the whole volume of sound, keeping the whole effect together and making it what it is. What may one say of such a spirit if not that he understands, so to speak, the forces he sways, understands his boundless American material and plays with it like a master indeed? One sees it thus, in its crude plasticity, almost in the likeness of an army of puppets whose strings the wealth of his technical imagination teaches him innumerable ways of pulling, and yet whose innocent, whose always ingenuous agitation of their members he has found means to make them think of themselves as delightfully free and easy. Such was my impression of the perfection of the concert that, for fear of its being spoiled by some chance false note, I never went into the place again.

It might meanwhile seem no great adventure merely to walk the streets; but (beside the fact that there is, in general, never a better way of taking in life,) this pursuit irresistibly solicited, on the least pretext, the observer whose impressions I note—accustomed as he had ever been conscientiously to yield to it: more particularly with the relenting year, when the breath of spring, mildness being really installed, appeared the one vague and disinterested presence in the place, the one presence not vociferous and clamorous. Any definite presence that doesn't bellow and bang takes on in New York by that simple fact a distinction practically exquisite; so that one goes forth to meet it as a guest of honor, and that, for my own experience, I remember certain aimless strolls as snatches of intimate communion with the spirit of May and June—as abounding, almost to enchantment, in the comparatively *still* condition. Two secrets, at this time, seemed to profit by that influence to tremble out; one of these to the effect that New York would really have been "meant" to be charming, and the other to the effect that the restless analyst, willing at the lightest persuasion to let so much of its ugliness edge away unscathed from his analysis, must have had for it, from far back, one of those loyalties that are beyond any reason.

"It's all very well," the voice of the air seemed to say, if I may so take it up;

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"it's all very well to 'criticise,' but you distinctly take an interest and are the victim of your interest, be the grounds of your perversity what they will. You can't escape from it, and don't you see that that, precisely, is what *makes* an adventure for you (an adventure, I admit, as with some strident, battered, questionable beauty, truly some 'bold bad' charmer,) of almost any odd stroll, or waste half-hour, or other promiscuous passage, that results for yo in an impression? There is always your bad habit of receiving through almost any accident of vision more impressions than you know what to do with; but that, for common convenience, is your eternal handicap and may not be allowed to plead here against your special responsibility. You *care* for the terrible town, yea even for the 'horrible,' as I have overheard you call it, or at least think it, when you supposed no one would know; and you see now how, if you fly such fancies as that it was conceivably meant to be charming, you are tangled by that weakness in some underhand imagination of its possibly, one of these days, as a riper fruit of time, becoming so. To do that, you indeed sneakingly provide, it must get away from itself; but you are ready to follow its hypothetic dance even to the mainland and to the very end of its tether. What makes the general relation of your adventure with it is that, at bottom, you are all the while wondering, in presence of the aspects of its genius and its shame, what elements or parts, if any, would be worth its saving, worth carrying off for the fresh embodiment and the better life, and which of them would have, on the other hand, to face the notoriety of going *first* by the board. I have literally heard you qualify the monster as 'shameless' —though that was wrung from you, I admit, by the worst of the winter conditions, when circulation, in any fashion consistent with personal decency or dignity, was merely mocked at, when the stony-hearted 'trolleys,' cars of Juggernaut in their power to squash, triumphed all along the line, when the February blasts became as cyclones in the darkened gorges of masonry (which down-town, in particular, put on, at their mouths, the semblance of black rat-holes, holes of gigantic rats, inhabited by whirlwinds); when all the pretences and impunities and infirmities, in fine, had massed themselves to be hurled at you in the fury of the elements, in the character of the traffic, in the unadapted state of the place to almost *any* dense movement, and, beyond everything, in that pitch of all the noises which acted on your nerves as so much wanton provocation, so much conscious cynicism. The fury of sound took the form of derision of the rest of your woe, and thus it *might,* I admit, have struck you as brazen that the horrible place should, in such confessed collapse, still be swaggering and shouting. It might have struck you that great cities, with the eyes of the world on them, as the phrase is, should be capable either of a proper form or (failing this) of a proper compunction; which tributes to propriety were, on the part of New York, equally wanting. This made you remark, precisely, that nothing was wanting, on the other hand, to that analogy with the character of the bad bold beauty, the creature the most blatant of whose pretensions is that she is one of those to whom everything is always forgiven. On what ground 'forgiven'? of course you ask; but note that you ask it while you're in the very act of forgiving. Oh yes, you are; you've as much as said so yourself. So there it all is; arrange it as you can. Poor dear bad bold beauty; there must indeed be something about her—!"

Let me grant then, to get on, that there *was* doubtless, in the better time, something about her; there was enough about her, at all events, to conduce to that distinct cultivation of her company for which the contemplative stroll, when there was time for it, was but another name. The analogy was in truth complete; since the repetition of such walks, and the admission of the beguiled state contained in them, resembled nothing so much as the visits so often still incorrigibly made to compromised charmers. I defy even a master of morbid observation to perambulate New York unless he be interested; so that in a case of memories so gathered the interest must be taken as a final fact. Let me figure it, to this end, as lively in every connection —and so indeed no more lively at one

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mild crisis than at another. The crisis —even of observation at the morbid pitch—is inevitably mild in cities intensely new; and it was with the quite peculiarly insistent newness of the upper reaches of the town that the spirit of romantic inquiry had always, at the best, to reckon. There are new cities enough about the world, goodness knows, and there are new parts enough of old cities —for examples of which we need go no farther than London, Paris and Rome, all of late so mercilessly renovated. But the newness of New York—unlike even that of Boston, I seemed to discern—had this mark of its very own, that it affects one, in every case, as having treated itself as still more provisional, if possible, than any poor dear little interest of antiquity it may have annihilated. The very sign of its energy is that it doesn't believe in itself; it fails to succeed, even at a cost of millions, in persuading you that it does. Its mission would appear to be, exactly, to gild the temporary, with its gold, as many inches thick as may be, and then, with a fresh shrug, a shrug of its splendid cynicism for its freshly detected inability to convince, give up its actual work, however exorbitant, as the merest of stopgaps. The difficulty with the compromised charmer is just this constant inability to convince; to convince ever, I mean, that she is serious, serious about any form whatever, or about anything but that perpetual passionate pecuniary purpose which plays with all forms, which derides and devours them, though it may pile up the cost of them in order to rest a while, spent and haggard, in the illusion of their finality.

The perception of this truth grows for you by your simply walking up Fifth Avenue and pausing a little in presence of certain forms, certain exorbitant structures, in other words the elegant domiciliary, as to which the illusion of finality was within one's memory magnificent and complete, but as to which one feels to-day that their life wouldn't be, as against any whisper of a higher interest, worth an hour's purchase. They sit there in the florid majesty of the taste of their time—a light now, alas, generally clouded; and I pretend of course to speak, in alluding to them, of no individual case of danger or doom. It is only a question of that unintending and unconvincing expression of New York everywhere, as yet, on the matter of the *maintenance* of a given effect—which comes back to the general insincerity of effects, and truly even (as I have already noted) to the insincerity of the effect of the sky-scrapers themselves. There results from all this—and as much where the place most smells of its millions as elsewhere—that unmistakable New York expression of unattempted, impossible maturity. The new Paris and the new Rome do at least propose, I think, to be old—one of these days; the new London even, erect as she is on leaseholds destitute of dignity, yet does, for the period, appear to believe in herself. The vice I glance at is, however, when showing, in our flagrant example, on the forehead of its victims, much more a cause for pitying than for decrying them. Again and again, in the upper reaches, you pause with that pity; you learn, on the occasion of a kindly glance up and down a quiet cross-street (there being objects and aspects in many of them appealing to kindness) that such and such a house, or a row, is "coming down"; and you gasp, in presence of the elements involved, at the strangeness of the moral so pointed. It rings out like the crack of that lash in the sky, the play of some mighty teamster's whip, which ends by affecting you as the poor New-Yorker's one association with the idea of "powers above." "No"—this is the tune to which the whip seems flourished—"there's no step at which you shall rest, no form, as I'm constantly showing you, to which, consistently with my interests, you *can*. I build you up but to tear you down, for if I were to let sentiment and sincerity once take root, were to let any tenderness of association once accumulate, or any 'love of the old' once pass unsnubbed, what would become of *us*, who have our hands on the whipstock, please? Fortunately we've learned the secret for keeping association at bay. We've learned that the great thing is not to suffer it to so much as begin. Wherever it does begin we find we're lost; but as that takes some time we get in ahead. It's the reason, if you must know, why you shall 'run,' all,

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without exception, to the fifty floors. We defy you even to aspire to venerate shapes so grossly constructed as the arrangement in fifty floors. You may have a feeling for keeping on with an old staircase, consecrated by the tread of generations—especially when it's 'good,' and old staircases are often so lovely; but how can you have a feeling for keeping on with an old elevator, how can you have it any more than for keeping on with an old omnibus? You'd be ashamed to venerate the arrangement in fifty floors, accordingly, even if you could; whereby, saving you any moral trouble or struggle, they are conceived and constructed—and you must do us the justice of this care for your sensibility—in a manner to put the thing out of the question. In such a manner, moreover, as that there shall be immeasurably more of them, in quantity, to tear down than of the actual past that we are now sweeping away. Wherefore we shall be kept in precious practice. The word will perhaps be then—who knows?—for building from the earth-surface downwards; in which case it will be a question of tearing, so to speak, 'up.' It little matters, so long as we blight the superstition of rest."

Yet even in the midst of this vision of eternal waste, of conscious, sentient-looking houses and rows, full sections of streets, to which the rich taste of history is forbidden even while their fresh young lips are just touching the cup, something charmingly done, here and there, some bid for the ampler permanence, seems to say to you that the particular place only asks, as a human home, to lead the life it has begun, only asks to enfold generations and gather in traditions, to show itself capable of growing up to character and authority. Houses of the best taste are like clothes of the best tailors—it takes their age to show us how good they are; and I frequently recognized, in the region of the upper reaches, this direct appeal of the individual case of happy construction. Construction at large abounds in the upper reaches, construction indescribably precipitate and elaborate—the latter fact about it always so oddly hand in hand with the former; and we should exceed in saying that felicity is always its mark. But some highly liberal, some extravagant intention almost always is, and we meet here even that happy accident, already encountered and acclaimed, in its few examples, down-town, of the object shining almost absurdly in the light of its merely comparative distinction. All but lost in the welter of instances of sham refinement, the shy little case of real refinement detaches itself ridiculously, as being (like the saved City Hall, or like the pleasant old garden-walled house on the northwest corner of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue) of so beneficent an admonition as to show, relatively speaking, for priceless. These things, which I may not take time to pick out, are the salt that saves, and it is enough to say for their delicacy that they are the direct counterpart of those other dreadful presences, looming round them, which embody the imagination of new kinds and new clustered, emphasized quantities of vulgarity. To recall these fine notes and these loud ones, the whole play of wealth and energy and untutored liberty, of the movement of a breathless civilization reflected, as brick and stone and marble may reflect, through all the contrasts of prodigious flight and portentous stumble, is to acknowledge, positively, that one's rambles were delightful, and that the district abutting on the east side of the Park, in particular, never engaged my attention without, by the same stroke, making the social question dance before it in a hundred interesting forms.

The social question quite fills the air, in New York, for any spectator whose impressions at all follow themselves up; it wears, at any rate, in what I have called the upper reaches, the perpetual strange appearance as of Property perched high aloft and yet itself looking about, all ruefully, in the wonder of what it is exactly doing there. We see it perched, assuredly, in other and older cities, other and older social orders; but it strikes us in those situations as knowing a little more where it is. It strikes us as knowing how it has got up and why it must, infallibly, stay up; it has not the frightened look, measuring the spaces around, of a small child set on a mantel-shelf and about to cry out. If old societies are interesting, however, I

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am far from thinking that young ones may not be more so—with their collective countenance so much more presented, precisely, to observation, as by their artless need to get themselves explained. The American world produces almost everywhere the impression of appealing to any attested interest for the word, the *fin mot,* of what it may mean; but I somehow see those parts of it most at a loss that are already explained not a little by the ample possession of money. This is the amiable side there of the large developments of private ease in general—the amiable side of those numerous groups that are rich enough and, in the happy vulgar phrase, bloated enough, to be candidates for the classic imputation of haughtiness. The amiability proceeds from an essential vagueness; whereas real haughtiness is never vague about itself—it is only vague about others. That is the human note in the huge American rattle of gold—so far as the "social" field is the scene of the rattle. The "business" field is a different matter—as to which the determination of the audibility in it of the human note (so interesting to try for if one had but the warrant) is a line of research closed to me, alas, by my fatally uninitiated state. My point is, at all events, that you cannot be "hard," really, with any society that affects you as ready to learn from you, and from this resource for it of your detachment combining with your proximity, what in the name of all its possessions and all its destitutions it would honestly be "at."

The Diver

BY LILY A. LONG

I HAVE plunged into life, O God,
As a diver into the sea,
Knowing and heeding naught
Save thine old command to me
To go and seek for thy pearl,
Hidden wherever it be.

And the waters are in my eyes;
They clutch at my straining breath;
They beat in my ears; yet, "Seek"
My heart still whispereth,
And I grope, and forbear to call
On the easy rescuer, Death.

For thy pearl must be here in the sands,
If ever a warrant there be
For that old command of thine
To plunge into life and see.
So I search, for I trust in thy truth,
O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me.

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The Stout Lady in the Pink Hat

BY JOHNSON MORTON

MR. MORTIMER MERRISS was just finishing his talk before the members of "The Four-footed Wayfarers' Club." He had exhausted his topic, "How to Make the Animal World Our Own," and while, with near-sighted eyes, he kept anxious track of the lagging hands of a clock directly opposite the temporary platform on which he stood, was filling in the remaining ten minutes with some anecdotes of cats and dogs, all of them, it must be confessed, of an extraordinarily painful and final nature. A stout lady in a pink hat sniffled audibly on the front seat, while from time to time corroborative exclamations of "Shame!" "Shame!" burst in deep-throated tones from Mrs. Potiphar Alsop, the president of the organization, who sat half-way down the room.

Mr. Merriss, a pale, long-necked young man, with an active Adam's apple and a marked delicacy of nature—the latter his friends asserted—had, after many trials in varied fields of endeavor, settled down to the gentle profession of a parlor lecturer. This was the first time that he had spoken before the new club, and it pleased his artistic eye to note so large and brilliant an assemblage. He took a



A STOUT LADY IN A PINK HAT SNIFFLED AUDIBLY

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sip of water from the glass on his reading-stand and brushed his lips with a green-bordered handkerchief in preparation for his closing periods.

"And so, my dear, dear hearers," he went on—Mr. Merriss was nothing if not affectionate in his exordiums,—"let it be the pleasure of all of us"—he came to the front of the platform as he spoke these last words—"to walk with watchful eyes, to note each lost and starving creature, each wretched cat or dog that we see, and to lift them—if I may speak in metaphor—out of the sea of misery that would engulf them to the haven of this 'Retreat' that love and thoughtfulness have made possible. Thus, my dear, dear friends, shall the small personal endeavor crown the larger undertaking with success!"

Mrs. Manton Waring, sitting next to the stout lady in the pink hat, was much moved. In the silence that followed the impassioned words of the speaker she leaned back with a sigh of intense absorption, her hands clasped over her big chinchilla muff. Meanwhile the lady in the pink hat straightened her distinctive head-gear, blew her nose deftly, dabbed at her eyes and cheeks with a soothing fabric extracted from her card-case, and finally drew on, with some difficulty, over a collection of marquise rings, the gloves that she had discarded in the fervor of her interest. To Mrs. Waring, watching her covertly from the corner of an eye, she seemed an overemotional, yet, on this very account, not unattractive, person. They rose together, and found themselves side by side, following the line of varying backs that disappeared into the dining-room, whence came the sound of loosened tongues and the odor of comestibles.

Suddenly, as they neared the tea-table, the lace of Mrs. Waring's sleeve caught on a button of the other's coat. Both stopped, and both laughed. Mrs. Waring was the first to speak, as she detached herself skilfully and held out a hand in her impulsive way.

"Do you know," said she, "I don't think that we ought to stand on ceremony, you and I, because we've been sitting side by side all the afternoon, and I'm sure that we are both interested in the same good cause. *Wasn't* Mr. Mortimer Merriss perfectly wonderful? It must be splendid, mustn't it, to be eloquent and magnetic, and things like that, and to be able to make people do just what you want them to. Why, when I sat there it seemed to me that I couldn't *live* till I could get out and save some poor thing or other! Of course, I feel just the same way now, only that I am thirsty, and that chocolate does smell good. No, you must take that cup—please, please. You see, I ought not to have so much sugar in mine."



"MY DEAR, DEAR HEARERS," HE WENT ON

The stout lady in the pink hat evidently shared no such scruples. She merely said, "Thanks," as she pushed up a heavily dotted veil and took the cup with a smile. Indeed, she seemed more receptive than aggressive in conversation; but Mrs. Waring found her an appreciative listener, and went on.

"It's really awfully funny about my being here at all," she tittered softly against her muff, "and I know that my husband will laugh at me when I tell him—that is, if I see him for more than a minute. He's terribly busy in some

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political thing or other. I don't quite understand about it, but it uses him all up; and such hours as he has to keep! Well, what was I saying? Oh! when I started out this afternoon I hadn't the least idea of coming here. Of course, I knew that there was to be a meeting—I'd had circulars and things,—but I really meant to do a few errands, and then go to hear Lady Heath-Meade tell something about the making of Irish poplin—on the island of Sark, I *think,* but I'm not sure.

"Well, do you know, my coachman brought me to the wrong street, and when I saw a lot of people pouring into this house, why, I just tagged on, thinking that I was all right. It wasn't till I found 'twas a man on the platform that I realized my mistake, and it was too late then, for I'd sent the carriage back. I meant to walk home, anyway. But now I'm glad I stayed, for I am terribly interested. It is shocking, those poor, dear cats and dogs, isn't it? Though, personally, I don't like cats very well, they are so mushy when you hold them—like rabbits! Why, the more I think of it, the more I believe that it was a kind of fate that brought me here! I'm a great believer in fate, aren't you? They tell me, all those people who read your fortunes, that my line of fate is the strongest thing in my hand!"

She paused to catch the eyes of the stout lady in the pink hat fixed wonderingly upon her. A sudden thought crossed her mind, and she laughed again. "There!" she cried, and she shook her head deprecatingly; "I've been talking too much, I'm afraid, and you don't even know who I am." She held out her hand again with a pretty cordiality. "I'm Mrs. Waring," she said,—"Mrs. Manton Waring."

The other responded in a hearty grasp. "I'm real pleased to meet you." She seemed to brighten visibly at the name, and spoke with a good deal of impressive accent. Then, somewhat to Mrs. Waring's surprise, she fumbled in the case that she carried and produced a card. "This is *my* name and address," she murmured, and held it out. As she took it, Mrs. Waring felt a touch on her shoulder, and looked up into Mrs. Alsop's beetling brows.

"My dear," that dignitary was saying, "you *must* pardon me for interrupting," —her stern civility embraced the stout lady in the pink hat,—"but Mr. Mortimer-Merriss is most anxious to be presented to you."

Mrs. Waring nodded as she turned away. "Well, good afternoon," said she. "I do hope that we shall see one another again."

Then, as she bent forward to touch Mr. Merriss's limp hand, she thrust the card, at which she had had no chance to look, into the recesses of her muff.

Outside it had grown colder, with a clouded sky and a few faint flakes of snow. Ordinarily, after the light and warmth of the house, Mrs. Waring would have thought the street dreary, but today its deepening gloom seemed to fit the mood in which she indulged herself, as she picked her way over sidewalk and crossing. Within her soul burned, like a consuming flame, a desire to put into practice, and at once, the theories that the lecture had inculcated, as, little champion in chinchilla, she peered into alleyways and areas in search of opportunity—and to no avail. She met, to be sure, a corpulent poodle in an embroidered blanket, tugging lazily at a leash, and a preoccupied bull-terrier that followed close at his master's heel. Several other dogs of more untrammelled habit darted noisily under passing wagons, but their trim collars and genial airs of independence showed them in small need of sympathy or succor, while the only cats in evidence peered sleepily from basement windows. As the distance to her own house lessened, Mrs. Waring's enthusiasm waned in unison. It is annoying to be balked by circumstances in the performance of a good deed. In fact, as she trudged along, lifting her skirts from the dampness, and vaguely apprehensive as to the effect of snow spots on a new and untried hat, she was almost at the point of renunciation. She felt the necessity of turning to a vineyard where, so to speak, the grapes grew thicker, and she let her thoughts stray tenderly to Lady Heath-Meade, and her makers of poplin in Sark.

A passing trolley-car blocked the way. She stepped aside to let a woman alight —a large woman with a dog in her arms. Instinctively Mrs. Waring turned to

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THE LACE OF MRS. WARING'S SLEEVE CAUGHT

watch her as she reached the sidewalk. To her surprise she saw the woman run heavily up the steps of a near-by house, drop the dog on the door-mat, ring the bell, and hurry down and across the street again to the opposite corner, whence an opportune car bore her swiftly away. It was over in an instant. Mrs. Waring's pulse quickened with excitement. She had been witness to a plain case of heartless desertion at last! Hers not to question, but to act! Her skirts trailed behind her as she ran. She gained the top of the steps; no one had come to the door; the dog was still there. She bent down and scooped it up hastily in both her arms. It was heavy, and evidently of uncertain temper. It snapped at her, but she used her muff for a shield as she hailed a passing cab.

Five minutes later, bearing her prize, she entered the door of "The Four-footed Wayfarers' Refuge."

Mrs. Waring sat on the stairs, while her husband leaned against the newel-post. It was half past three o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Waring wore a blue satin ball-gown, and several jewels glittered in her hair. She had thrown off a long fur cloak, and the light fell brilliantly on the smooth whiteness of her shoulders. Mr. Waring, on the contrary, had evidently not changed his clothes that day. His thick ulster was flecked with melting snow. His overshoes lay, in a dripping heap, where he had kicked them. He put down his latch-key to draw off a pair of wet gloves. The glare of the light touched him in less kindly fashion. His ruddy face seemed almost pale, and his immaculate person really untidy.

"Manton," the lady was saying in an aggrieved tone, "I sometimes feel that you and I are drifting apart. No, don't interrupt me," she went on as her husband shook his head protestingly and

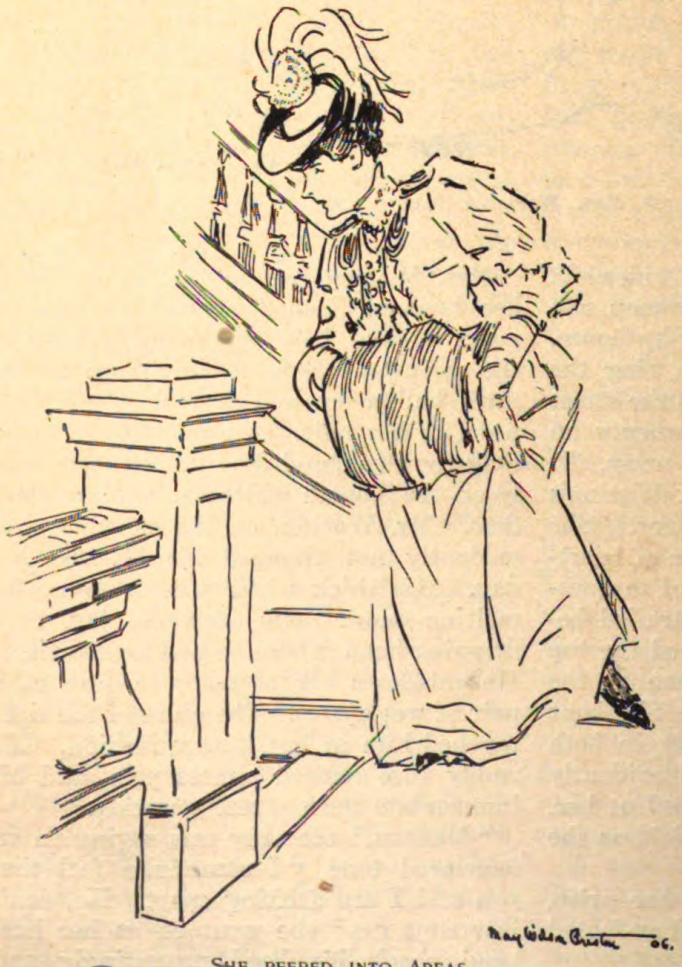
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started to speak. "It is very serious, Manton. This political business of yours stalks between us like—like"—she sought for a simile and found one—"like a vampire!"

Waring threw back his head and laughed; but he was beside her in an instant, with both her hands in his. "You blessed little goose," he said, as he kissed them, "this is all nonsense! Nothing could ever come between us, Gussie, not even that uncanny thing you suggest. By the way, I thought the vampire was too busy drinking life-blood to do much stalking. Dear little girl," he added, seriously, "why do you bother yourself with things that you don't like?"

Mrs. Waring's face dimpled into a smile as she leaned against her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, Manton, you do love to tease me! It was just that I'm troubled, and I wanted to think of the very worst thing. Please, please don't push my hair up from my forehead like that, it makes me look ghastly, and I hate it, dear! Of course, I'm proud of you, you good boy, giving up dinners and balls, and things that you like, and staying out till all hours with horrid people who vote, and not taking a cab on a dreadful night like this because it wouldn't be honest. Oh, you are splendid, and I respect you for it; indeed I do, and I know that you'll succeed. You're sure to be Governor some day. I've forgotten who it was that told me that, but some one in whose opinion I have the greatest confidence, at any rate. Only you don't confide enough in me, dearest. Of course, I know I'm not intellectual like lots of women—like that Lounsbury girl, for instance, who's ready to fling herself at your head. I think she's disgusting. She came to the Carters' to-night in a horrible gown, and she looked every day of forty. Or Mrs. Tony Ellery. I can't imagine what any one sees in her! Women do help, though, I'm sure, and it seems to me sometimes as if you left me out! Oh, Manton, Manton,"—her lips quivered, and she looked at him through glistening lashes,—"I do want to be something more than your toy!" Then she threw herself into his arms.



SHE PEERED INTO AREAS

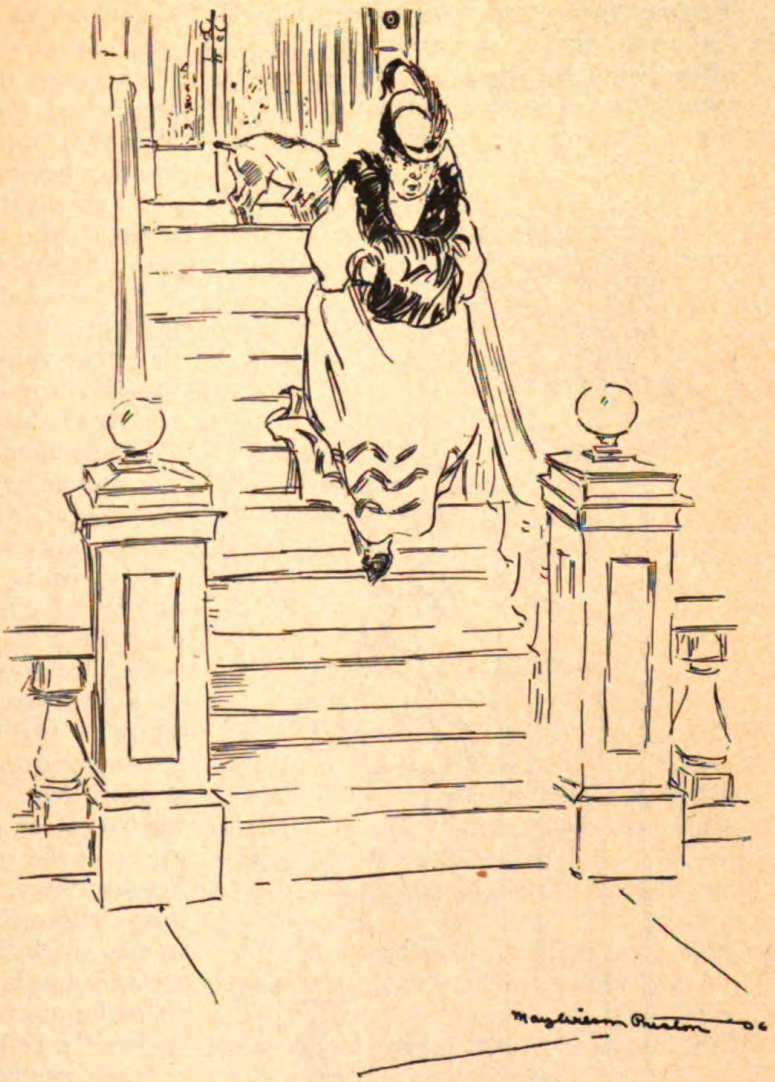
"I don't know as I can make it quite clear to you, Gussie," her husband began, after a pause; "it's all pretty new to me, you see. But in order to stand the smallest chance of election to the Common Council, I've got to have the support of certain men of political power in this ward. There happen to be three of them; two are all right, but the third man, and he's by all odds the most important, seems to hold off, for some reason or other. First, I think I've got him, and then I find I haven't; and they tell me that it's absolutely essential he should back me up before election. It's a puzzling business, dear, and I'm jiggered if I know what this Cassidy expects of me. He's an honest enough chap, in

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his way; but he's a queer one, and there's evidently something that I've done or left undone. I wish to Heaven I could find out what it is! If I don't before many days, —upon my word, I believe my whole candidacy stands a good chance of going to the dogs!"

Mrs. Waring started up at the last word. "Oh, that reminds me," she began. Then with the consciousness of a courtesy neglected, she stopped hastily to interpolate, as she patted her husband's head: "It will all come right, dear boy, I'm sure of that, and you mustn't worry over it any more. Dismiss it at once from your thoughts. It was that word 'dogs'"—she caught up the cadence of her old tone, as she went on with a laugh—"that made me think of something very important that I wanted to ask you. Won't you please give me twenty-five dollars? I want to make a donation to the Wayfarers' Club —it's for cats and dogs, you know, a most appealing charity. I went to a meeting yesterday; it was fascinating; and on the way home I had the privilege of rescuing a poor distressed dog that was abandoned in a perfectly cold-blooded manner by a woman—I suppose she'd call herself a lady, but I call her a fiend. I took the dog straight to the home in a cab.—Manton, we do have a bill at Kelly's stable, don't we? The cab-driver wasn't very nice.—It's in Mulligan Court—a most interesting place, only it smells of carbolic acid,—and the woman in charge showed me all over it. They get homes for desirable dogs, but those that nobody wants are 'put to sleep.' I think that's such a pretty way of expressing it, don't you? —not cold and unfeeling like 'killed'—in the nicest little box, with chloroform. I had an awfully satisfactory talk with the woman. I'm going down there again this noon to see the dog, and I'd really like to leave the donation then. It makes you some kind of a member or other. I haven't got a single check left. If I gave a hundred dollars, Manton, I'd be a perpetual member. Do you think that would be worth while? I don't know but I shall run for an office in the club, by and by. I haven't exactly decided what, but the woman hinted at it." She laughed again, and as the clock in the hall tolled four dull strokes she tugged at her husband's sleeves. "Mercy! Manton, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried. "See how you are keeping me up! I shall be good for nothing to-morrow, and I have such a busy day!"

Then she leaned over the banister, as

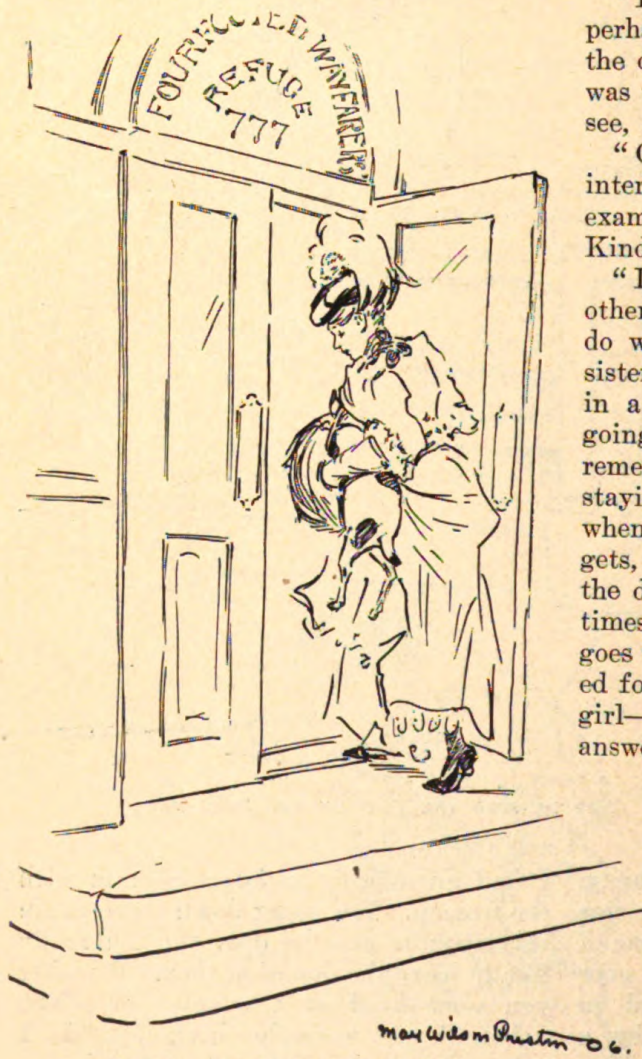


SHE DROPPED THE DOG ON THE DOOR-MAT

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Waring turned out the lights, to add: "I mean what I say about running for office, so don't forget to give me the twenty-five dollars. You mustn't think that you are the only politician in this family!"

The exigencies of the newly arranged quarters of the "Refuge" had produced some necessary confusion in the large room which Mrs. Waring entered soon after noon the next day. She picked a cautious path through a flotilla of cats that dotted the floor in the sunshine, to a chair in which she was to await the leisure of Miss Felican, the superintendent, at present engaged. She found herself facing a screen that marked off a temporary office, and she soon became conscious that from behind the screen rose the sound of two voices in a conversation which seemed at the outset earnest and gave promise of cumulative excitement as it progressed. Mrs. Waring recognized the cool, methodical tone of Miss Felican, with whom she had spoken the day before.



BEARING HER PRIZE, SHE ENTERED THE DOOR

"You say that your dog was lost yesterday," the voice went on. "Kindly state the exact hour and place."

"It was about six o'clock, I think; perhaps between half past five and six," the other voice answered, "and the place was the door-step of his own home. You see, my sister—"

"One moment, please," Miss Felican interrupted with the air of a cross-examiner. "I must put that down. Kindly give me no irrelevant details."

"It isn't irrelevant," snapped the other. "I guess it's got just as much to do with it as I choose to have it. My sister, I tell you, had the dog with her in a Strawberry Avenue car. She was going to my aunt's, when suddenly she remembered that Cousin Norah, who was staying there, didn't like dogs at all. So when the car goes by our house, off she gets, and she runs up the steps and leaves the dog there. We've done it a hundred times before this; she rings the bell, and goes to catch the next car. She was pressed for time, I tell you. Well, my second girl—she ain't any too quick—she didn't answer the bell immediately; she says she was helping the cook take in the clothes; and when she opened the door there was nothing there, so she thought 'twas boys ringing the bell in mischief, you know; but when my sister returned—I forgot to say that she lives with us—why, there was trouble. My husband telephoned to the police; he's got a pull with them; but we couldn't get any clue. I mean to try everything, and so I came here. I'm all worn out with it. And now I want you to answer me, straight off, the civil questions I put to you when I came in. Has that dog been brought in here—a small black and white dog, part poodle and part fox-terrier? His teeth are pretty well gone, and he didn't have on his collar, because he's got a lame neck."

Mrs. Waring, outside, leaned forward in her chair with a sudden intentness.

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"AT 9.47 HE WAS MERCIFULLY PUT TO SLEEP"

Miss Felican was evidently consulting a ledger. She could hear the flutter of the turning leaves.

"One moment, please," the superintendent's cool voice began again. "No. 3201"—she was taking down another book—"Monday, the 18th, 5.46 P.M. Yes, madam, there is an entry here. Mongrel dog, abandoned cruelly, but rescued and brought to the Refuge; no collar; very fat, black and white in color, with slightly curly hair—"

The other uttered a glad cry. "That is my Loro! Oh, I am so glad! Take me to him at once. Where is he, where is he, my darling, my angel?"

"One moment, please," Miss Felican spoke again. Was there a hint of embarrasment in the even tenor of her tone?

"Madam, I have some further records. No. 3201. Let us see." She cleared her throat as she went on. "No. 3201 brought in on Monday, the 18th, at 5.46 o'clock; examined by our resident physician at 6.32; given a soothing potion to induce a good night's rest, and on further examination this morning, the 19th, at 9.07, was found to be suffering with an aggravated case of asthma, and, consequently, at 9.47 was mercifully put to sleep!"

The shrieks of Loro's mistress rose in answer. Mrs. Waring's hands clenched at the sides of her chair. Two cats, their dreams rudely broken, awoke to a frightened reality, and scuttled through an open door.

"Do you mean killed—*killed,* you murderess! My Loro—mother's dear boy!"

The voice was terrible to Mrs. Waring. Miss Felican, however, seemed still to preserve her equanimity.

"One moment, madam," she was saying. "Do not excite yourself unnecessarily. I'm sorry to tell you that is *exactly* what I mean. The other expression is a euphemism with which we have thought best to replace the harsher phrase. Rest assured that all is for the best; all is well with your Loro." Then, as if in response to some small concealed irritation of her tone, she added, "But, madam, I must confess to some curiosity as to why you constantly refer to an old female dog as *he!*"

There was no answer; and as Mrs. Waring gazed in fascination, as if hypnotized, at the screen, suddenly there arose above it the gay top of a feather crowning an unmistakable arrangement of velvet and lace. Her eyes confirmed her suspicion, and her fear became a fact as her heart grew cold within her.

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SHE HAD TO SIT ALL CROWDED DOWN

It was, indeed, the stout lady in the pink hat!

"But I didn't run away, Manton." Mrs. Waring had pounced upon her husband as he came up the stairs on his way to dress for dinner, and had dragged him into her little sitting-room for a recital of the story. Her cheeks were scarlet and her voice rang sharp with excitement. "I *was* tempted for just a moment, but I thought of you, dear, and was brave as you would have me. Some women that I could mention wouldn't have stayed there an instant! That dreadful person came bouncing out from behind the screen like a fury. Really, she seemed nine feet tall and as big as a barn! I could feel my heart beating in my throat, and I know I was as pale as death, for I could see myself in one of those cheap little mirrors over the desk—the kind they hang in servants' rooms, you know. But I held out my hand perfectly cordially like this"—she stepped across the room in imitation. "I was bound that she should find me quite composed, so I tried to smile. 'How do you do?' I said. 'This *is* good fortune. I'm awfully glad to see you so soon again.' Of course I don't suppose that it was really honest, Manton, but I did want to put her at her ease. Do you know, she shook her fist at Miss Felican—I'm afraid she's not at all a well-bred person—before she answered me.

"'Oh, it's you, is it, Mrs. Waring?'—she spoke in a terribly loud voice. 'I hope, if you've heard all this indignity to which I've been subjected, to say nothing of the *crime* that this woman has been guilty of, you'll be willing to let me summon you for a witness when my husband takes this little matter into court!'

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"Manton, I nearly died then and there! The idea of her suggesting that I should be taken to a place like that, where no decent person ever goes! It was a deliberate insult, and I wish that you'd been there, dear, to strike her to earth. I could feel my knees shake, and it was a long time before I could say a word. But I knew that I'd just got to speak then or never; so, as I started for the door—it seemed about two miles off—I turned a little and looked at her over my shoulder. 'Oh, I hope it won't come to that,' I said—I made my voice as sweet as possible, and mustered the best smile I could —'for I feel a little responsible about your dog myself. It was I, you know, who took it from the door-step and brought it here!'

"Then 'twas all a sort of blank to me, Manton. I could hear Miss Felican saying, 'One moment, please,' and then something about the by-laws, and the good record of the institution in the past, and two girls—they were sort of care-takers, with black dresses and white aprons, like a parlor-maid's—came running downstairs, and tried to soothe her. That woman made so much noise you could hear her for blocks, and a man was brought in from the kennels, and all the time she was scolding me. I can't tell you the dreadful things she said, and I was promising to do anything I could to make it up to her. I told her I'd give her another dog; I remember I said a really *good* dog; but that seemed to make her angrier than ever. Wasn't it queer? I should think I begged her pardon more than a thousand times, and it seemed a year before I got to the street."

Mr. Waring rose to toss his cigarette into the fire and look at his watch anxiously. Then he bent over his wife, and touched her cheek with his lips as he patted her shoulder. "And so the little girl was frightened and came running home." He spoke in a tone of rather preoccupied consolation. "Well, don't think any more about it, dear. It will all blow over, I'm sure; but if it doesn't, let me know. By the way, Gussie," he added, "if you don't mind, I think I won't stay to dinner. I've just thought of something that will make it necessary for me to see Gresham before he leaves headquarters. It's to do with Cassidy, the man I told you about, that I can't seem to get hold of. He'll wreck the whole thing yet."

"Oh, if you prefer a person like that to your own wife, Manton"—Mrs. Waring's tone brought her husband back from the door—"your own wife, who is in great trouble and needs your wise counsel, I have nothing to say." Then she added, as he started to sit down again: "Not in that little yellow chair, please—please! A man looks so silly in it. Take the big blue one. That's better! Oh, where was I? Yes, on the sidewalk!"

She clasped her knees and leaned forward intently.

"Manton, that woman followed me to the carriage door, and kept talking, talking. I can't imagine what Watson thought, and so I spoke as quickly as I could, to save the situation: 'If you'd like to have me drop you anywhere, I'll be very glad to give you a lift.' To my horror she got in, and I forgot to ask her where she wanted to go. It was just like a nightmare! But what surprised me most was that all at once she grew perfectly silent, and kept looking at me in the strangest way as if she wanted to speak and didn't quite dare. It was extraordinary; and if I hadn't been frightened, I know I should have laughed. She had to sit all crouched down in the carriage, because the feather on her hat kept hitting the top, and I tried my best to put her at her ease by telling her that she ought to join the Audubon Society, and things like that. Suddenly, as we turned into Strawberry Avenue, she put her hand on my arm—I can't bear people who *paw* you—and opened her mouth for the first time, in what I should call a very *restrained* sort of voice.

"'Mrs. Waring,' said she, 'I shall get out a couple of blocks farther on, but before I leave I want you to answer me one question. Were you in earnest when you said that you'd do anything I asked you to make up for taking my dear little dog? If you were,' she went on without giving me a chance to reply, 'there *is* something that you *can* do. I want you to invite us—my husband and myself—to dine at your house; a real swell dinner, I mean, Mrs. Waring, with some of your swell friends for the other guests!' She used just those horrid common words,

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Manton. I was dazed for a moment; but just then we reached her corner, so, of course, I said 'Yes'—what else could I do?—and she seemed to make all the arrangements as if she'd thought them over beforehand. She's coming next Friday, or rather *they're* coming—which may be all for the best. I sometimes think that among common people the men are less terrible than the women. That's the whole story. I'm at my wits' end, and you'll just have to help me. I can drag in papa and mamma, of course, and Cousin Carrie Abbott, and that deaf Mr. Pomeroy—I've been meaning to ask him for some day when he wouldn't be able to come,—and perhaps your old uncle Theodore. It will pass muster, I dare say; people like that never know the difference—"

"Oh, why not make it a love-feast of the Refuge Club, or whatever you call it?" interrupted Waring, with a laugh. "Your Mrs. Alsop, and the cool and collected Miss Felican—wasn't that the name of the murderess?—and your hyphenated chap the lecturer. They can fight it all out together!" Then his tone changed to seriousness. "I believe I shall have to take a hand here, little woman, for I'm afraid that the situation is getting too elaborate for you. You've been ballyragged enough, and I object to having you 'worked' by social aspirants. It's ridiculous nonsense, and must be stopped. What's the woman's name, anyhow, and where does she live? I'll write to her."

His wife's lips quivered and two tears stood on her cheeks; she shook her head helplessly.

"But I don't *know* her name, Manton, I tell you. That's the point of it," she cried. "I never knew it. I introduced myself to her at the lecture, you know, because I sat next her and I saw that she was a stranger. I've always thought of her—when I've thought of her at all—as the stout lady in the pink hat!"

Then she suddenly sprang from her chair and clapped her hands. "How dreadfully stupid of me! Oh, Manton, wait a moment," she called as she ran from the room. When she came back she bore a big chinchilla muff, and from its recesses she produced a card.

"I'd forgotten entirely, until just now, that she gave this to me when I spoke to her. I thought it was a very queer thing to do at the time—like a servant—and I remember that some one interrupted us, and I had no chance to look at it. So I tucked it into my muff and forgot all about it. Aren't you glad the muffs are big this season, Manton, else it would have fallen out long ago, and then I dare say we'd have had to advertise!" She gave the card to Waring, and turned her head away with an expression of disgust.

"You look at the horrid thing, Manton; I can't bear it, and I'm superstitious!"

He took it from her and glanced at the name. From his lips came a long, low whistle.

"The dinner-party is *on*," he said, in what his wife always called his "business voice," adding, "only the list of possible guests must be thoroughly amended! Ask the Waterfords, and Mrs. Chauncey Huntington, and Beatrix Cosgrove, and Billy de Kalb, and Major Pawlet, and any other luminaries you can secure. I'll get Gresham and Poultney and, maybe—"

Mrs. Waring's round eyes stared at her husband. "What's the matter with you, Manton; are you joking?" she broke in, with some severity. "What *are* you talking about? Tell me what is that terrible woman's name?"

"Joking!" shouted Waring, and his big laugh rose again. "Joking? Never more serious in my life. You're a darling, Gussie; you're a political wonder! I dare say you'll turn out to be the mascot of the Ninth Ward yet! I've just caught on to the little game of my friend the Boss. I thought 'twas only 'hide-and-seek' with me—and it's such a silly little game, too! I'd never have supposed it of him! As it is, I see what he wants—that poor, thin phantom known as 'social recognition'! By George, he shall get it! Oh, you want to know the name of the stout lady in the pink hat, do you? Well, here it is!" He held out the card at arm's length and made a sweeping bow. "Mrs. Manton Waring, allow me to present you to—'Mrs. Terence Cassidy.'"

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"Briartown" Nature Sketches

THE RUBYTHROAT'S NESTS—A DRAWN FIGHT

BY HAROLD S. DEMING

MY canoe, caught in an eddy of the stream, idly bumped its nose into the bank, while I lay stretched on its bottom, staring at a cloud of gnats that kept up a dizzy dance above me as if they were vibrant with the noonday heat. A swarm of greedy humblebees buzzed drowsily at their rummaging of the wood-lilies on the bank beside me; or so I thought. Wearied at last with the ceaseless dance of the gnats, I turned to watch the bees. None were there. Instead, I saw a ruby-throated humming-bird, poised, on wings hazy with speed, now before this lily, now before that one, dipping his slender bill far within the spotted cup of each. Zip, zip, hither, thither, he left not one blossom unvisited; then swooped to kiss, in mid-flight, his image in the brook, leaving tiny rings to grow and grow on the water's surface. Up he darted through the branches of a maple; here, there, everywhere, whisking about in the mottled lights and shadows of the foliage till he seemed himself one moment a vagrant shadow, the next a straying patch of light.

Of a sudden he vanished—in an instant flashed back across the stream again, this time not alone. His dull-green mate came with him. They lost no time in tasting of the lilies' cups, but flying straight to the biggest branch of the maple, buzzed round it for a while like angry hornets. Contented with it at last, both hurried to a rotten stump near by, and, always on the wing, plucked off bits of the pulpy wood and brought them to the maple.

After a little, the female bird, perching on the maple branch, began to work over the pulp already collected. Her mate untiringly plied back and forth between the stump and the maple, adding little by little to the heap beside her. With deft bill she shredded the fibres in the rotting wood, sorted her material, and set about building a nest. She built it in layers, the first one fastened to the rough maple bark by innumerable fibre-ends, each succeeding layer woven into the one below. Hour after hour she worked, often outstripping her mate, and buzzing impatiently about till he brought a fresh supply of pulp. By sunset she had the nest half done.

At dawn I returned in time to see her take up the unfinished work—her mate still winging in haste from branch to rotten stump, from stump to branch—and hurry it to completion. The soft inside of the nest she moulded with her breast, turning round and round to shape it to her satisfaction; and the rough edges at the top she pared off with her slender bill, as a cook trims a pie. Then she shingled the nest with pale-green lichens that matched those on the maple's bark. The top row she fastened on with fibres, very securely, and after that tucked each added piece up under the edge of the row above. Last of all, she and her mate gathered down from the tufts of a late "pussy-willow" and filled the nest with this fluffy lining. It seemed a mere excrescence of the maple bark, a knot, lichen-covered, scarce as large round as half the empty shell of a hen's egg.

Three days later, I saw within it two tiny eggs, glistening white like pebbles ground smooth on the seashore. With the appearance of the eggs the male rubythroat apparently took his departure, leaving all else to his mate. Truly, he seemed too bright and evanescent for domestic duties. Now, while the summer lasted, he would wander the blossom-sprinkled fields over like a gay mote that had slipped the bars of its sunbeam prison. Meantime, on the shadow-streaked branch of the maple, the female hummer kept untiring vigil over her

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precious eggs. She was a suspicious little body. While the nest was building, my presence in the crotch of a neighboring tree had not greatly disturbed her; but now my quietest approach brought her buzzing round my head in a way that told of infinite fury welling up within her small breast. "Crusoe" and his mate,* with all their power of wing and beak, had not been more courageous in their nest's defence. Giant that I was, she made me wince.

Lest my too great eagerness should drive her to desert the nest, I kept away for days at a time. When I climbed to my crotch for a close view of her home at the end of the second week since the eggs had been laid, the mother ruby-throat attacked me on the instant, but, thinking that the young birds must now be hatched, I no longer feared that she would abandon the nest.

The tiny lichen-covered cup was full of water; the eggs lay chill and dead within it. Yet round my head the hummer whizzed like a nagging insect, as if the hand I reached out to assure myself that the eggs were cold had been stretched forth instead to pluck her palpitating young from the cushion of a warm, dry nest. Surely the nest was deserted, the last spark of life drenched out by the pouring rain of two days before. Still, the rubythroat whizzed past my ears again and again in a tantrum of vengeful rage. Could it be that she had built another nest in this tree? No; for when I touched the rain-soaked one she redoubled her attack, and even pecked my hand with her needlelike bill. All her solicitude was for the deserted nest.

I slid to the ground in perplexity, and strolled to a shadowy couch of grass where I could watch from afar. As soon as I left her tree the rubythroat darted across the stream and was lost among the trees; but I knew that if I neared the maple she would be back with incredible speed. So I lay quiet in the grass and waited. Close beside me a stalk of meadow-lilies, bending over my head like a seven-branched candlestick aflame with pale-yellow light, mingled their faint perfume with the cool odor of leaf-mould under the matted grass, and each stir of air among the grape-vines, bringing me the blended fragrance of leaf and bloom, set the branches overhead weaving new shadowy designs on the grass. The stillness of noon was in the woods. Not a bird was singing; the very gurgle of the deep-moving stream near by seemed subdued. Over me a towering hemlock spread its flat boughs in ever-deepening layers of shade, and from it three huge frayed cables of the wild grape stretched, sagging to a cluster of full-leaved oaks whose branches met the hemlock's in a roof of translucent green. The sun was at its height, yet where I lay scarcely a ray of unfiltered light found its way to earth. On either side, where the foliage was not so dense, each leaf or bough had cast its pattern on grass or fallen log. But now a vast black cloud floated below the sun, dimming the upward glint from a distant bend of the brook, and here, in the deep woods, softening the lights and darks of leaf-made traceries into a monotone of gray-green shade. A distant wood-thrush, as if he thought the hour of twilight really come, poured his flute-clear melody through the hushed trees and was still again. Then, miles away it seemed, on the edge of "Briartown," a breath of air roused the sleeping leaves and rippled through the woods, nearer and nearer, till it set swaying the ropes of grape-vine overhead and tickled my cheek with a nodding grass. A great, blundering bumblebee bumped into the lilies beside me and flew to the grape-vines. Suddenly, as my eye followed him aimlessly along the tattered length of the vine, I discovered a rubythroat sitting close to the bark, slowly turning his head to eye the approaching bee.

When the bee had crawled to within an inch of him the hummer darted away; and in his absence I inspected his perch from a hemlock bough. Right where the slack grape-vine hung but a scant twelve feet from earth was another diminutive nest, saddled on the bark. Like the nest in the maple-tree it was formed of woven fibres and wood-pulp and lined with pussy-willow down, but instead of being shingled with lichens its walls were papered with tags and patches of grape-vine bark, which gave it the appearance of nothing more than a rough imperfection

* See "Hours with a Crow," *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1905.

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in the rope of vine itself. Cozily within it lay two warm eggs. Presently the rubythroat returned, with his mate, who took her place upon the nest, while he vanished through the canopy of leaves overhead. The two had no thought that I had discovered the nest; and I had no wish to undeceive them. Out of the corner of my eye I kept watch on the incubating bird, and slowly returned to the maple which held the first nest. Like a streak of green light the hummer shot from her nest on the vine and buzzed round my head as she had done before.

Surely this was a clever bit of acting. The eggs in the grape-vine nest lacked but a day or two of hatching, and were, so far as she knew, quite undiscovered; the eggs in the nest she so speciously defended were cold and impotent: yet over this abandoned nest, from which my earlier visits had driven her in nervous dread, she now chose to assume protection, that I might not suspect the existence of another. And her mate—whom I had imagined roaming the fields in idleness,—like the shrewd accomplice he was, kept warm the nest on the grape-vine while she was busy cozening me. Day after day I covertly eyed her at her post on the grape-vine; but I was careful, by simulated attacks upon the barren nest, to keep her at ease as to the reason for my presence in the neighborhood. She never tired of playing the part of the agonized mother whenever I made a demonstration near the maple; and, secure in the success of her ruse, she came and went without fear in the fragrant shade of the whispering hemlock boughs, and reared a pair of lusty youngsters in the nest on the grape-vine, confident that my unseeing eyes would never spy out her secret.

On a crumbly log beside a green-scummed pool in the depths of a maple swamp lay the dead body of a brown wood-mouse. I came upon it in the course of a fruitless search for the grass-sheltered nest of a yellowthroat, and paused to find out, if I could, the cause of the mouse's death. Even as I bent down for a closer look, the spiteful cry of a king-bird announced the discovery of a small screech-owl, which hurried off through the swamp-maples with the king-bird and his mate in swift pursuit, to take refuge at last within the bristling fortress of a stunted cedar. Perhaps the talons of this very owl left these scores in the soft back of the mouse before me. Other eyes than mine, meanwhile, had spied out the mouse. In Indian file along the log came seven sexton-beetles. Without an instant's loss they thrust their armored heads beneath the body and heaved and shoved with might and main until it rolled into the long grass, where they disappeared to bury it.

A sudden uproar in the thicket behind me suggested that the owl had been flushed again; but I never could be sure whether a tumult raised by that pair of king-birds would or would not reward investigation. Sometimes it appeared as if those king-birds scarcely took time to eat, they were so unceasingly vigilant in the matter of unearthing trouble. They were always together in their daredevil escapades, and never were known to flee along a wind that was blowing them ill. If they failed to discover an owl or a crow to attack, they would spend a long summer's day in the idle pestering of smaller birds. Once I saw them pitch upon an unoffending woodchuck; another time they screamed an afternoon away merely because a great blue heron chose to shift his hunting-grounds and capture a few frogs in the neighborhood of their nest; and the male king-bird, at a still later day, even went so far as to follow a flicker into its very hole—because the woodpecker's hammering had annoyed him,—and thereby met his death.

A hushing of bird voices in the thicket, a soft swish of swamp-grasses where a frightened rabbit was scampering to shelter, and cries of redoubled harshness from the king-birds told me that for their rumpus, this time at least, there was some real cause. Huddled close under the side of a shaggy tussock of grass appeared the rabbit, ears low, nose quivering, and eyes round with fear. A glimpse of me, and off he dashed to safer hiding, just as the shrill scream of a marsh-harrier answered the noise of the king-birds. Almost brushing the tops of weeds and rushes in his low flight, the harrier came speeding through the swamp, close followed by the king-

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birds. On the prostrate trunk of a big maple the hawk came to rest. In its fall the maple had mowed down a dozen smaller trees, making a little open space, soon choked up, however, by a jungle-like growth of vines and reeds that in the warm spring days shoot up like mushrooms from the rich mould of the marsh. Round and round the head of the perching hawk whizzed the irate king-birds, for all the world like insects round a candle; but the harrier seemed not greatly disturbed by their racket; for a sidewise snap of his beak over one or the other shoulder was more than enough to keep the attacking king-birds at cautious distance. At half-minute intervals he uttered a scream of almost painful shrillness, then cocked his head to this side and that to dart a keen glance down each of the converging vistas of the swamp. Suddenly, by a shriller scream, he announced the arrival of his mate, who took her low, soundless flight to the fallen tree and perched, out of sight, among the creepers that overran its shattered branches.

Straight into the air sprang the harrier, and beat swiftly skyward, along an intolerable shaft of light that led to the eye of the sun. Then back he rushed in a curious zigzag flight, each daring turn of which was marked by a harsh dry shriek. Next he circled twice round the little clearing, as if to assure himself of his mate's attention, and began climbing into the wind for yet another trick of wing. Mounting higher and higher into the vapory blue of the morning sky, he described ever smaller and smaller circles, until, at the apex of his airy spiral, he clapped shut his wings and pitched with startling speed straight downward, turning a somersault midway to earth. A foot above a copse of alders he caught himself on practised wings that hurled him upward again like springs of tempered steel. Urged by the tonic coolness of the morning wind, he was entertaining his mate, it seemed, with his acrobatic prowess. Presently, as he circled upward again to repeat his performance, the king-birds—who, for a minute or two, had turned from bothering him to bothering his mate—darted viciously after him; and when, with a preliminary shriek, he poised himself for another plummetlike drop towards earth, the king-birds, nothing daunted, shut their wings and fell recklessly after him—though they did omit the somersault, I think.

From a score of hiding-places I could imagine timid but curious eyes peering out upon the aerial spree of the hawk and the king-birds. Some few I could see. On the under side of a dead maple branch just over my head a downy woodpecker crept slowly forward in the shadow, hitching himself jerkily along the rough dry bark to get a nearer view of the hawk, and now and again, in a fit of unusual boldness, circling hastily round the sunlit half of the branch—knowing, perhaps, that his speckled back was all but invisible against the lichen-dressed bark. Beneath the ample shade of a wide skunk-cabbage leaf a trim sandpiper stood, tilting his tail up and down as always, looking out upon the clearing with seemingly interested eyes. On a low bush some distance to my left a pair of thrashers, perched on the rim of their new-built nest, kept up a subdued talk with each other like cautious whisperings in the night. A chipmunk was peeping from his knot-hole in a maple bough near the woodpecker; no doubt the rabbit's bright eyes were busy behind the screen of rank bullbriers that grew on the bit of high dry ground on the clearing's farther edge. Surely the harrier did not lack an audience. But the one whose attention was his sole desire had turned her eyes away.

A foolish catbird, spurred on by the irrepressible inquisitiveness of his kind, had flitted into the clearing itself; and not only that,—he was mewing excitedly from the top of a button-ball bush not thirty feet from the perching hawk. In a second he was dead, and on his swift way to another part of the swamp, there to be eaten. The male harrier, marking his mate's departure, stopped "showing off" his skill and swooped away across the stream near by, the indefatigable king-birds close behind.

Now from the trees and thickets on every hand rose again the mingled voices of many birds, at first subdued and wary, like the chatter of small boys when the teacher has left the room, then swelling into the same voluble chorus that greets

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the sun when his thirsty rays pierce the thin, wind-rent gauze of a summer shower and drink up the drops which have but just reached earth. The woodpecker turned his ear again to the bark, like a night-watchman alert for ill-doers within; the sandpiper whisked to the shore of the brook; and the chipmunk scampered into the sunlight, nosed among the leaves a while, and running out along the fallen tree, dug vigorously in the soft earth still clinging in masses to the uptorn roots not far from the spot where the female harrier had been in hiding. He dug himself quite out of sight in the eager chase his nose led him; but presently he popped up from his little burrow, wet nose daubed with yellow mould, and sat up on a fantastically twisted root to eat the tidbit he had found. His enjoyment of it was cut short by the arrival of a red squirrel, who promptly assaulted his little striped cousin, robbed him of his find, and drove him off. Then the robber squirrel set teeth to his booty and flicked his tail defiantly.

Silent as an owl in the black of night, the harrier glided low on whist wings across the little open space cleared by the fallen maple, paused an almost imperceptible instant above the unlistening squirrel, and then, wings closed, dropped upon him with unerring talons. But for some strange reason the harrier seemed powerless to bear away his kill; while his angry, frightened screams drowned out the dying squeak of the squirrel, he strove with great rattling wing-strokes to get purchase on the air, but could not. Over and over again he struck downward with his beak, apparently at the squirrel, though of this, because of the blur of his whipping wings, I could not be sure. In a moment he half toppled forward, and then, like a huge broken-winged partridge, he flopped about among the tangled coils of roots, uttering meanwhile shrill screech on screech that seemed fairly to lacerate his throat. In but little more time than it takes to tell it a dozen king-birds had gathered, and were buzzing round the struggling harrier like gadflies round a horse, adding their spiteful cries to his harsh din; now a crow appeared out of nowhere, and searched deep in his throat for his hoarsest caw; blue jays flashed across the clearing and back again in a frenzy of clamorous excitement; a swarm of clattering blackbirds rushed into the tree above me till its branches sagged and creaked like those of a laboring tree overweighted with fruit,—all in an instant bedlam was let loose round that old wind-wrecked maple.

Under cover of the uproar I crept nearer, and saw that a big black dog-mink, his bulldog jaws clamped on the upper leg of the harrier, was grimly fighting to pull him down from behind, while the harrier, with the speed of terror and hate, sought desperately to reach his assailant with his beak. It looked as if the mink must win, for the harrier was perceptibly weakening in his vain counter-attack; but a sudden lift with the harrier's long wings half tore the mink from his hold, and swung him for one brief moment within distance of that rending beak. Rip; a big red gash gaped open on the mink's writhing flank, and he let go and tumbled back among the roots. Up leaped the hawk, his pearly-white breast streaked and blotched with blood from his wounded leg. Like magic the cries of all but the king-birds were hushed, while, still screaming with rage and hurt, the hawk rose heavily skyward and marked his course athwart the wind for the shelter of the woods.

The mink, too, was sorely hurt. It would be long before his stealthy attack could again bring peril to so large a quarry as a harrier.

The little clearing grew very still. But for the limp, torn body of the squirrel, stretched where the hawk had first pinned him down, there was scarcely a sign of the swift fight so newly ended. Soon a huge black and yellow spider stole from his lair in a crevice of the rotting bark a foot from the dead squirrel, and like a nimble sailor ran up the tall mast of a hardhack stalk and cast his halyards to the wind; then made them snug and spun a new sail, as it were, which he bent to his rigging and spread to the faint puffs of air among the weeds. And now a file of sexton-beetles, with the very uniform of the detail that had buried the mouse, marched Indian-wise along the log to push the dead squirrel into the deep grass.

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The Promise

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

MURRAY was not as one without hope, for there was the Promise. The remembrance of it set him now to exulting, in an odd, restrained little way, where a moment ago he had been desponding. He clasped plump brown little hands around a plump brown little knee and swayed gently this way and that.

"Maybe she'll begin with my shoes," Murray thought, and held his foot quite still. He could almost feel light fingers unlacing the stubbed little shoe; Sheelah's fingers were rather heavy and not patient with knots. Hers would be patient—there are some things one is certain of.

"When she unbuttons me," Murray mused on, sitting absolutely motionless, as if she were unbuttoning him now—"when she unbuttons me I shall hold in my breath—this way," though he could hardly have explained why.

She had never unlaced or unbuttoned him. Always, since he was a little, breathing soul, it had been Sheelah. It had never occurred to him that he loved Sheelah, but he was used to her. All the mothering he had ever experienced had been the Sheelah kind—thorough enough, but lacking something; Murray was conscious that it lacked something. Perhaps—perhaps to-night he should find out what. For to-night not Sheelah, but his mother, was going to undress him and put him to bed. She had promised.

It had come about through his unprecedented wail of grief at parting, when she had gone into the nursery to say good-by, in her light, sweet way. Perhaps it was because she was to be gone all day; perhaps he was a little lonelier than usual. He was always rather a lonely little boy, but there were *worse* times; perhaps this had been a worse time. Whatever had been the reason that prompted him, he had with disquieting suddenness, before Sheelah could prevent it, flung his arms about the pretty mother and made audible objection to her going.

"Why, Murray!" She had been taken by surprise. "Why, you little silly! I'm coming back to-night; I'm only going for the day! You wouldn't see much more of me if I stayed at home." Which, from its very reasonableness, had quieted him. Of course he would not see much more of her. As suddenly as he had wailed he stopped wailing. Yet she had promised. Something had sent her back to the nursery door to do it.

"Be a good boy and I'll come home before you go to bed! I'll *put* you to bed," she had promised. "We'll have a regular lark!"

Hence he was out here on the door-step, being a good boy. That Sheelah had taken unfair advantage of the Promise and made the being good rather a perilous undertaking, he did not appreciate. He only knew he must walk a narrow path across a long, lonely day.

There were certain things—one especial certain thing—he wanted to know, but instinct warned him not to interrupt Sheelah till her work was done, or she might call it not being good. So he waited, and while he waited he found out the special thing. An unexpected providence sent enlightenment his way, to sit down beside him on the door-step. Its other name was Daisy.

"Hullo, Murray! Is this you?" Daisy, being of the right sex, asked needless questions sometimes.

"Yes," answered Murray, politely.

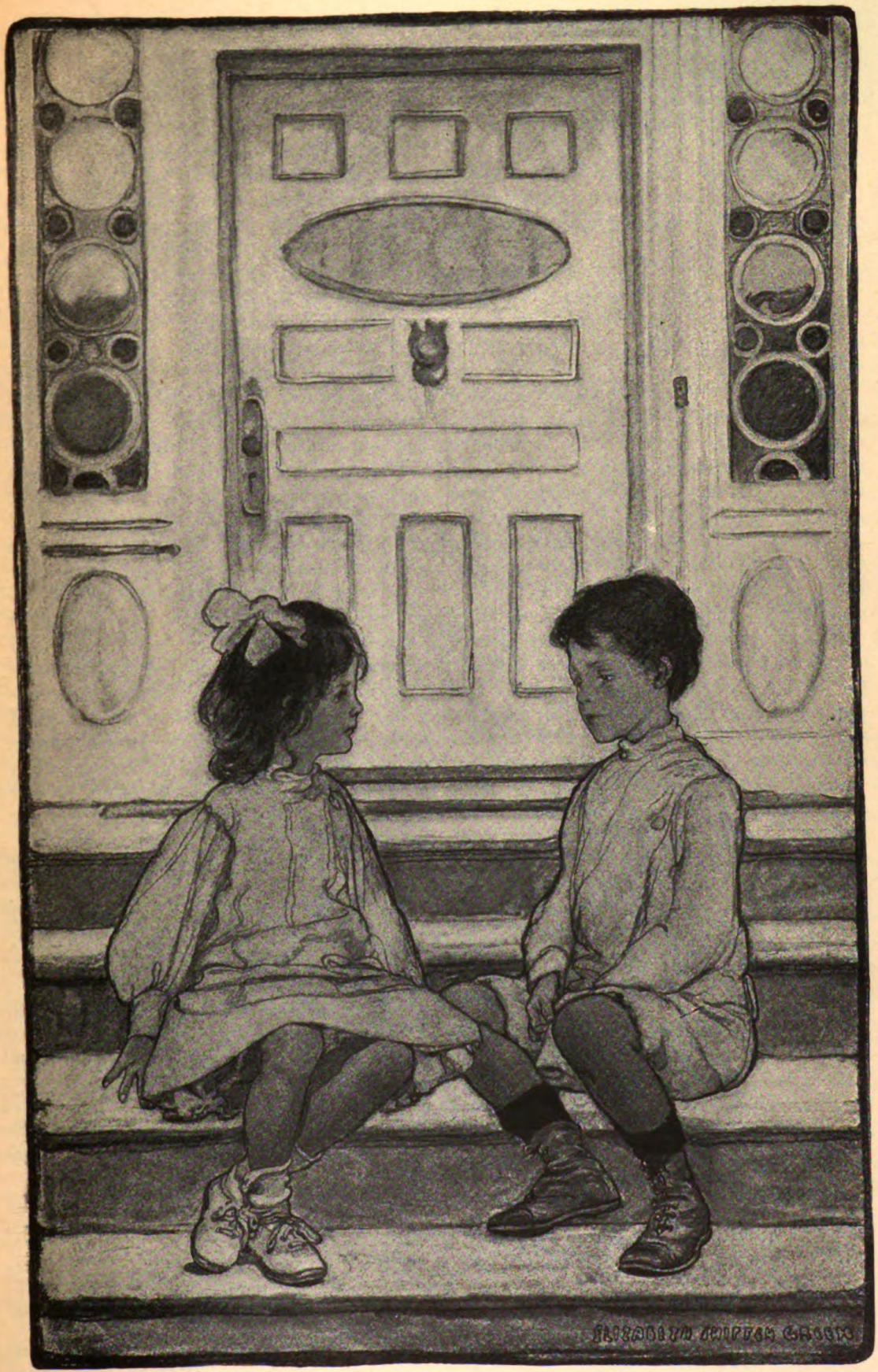
"Well, le's play. I can stay half a hour. Le's tag."

"I can't play," rejoined Murray, caution restraining his natural desires. "I'm being good."

"Oh my!" shrilled the girl child derisively. "Can't you be good tagging? Come on."

"No; because you might—*I* might get

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I CAN'T PLAY . . . I'M BEING GOOD"

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no-fairing, and then Sheelah'd come out and say I was bad. Le's sit here and talk; it's safer to. What's a lark, Daisy? I was going to ask Sheelah."

"A — lark? Why, it's a bird, of course!"

"I don't mean the bird kind, but the kind you have when your mother puts you—when something splendid happens. That kind, I mean."

Daisy pondered. Her acquaintance with larks was limited, unless it meant—

"Do you mean a good time?" she asked. "We have larks over to my house when we go to bed—"

"That's it! That's the kind!" shouted delighted Murray. "I'm going to have one when I go to bed. Do you have *reg'lar* ones, Daisy?" with a secret little hope that she didn't. "*I'm* going to have a reg'lar one."

"Huh!—chase all round the room an' turn somersaults an' be highway robberers? An' take the hairpins out o' your mother's hair an' *hide* in it—what?"

Murray gasped a little at the picture of that kind of a lark. It was difficult to imagine himself chasing round the room or being a highwayman; and as for somersaults—he glanced uneasily over his shoulder, as if Sheelah might be looking and read "somersaults" through the back of his head. For once he had almost turned one and Sheelah had found him in the middle of it and said pointed things. In Sheelah's code of etiquette there were no somersaults in the "s" column.

"It's a reg'lar lark to hide in your mother's hair," was going on the girl child's voice. "Yes, sir, that's the reg'larest kind!"

Murray gasped again, harder. For that kind took away his breath altogether and made him feel a little dizzy, as if he were—were *doing it now*—hiding in his mother's hair! It was soft, beautiful, gold-colored hair, and there was a great deal of it—oh, plenty to hide in! He shut his eyes and felt it all about him and soft against his face, and smelled the faint fragrance of it. The dizziness was sweet.

Yes, that must be the reg'larest kind of a lark, but Murray did not deceive himself, once the dream was over. He knew *that* kind was not waiting for him at the end of this long day. But a lark was waiting, anyway—a plain lark. It might have been the bird kind in his little heart now, singing for joy at the prospect.

Impatience seized upon Murray. He wanted this little neighbor's half-hour to be up, so that he could go in and watch the clock. He wanted Sheelah to come out here, for that would mean it was ten o'clock; she always came at ten. He wanted it to be noon, to be afternoon, to be *night*. The most beautiful time in his rather monotonous little life was down there at the foot of the day, and he was creeping toward it on the lagging hours. He was like a little traveller on a dreary plain, with the first ecstatic glimpse of a hill ahead.

Murray in his childish way had been in love a long time, but he had never got very near his dear lady. He had watched her a little way off and wondered at the gracious beauty of her, and loved her eyes and her lips and her soft gold-colored hair. He had never—oh, never—been near enough to be unlaced and unbuttoned and put to bed by the lady that he loved. She had come in sometimes in a wondrous dress to say good night, but often, stopping at the mirror on the way across to him, she had seen a beautiful vision and forgotten to say it. And Murray had not wondered, for he had seen the vision, too.

"Your mamma's gone away, hasn't she? I saw her."

Daisy was still there! Murray pulled himself out of his dreaming, to be polite.

"Yes; but she's coming back to-night. She promised."

"S'posing the cars run off the track so she can't?" Daisy said, cheerfully.

"She'll come," Murray rejoined with the decision of faith. "She promised, I said."

"S'posing she's killed 'most dead?"

"She'll come."

"*Puffickly* dead—s'posing?"

Murray took time, but even here his faith in the Promise stood its ground, though the ground shook under it. Sheelah had taught him what a promise was; it was something not to be shaken or killed even in a railroad wreck.

"When anybody promises, *they do it*," he said, sturdily. "She promised an' she'll come."

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"Then her angel will have to come," remarked the older, girl child, coolly, with awful use of the indicative mood.

When the half-hour was over and Murray at liberty, he went in to the clock and stood before it with hands a-pocket and wide-spread legs. A great yearning was upon him to know the mystery of telling time. He wished—oh, how he wished he had let Sheelah teach him! Then he could have stood here making little addition sums and finding out just how long it would be till night. Or he could go away and keep coming back here to make little subtraction sums, to find out how much time was left *now*—and now—and now. It was dreadful to just stand and wonder things.

Once he went up-stairs to his own little room out of the nursery and sat down where he had always sat when Sheelah unlaced him, before he had begun to unlace himself, and stood up where he had always stood when Sheelah unbuttoned him. He sat very still and stood very still, his grave little face intent with imagining. He was imagining how it would be when *she* did it. She would be right here, close—if he dared, he could put out his hand and smooth her. If he *dared,* he could take the pins out of her soft hair and hide in it—

He meant to dare!

"Little silly," perhaps she would call him; perhaps she would remember to kiss him good night. And afterward, when the lark was over, it would stay on, singing, in his heart. And he would lie in the dark and love Her.

For Her part, it was a busy day enough and did not lag. She did her shopping and called on a town friend or two. In the late afternoon she ran in to several art-stores where pictures were on exhibition. It was at the last of these places that she ran upon a woman who was a neighbor of hers in the suburbs.

"Why, Mrs. Cody!" the neighbor cried. "How delightful! You've come in to see Irving, too?"

"No," with distinct regret answered Murray's mother, "but I wish I had! I'm only in for a little shopping."

"Not going to stay! Why, it will be *wicked* to go back to-night—unless, of course, you've seen him in *Robespierre*."

"I haven't. Cicely Howe has been trying to tease me to stop over and go with her. It's a 'sure-enough' temptation, as Fred says. Fred's away, so that part's all right. Of course there's Murray, but there's also Sheelah—" She was talking more to herself now than to the neighbor. The temptation had taken a sudden and striking hold upon her. It was the chance of a lifetime. She really ought—

"I guess you'll stop over!" laughed the neighbor. "I know the signs."

"I'll telephone to Sheelah," Murray's mother decided, aloud, "then I'll run along back to Cicely's. I've always wanted to see Irving in that play."

But it was seven o'clock before she telephoned. She was to have been at home at half past seven.

"That you, Sheelah? I'm not coming out to-night—not until morning. I'm going to the theatre. Tell Murray I'll bring him a present. Put an extra blanket over him if it comes up chilly."

She did not hang up the receiver at once, holding it absently at her ear while she considered if she ought to say anything else to Sheelah. Hence she heard distinctly an indignant exclamation.

"Will you hear that, now! An' the boy that certain! 'She's promised,' he says, an' he'll kape on 'She's-promising' for all o' me, for it's not tell him I will! He can go to slape in his poor little boots, expectin' her to kape her promise!"

The woman with the receiver at her ear uttered a low exclamation. She had not forgotten the Promise, but it had not impressed her as anything vital. She had given it merely to comfort Little Silly when he cried. That he would regard it as sacred—that it *was* sacred—came to her now with the forcible impact of a blow. And, oddly enough, close upon its heels came a remembrance picture—of a tiny child playing with his soldiers on the floor. The sunlight lay over him—she could see it on his little hair and face. She could hear him talking to the "Captain soldier." She had at the time called it a sermon, with a text, and laughed at the child who preached it. She was not laughing now.

"Lissen, Cappen Sojer, an' I'll teach you a p'omise. A p'omise—a p'omise—why, *when anybody p'omises, they do it!*"

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Queer how plainly she could hear Little Silly say that and could see him sitting in the sun! Just the little white dress he had on—tucks in it and a dainty edging of lace! She had recognized Sheelah's maxims and laughed. Sheelah was stuffing the child with notions.

"If anybody p'omises, they do it." It seemed to come to her over the wire in a baby's voice and to strike against her heart. This mother of a little son stood suddenly self-convicted of a crime—the crime of faithlessness. It was not, she realized with a sharp stab of pain, faith in *her* the little child at the other end of the line was exercising, but faith in the Promise. He would keep on "She-promising" till he fell asleep in his poor little boots—

"Oh!" breathed in acute distress the mother of a little son. For all unexpectedly, suddenly, her house built of cards of carelessness, flippancy, thoughtlessness, had fallen round her. She struggled among the flimsy ruins.

Then came a panic of hurry. She must go home at once, without a moment's delay. A little son was waiting for her to come and put him to bed. She had promised; he was waiting. They were to have a regular little lark—that she remembered, too, with distinctness. She was almost as uncertain as Murray had been of the meaning of a "lark"; she had used the word, as she had used so many other words to the child, heedlessly. She had even an odd little uncertain feeling as to what it meant to put a little son to bed, for she had never unlaced or unbuttoned one. She had never wanted to until now. But now—she could hardly wait to get home to do it. Little Silly was growing up—the bare brown space between the puffs of his little trousers and the top rims of his little socks were widening. She must hurry, hurry! What if he grew up before she got there! What if she never had a chance to put a little son to bed! She had lost so many chances; this one that was left had suddenly sprung into prominence and immense value. With the shock of her awakening upon her she felt like one partially paralyzed, but with the need upon her to rise and walk—to *run*.

She started at once, scarcely allowing herself time to explain to her friend. She would listen to no urgings at all.

"I've got to go, Cicely—I've promised my little son," was all she took time to say; and the friend, knowing of the telephone message, supposed it had been a telephone promise.

At the station they told her there was another train at seven-thirty, and she walked about uneasily until it came. Walking about seemed to hurry it along the rails to her.

Another woman waited and walked with her. Another mother of little sons, she decided whimsically, reading it in the sweet, quiet face. The other woman was in widow's black, and she thought how merciful it was that there should be a little son left her. She yielded to an inclination to speak.

"The train is late," she said. "It must be."

"No." The other woman glanced backward at the station clock. "It's we who are early."

"And in a hurry," laughed Murray's mother, in the relief of speech. "I've got to get home to put my little son to bed! I don't suppose you are going home for that?"

The sweet face for an instant lost its quietness. Something like a spasm of mortal pain crossed it and twisted it. The woman walked away abruptly, but came back. "I've been home and—put him to bed," she said, slowly—"in his last little bed."

Then Murray's mother found herself hurrying feverishly into a car, her face feeling wet and queer. She was crying.

"Oh, the poor woman!" she thought, "the poor woman! And I'm going home to a little live one. I can cover him up and tuck him in! I can kiss his little solemn face and his little brown knees. Why haven't I ever kissed his knees before? If I could only hurry! Will this car ever start?" She put her head out of the window. An oily personage in jumpers was passing.

"Why don't we start?" she said.

"Hot box," the oily person replied, laconically.

The delay was considerable to a mother going home to put her little child to bed. It seemed to this mother interminable. When at length she felt a

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MURRAY HAD SEEN THE VISION, TOO

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welcome jar and lurch her patience was threadbare. She sat bolt upright, as if by so doing she were helping things along.

It was an express and leaped ahead splendidly, catching up with itself. Her thoughts leaped ahead with it. No, no, he would not be in bed. Sheelah was not going to tell him, so he would insist upon waiting up. But she might find him asleep in his poor little boots! She caught her breath in half a sob, half tender laugh. Little Silly!

But if an express, why this stop? They were slowing up. It was not time to get to the home station; there were no lights. Murray's mother waylaid a passing brakeman.

"What is it? What is it?"

"All right, all right! Don't be scairt, lady! Wreck ahead somewheres —freight-train. We got to wait till they clear the track."

But the misery of waiting! He might get tired of waiting, or Sheelah might tell him she was not coming out to-night; he might go to bed, with his poor little faith in the Promise wrecked, like the freight on there in the dark. She could not sit still and bear the thought; it was not much easier pacing the aisle. She felt a wild inclination to get off the train and walk home.

At the home station, when at last she reached it, she took a carriage. "Drive fast!" she said, peremptorily. "I'll pay you double fare."

The houses they rattled past were ablaze with light down-stairs, not up-stairs where little sons would be going to bed. All the little sons had gone to bed.

They stopped with a terrific lurch. It threw her on to the seat ahead.

"This is not the place," she cried, sharply, after a glance without.

"No'm; we're stoppin' fer recreation," drawled sarcastically the unseen driver. He appeared to be assisting the horse to lie down. She stumbled to the ground and demanded things.

"Yer'll have to ax this here four-legged party what's doin'. *I* didn't stop —I kep' right on goin'. He laid down on his job, that's all, marm. I'll get him up, come Chris'mas. Now then, yer ole fool!"

There was no patience left in the "fare" standing there beside the plunging beast. She fumbled in her purse, found something, dropped it somewhere, and hurried away down the street. She did not walk home, because she ran. It was well the streets were quiet ones.

"Has he gone to bed?" she came panting in upon drowsy Sheelah, startling that phlegmatic person out of an honest Irish dream.

"Murray—Little Silly—has he gone to bed? Oh no!" for she saw him then, an inert little heap at Sheelah's feet. She gathered him up in her arms.

"I won't! I won't go, Sheelah! I'm waiting. She promis—" in drowsy murmur.

"She's here—she's come, Murray! Mamma's come home to put you to bed—Little Silly, open your eyes and see mamma!"

And he opened them and saw the love in her eyes before he saw her. Sleep took instant wings. He sprang up.

"I knew you'd come! I told Sheelah! When anybody promises, they— Come on quick up-stairs! I can unlace myself, but I'd rather—"

"Yes, yes!" she sobbed.

"And we'll have a lark, won't we? You said a lark; but not the reg'larest kind—I don't suppose we could have the reg'larest kind?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Oh!—why!" His eyes shone. He put up his hand, then drew it shyly back. If she would only take out the pins herself —if he only dared to—

"What is it, Little Silly—darling?" They were up in his room. She had her cheek against his little bare brown knees. It brought her soft gold-colored hair so near—if he only dared—

"What is it you'd like, little son?" And he took courage. She had never called him Little Son before. It made him brave enough.

"I thought—the reg'larest kind—your hair—if you'd let it tumble all down, I'd—hide in it," he breathed, his knees against her cheek trembling like little frightened things.

It fell about him in a soft shower and he hid in it and laughed. Sheelah heard them laughing together.

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How Men Feel in Battle

BY S. H. M. BYERS

Author of "Sherman's March to the Sea"

SUMTER was fired on. I was twenty-two. I longed for the excitement of battle, the adventure of war; and so I enlisted in a regiment that was to be wiped out of existence before the war was over. More than a year passed. It was noon now, of the 19th of September, 1862. Possibly the fiercest battle of the civil war was about to begin—a battle in which our small brigade of three half-regiments was to lose six hundred and eight killed and wounded. My own regiment had but four hundred and eighty-two engaged, but two hundred and seventeen of them, with fifteen officers, were stretched dead or wounded in an hour. It was appalling. That was war. That afternoon put a star on the shoulder of General Rosecrans.

My regiment had been hoping for a great fight. We were tired of chasing "Pap" Price's battalions and guerrillas from the Missouri River to the Ozark Mountains, tired of being killed off in running fights, skirmishes, and ambuscades, where there was no honor. We wanted real war. At last, at Iuka, down in Mississippi, and close to the Tennessee River, they said they would stand up and fight. And they did! Not a soldier in the Fifth Iowa was more anxious to participate in a red-hot battle than myself. I was among those who had volunteered not more for patriotism than for hope of tremendous adventure. My chance had come. We marched from our camps at Jacinto as light-footed and as light-hearted that September morning as if we were going to a wedding. The sky was blue, the birds sang, the autumn leaves were red and beautiful. We seemed perfectly gay with anticipation of being killed. It seems astounding now. The fact is, no one thought himself in severe danger. Some of us would be killed, we knew, of course, but each thought it would be the "other fellow." We sang jovial songs as we marched along; one, a song of my own composing. That gorgeous forenoon, hurrying through the woods for twenty miles, towards the enemy, we saw the *poetry* of war. Sundown saw five of my messmates and forty-two of my regiment dead in a ditch by the battle-field. Another one hundred and seventy-five were wounded. And we had all been so happy in the morning!

An hour before the fight commenced we soldiers feared the enemy might run and get away. At last a shot was heard in the woods in front of us. Our advance-guard had run on to some Confederates in gray. "Form your regiment instantly, right and left across this road," cried a staff-officer, galloping up to our loved commander, Colonel Matthies. "Stand your ground here and fight them," added the officer.

"Dat is just exactly vot I calculate to do," answered our colonel in his Teutonic accent. In three minutes the line was across the road and every eye peering into the thin woods in front. Just then, to my amazement, the colonel galloped up to me and said: "You have got your musket, but you must not fight. Something has happened to the quartermaster. Go back to the teams and hurry them ten miles to the rear." I was the most disappointed man in Grant's army. Protests did no good. "I trust you," he said. "You must go; another time you shall have your chance." Orders were orders. I hurried away, with the oncoming battle sounding in my ears, and in my heart a fixed resolve never to obey orders again, if that meant taking me from the side of my comrades.

When we got the news back at the wagon-train that my regiment had been gloriously cut to pieces, I almost cried, that I had lost the chance to fall in battle. The fighting had been something terrible. The combatants nearly exter-

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minated each other. They fought so close that if a man were hit, he was powder-burnt. One regiment of the enemy had every officer killed or wounded. Yet we wanted more of this.

Time passed. My colonel kept his word. In a little time that same enemy, reinforced, rushed on to our works at Corinth. We were 25,000 inside the town, and they were 40,000 outside. All the moonlight night of October 3 my regiment, what was left of it, lay in a wagon road in the woods outside the works of Corinth and listened to the rumbling of the Confederate artillery as it was moving into place to attack us on the morrow. This time no orders hindered. A comrade who escaped being killed at Iuka lay under a blanket with me in the wagon road and in the moonlight. The terrible experience at Iuka had sobered Jimmy King a little. He talked of what might happen at daylight. He said, too, he was "glad he had always led a good life." As for me, I was hopeful of a big time. I might of course get wounded—I almost hoped for this little honor,—but it was the "other fellow" who would certainly get killed.

At daybreak of the 4th, Fort Robinette was picked out by the enemy as one of the points for their great final assault, and it proved one of the awfulest and bloodiest assaults of the civil war. There had been hard fighting all day of the 3d, and all our outer works were in the enemy's hands. On the morning of the 4th, my regiment with its division was placed some distance to the right of Robinette. We were in a field of high weeds. The orders were to lie down, as the enemy in overpowering numbers were about to assault us directly in front. We lay there in the weeds for an hour without speaking. What a chance for strange thoughts! And the men, thinking of their comrades dead in the ditches of Iuka, did meditate. The suspense, lying there in the weeds, every moment expecting a crash of musketry in our faces, was something intense. The sun was red hot. Poor Billy Bodley, grieving for his only brother, just killed, crept over to me and whispered, "I am not afraid, but I am too sick to fight—you are the captain's friend; ask him to let me go back." He went, only to be killed on another field. He was just creeping back through the weeds, when some one cried out to us to "rise and fire." I was burning up with excitement, too excited to be scared. Instantly we were on our feet. I was in the rear rank. I could see the enemy perfectly. Some of them were in their shirt-sleeves, running from tree to tree and firing at us. I raised my musket and blazed away at nobody in particular. A comrade in front of me afterward said I "nearly shot his ear off." He glanced back once, he said, and I was only laughing. That was my first shot in an open, stand-up battle. We went on firing, biting our cartridges and loading with iron ramrods as fast as we could. I was constantly afraid lest the enemy would be on me before I could get that fool gun loaded. The destiny of the country was in my hands at that moment; only I wasn't thinking of the country, or anything else save that miserable old ramrod and that line of fellows a hundred yards in front. I must have swallowed whole spoonfuls of gunpowder in my haste biting the cartridges. I had thirst beyond description. My canteen was full of water, too, but who could stop then to take a drink! The fighting went on some minutes, yet not many men were dropping near me right or left. It must have been a ruse of the enemy, for suddenly he massed a heavy column to our left, and almost passing us, made that dreadful and historic assault on bloody Robinette. My regiment made a quick wheel half-way round, and there we stood and witnessed as brave deeds as were ever seen in any war. No soldiers could have stormed that fort and held it, yet now, suddenly, a great black column of Confederates debouched from the woods, spread out fanlike, and with a yell started to capture Fort Robinette. In front of them and about them lay fallen trees, making a strong abattis; in front of these, a deep, wide ditch; and in front of that, the fort, filled with cannon and soldiers. Every gun was loaded to the muzzle, and as the Confederates approached, a horrible whirlwind of bullets, grape-shot, and canister poured into their faces. They never halted. General Rogers, with a flag in one hand and a revolver in the other, led them straight into one of the awful

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death-traps of the war. Hundreds of them crossed the ditch, climbed into the fort, and with their muskets clubbed the men at the guns. Others lay dead on the fort's escarpment, their muskets folded in their arms. Useless courage, vain glory. In a moment, new Federal lines rose up behind the fort, and all was lost. The Confederates fled back among their dead, trampling them as they ran. Twice they had passed in front of my regiment, once as victors and once in horrible defeat. Standing there, looking at the horrible scene, and in the midst of the awful thunder of battle, I felt as if the world were coming to an end. It seemed the destruction of humanity, not a battle. If the ground had opened and swallowed us all up, it wouldn't have seemed strange. At that moment I was thinking neither of victory nor defeat. It was the tremendous spectacle, the awful noise, that overwhelmed me. Had that charge succeeded, my regiment would have been lost. We were speechless, breathless, as we watched the storming of the fort. Soon I went down to the grass before it. Six thousand dead and wounded Confederates lay in front of Corinth. I saw the body of Rogers, the brave of the brave, lying there. He was in his white-stocking feet. Some vandal had robbed him of his boots. He lay on his back, his face to the foe.

That night in the moonlight I stood on guard on the battle-field. I was under an oak-tree. The dead lay there unburied, among them two of my chums and classmates in a Western school. I had time to meditate on the awfulness of war, that night. But I did not. I was only thinking of the words of General Rosecrans, as he rode down the lines at Iuka, crying out, "Glorious Fifth Iowa." I, too, in the moonlight on the battle-field was saying, "Glorious Fifth Iowa." It was my regiment. How a soldier loves glory! I forgot my dead comrades and classmates in my pride in the regiment.

Forty years have passed. As I write this, I do not know that twenty of my regiment are alive. It was one of the commands that perished almost before the war was over. Later, when I was mustered out of the army as an escaped prisoner, the Secretary of War said to me: "You have no regiment. They are all gone. They fell gloriously. You are the last man of the regiment." Is it any wonder that there, on the battle-field, alone in the moonlight, I was thinking only of the deeds of the regiment.

I skip a few months. Again the chance is mine. I had not yet been killed or hurt. I had volunteered that something might happen. I wanted more adventure, and more and more; and it was all coming, but I did not know it. A last great attempt was to be made on Vicksburg. We had made so many attempts and failed. In all, ten thousand lives had been lost and Vicksburg was still standing there, a defiance to the Union army. A European war-office would have courtmartialled Grant for leaving his base as he did now, putting a mighty river behind him and starting into an enemy's country, almost without food for man or beast. We got used to strange warfare in the civil conflict, after a while. Anyway, there we now were, marching behind Vicksburg—here, there, anywhere—walking through dust shoe-mouth deep, roasting in the sun, sleeping in the road, fighting everywhere —Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills—victories, every one. We hardly waited to bury the dead. Day and night we kept going. We just marched and fought. At Jackson, an awful thunder-storm accompanied the battle. Forty years after I still laugh to think how a hundred times we soldiers dropped flat on our faces at every mighty clap of thunder, thinking it an exploding shell from the guns of the enemy. Suddenly Pemberton, with all his army, came boldly out of Vicksburg, to give us one great battle. He chose his ground among the magnolia woods of Champion Hills. My chance for adventure had come again.

On the night of May 15th, my regiment got hold of a little flour. At dawn of the 16th we were mixing it with water, making dough balls to bake on the end of our ramrods over our little bivouac fires in the woods. It was all we had to eat. Once we heard faint sounds of cannon far away. Some horsemen were passing the bivouac. It was just daylight. I went out to the roadside, and there I saw General Grant gal-

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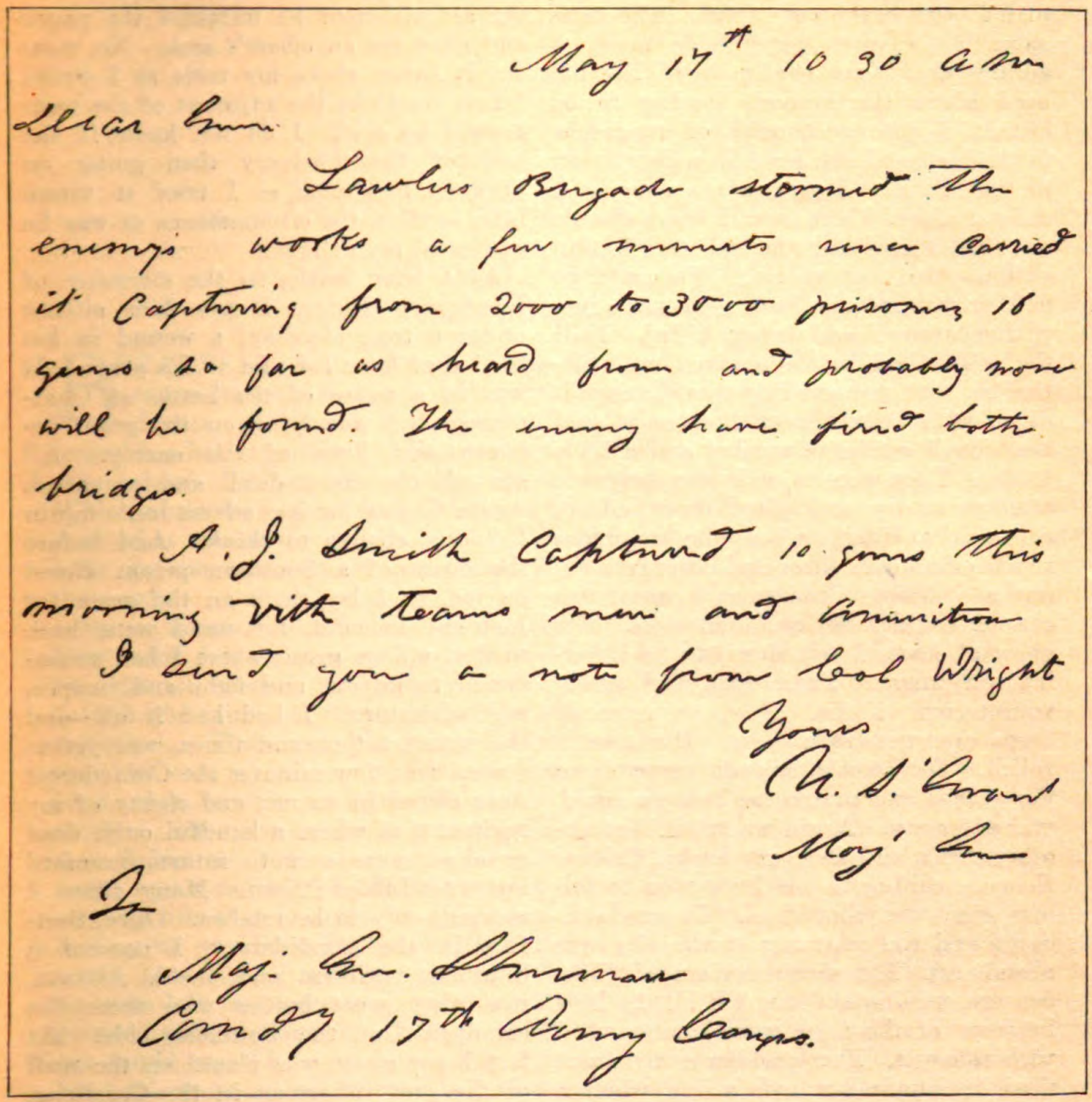
loping past, followed by aides who were jumping their horses over logs and stumps, trying to keep up with the commander. There were more sounds of cannon. "Fall in," sounded down the regiment. In five minutes we were making a forced march for Champion Hills. The fight had commenced and we were a dozen miles away. How we travelled! The cavalry did not more than keep up with us. We were nearly dying with thirst. The day was terrifically hot. As we neared the battle-field, we passed a dirty pond of water. We left the ranks and filled canteens and stomachs with a fluid fit only for swine to wallow in. One can't be too fastidious with a battle coming on. Already hundreds of wounded men were rushing to the rear. In a little time my regiment was stretched in line of battle, at the side of an open field. Beyond that field, in the wood and hills, the enemy was firing random shots into our silent unresisting line. What we were doing there, Heaven only knows. How little a subordinate soldier ever knows as to what he is about! His business is to march, keep still, be shot to pieces, and say nothing! The suspense of standing in that line was something awful. We were being shot down, and not firing a shot in return. There was again a chance to think, and I was thinking if I had not had enough of fool adventure! I was quartermaster-sergeant, anyway. My post was at a safe place with the train, at the rear. Yet, here I was, just as in every fight of the Vicksburg campaign, volunteering to get myself shot. The colonel had allowed a convalescent to perform my duties, while I went forth in search of fame.

I hadn't long to think, for shortly General Grant rode up behind my regiment and dismounted, almost where I was standing in the line. It was something to see him in battle, and so close I could almost hear his talk. He had the inevitable cigar as he leaned against his horse, listening to the reports of aides as they galloped to him. An occasional man in the regiment threw up his arms, dropped his musket and fell dead. It created no remark. We just stood on, wondering what next. There was some mysterious nodding of heads between our colonel and General Grant. And then suddenly came an order,—"Fix bayonets —forward—double-quick—charge!" We started on the run. Grant, I noticed, mounted his horse and rode away. As we were about to move, the colonel made me acting sergeant-major of the regiment. To be promoted right then, in such a place! General Grant, commanding the army, was not so proud as I was. Fear or no fear, I could do nothing now but pitch in and fight. Honor was at stake! We charged up and into the woods, under a heavy fire — till, suddenly, we were stopped by a blazing line of Confederate musketry. Then the two lines, the blue and the gray, stood two mortal hours (though it did not seem but a few minutes to me) and poured hot musketry into each other's face. I was struck twice, but slightly hurt. Comrades near me I saw covered with blood, their faces black with powder, fighting on. The dead lay everywhere unnoticed. Again I was biting cartridges and hurrying with that awful ramrod. A Confederate shot his ramrod through my hand. I was too busy, too excited, too hot, too thirsty, to think of it—to think of anything but loading and firing and standing my ground.

We were winning Vicksburg right there, making Grant President that afternoon. Every torn face was a step toward the city, every dead man a ballot for the White House, yet neither White House nor ballot nor Vicksburg was in our thoughts. Would that awful line in front of us ever give way? That was all. The terrific fighting continued. I emptied my musket forty times, at men in front of me. Some took cartridges from the dead and fired fifty, sixty times. Once we were being flanked. A boy ran up to me crying: "My regiment has run. What will I do?" "Stay right here!" I shouted. "Load and fire." He did, until both his legs were shot off by a cannon-ball. That was war! I was getting adventure, too—lots of it!

Before sundown the battle was over. Leaving our dead unburied, our wounded in the woods, we hurried on. We had taken Vicksburg, out there under the magnolia-trees of Champion Hills. The awful fighting for the city forts, later, would have been in vain had Grant's

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May 17th 10 30 a.m.

Dear Gen.

Lawlers Brigade stormed the enemys works a few minutes since carried it Capturing from 2000 to 3000 prisoners 18 guns so far as heard from and probably more will be found. The enemy have fired both bridges.

A. J. Smith Captured 10 guns this morning with teams men and Ammunition

I send you a note from Col Wright

Yours

U. S. Grant

Maj' Gen

To

Maj. Gen. Sherman

Comdg 17th Army Corps.

GRANT'S LETTER TO SHERMAN ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY
From the original autograph copy owned by Mr. Byers

army been defeated that afternoon in May. We went on to the Black River and fought again. Not knowing of our victories, the government ordered Grant to abandon the campaign; let Vicksburg go. Think of it! The messenger came to him as he sat on his horse watching some brave regiments storm the breastworks defending Black River bridge. "It is too late," he said to the messenger. "Look yonder. Forty cannon are in our hands." And then, sitting there in his saddle on the battle-field, he wrote General Sherman a letter in pencil, telling of the victory. The autograph letter here reproduced is in the writer's hands.

Soon we approached the mighty forts and lines surrounding Vicksburg. The soldiers had had so many victories, they believed that they could storm the works. Grant let them try. That 22d of May saw the Union army hurled back into its own breastworks. The charge had been made by 35,000 men. My own brigade and regiment advanced at the centre. Three hundred cannon and all the mortar-boats bombarded the city before the charge. The Fifth Iowa crept up through the gullies and ravines very close to the fort. The cannonading and the hot sun made the warring terrible. I was ordered to carry some ammunition

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to the boys at the very front. The regiment lay against the hillside under a galling fire. One hardly dared lift his head above the ground, fearing to be killed. I got my bundles of cartridges to the men and sat down in a depression in the hillside. I was safe as long as I did not move. Once more I had a chance to think, there, with the bullets whizzing within three feet of me. We could go neither forward nor back. We were just sitting around and being killed. Still the attack had not been given up. Sitting in that protected spot, a dozen soldiers, with heads bowed low, crept past me. Each carried a musket and a little ladder. They were to make the desperate attempt to try and place these ladders across the ditch, when the regiment would climb over them and cross into the works. These laddermen passed so close I could look into their eyes. For once, at least, I felt death to be hovering very near. These men had surely volunteered to die. Few, or none of them, ever were seen again. Our assault failed. Our whole brigade crept down the gullies and ravines as best we could, and got away. Again we tried it at another point, and there our leader, Colonel Boomer, calling to the Iowa men to follow him, was shot dead. It was sundown and the storming of the city was abandoned. The siege commenced. Like beavers, we dug and dug till all the hills in front of the forts were honeycombed with rifle-pits. Every soldier at the front fired his hundred rounds a day, whether an enemy was seen or not. The men inside the forts did the same with us, and at intervals a hundred cannon poured exploding shells into the city.

One morning when I was out at the front rifle-pits I saw General Matthies creeping along the galleries to the pit where I was firing. He had a package in his hand wrapped in brown paper. To my astonishment he unfolded the paper and gave me an officer's sash. No wonder it hangs above my table as I write. "You are to be the adjutant of the regiment," he said. I do not know if the roar of the musketry then going on drowned my voice as I tried to thank him, or if in the circumstance of war he witnessed my delight.

At a later battle, in the storming of Missionary Ridge, I saw him sitting under a tree, bleeding, a wound in his head that later led him to his grave. It was in a pause of the battle of Chattanooga. I was lying on the grass between two lines of the enemy. All around me were dead and wounded. Again I was having adventure. Again I had a chance to think. And before the doors of a Southern prison closed on me, as I lay there on the grass for just one moment, my mind went back to that village green where I had volunteered to go out and fight and, maybe, win adventure. I had had it all—and the worst, a thousand times, was yet to come. In a few minutes the Confederate lines closed in on me, and eighty of my regiment, of whom a handful only, dead or alive, were ever to return, marched away to Libby Prison. Many times I escaped, only to be retaken. Once, foot-free in the Confederacy, I entered a Southern regiment and, inside Atlanta, saw what great battles were from the standpoint of the Southern side. At last I got away, was placed on the staff of the great Sherman in the Carolinas, and was the first to carry the news of his victories to the government at Washington. I had, as a boy, often wondered how men feel in war-times. After four years of war, adventure, and prison, I found it out. In all the civil war I slept but eight nights in a bed at home. I had longed for adventure. The memory of the past is now enough.

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Feeding the Mind

AN ESSAY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

BY (the late) LEWIS CARROLL

Author of *Alice in Wonderland*

BREAKFAST, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means; but life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty; and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter. It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy—and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

Well it is, I say, for us, that the consequences of neglecting the body can be clearly seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor and have its pulse felt.

"Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately. I gave it a lot of sugar-plums yesterday."

"Sugar-plums! What kind?"

"Well, they were a parcel of conundrums, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days. Take care now! No novels on any account!"

Considering the amount of painful experience many of us have had in feeding and dosing the body, it would, I think, be quite worth our while to try and translate some of the rules into corresponding ones for the mind.

First, then, we should set ourselves to provide for our mind its *proper kind* of food; we very soon learn what will, and what will not, agree with the body, and find little difficulty in refusing a piece of the tempting pudding or pie which is associated in our memory with that terrible attack of indigestion, and whose very name irresistibly recalls rhubarb and magnesia; but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favorite lines of reading are, and again and again we make a meal of the unwholesome novel, sure to be followed by its usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence—in fact by mental nightmare.

Then we should be careful to provide this wholesome food in *proper amount*. Mental gluttony, or overreading, is a dangerous propensity, tending to weakness of digestive power, and in some cases to loss of appetite; we know that bread is a good and wholesome food, but who would like to try the experiment of eating two or three loaves at a sitting?

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I have heard of a physician telling his patient—whose complaint was merely gluttony and want of exercise—that "the earliest symptom of hypernutrition is a deposition of adipose tissue," and no doubt the fine long words greatly consoled the poor man under his increasing load of fat.

I wonder if there is such a thing in nature as a *fat mind?* I really think I have met with one or two minds which could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation, could not jump over a logical fence to save their lives, always got stuck fast in a narrow argument, and, in short, were fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world.

Then, again, though the food be wholesome and in proper amount, we know that we must not consume *too many kinds at once.* Take the thirsty haymaker a quart of beer, or a quart of cider, or even a quart of cold tea, and he will probably thank you (though not so heartily in the last case!). But what think you his feelings would be if you offered him a tray containing a little mug of beer, a little mug of cider, another of cold tea, one of hot tea, one of coffee, one of cocoa, and corresponding vessels of milk, water, brandy-and-water, and buttermilk? The sum total might be a quart, but would it be the same thing to the haymaker?

Having settled the proper kind, amount, and variety of our mental food, it remains that we should be careful to allow *proper intervals* between meal and meal, and not swallow the food hastily without mastication, so that it may be thoroughly digested; both which rules for the body are also applicable at once to the mind.

First as to the intervals: these are as really necessary as they are for the body, with this difference only, that while the body requires three or four hours' rest before it is ready for another meal, the mind will in many cases do with three or four minutes. I believe that the interval required is much shorter than is generally supposed, and from personal experience I would recommend any one who has to devote several hours together to one subject of thought to try the effect of such a break, say once an hour—leaving off for five minutes only, each time, but taking care to throw the mind absolutely "out of gear" for those five minutes, and to turn it entirely to other subjects. It is astonishing what an amount of impetus and elasticity the mind recovers during those short periods of rest.

And then as to the mastication of the food: the mental process answering to this is simply *thinking over* what we read. This is a very much greater exertion of mind than the mere passive taking in the contents of our author—so much greater an exertion is it, that, as Coleridge says, the mind often "angrily refuses" to put itself to such trouble—so much greater, that we are far too apt to neglect it altogether, and go on pouring in fresh food on the top of the undigested masses already lying there, till the unfortunate mind is fairly swamped under the flood. But the greater the exertion, the more valuable, we may be sure, is the effect; one hour of steady thinking over a subject (a solitary walk is as good an opportunity for the process as any other) is worth two or three of reading only. And just consider another effect of this thorough digestion of the books we read; I mean the arranging and "ticketing," so to speak, of the subjects in our minds, so that we can readily refer to them when we want them. Sam Slick tells us that he has learned several languages in his life, but somehow "couldn't keep the parcels sorted" in his mind; and many a mind that hurries through book after book, without waiting to digest or arrange anything, gets into that sort of condition, and the unfortunate owner finds himself far from fit really to support the character all his friends give him.

"A thoroughly well-read man. Just you try him in any subject, now. You can't puzzle him!"

You turn to the thoroughly well-read man: you ask him a question, say, in English history (he is understood to have just finished reading Macaulay); he smiles good-naturedly, tries to look as if he knew all about it, and proceeds to dive into his mind for the answer. Up comes a handful of very promising facts, but on examination they turn out to belong to the wrong century, and are pitched in again; a second haul brings

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up a fact much more like the real thing, but unfortunately along with it comes a tangle of other things—a fact in political economy, a rule in arithmetic, the ages of his brother's children, and a stanza of Gray's "Elegy"; and among all these the fact he wants has got hopelessly twisted up and entangled. Meanwhile every one is waiting for his reply, and as the silence is getting more and more awkward, our well-read friend has to stammer out some half-answer at last, not nearly so clear or so satisfactory as an ordinary schoolboy would have given. And all this for want of making up his knowledge into proper bundles and ticketing them!

Do you know the unfortunate victim of ill-judged mental feeding when you see him? Can you doubt him? Look at him drearily wandering round a reading-room, tasting dish after dish—we beg his pardon, book after book—keeping to none. First a mouthful of novel—but no, faugh! he has had nothing but that to eat for the last week, and is quite tired of the taste; then a slice of science, but you know at once what the result of that will be—ah, of course, much too tough for *his* teeth. And so on through the old weary round, which he tried (and failed in) yesterday, and will probably try, and fail in, to-morrow.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his very amusing book *The Professor at the Breakfast-table,* gives the following rule for knowing whether a human being is young or old. "The crucial experiment is this. Offer a bulky bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is easily accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established." He tells us that a human being, "if young, will eat anything at any hour of the day or night."

To ascertain the healthiness of the *mental* appetite of a human animal, place in its hands a short, well-written, but not exciting treatise on some popular subject—a mental *bun,* in fact. If it is read with eager interest and perfect attention, *and if the reader can answer questions on the subject afterwards,* the mind is in first-rate working order; if it be politely laid down again, or perhaps lounged over for a few minutes, and then, "I can't read this stupid book! Would you hand me the second volume of *The Mysterious Murder?*" you may be equally sure that there is something wrong in the mental digestion.

If this paper has given you any useful hints on the important subject of reading, and made you see that it is one's duty no less than one's interest to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the good books that fall in your way, its purpose will be fulfilled.

NOTE.—The manuscript of this address was given to the Rev. W. H. Draper, of Adel, Yorkshire, England, by the author, and is now printed for the first time, with the consent of his executor and family.

Inscriptions

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE epitaph of night
The sunbeams write;
The epitaph of day,
The shadows gray:
One requiem of wind and wave
Above each grave.

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The Level of Fortune

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

SHE was the ambition of the younger girls and the envy of the less fortunate. Bessie Hall had *everything,* they said.

Her prettiness, indeed, was chiefly in slender plumpness and bloom. But it served her purpose as no classic mould would have done. She did not overestimate it. But she was probably better satisfied with it than with most of those conditions of her life that people were always telling her were ideal. They spoke of her as the only child in a way that implied congratulations on the undivided inheritance—and that reminded her how she had always wanted a sister. They talked of her idyllic life on a blue-grass stock-farm — when she was wheedling from her father a winter in Washington. They envied her often when they had the very thing she wanted—or, at least, she didn't have it. They enlarged on her popularity, and she answered, "Oh yes, nice boys, most of them, but—"

She had always said, "*When* I marry," not "*if,*" and had said it much as she said, "When I grow up." And, yes, she believed in fate: that everybody who belonged to you would find you out; but —it was only hospitable to meet them half-way! So her admirers found her in the beginning hopefully interested, and in the end rather mournfully unconvinced. Her regret seemed so genuinely on her own account as well as theirs that they usually carried off a very kind feeling for her. She was equally open to enlistment in any other proposed diversion. For Bessie lived in a constant state of great expectation that something really nice would really happen to-morrow. There was always something wrong to-day.

"It's not fair!" she complained to Guy Osbourne, when he came to tell her good-by, all in the gray. "I'm positively discriminated against. If *I* have an engagement, it's sure to rain! And now just when I'm beginning to be a grown young lady, with a prospect *at last* of a thoroughly good time, a war has to break out!"

Her petulance was pretty. Guy laughed. "How disobliging!" he sympathized. "And how modest!" he added—which the reader may disentangle; Bessie did not. "*At last!*" he mocked her.

For Bessie Hall, whose community already moved in an orbit around her, and whose parents had, according to a familiar phrase, an even more circumscribed course around her little finger—for Bessie Hall to rail at fate was deliciously absurd, delightfully feminine!

When Bessie was most unreasonable one only wanted to kiss her. Guy's privileges in that line had passed with the days when he used to pick up bodily his lithe little playfellow to cross a creek or rain-puddled road. But to-day seemed pleasantly momentous; it called for the unusual. "I say, Bibi, when a knight went off to fight, you know, his lady used to give him a stirrup-cup at good-by. Don't you think it would be really sweet of you—"

She held off, only to be provoking. She would have thought no more of kissing Guy than a brother—or she thought she wouldn't. To be sure, she hadn't for years; there was no occasion; and then, of course, one didn't. She laughed and shook her head, and retreated laughing. And he promptly captured her. . . . She freed herself, suddenly serious. And Guy stood sobered—sobered not at going to the war, but at leaving her.

"There now, run along."

"Well, good-by." But he lingered. There was nothing more to say, but he lingered. "Well, good-by. Be good, Bibi."

"It looks as if that was all I'd have a chance to be." The drawl of the light voice with its rising inflection was so engaging, no one called it nasal. "And

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it's so much more difficult and important to be charming!"

He was sobered at leaving her, but he never thought of not going with the rest. He went, and all the rest. And Bessie found herself, just when nature had crowned her with womanhood, a princess without a kingdom. To be sure, living on the border gave her double opportunities, and for contrasting romances. There were episodes that comforted her with the reflection that she was not getting wholly out of practice in the arts. And there was real adventure in flying and secret visits from Guy and the rest—Guy, who was never again just the same with her; but, for that matter, neither was she just the same with him. But, on the whole, as she pouted to him afterward, she wouldn't call that four years' war exactly entertaining!

The Halls personally did not suffer so deeply as their neighbors except from property loss. All they could afford, and more, they gave to the South, and the Northern invader took what was left. When there was nothing left, he hacked the rosewood furniture and made targets of the family portraits, in the mere wantonness of loot that, as a recriminative compliment, cannot be laid to the charge of any one period or section. Most of the farm negroes crossed the river. Funds ran low.

There had been ease and luxury in the family always, and just when Bessie reached the time to profit by them she remarked that they failed.

Even if the Halls were not in mourning, no one lives through such a time without feeling the common humanity. But Bessie, though she lingered on the brink of love as of all the other deeps of life—curious, adventurous, at once willing and reluctant—was still, in the end, quite steady.

When the war was over, the Halls were poor, on a competence of land run to waste, with no labor to work it, and no market to sell it. And Mr. Hall, like so many of his generation, was too hampered by habit and crushed by reminiscence to meet the new day.

It was the contrast in Guy's spirit that won Bessie. His was indeed the immemorial spirit of youth—whether it be of the young world, or the young male, or the young South—to accept the issue of trial by combat and give loyalty to one proved equally worthy of sword or hand.

"We're whipped," he told her, "and that settles it. Now there's other work for us than brooding over it. All the same, the South has a future, Bibi, and that means a future for you and me."

"Not in the manufacture of poetry, I'm afraid," she laughed. "You dropped a stitch."

She did not seem to take his prowess, either past or to come, very seriously; and her eyebrows and her inflection went up at the assumption of the "we" in his plans. But—she listened, hopefully interested.

His definiteness was itself effective. She herself did not know what she wanted. Something was wrong; or rather, everything was. She was finding life a great bore. But what would be right, she couldn't say, except that it must be different.

Guy looked sure and seasoned as he poured out his plans; and together with the maturing tan and breadth from his rough life, there was an unconquerable boyishness in the lift of his head and the light of his eyes.

"This enthusiasm is truly beautiful!" she teased.

It was, in truth, infectious.

Why! it was love she had wanted. The four years had been so empty—without Guy.

She went into it alert, receptive, optimistic. But it nettled her that everybody should be so congratulatory, and nobody surprised. It wasn't what *she* would call ideal for two impoverished young aristocrats to start life on nothing but affection and self-confidence.

It did seem as if the choicest fruit always came to *her* specked.

"Never mind," Guy encouraged her. "Just give me ten years. It will be a little hard on you at first, Bibi dear, I know, but it would be harder at your father's now. And it won't be long, trust me!"

There was only one comment of whose intention Bessie was uncertain: "So Guy is to continue carrying you over the bad places, Bessie?"

Hm! She had been thinking it rather

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a fine thing for *her* to do. And that appealed to her.

"And think what an amusing anecdote it will make after a while, Guy,—how, with all your worldly goods tied up in a red bandanna, and your wife on your arm instead of her father's doorstep, you set out to make your fortune, and to live meanwhile in the City of Un-Brotherly Love!"

But Bessie had the standards of an open-handed people to whom economy was not a virtue. There had always been on her mother's table for every meal "salt-risin' light bread" and corn pone or griddle-cakes, half a dozen kinds of preserves, the staples in proportion. Her mother would have been humiliated had there been any noticeable diminution in the supply when the meal was over; and she and the cook would have had a council of war had a guest failed to eat and praise any single dish.

Bessie had not realized how inglorious their meagreness would be, until Mrs. Grey, at the daughter's table, grew unctuously reminiscent about the mother's.

"Dear me!" Guy tried afterward to comfort the red eyelids and tremulous lips, "do you want a table so full it takes your appetite at sight? How inhospitable!"

"I'm afraid I can't joke about disgrace!" Bessie quivered.

"But, Bibi dear, Mrs. Grey is simply behind the times. The *rationale* of those enormous meals was not munificence, but that a horde of house-servants had to be fed at a second table."

Certainly Guy and his good spirits were excellent company. And Bessie came of a race of women used to gay girlhoods and to settling down thereafter, as a matter of course, into the best of house-mothers.

But there was a difference between the domestic arts she had been taught as necessary to the future lady of a large household and the domestic industries she had to practise. Supervising and doing were not the same. For her mother, sewing and cooking had been accomplishments; for her they were work. She had to do things a lady didn't do.

However, she was as fastidious about what she did for herself as about what was done for her. She was quick and efficient. People said Bessie Osbourne had the dearest home in town, was the best housekeeper, the most nicely dressed on nothing. You might know Bessie Hall would have the best of everything!

And when Bessie began to wonder if that was true, she had entered the last circle of disappointment.

The fact was that, after the first novelty, things seemed pretty much the same as before. Bessie Osbourne was not so different from Bessie Hall. She might have appreciated that as significant; but doubtless she had never heard the edifying jingle of the unfortunate youth who "wandered over all the earth" without ever finding "the land where he would like to stay," and all because he was injudicious enough to take "his disposition with him everywhere he went." It was as if she had been going in a circle from right to left, and, after a blare of drums and trumpets and a stirring "About—face!" she had found herself going in the same circle from left to right. It all came to the same thing, and that was nothing. Guy was apparently working hard; but, after all, in real life it seemed one did not plant the adepts' magic seed that sprouted, grew, bloomed, while you looked on for a moment. For herself, baking and stitching took all her time, without taking nearly all her interest, or seeming to matter much when all was said and done. If she neglected things, they went undone, or some one else did them; in any case Guy never complained. If she did what came up, each day was filled with meeting each day's demands. All their lives went into the means and preparation for living. Other people—Or was it really any different with them? Nine-tenths of the people nine-tenths of the time seemed to accomplish only a chance to exist. She had heard women complain that such was the woman's lot in order that men might progress. But it struck her very few men worked beyond the provision of present necessities, either. Was it all a myth, then—happiness, experience, romance? Was this all there was to life and love? What was the sense, the end? Her dissatisfaction reproached the Cosmos, grew to that *Weltschmerz* which is merely low spirits and reduced vitality, not "an infirmity of growth."

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She constantly expected perfection, and all that fell below it was its opposite extreme, and worthless. She began to suspect herself of being an exceptional and lofty nature deprived of her dues.

Guy was a little disappointed at her prudent objection to children until their success was established. Prudence was mere waste of time to his courage and assurance. And he believed, though without going into the psychology of the situation, that Bessie would be happier with a child or two.

"Oh, how can we do any more?" she answered, in her pretty, spoiled way. "We're trying to cut a two-yard garment out of a one-yard piece now." At least, she was; and so Guy was.

Well, it wasn't a great matter yet. It is not in the early years of marriage that that lack is most felt. And Bessie was not very strong; she never seemed really well any more. She developed a succession of small ailments, lassitudes, nerves. She dragged on the hand of life, and complained. The local physician drugged her with a commendable spirit of optimism and scientific experiment. But the drawl of the light voice with its rising inflection became distinctly a whine.

She got a way of surprising Guy and upsetting his calculations with unannounced extravagances. "What's the good of all this drudgery? We're making no headway, getting nowhere; we might as well have what good we can as we go along."

There was a negro woman in the kitchen now, and in the sitting-room one of the new sewing-machines. And Guy, who, so far, had been only excavating for the cellar of his future business house, was beginning to feel that good foundation walls were about to start.

But, even when peevish, Bessie had a way of turning up her eyes at him that reduced him to helplessness and adoration. And she was delicate! "I know," he sympathized with her loyally, "it's like trying to work and be jolly with a jumping tooth; or rather, in your case, with a constant buzzing in your head."

The jumping tooth was his own simile. The headaches that had begun while he was soldiering were increasing. He had intermittent periods of numbness in the lower half of his body. It was annoying to a busy man. He could offer no explanation, nor could the doctors. "Overwork," they suggested, and advised the cure that is of no school—"rest." That was "impossible." Besides, it was all nonsense. He put it aside, went on, kept it from Bessie.

The end came, as it always does, even after the longest expectation, with a rush. He was suffering with one of his acute headaches one night, when Bessie fell asleep beside him. She woke suddenly, with no judgment of time, with a start of terror, a sense of oppression, or—death?

"Guy!" she screamed.

The strangeness of his answering voice only repeated the stab of fear. She was on her feet, had made a light. . . .

He was not suffering any more. He was perfectly conscious and rational. But from the waist down he could not move nor feel.

The doctors came and talked a great deal and said little; they reminded them that not much was known of this sort of thing; they would be glad to do what they could. . . .

"You don't mean to say this is permanent? Paralyzed? I? Oh, absurd!" Awful things happened to other people, of course—scandal, death—but to one's self— "Oh, it doesn't sound true! It can't be true. Paralyzed? *I?*"

And Bessie wondered why this had been sent on *her*.

The explanation was hit on long afterward, when in one of his campaign stories Guy mentioned a fall from his horse, with his spine against a rock, that had laid him unconscious for twenty-two hours.

And so the war, which had been responsible for their starting together with only a past and a future, was responsible for their having shortly only a past. Guy was not allowed his ten years.

Though he had now less actual pain, the shock seemed to jar the foundations of his life, and the sharp change in the habits of an active and vigorous body seemed to wreck his whole system. For months and months and months he seemed only a bundle of exposed nerves—that is, where he had any movement or sensation at all.

Now a past, however escutcheoned and

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fame-enrolled, is even more starvation diet than a future of affection and self-confidence. No help was to be had from either of their homes; it was the day of self-help for all.

Bessie wondered why this had been sent on *her*, but she took a couple of boarders at once, she sold sponge-cake and beaten biscuit, she got up classes in bread-making. And Guy stopped her busy passing to draw her hand to his lips, or watched her with dumb eyes.

Several of her friends, after trying her sewing-machine, then still something of a novelty, ordered duplicates. Guy suggested as a joke that she charge the makers a commission.

"The idea of trading on friendship!" Bessie laughed.

"Oh, I don't know," Guy reflected, more seriously. "How about these boarders, then? That's trading on hospitality."

It was one of those minute flashes of illumination that, multiplied and collected, become the glow of a new light, the signal of a revolution. The country was full of them in those days. The old codes were melting in the heat of change. Standards were fluid. Personally, it ended in Bessie's selling machines, first in her town, then in neighboring ones.

In the restlessness that youth thinks is aspiration for the ideal, particularly for the ideal love, is a large element of craving for place and interest. After her marriage, at least, Bessie might have had enough of both; but the obvious purpose was too limited to appeal to her. Now two appetites and the four seasons supplied motive enough for industry. There was nothing magnificent in this manifest destiny, but it had the advantage of being imperative and constant. It was no small tax on her acquired delicacy, but it gave less time for hunting symptoms. It did not answer the *Whence, Whither, and Why;* it pointedly changed the subject.

Her work began to carry her out of herself.

"Bibi dear, what a sorry end to all my promises!"

She had been thinking just that herself, with a sense of injury and imposition; and she was used all her life to having people see everything as she saw it, from her side only. But Guy had just turned over to his few creditors the hole in the ground into which so far most of his work had gone. "Bibi dear, what a sorry end to all my plans!" was what she expected him to say. And what he did say and what he didn't, met surprised in her mind and surveyed each other.

"Oh, Guy!" she deprecated, suddenly ashamed. For the first time it occurred to her to wonder why this had been sent on *him*. With a rush of remorseful sympathy and appreciation, she slipped down beside his chair. "My poor old boy!"

He clung to her like a drowning man —Guy, who, after the first single cry at the blow, had been so self-contained (or self-repressed?) through it all!

She remembered that she had omitted a good many things lately.

"You're tired to-day," he said.

"Yes, I am." She caught at it hurriedly with apologetic self-defence. "I'm pretty constantly tired lately. And this morning Mrs. Grey was so trying. She doesn't understand her machine, and she doesn't understand business, and she was *too* silly and stupid. I don't wonder you men laugh at us and don't want us in *your* affairs!"

"It's all hard on you, Bibi." There was a lump in his voice. It was the first time he had been able to speak of it.

"Yes;" her own throat was so strained that for a moment she could not go on. "But," it struck her again, "I don't suppose an unbiased observer would think it exactly festive for you."

And, to be sure, when one came to think of it, how, pray, was he to blame?

From that day there began to be more than necessity to her work, and more than work to carry her out of herself.

In the present of commercial femininity we have two types—one, the business man; the other, an individual without gender, impersonal, capable. She never does anything ill-bred, certainly, but one no more thinks of specifying that she is a lady than that her hair is black; it isn't the point.

Mrs. Osbourne, however, was always first of all a lady. With her, men kept their hats off and their coats on, and had an inclination to soften business with bows, and bargains with figures of speech.

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Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"IT'S ALL HARD ON YOU, BIBI"

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She was at once so patrician and so gracious that women felt it a kind of social function to deal with her. The drawl of the light voice with its rising inflection was only gently plaintive. The pretty way was winning, and rather pathetic in her position; it drifted about her an aroma of story, and that had its own appeal. The unvarying black of dress and bonnet, with touches of white at neck and wrist, was refined, and made her rosy plumpness look sweeter. It was all an uninventoried part of her stock in trade. And she came to take the same satisfaction in returns in success and cash that she had taken as a girl in results in valentines and cotillion favors.

Mrs. Osbourne had all the traditions of her class and generation. She let her distaste of the situation be known. If it had been possible, she would have concealed it like a scandal. As it was, with very proud apology, she made the necessity of her case understood: her object was bread and butter, not any of these new Woman's Rights—unwomanly, bourgeoise!

Nevertheless, it was not only true that it suited her to be doing something with some point and result, but that the life of action and influence among people suited her. The work came to interest her for itself as well as for its object; that interest was a factor in her success; and the success again both stimulated and further equipped her.

As she got into training and over the first sore muscles of mind and body, work began to strengthen her. The nerves and small ailments grew secondary, were overlooked, actually lessened. There need be nothing esoteric in saying that a vital interest in life is as essential to health as to happiness. One need consider only the practical and physical effects of interest and self-forgetfulness, serenity and self-resource.

Sometimes her increasing trade took her away for two or three days, as far as Louisville or Cincinnati. The thought of Guy followed her, a sweet pain. She found herself hurrying back to her bright prisoner, and because of both conditions the marvel of that brightness grew on her, together with certain embarrassed comparisons. More than anything else, she admired his strength where she had been weak.

His brightness seemed to her the most pathetic thing about him; it was so sorry. It was indeed the epitome of his tragedy. To be as unobtrusive as possible, and, when necessarily in evidence, as pleasant as possible, was the rôle he had assigned himself. It was the one thing he could do, the only thing he could do for her.

Doubtless the very controlling of the nervousness helped it. Moreover, his revolting organization was gradually adapting itself somewhat to the new conditions. Sensitive and uncertain tendrils of vitality began to creep out from the roots of a blighted vigor.

Bessie, increasingly perceptive, began to suspect that what she saw was the brightness after the storm. She wondered what his long solitary hours were like when she was away. What must they be, with him helpless, disappointed, lonely, liable to maddening attacks of nerves? But he assured her that he was perfectly comfortable; Mammy Dinah was faithful and competent; and he was really making headway with the German and French that he had taken up because he could put them down as need was, and because —they might come in, in some way, some time. "In heaven?" Bessie wondered secretly, but, enlightened by her own experience, saw the advantage of his being entertained.

"You're too much alone," she said, feeling for the trouble. "And so am I," she added, thoughtfully. She should have noticed his eyes at that last. He had developed a sort of controlled voracity for endearment, but he never asked for it. In the old days he had taken his own masterfully, with no doubts. Now he waited. He did not starve. She cajoled him and coaxed his appetite and patted the pillows, and made pretty, laughing eyes at him and fate quite in her habitual manner. Her touch and tone of affection had never been so free. But in that very fact he found another sting.

"The better I do on the road, the more they keep me out," she was saying. "We can't go on this way. I've been thinking lately— Could you bear to go North, Guy, and to live in a city, among stran-

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gers? Perhaps at headquarters there might be an opening for me that would let me settle down."

"What! Cincinnati! Is there any such chance?"

"You'd *like* it? Why on earth—Are you so bored here?"

"Oh, Bibi, have you never thought of it? In a city there'd be some chance of something I could do!"

"You? Oh, Guy!" After she had accepted the care of him, and that so pleasantly, he wasn't satisfied! "Is there anything you lack here?" She was hurt.

It was replaying the old parts reversed. Once *he* had grieved that he could not give her enough to content her.

"A—h—" He turned his head away and flung an arm up over his eyes.

She understood only that he was suffering. "But, Guy, there's nothing you could do, possibly. It's not to be expected. Have I complained?" She fell back on the kindly imbecility of the nurse. "Now you're not to worry about that, at least until you're better—"

"Better?" He forgot the lines in which he had schooled himself. The man overrode the amateur actor. "That's not the thing to hope for. Why couldn't it have killed me—that first fall?" ("My dear, my dear!" she stammered.) "There would have been some satisfaction in getting out of the way, and that in decent fashion; like a charge of powder, not like a rubbish-heap. I can't accept it of you, Bibi. I'm enraged for you. I can't be grateful. I'm ashamed."

She understood now.

What could she say? A dozen things, and she did; things about as satisfying as theology at the grave. He did not answer nor respond. When he relaxed at last it was simply to her arms around him, his head on her bosom, her wordless notes of tenderness and consolation.

He was suffering, and chiefly for her, and what a fighter he was! Who but he would ever have thought of *his* doing anything?

So there might be cases in which it was really more helpful and generous not to do things for people, but to let them do for themselves. She couldn't fancy his doing enough to amount to anything. He oughtn't to! But if it would make him any happier he should have his make-believe—yes, and without knowing it was make-believe. Doing things that were of no value to any one was so disheartening. She knew. Like perfunctory exercise for your health.

Her own business in Cincinnati proved so brief as to take her breath. His was more difficult. The plough was still mightier than either sword or pen. Few markets were open to an inactive man whose hours must be short and irregular, and whose chief qualifications seemed to be a valiant spirit and a store of reminiscences, in a time when reminiscences were as easy to get as advice.

She was delayed in her return, growing more and more anxious at the thought of his anxiety. When she boarded the south-bound train, she went down the aisle, looking for a seat, with her short steps hurried as if it would get her home sooner.

Mrs. Grey leaned over and motioned her, and as she sat down, looked critically at the bright eyes and pink cheeks. "You certainly do look well nowadays, Bessie."

Doubtless Bessie's color was partly excitement and rush.

"Oh, I'm well," absently.

"Funny kind of dyspepsia, wasn't it, to be cured by eating around, the way you have to do."

"Oh, dyspepsia!" The nettles brought back her attention. People needn't belittle her troubles! "I still have that dyspepsia. But if you had to be as busy as I, Mrs. Grey, you'd know that there are times when nothing but sudden death can interfere." Even Mrs. Grey's prickings, however, were washed over to-day by Balm of Gilead. "Still, it has come to something. The company has given me Cincinnati for my territory."

"Really?" Not that Mrs. Grey doubted her veracity. "Well, you always did succeed at anything you put your hand to. It has been the most surprising thing! You know, I tell everybody, Bessie, that you deserve all the credit in the world for the way you have taken hold." Bessie stiffened; neither need they sympathize too much! "A girl brought up as you were, who always had the best of everything." *The best of everything!* The familiar phrase was like a bell, sending wave after wave of memory

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Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

SHE SPREAD OUT HER SKIRTS, AND STRUTTED ACROSS THE ROOM

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singing through Bessie's mind. "And still I never saw any one to whom the wind has been so tempered as to you: when you were sick you could afford it, and now that it's inconvenient— Things always did seem to work smoother with you, and come out better, than with any of the rest of us."

Bessie sat looking at her, and, in the speech, saw her own petulance of a moment before—any number of her own speeches, in fact, inverted, as things are in a glass. Indeed, Mrs. Grey had held up a reflector. Bessie had met herself. And she saw herself, as in a mirror-maze, from all angles, down diminishing perspectives, from the woman she was to the girl she had been.

She had been quite unconscious of the slow transformation in her habits of thought. It is so in life. One toils up the thickly wooded hillside, intent only on the footing, and comes suddenly on a high clearing, overlooking valley and path, defining a new horizon.

"I never had the best of everything, Mrs. Grey," she said. "Nobody has. Every life and every situation in life has its bad conditions—and its good ones. I haven't had any more happiness—nor trouble than most people. It strikes me things are pretty equally divided. We only think they aren't when we don't know all about it. We see the surface of other people's lives, not their private drawbacks or compensations. There are always both. But other people's troubles are so much easier to bear than our own, their good luck so much less deserved and qualified! With all I had as a girl I didn't have contentment. And now, with all I lack, I don't know any one with whom I'd change places."

What was the use with Mrs. Grey?

But alone, the thought kept widening ring after ring: How little choice there was of conditions in life; how fortune tends to seek its level; how one man has the meat and another the appetite; and another, without either, can find in the fact the flavor of a joke or chew the cud of reflection over it. Of the three, Bessie thought she would rather be the one with the disposition. But that could be cultivated. Look at hers! Circumstances had started it in a sort of aside, but she would take the hint.

The cure for dissatisfaction was to recognize one's balance of good.

Guy was watching for her at the window. She was half conscious that he looked unusually haggard, but there were so many other thoughts at sight of him that they washed over the first.

She swung her reticule. "It's all right!" and ran up the walk, skirts catching her ankles, flushed, deprecating, a most feminine swirl of progress. She got to him breathless. "I've found a house that will give you its German correspondence to translate and write, and it won't be so much but that you can do it as you're able, within reason. Now, sir!"

For a minute it seemed as if Guy's whole body was alive. The weak and shaken invalid still had something of unconquerable boyishness in the lift of his head and the light of his eyes. "Good! That will do for a start." The old spirit, to which hers always answered. If she didn't believe he would actually do something worth while in the end! Then promptly, of old habit, he thought of her. "Bibi! You took your time for that."

"Not all of it, in good sooth, fair lord." She spread out her skirts, lady-come-to-see fashion, and strutted across the room. "Mrs. Osbourne has a new 'job' and a 'raise.'" (Incidentally Mrs. Osbourne had never before been so advanced in her language.)

"Bully for you!" he shouted, so genuinely that she ran back to him and shook and hugged his shoulders. How she *liked* him!

"What a thorough girl you are, Bibi!"

"Oh, and to-day I've been laughing at myself; as silly as I used to be, counting so much on a mere change of circumstances. Of course something unpleasant will develop there too. But at least the harness will rub in a different place. On the whole, it will be better. Guy, do you know, I have just gotten rid of envy and discontent, and that without endangering ambition. I'll give you the charm; it's a sort of cabalistic *spell*—the four P's—Occupation, Responsibility, Purpose, and Philosophy."

"Yes," he said, "the most worth-while thing in life is to feel you are accomplishing something — doing your work well and getting proportionate returns."

The tone touched her. "Poor old

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Guy!" so generously congratulatory of her flaunted advantages. How stupid she was! Poor Guy! her pretty creed scattered at a breath like a dead dandelion-ball. Envy she had disposed of, but what about pity? What had he to make up? "The idea of my talking of happiness, with you caged here!"

"Perhaps that was the point of it all," he said, "to give you your chance."

"That would be a beautifully humble thing for me to think, now wouldn't it?" Yet she had once complained that the point of it all was to interfere with her. "And so sweetly generous. Your chance being—?"

"To serve as a means of grace to you?" He smiled. "I am glad to be of some use—and honored to be of that one!" he hurried to add, elaborately humorous.

But what she was noticing was the flagging effort of his vivacity. Her half-submerged first impression of him was coming to the surface: he did look unusually haggard. "You haven't been good while I was away. Now don't tell stories. Don't I know you? No more storms, Guy!" she warned.

His eye evaded hers. "I am seriously questioning whether you ought to make this change. All your friends are here."

"Oh, as to that! There might be advantages in working among strangers. Mrs. Grey fairly puts herself out to let me understand that she is a friend in need!" She reined herself up, recollecting, but too late. "Oh, Guy, don't mind so for me. Why, the South is full of women doing what I am, only so many of them are doing it—without—the Guys who never came back!"

"Lucky dogs!" subterraneously. Then, seeing her apprehensive of a second flare-up of that volcanic fire: "So gentlemanly of them, too, Bibi. How can those few years of love be worth a life of this to you?"

"Those few years? why, Guy! of love? Is that how *you* feel?" Her eyes filled; her whole face quivered. "Oh, Guy—be willing for my sake. I never knew what love could mean until lately."

His grasp hurt her knuckles. "Yes, dear, I have seen. It's very sweet. It's the mother in you, Bibi, and my helplessness. Of course! What could a woman *love* in a dependent, half-corpse of a no-man?"

For a moment she was too surprised to speak. She stared at him. "What a notion! and it isn't true! You never were any more a man than you've been through these two dreadful years." She sounded fairly indignant. "And for my part, I never appreciated what you were half as much."

"Love doesn't begin with a *P*," he remarked to the opposite wall.

"But what do you suppose the *purpose* was?"

"Love?"

"More. *You*."

"You never told me." That strange voice and averted face!

"How should I fancy you wouldn't know? I had never thought it out myself until just now. It has simply been going on from day to day, as natural and quiet as growing—" A bewildering illumination was spreading in her mind. "Look here, young man"—she forced his face around to see it,—"what goblins have you been hatching in the night-watches?" The raillery broke. "Dear, is that what has been troubling you? Is there anything else?"

He looked at her now. "Anything else trouble me, if I really have you, and a chance to do a little something for you?"

It was their apotheosis. They had never known a moment equal to it before; could never know just another such again. In a very deep way it was the first kiss of love for them both.

Bessie came back to herself with that sense of arriving, of having been infinitely away, with which one drops from abstraction.

Where had they been in that state of absent mind?

It was as if they had met out of time, space, matter. . . . And as she thought of his words, in the light of his eyes, pity too was qualified, and that without endangering helpfulness. He, too, had his balance of good. Yes, things squared in the end.

Her creed was quick. The scattered dandelion seed sprouted all around her.

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Is the Human Race Mortal?

BY C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.

WRITING to his friend Sir J. D. Hooker, six years after the publication of the *Origin of Species,* Charles Darwin, one of the most tender, as he was also one of the most illustrious, souls of all time, penned these words:

> I quite agree how humiliating the slow progress of man is, but every one has his own pet horror, and this slow progress or even personal annihilation sinks in my mind into insignificance compared with the idea or rather I presume certainty of the sun some day cooling and we all freezing. To think of the progress of millions of years, with every continent swarming with good and enlightened men, all ending in this, and with probably no fresh start until this our planetary system has been again converted into red-hot gas. *Sic transit gloria mundi,* with a vengeance. . . .*

In his Romanes lecture of 1893, Thomas Henry Huxley affords us a parallel passage:

> The theory of evolution encourages no millennial anticipations. If, for millions of years, our globe has taken the upward road, yet, sometime, the summit will be reached and the downward route commenced. The most daring imagination will hardly venture upon the suggestion that the power and the intelligence of man can ever arrest the procession of the great year.

Lastly I may quote from Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of evolution, who antedated both Darwin and Huxley. He was very loath to believe that the life of the human race must cease with the life of our dying sun. Yet, though he brought many forcible arguments to bear against the doctrine of the physicists, that all the energies of the universe are being dissipated, and that its last state must necessarily be one of motionless quiescence and everlasting death, he was compelled to write (*First Principles,* last edition, paragraph 181):

> For the earth as a whole, when it has gone through the entire series of its ascending transformations, must remain exposed to the contingencies of its environment; and in the course of those ceaseless changes going on throughout a universe of which all parts are in motion, must, at some period beyond the utmost stretch of imagination, be subject to energies sufficient to cause its complete disintegration.

Of these three thinkers, Huxley alone ventured upon a prediction regarding the last stages of life upon the earth. In the essay from which I have already quoted he says that "if our hemisphere were to cool again, the survival of the fittest might bring about . . . a population of more and more stunted and humbler and humbler organisms, until the fittest that survived might be nothing but lichens, diatoms, and such microscopic organisms as those which give red snow its color."

I make no apology for these many quotations, but will pass at once to my attempt to join issue with what we may fairly call accepted speculation. And first of all as to what Darwin calls "the idea or rather I presume certainty of the sun some day cooling." Until a very few years ago physicists and astronomers in general accepted the doctrine of Helmholtz, that the heat of the sun, and his light, depend upon his gravitational shrinking from the space which he first covered when he and we and Mars and the rest of us were all one in the solar nebula. On this theory there was no room whatever to doubt that ours is a decadent sun; already his light has the red-yellow tinge that astronomers regard as distinctive of a cooling star. He cannot shrink forever, and since all forms of life upon the earth live upon his

* *More Letters of Charles Darwin,* Vol. II., pp. 260, 261.

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bounty alone, the long process of "æonian evolution" which has erected man from the dust must necessarily come, it would appear, to an ignominious and pathetic end. Estimates have been made of the number of years that the human race may yet expect to live; and three millions was one of the credited figures.

The discovery of radium and radioactivity has incalculably modified the views that formerly seemed worthy of acceptance. Readers of this Magazine are acquainted with Professor Rutherford's remarkable contribution to the theory of the secular cooling of the earth; wherein he has shown that, in all probability, the heat evolved by the radioactivity of the earth's crust suffices to compensate for the heat which it is incessantly losing by radiation. Again, the presence of radium in the sun is more than probable. It is true that the spectrum of radium cannot yet be distinguished in sunlight, but it is known that helium, as its name implies, is present in the sun—where indeed it was first discovered,—and Sir William Ramsay has proved that helium is evolved from radium in the laboratories of earth. There is, indeed, every reason, short of actual demonstration, to believe that radium is present in the sun; or, stating the proposition in its most significant and general terms, that some measure of the energy which the sun supplies, and in virtue of which we live, is the product of his own radioactivity. The discovery of this new form of energy has extended indefinitely the backward and the forward sweep of the cosmical time-table. In the ages of the past there has been room enough and to spare for all the slow processes discerned by geologists, and for all the organic modifications discerned by the biologist. Assume but a moderate measure of radioactivity in the sun, and the three millions of years granted to our race by the prophets of the past are seen to be indefinitely multiplied.

Indefinitely, I say, but not infinitely. The discovery of radium and radioactivity has not removed the doom which weighed upon the mind of Darwin. Were the sun made of radium—in which case, indeed, we should not be here,—it must exhaust itself at last. No matter how large your capital, you cannot live upon it forever. Even if it be supposed that in virtue of the discovery of this new form of energy we must multiply by three millions the three millions of years which were hitherto the race's expectation of life, of what avail is that to us? The longer the journey, the more glorious the goal, the more hideous becomes the notion that we shall not be allowed to retain what we have won. Indeed, our ideas on this matter must be of the very fibre of the philosophy of every one of us. Assuredly I think with Darwin that even the idea of personal annihilation becomes insignificant compared with the idea that all for which we strive, all education, all progress, all poetry, all knowledge, are thus condemned to ultimate and signal futility. Well might Darwin quote that great Latin phrase. The question to be answered concerns the religious man, the philosopher, the utilitarian: Is there Purpose behind things, or are we to be mocked with seeming Purpose *in sæcula sæculorum*—finally to freeze? Are we to accept the cyclical view of things—that everything repeats itself; and are we, who boast the evolution of morality, the development of Wagner from Beethoven, and of Newton from Pythagoras, are we to accept the doctrine of the twelfth book of Aristotle's Metaphysics—"Every art and every kind of philosophy having probably been found out many times up to the limits of what is possible and again destroyed"? Are we to accept the words I wrote in this place two years ago, "from the formation of one nebula to its phœnixlike end in the formation of another is surely the wave-length of the Great Vibration"? Does the epoch between two nebulæ constitute the Annus Magnus, or, perchance, can we at once preserve our intellectual chastity and satisfy our moral cravings by renouncing this conception and accepting rather the philosophy of Lotze, who suggests that not only does each section of the world's history present a harmony of the elements firmly knit throughout, but also that "the successive order of these sections shall compose the unity of an onward-advancing melody"?

The student of physics is, of course, aware that the whole of those considerations which lead us to believe that the Cosmos is like a clock that is running

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down, are summed up in the theory first framed by Lord Kelvin, which goes by the name of the dissipation of energy. In the whole range of physics there is no subject more difficult, though the broad outline of the theory is only too self-evident — that energy, though indestructible, incessantly tends to pass from the available to the unavailable state, just as water seeks its own level, and heat runs from a hotter to a colder body; whilst it is a general characteristic of cosmic processes that they are irreversible. Such a student also knows that it is quite impossible to accept this doctrine without any reservations based upon physical considerations. The question is more than ever complicated by Sir William Ramsay's demonstration of the transmutation of the elements; yet all such transmutations hitherto observed take place in one invariable direction—and that is the invariable direction of all other cosmic processes. Even to-day the probabilities incline towards the substantial truth of Lord Kelvin's theory—even though this suggests a beginning, a winding up of the clock, and an end, when the clock has stopped forever.

But my business here is not to criticise the physical theory—the general truth of which was assumed by the evolutionists whom I began this essay by quoting. Rather do I wish to enter a demurrer that strikes at the very root of the physical assumption. If it be true that we have to deal with a physical process alone —a mechanical, incoercible, necessary evolution of matter and energy,—then, indeed, we can scarcely doubt that the human race *is* mortal; and that even should we attain all of which poets and prophets have dreamed, the measure of our success will be but some scant measure, at the last, of our immeasurable failure.

But let it be granted, for the sake of the argument, that energy and matter know no purpose, that they recognize no final causes, and that a mind of infinite intelligence, knowing the exact physical state of the Cosmos at any moment, could read the whole of its past and predict the whole of its future.

In his latest reasoning on the subject, Spencer inclined towards the less hopeless of the two views, not to be confused, which I have already outlined. There is, in the first place, the view, based on an assumption of the truth of the doctrine of the dissipation of energy, that evolution must come to a close in "complete equilibrium or rest," and that this must last forever. There thus may be "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves,"—but afterwards there must be long and final decay. The second view is that there may be a resurrection, and a new life and death, and another resurrection, and so on indefinitely. This is the cyclical view which has made so many appearances in poetry and philosophy since men began to think. It is, at least, less horrible than the other; and so far as we can estimate the tendencies of contemporary physics, there seems to be much likelihood that the cyclical view is nearest the truth.

But the question which it is the purpose of this essay to put, I may address indifferently to the exponents of both views. They have estimated matter and energy; they have weighed stars and electrons; they have read the history of the atom and the organism, of solar and stellar systems; they have established the doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the laws of thermodynamics. But have they reckoned with *mind?*

Some physicists may answer that they have not reckoned with mind because mind needs not to be reckoned with. It is, they say, an "epiphenomenon" or by-product of cerebral chemistry—the impotent but interested spectator of a drama in which its own destinies are decided. This was the view, for instance, of Huxley; yet in the very essay in which he denies that man can ever arrest the procession of the great year he tells us that there is within man a fund of energy which is "competent to influence and modify the cosmic process."

It is no longer possible, indeed, as it was thirty years ago, to accept any rendering of the doctrine that spirit is a product of stuff, mind of not-mind.

More acceptable to the psychologists of the present day is the doctrine of psychophysical parallelism, which we commonly associate with the name of Wundt of Leipsic. According to this, mind and matter—or shall we say the physics of the brain and the physics of

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the mind?—proceed in two parallel lines, the psychical never being able to influence the physical, nor the physical the psychical. This is plausible teaching, and it comes to us with the authority of a great thinker; but it is extremely difficult to reconcile with admitted facts.

We note it, however, and pass on to the various forms of the doctrine that mind is an independent entity, and, somehow, though the process is indeed inconceivable, can influence and even completely control physical or material processes. Lastly, there are the various forms of idealism, which assert that mind is the only reality, that things are but the things of thought, that their *esse* is *percipi*—their being is to be perceived—a philosophy for which no physical doctrine, not even the theory of the dissipation of energy, has any terrors.

We have already seen that the propounder of the doctrine which allots to mind the most insignificant possible status is himself to be found admitting that mind can control physical processes. But that admission, if admitted to be true, suffices to destroy his philosophy; and, indeed, there does not live any one who will venture to question its truth. It must seriously be asked whether the doctrine of Wundt, now current, is compatible with the known facts of the spiritual history of mankind, or with each man's consciousness of purpose and volition within himself,—or even with the manufacture of a thimble. Materialists, idealists, or whatever we be, we know, as an inalienable first-hand fact, that purpose and the effecting of purpose do verily exist: if not in the world around us, at any rate in ourselves. Hence I will venture to declare that there are no schools of philosophy, however mutually hostile, which can bring the philosophical argument, at any rate, against my view that in forecasting the future of the evolutionary process as we may observe it in the external world (or in what passes for us as the external world) *the human intelligence has hitherto failed to reckon with itself.*

My position may readily be granted so far, but it may be asserted that though there is no *a priori* or inherent objection to the view that intelligence must be reckoned with in the course of material evolution, yet, in point of fact, the impersonal forces of Nature will be too much for it. M. Maeterlinck has suggested that we need not despair of this old earth of ours, even though the sun must one day grow cold. It will last, at any rate, a few more centuries, he says, and within that time men must surely have discovered the secret of gravitation and have learnt to steer this planet where they will. It is conceivable that, as the solar heat declined, we might steer the planet nearer and so prolong the days of our race. But this would be of no more ultimate avail than the injection of stimulants into moribund veins.

Indeed, this is all idle speculation. The only conceivable way in which the human intelligence can ever succeed in averting the "procession of the great year" is not by postponing the issue, but by reversing the process. The question is this: Whilst energy is being dissipated in accordance with the natural law, can we so manipulate things as to accumulate energy, making the unavailable available—notwithstanding the fact that cosmic processes seem to be essentially irreversible? Now there is assuredly no inherent reason why we should not accomplish this. It is true that hitherto all the atomic evolution that has been observed is atomic disintegration. We may speak now, indeed, of the analysis of the elements. But so it was, we may remember, that the older chemistry began, and yet analytic chemistry was the precursor of synthetic chemistry. We began by breaking up compounds, but now we can make them—can, indeed, make compounds hitherto unknown in nature. Similarly, it is more than probable that we shall erelong learn to achieve the synthesis of the elements as well as their analysis. No energy is ever lost. Even when the radium atom, itself the child of the uranium atom, breaks down and dissipates its energy, ending, it is supposed, as the dull atom of lead, the original energies are not destroyed. Why should they not be gathered up again and thus again become available? Are matter and energy to go on their way, ultimately destroying the human race? For myself, I incline to the view that victory will rest at last with "man's unconquerable mind."

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Each to His Lights

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE crew were beginning to wonder if they would ever get the old *Martha* home. Her skipper alone felt no such fear; or at least, if he did, he gave no sign. To the wheel he stood now, easing her when he had to, driving her when he could.

For ten hours he had not left the wheel, not even to go forward for so much as a cup of coffee or for a turn about the deck to stretch his legs; and to himself he was beginning to admit a little weariness. What harm if she'd only go along like half a vessel?—but with her old planks loose and her gear chafed out—

Ever with an eye to windward, he saw it coming. "Watch out!" he warned.

It was a particularly fierce gust of the wild gale that swept down at the same moment that a huge comber came racing for her quarter. He saved her canvas from the force of the squall, and partly, but not altogether, her hull from the weight of the great wave that came tumbling over. If she were not so logy now! But she could not lift to it, and tumbling over her side came the green-gray mountain, rolling her down until once more the crew thought she really wouldn't come up again.

Aft it was the worst. More than a man's height of water was over the wheel-box. A tall man was the skipper; but here he went clean out of sight, and stayed under so long that the men, safe enough in her waist, cried out, "Cripes! but he's gone this time!" Yet, when she rose again, there was the iron man at the wheel, shaking his shoulders and winking his eyes, but clinging, ever clinging to the wheel.

"Better lash yourself, hadn't you, skipper?" called out a young fellow from between the nest of dories.

"I don't know but what I had, Arthur. Watch out for yourself you,—don't come aft," and the bit of seizing being flung to him, he put it over one shoulder, around his waist, and thence made it fast to the weather-bitt. "Lord! but I 'most let go that time. It must be"—there was a touch of apology in his tone—"it must be I'm getting a bit tired."

"If she was only half a vessel!" he continued; "but thirty year old, and loose! I could 'most hear her old planks knocking together that time under and—"

Again he saw it coming. "Watch out! wa-a-tch out! And you, Arthur, grab something!"

Another tremendous comber struck her fore-rigging and came mounting aft. Away went the last of her dories, torn loose from their lashings and crushed like Japanese screen-wood.

"Don't it beat the devil now? Wouldn't you think the gripes would've held? And I was so hoping to bring home just one dory, anyway. Watch out! wa-a-tch out!" again came his warning.

W-r-r-p! away went her foresail, while a genial-looking fellow, Charlie Lennox, observing its flight, burst out: "Lord in heaven! but look at that! And if we're lost, may the owner of her burn in the lowest pit of the lowest hell for a million of eternities for the rotten gear he put in this blasted old ark!"

The skipper called then: "Come here one of you—you, Arthur, you'll do—and take the wheel for a minute. Here, lash yourself good and fast."

He jumped forward. "Take in what's left of that sail," he called to the men in the waist as he came. "And have a care to the wheel," over his shoulder. "Faster on that downhaul—there'll be another one along soon."

"Here *is* another one," called out Arthur from the wheel. The men, enveloped in the flapping sail, could neither see its coming nor hear the warning. Only the skipper saw. "Grab a reef-point everybody!"—he had to roar it out to be heard above the slatting canvas—

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and himself jumped on to the break, with nothing to hold to. "Meet it if you can!" he roared through his funnelled hands to the helmsman.

"She's too much for me, I think," came back from the wheel.

The skipper made for the wheel. It struck before he could get there, moving at frightful speed. A good vessel might have lifted to it, but not the old *Martha B.* Ten feet above her rail the sea mounted, burying her to her lower reef-points almost. And it was cold to freezing.

In the waist were belated shouts and warnings, oaths and entreaties. "Blast her—hang on!" Almost buried under the flapping sail were they when it boarded. Futile clutching of wet canvas, stiff as sheet-iron almost, and of wet, half-frozen rope-ends. A yellow-clad body or two went floundering in the froth of the lee scupper. Shipmates hauled them back.

"Hang on! hang on! Here's another devil's son!"

The warning was hardly needed, for by then all hands were hanging on, with watchful eyes to windward, waiting to get their precarious bearings.

"She'll make it. Aye, she will—no! the condemned old whelp, she's rotten! Her gear's rotten—whatever possessed the skipper to take her? Now she comes, fellows—now!"

And now it was the worst sea of the gale. Even while she was only quivering in the mere fear of it, they knew she would go down before it. Over she rolled, over, till her lee hatches were far under, till her fore-gaff was under, till the torn, fouled sail was under to the second cringle. One moment she held so, and then gently rolled down, and there lay, heaving to the sea, with her foremast all but flat out on the water.

"Hove down, by God!"

"Where's the skipper?"

"There he is!" It was a quick-eyed man in the weather fore-rigging that descried a sou'wester floating; but it was a quicker-eyed man, Charlie Lennox, who let himself down from the main-rigging where he had been perched calmly enough, and gaffed the floating body by the back of the black oil-jacket.

"Now then, in with him!" and on the rail they balanced the all but drowned man, spluttering, choking, still very much in doubt as to his whereabouts, and stood him on his feet. "Whoo! whoo!" he coughed, and continued to cough, with each cough bringing up about a quart of salt water—it was like manning the pumps,—until happening to note the steeply inclined deck to the frothing sea, "Damn! but that was close enough!" he exclaimed.

But that was not getting the skipper. "Where is he?"

"And Arthur Snow's gone too."

"Hi-i—" they heard them then, and looking to her lee quarter, they saw the missing men—Arthur floating out in free water, cast away but for one hand just able to grasp the skipper's oil-jacket, the skipper himself hanging on to the main topping-lift.

"Cut loose that fores'l!" he called, and, extremely perilous work though it was, four or five of the crew at once got out knives and started for the foresail that was bellying in the water.

"I think she'll right in a minute or two now," hailed the skipper again, when he saw that they were making headway with the foresail.

"Aye," answered Lennox. "And if she does come, you hang on when she rights."

"Well, I warn't calc'lating to let go right away," and through the mists of the flying spume they could see him smile.

The *Martha B.* began to right—slowly—slowly.

The crew were observing her: "You gray-whiskered old whelp, hurry—hurry!"

"Leave her alone—she's doing pretty well."

Back she sagged once or twice as if she regretted leaving the billowy ocean bed, but up she continued to come. It was marvellous—was she sure enough coming? Was she now? And yet if she did, there was the skipper. Could he hang on, with his own and Arthur's weight to support?

The skipper hung on. It was a great jolt when the last rush came; but there they were when she was upright again, the two men in the air, perhaps forty feet above the rail of the vessel, the skipper still sustaining the weight of Arthur Snow as well as himself.

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"I'll bet he squeezed the tar out of that topping-lift," commented Lennox.

"Climb down, climb down, Arthur," called the skipper, and Arthur with infinite care climbed over the skipper and let himself down, while four men beneath, holding their own feet as well as they could on the pitching deck, stood by to catch him when he dropped.

The skipper came down less carefully. Waiting for the heave of the vessel to aid him, he swung himself into the swell of the mainsail, and letting himself slide, precipitately hit the boom with his heels, and from that bounced on to the house.

"Lucky she didn't come to while I was leaning against the sail—hah, what?" he remarked, at the same time massaging his right forearm with the fingers of his left arm. "Wow! but there was some strain there. And you're the lucky lad, Arthur, that somebody won't have to be writing to your old father and mother to be telling them how you were lost. But see if she didn't start something new that time."

They sounded her out then. She was leaking a thousand strokes.

"Well, it might be worse. But get to work on her, two men to each pump, and we'll get her home yet." There was a cheerful ring to that, and the men, joking and laughing, went to the pumps. But presently came a man out of the cabin to announce that something was wrong below, and before the skipper was well down the companionway one of the men at the pumps called after him: "This ain't any thousand strokes leak, skipper. If it ain't double that—"

"Four men to a pump, then, and drive her!" ordered the skipper, and dropped below, where he found that from under the floor of the run the water was bubbling like a spouting well. "Wow!" said the skipper; "get me an axe, and quick."

He chopped a hole large enough for his body to squeeze through. In a moment his head was back again. "You'd think it was sent up by a fire-engine. She's sprung down by her keelson wide enough to all but put your leg through. Get me a maul and a chisel and some underclothes from my closet—or better, some bedclothes from my bunk, too. And hurry now."

And these being brought, the skipper dropped beneath the cabin floor again, where he stayed for two hours, working feverishly, most of the time under water. Every few minutes he came up to breathe and say a word, but generally his head was out of sight.

He was done at last. "She's all right now," and slapped his hands against his thighs. "D'y' know but 'twas blessed cold under there? How are the pumps now?"

"A lot easier."

"That's good." He rummaged in his bunk, looking for some dry clothes. "Oh, what's the odds?" he said, when he could find none—"they'd soon be wet again."

The man he had saved by way of the topping-lift had been eying him solicitously, admiringly—yes, even adoringly. Now he suggested timidly, "I think I've got a suit of dry underwear in my bunk for'ard, skipper."

"Have you? Well, go and get them."

He brought them. The skipper inspected them. "They are nice and dry, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir, they are."

"Well, put them on."

"But I got them for you, skipper."

"Did you now? And what partic'lar build of animal d'y' think I am, hah? Put them on, I tell you, or I'll—" He did not wait to finish, but ran up on deck. There he reestimated the chances.

"Hard going, old girl, hard going. A crime it was to send you to sea again. I knew you were in bad shape, but I had no idea you were anything like this." He looked her over. "Dories gone, gurry-kids gone, booby-hatches and half her rail gone—a wonder the house isn't gone. You're cert'nly a splendid old collection of driftwood now. A fine old raft from the Saragossa Sea like. Only if once they caught you in the Saragossa Sea, they'd never let you escape. Leaking in half a dozen places below, and—How are the pumps?"

"Coming faster."

"H-m—"

"And the cook's discovered another leak for'ard."

"H-m-m—he's damn ingenious, that cook. If he'd only discover a new way to make hot coffee in bad weather!" He went forward and dropped below. Soon

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he returned. "She's a sieve for certain. We might's well've put to sea in a lobster-pot and be done with it." He raised his voice. "Who was it saw a light from the rigging a while ago? You, Peter?"

"Yes, sir. Up to the west'ard—a white light—"

"A white light? Let's see. Four days ago we were abreast of Sable Island No'west Light, and we came—" mentally he figured it out. "Yes," he spoke aloud again, "we ought to be handy to Liverpool now. That 'll be Coffin Island Light. We ought to hear the whistling-buoy soon. Anybody know the way into Liverpool harbor? You, Peter?"

"I do on a clear day, skipper, but a pretty bad harbor to make on a night like this is goin' to be, and in a gale like this, and—"

"And an old raft like this, steering mostly sideways, eh? That's what it is, boy. What I was thinking of was if any of you were sure of the way, I'd stick to the wheel myself. I'm pretty well used to all her twists and jumps now. And if any of you knew the way well enough to smell it out—for smell it out it 'll be,—and would go aloft and pass the word down— But if not, I'll go aloft myself, and one of you take the wheel—you, Charlie. And as you love life, keep her to it as I sing out. If we manage to get in, we'll stay just long enough to pump her out or plug her up in one or two places and all hands to get a good sleep, and then to-morrow or next day we'll out and on our way again."

"It's hard, hard," he muttered to himself, swinging up the swaying fore-rigging. "The years I've been master of a fisherman and never before did I have to put into a harbor on a passage. Often I've had to reef, and more than once come down to a trys'l. But, Lord! 'twas blowing some each time. But to heave to—never before. I used to boast of that. And now it's run into harbor when I ought to be making a passage. But she's no vessel—Lord! she's no vessel; and there's the wives and families of the men—and my own wife. God keep her!"

Aloft he lashed himself to the fore-mast-head, and as he picked out one landmark after the other from the shadows, he motioned with his arms to Peter at the mainmast-head. Now and then he looked back and down to see that Peter was getting his directions. He was, and passing them down to another half-way down the rigging, who in his turn was roaring them to Charlie Lennox. The skipper at the fore and the man at the mainmast-head were really inspiring objects as the vessel, leaping and diving, swung them through the night in great arcs; but to them Charlie, clinging grimly to the wheel, was the wonderful sight, though all they could see of him was his head and chest when he lifted from under the heavy seas. "Man! but a wet job Charlie's got!" said they to the masthead.

They got her in at last, and with a lighter to one side and a tugboat to the other, the lighter holding her up while the tugboat pumped her out, the men drew their first unhurried breaths in a week.

The torn sails were furled, supper was over, and they were taking account of things below. "Blessed peace I call it," said Lennox, and from under his mattress drew out pipe and tobacco, which he examined anxiously. "A little damp, but soon's we get a fire—Peter-boy, hurry up on the kindlin's—with a fire 'twill soon be dry. My first smoke in four days. Lord! even damp it smells good."

"If a man had only a stitch of dry clothes!" It was one under the overhang who was discouragedly overhauling his swamped bunk before he should decide to change one suit of wet clothes for another suit just as wet.

The skipper glanced at the clock. "Half past eleven. Too late to do any more to-night, but in the morning we'll give her another calking and pumping, with the tug to help, and put out to sea with her again. And maybe get her home after a while. Half past eleven," musingly he said it, as his eyes again met the clock. "The children, they'll be to bed now; but the wife, she'll be waiting. Every night now she'll be waiting. I know she's been looking for me for a week. Well, I only hope she won't worry too much. And that's tough, too. We have it hard enough sometimes—about as hard as we can stand, anyway; but a woman's job ashore, that's certainly hard. Hah, Charlie?"

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"That's what, skipper." Charlie, who had been discovering good signs in his tobacco, smiled now and chirped, and, reaching over, slapped Peter on the shoulder. "Eh, boy, how'd you like to have a woman's job ashore?"

"Ashore? No, nor afloat."

"But I mean, as the skipper was saying, don't you think they have it harder than we do?"

Peter, about to split a stick of hard pine, held the hatchet poised in mid-air. "Harder? A woman's job harder? Watchin' and waitin'? A damn sight harder," and not only split the stick, but drove the axe-edge into the wet floor by way of emphasis.

The young fellow under the overhang came out and held a damp undershirt up to the bulkhead lamp. His action threw into shadow one who was looking for an incomprehensible leak in his jackboot; and he burst out with:

"Man, what a nuisance! To-day it was half the crew to gaff him in over the rail—like to be lost, only for Charlie there. And look at him now, overhaulin' his old rags like he was goin' to a ball. Out of the light there!"

The man from the overhang paid no particular attention, but— "Well, what if it is wet? It's a change, anyway," he announced, and contentedly trotted back.

"There's your fire," announced Peter.

"Good work, Peter. And this blessed pipe— I got it going at last," chirruped Charlie Lennox.

"And dry clothes yet. Lord! but that's all right too," chanted the man of the overhang, hopping into the light again and hanging a varied assortment over the stove.

And others hung up theirs, until soon the stove could not be seen for mitts and socks and the various pieces of underwear. Forward the men went then and had a cup of coffee and a bite with it. And, returning one after the other, they sat around on lockers or lay in their bunks, and had a smoke or an argument or a bit of a growl, while the fire roared and the wet clothes threw a grateful steam over all. 'Twas a beautiful hour altogether down there in the cabin, with a night's rest before them, and throughout the old *Martha B.* reigned a great content.

Land

BY HELEN HUNTINGTON

BACK to my mother, the Earth,
From that stranger, the Sea;
Deep in the hills to have birth,
In the fields to be free;—
Free from the fretting of wave,
From the hissing of foam,
And fears of a fathomless grave;
I am home, I am home.

Peace of the islands once more,
With the scent of the sod,
Dwellings of men on the shore,
And the forests of God;
Safe from the dread of the deep,
From its drunken embrace.
Earth, in your arms I may sleep!
I am back in my place.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE newly published volume of Henrik Ibsen's letters will possibly suggest to other readers besides ourselves the doubt whether the development of a man's gift, his talent, his genius, if you will, can be profitably made his sole, or even his chief business in life. Men, it may occur to the misgiver (there ought to be such a word, if there is none), were not put here exactly for that end. Heaven knows what they *were* put here for, but surely not for the question of how to get the most literature, sculpture, music, architecture, or painting out of themselves, or to try for circumstances and experiences in which to increase their yield of the highest artistic results. Such an endeavor is apt to eventuate in a very unwholesome personality, very morbid, very overconscious, very lopsided, somewhat monstrous. If we may so far attempt to interpret the designs of the deity in contriving and positing, we should rather believe that man was created and left here that he might be, as well as do, and that he could not too actively employ the small modesty with which he was endowed in forgetting how fearfully he was made in respect of his other attributes.

We know this is not the romantic view of the matter. We know that when the Blue Flower sprang up on German soil its intoxicating perfume went to the heads of the poets and painters who wore it in their buttonholes, and turned their brains with the idea of their "genius" as something sacred, to be worshipped and pampered, and flattered, and surfeited out of likeness to common humanity. To be different from other men, to be recklessly gayer and wantoner, to be drunker and not impossibly dirtier in extreme cases was to be a man of "genius." This phase passed, but the conception of the Poet replacing the Prophet in the peculiar favor and honor of his Inventor remained a fatal heritage from the romantic school, and self-worship became not only a pleasure but a duty which was, curiously enough, more strenuously fulfilled by the weaker brethren. The signal exception in the times nearest the romanticists was in so great a nature as Goethe's. There the cult was carried to an extreme of egoism which has left him the abiding type of a heartless selfishness dedicated to the exploitation of a supposed genius, by all means fair or foul. Of course he paid for his selfishness; we do seem to pay somehow here below for our selfishness, whatever glittering form we imagine for it, and the history of that highly developed man is not edifying. The evil of his error did not end with him, but infected his disciple Carlyle in almost as lamentable measure. It promptly became more ridiculous in him, who may be named to the exclusion of his more melodramatic fellow sufferers, like Byron; and now again in Ibsen the infection reappears with an appeal for compassion which has not stayed for his obituary.

For the most part the letters of one of the most important men of his generation, of any generation, are not important. They are often addressed to unimportant people, but when they are addressed to important people they do not generally bear a weighty message. They generally bear the message of a man at odds with his neighbors, his reviewers, his readers, even his friends, who wishes to impart his griefs and wrongs. This is natural enough with some of us who are not Ibsens, as any Not-Ibsen may verify by recalling the substance of the last letter he happened to write; and there is no reason why it should be different with Ibsen. There is much more reason why it should be so with Ibsen, for he is the great heir of the fatal tradition of the romanticists, oddly zigzagging from the classic Goethe to the most mystical of the realists.

His self-consciousness was not only intensified by the narrowness of the arena of his early struggles, but exasperated by conditions which seem to render the Norwegian atmosphere peculiarly stuffy and choking. The moralism, the pietism of his native town, of his native land, of his native race, were all but asphyxiating to the genius committed to the fostering care of Henrik Ibsen; and

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yet it was possible for him to find more or less æsthetic employments, editorships, managerships, in which he did not quite starve, while he was getting ready to banish himself to larger and freer air. The means for this were afforded by government and university funds available for artists of approved ability who wished to study and "develop" themselves abroad; and we have the proud Ibsen "humbly petitioning" the King, "respectfully petitioning" the council for four hundred dollars, for a hundred and twenty dollars, on which to go and enlarge his powers in Germany, in Italy. It is pathetic, not only for the pitifulness of the sums asked but for the attitude forced upon the haughty spirit of the asker. Was his "genius" worth so much as that, we wonder; or would not it have been better for him to perish in his pride? Judges must be just; and we must recognize that in a case like this there was perhaps no choice. There was his gift, his fatal gift, his Moloch-gift, demanding and devouring every offering that could be laid upon its altar; there was his artistic self which would not die, his inappeasable æsthetic ego which turned his whole man into a literary consciousness, and left nothing of him for simple and wholesome being.

Ibsen is an extreme case of literary consciousness through the straitness of his sympathies. He has apparently a kind enough heart, but it is rather helpless about going out, as the sentimental phrase is, to other people. While his thoughts were concentrated on himself, his rights, his wrongs, his claims, his dues, the mountain in Scandinavia which has brought forth that mouse, the new Norwegian kingdom, was already beginning to labor. But Ibsen was not there to help as Björnstjerne Björnson, his noble and generous friend, was; he cared little, it seems, for the nascent nationality; he did not believe in the republic which Björnson hoped the Norwegian democracy might eventuate in. He indeed resented the Prussian partition of Denmark; resentment is easy to him; but if he had faith in his more immediate country's aspirations he does not show it by his works. Perhaps he was right and Björnson wrong; the actual apotheosis of Norway is not what one could have hoped; but that is not the point; the point is that he was so preoccupied with his own powers that he forgot his sympathies, though it is to be observed that he did not forget his antipathies.

We must not expect all kinds of manhood from any one man, the greatest man; only the race can furnish these for our difficult admiration. What we get from Ibsen is a great deal, a great deal more than we get from most other men. We get a dramatic form almost supremely perfect. We get a truth about ourselves, hard and dry indeed, but immensely wholesome and sanative. We get a fidelity to conditions so exact that his scene seems provincial till we deprovincialize ourselves sufficiently to see that his stage is all the world, and the conditions universally human and not Norwegian merely. Hypocrites and fools, and martyrs, and rogues and victims such as he makes have their being in the little towns among the fjords are of the true cosmopolitan cast, and you may find them, as he shows them, in London and Paris and New York, quite the same. In fact, when we saw *An Enemy of the People* played here, we could not rid ourselves of the feeling that it was a bitter satire of American society.

As one reads these letters of Ibsen's one must try to lose the sense of their unimportance in thinking that the same man wrote *Peer Gynt,* and *Ghosts,* and *Pillars of Society,* and *Rosmersholm,* and *The Doll's House,* and *Hedda Gabler,* and *The Wild Duck.* He who seems in these letters riveted to the little task of making the most of himself, to the pitiful business of getting the best there is in the narrow plot of ground where his poverty tethers him, like a fowl tied by the leg to a stake, is, as to his imagination, an eagle that sweeps the whole round of the world, and preys at fortune wherever human nature shows itself. No greater mind, no perfecter art has revealed itself in our time, so rich in mind and art; but for this very reason we must regret that it has taken so much thought of itself. The very greatest did not and do not so. Dante did not go about consciously

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developing his powers. Shakespeare was devoted strictly to business, but he was not subjectively an egoist in his play-writing and stage-managing; Tolstoy seems to have had something to occupy him besides assisting his Creator in bringing the sovereign master of fiction to his supremacy. It is very doubtful whether a man's first duty is to himself; very likely it is to others, in that very matter of cultivating his gift, of fostering his genius. A great many people, especially since the contrary superstition prevailed, have supposed they had a gift, that they had genius, when they had none. The world has been filled with the cackle of hens of both sexes sitting on porcelain eggs and hatching nothing out, in the strong delusion that they were incubating whole tea-sets of the most beautifully decorated china.

Of course, the fact that a bird of either sex is sitting does not necessarily imply that he or she is a hen trying to hatch a porcelain egg. He or she may be a phœnix engaged in bringing forth broods of that divine fowl under the protection of the fire-insurance companies. But the presumption is against any bird that seems too self-centred; the suspicion of a porcelain egg will obtrude itself upon the spectator, and as most eggs are porcelain in the world of art, the expectation of young phœnixes is small. In other words, we think that there are many things besides himself which are worthy a man's attention. If a man really has "genius"—and the chances are that he has not—he may be sure that he has something which will take care of itself. It will burst the shell of hardest circumstance, and begin to pick up a living in its environment almost immediately. Probably no real genius has died in the egg since the world began, though there are many eggs brought to market with chicks in them that have made a failure of coming to maturity. At any rate, the question remains whether, even with the chance of proving oneself an Ibsen, it is not better to be a Björnson, to forget one's æsthetic development in the work of freeing one's fellow countrymen from themselves first and from their rulers afterwards, meanwhile writing the loveliest poetry and the truest and most beautiful stories, and the shapeliest and strongest plays, both real and mystical. Before deciding, let each one read, as he may, *Arne, The Fisher Maiden, Synnöve Solbakken, Magnhild, Dust, In God's Way, Flags in the Harbor Flying;* let each one see, if he can, *The Bankrupt, Amidst the Battle, The Glove, Beyond Human Power.*

All this vast compass brings us back to a point we meant to start from, and a matter we now wish some one else would treat; for while we have been lecturing the mightiest living dramatist we have been losing sight of the question whether criticism has ever been able to advise creativism for its advantage. We forget what recent fact suggested the question, but probably it was a feeling of the futility with which some book-noticer had counselled some poet to be other than he was. Not just in these terms, of course; book-noticing is long past anything so stupid; but that is still the purport of much reviewing. It would be very amusing if not instructive to reverse the histories of the great lamps of literature, and suppose them to have tricked their beams to the fashion and effect suggested by their observers, even by their admirers. Ben Jonson thought very well of William Shakespeare, but he wished that instead of letting his plays stand as he freely wrote them, he had painstakingly blotted a thousand lines. Who now could pick out these lines, and duly sacrifice them to the general good of the Shakespearian drama? Wordsworth was warned again and again that he ought to be somebody else; but when all has been said and done, who else had he better been? Byron, who loathed Wordsworth for what he was, was himself counselled not to be Byron, not to be something new and strange, but something old and wonted. Keats, if "he had taken tea and comfortable advice," would not have been the Keats we know, but the Keats of such critics as wished him to be at all; some wished him to be no Keats whatever. Tennyson was chastened and directed to the best ability of his critics, but remained helplessly the Tennyson he was natured and destined to be. Browning was frequently urged to be readily intelligible, but a divinely

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implanted instinct taught him that if he became so he would not be Browning, and he felt it his duty and his doom to be Browning, in spite of his wisest judges. It is the same story with the poets in other languages. Tasso yielded to his critics and revised his Jerusalem Delivered obediently to their censure in an edition that nobody reads; though indeed we do not know that anybody now reads any edition of his poem. If there had not been so many of Homer, or if he could have been collectively got at in his several lifetime, doubtless we should have had an Iliad without the catalogue of the ships. Our own Walt Whitman would have lawn-mowered his "Leaves of Grass" into close-cropt rhyme if some could have had their way with him; and how many romanticistic novelists have not we ourselves entreated to turn and be realists? That was vanity, for the romanticistic novelist who is romantic is something, if only something bad; but if he is realistic he is not even bad; he is nothing at all; he has ceased to be.

Criticism must always censure, must advise; but perhaps we had better always consider what an author is, and whether he is good or bad in his own way. It would be difficult, almost impossible, to find a better way for him. Let him develop along his own lines, but if he shows signs of devoting himself too much to his development, let him be warned, lest he become as Goethe was, or as Ibsen is, a monster of subjectivity in his artistic life if not his work. Of course, it can be urged that in this very paper we have been censuring the conduct of one of the greatest dramatists who has ever lived, and have been instructing him that if he had taken less thought of himself, how he should be clothed and wherewithal he should be fed to the grandeur he has attained, he could have been Ibsen and more, too; he could have been Ibsen with Björnson or with Tolstoy added. This is very true, and we cannot deny a certain reason in those who would say that it is quite enough to be Ibsen; and if Ibsen be no more, still his pains have not been wasted. But we would make the reader observe that it is a much modester thing to advise a poet to make himself different than advise him to make his work different. Some such admonition has been addressed to the erring by the unerring almost from the time that religion and morality began. It is so much simpler for a man to change his nature than to change his method.

We may have been misled in our premises by the fact that, as his editors note, these letters of Ibsen are altogether from him, and never to him. The volume is a monologue, with one person speaking chiefly of himself, which is the defect, the necessity of all epistolary expression. If we could have had a few replies from Björnstjerne Björnson, from George Brandes, from the mother-in-law of Ibsen, from other the least of his correspondents, we could have seen him doubtless in a fairer light and to juster effect. As it is, we see him as he shows himself; and who likes to be seen so? The truth about Ibsen, as it is thus expressed, is something that we have already inferred from his work: a severe temperament hardened to scorn and contempt by the intolerance and provinciality of the social conditions, and a mighty talent striving at first in a quart cup, and ever afterwards, when the quart cup has been burst away, resentfully feeling its limits in the nerves. Here is nothing genial, nothing sweet, nothing tenderly humorous; but the performance for which the world must remain indebted to Ibsen was possible from no other temperament. We do not gather grapes from thorns; but doubtless the thorns are worth gathering if for nothing but to prick our swollen vanity, or the soap-bubble world of lies in which most of us abide.

It must have taken courage in the writer to let these letters go forth to the public, and as a measure for the man who has done such gigantic things. In them he is of the moral stature of the average literary man, whose magnitude, if he has any, is best realized by viewing him through his work at the friendly distance which this exacts. He is not of the moral stature of the extraordinary literary man, and so, though he stands alone, he does not give you that sense of unrivalled strength which he says is the distinction of the man who stands alone.

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Editor's Study.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The remarkable story, 'One Artist or Two?' which I have just read in *Harper's,* gives one a realizing sense of the difficulty with which one casts off a worn-out character. By certain conspicuous acts, good or bad, a man's reputation is made, and, once made, he will find it almost impossible to change public opinion."

This is undoubtedly true. Yet there is an evolution of public opinion whenever it is vital, as it is in the life of a free people. Where opinion is repressed, or confined within the bounds fixed for it by tradition and habit, it has no vitality. It may yield its stability in some sudden revolution which may give it life and, therefore, an evolution as an element of rational development. Freedom of thought and of expression lifts opinion into the life of reason, of whose characteristics it partakes, thus becoming flexible and hesitant, often wisely and often, alas! foolishly indulgent, inclining—in that emotional expansion and comprehension concurrent with its own evolution—to mercy rather than to instant condemnation. Even the *odium theologicum* is no longer relentless. When an offence or even a crime, committed by an obscure or a well-known person, is published to the world, public opinion is at first abashed, as if put on its own defence, and is solicitous in its inquiry as to circumstance and motive, hoping to find some alleviating condition, some justification, if only that of mental alienation and irresponsibility.

This seems the more strange when we consider that the general moral sense has been developed into a keen and delicate sensibility, which has driven vice to its hiding-places and to a confession of its meanness. Something more than an estimate of personal or public injury enters into our condemnation of theft and graft, so that dishonesty which has no sordid motive is even more despised.

The crimes due to elemental passions, but in which brutality is not conspicuous, seem to make the largest draft upon emotional sympathy, probably just because they are so vital and have in them a strange savor of romance, the more acute because they are startling and not, as in earlier times, taken as a matter of course. The first man born of woman was a fratricide, and the old note, like that of inherited doom, at the same time shocks and fascinates even the tender sensibility of a child, blending with the tales and legends which haunt his imagination. The blood—intensely vital symbol—cries out from the ground; but it is also the symbol of kinship, touching sympathies which transcend formal ethics and are very far away from the primal exaction of an eye for an eye.

Tragedies associated with love have stepped out of the old ballads and plays into our modern novel, not for moral condemnation nor for immoral suggestiveness, but for their sympathetic values, based upon a fundamentally vital significance. The meaning of a vital union broken, at first striking a simple chord in notes of sweet melody turned to sad dissonance, came, at a later period, into the rigid moral sense—such as our grandmothers had when they read the story of *Charlotte Temple,*—and has finally entered the psychical consciousness, which on philosophic grounds, not less than because of the gospel injunction, refrains from judgment. The difference which fifty years has made in our attitude toward the novel as to its treatment of such themes is at once apparent when we recall the violent denunciation of George Eliot's *Adam Bede* as immoral because Arthur Donnithorne was not painted distinctly as a villain. The field has expanded, and the disclosures of marital attractions and repulsions have become more complex and interesting as disclosures of life in our quest of life's truth. Accordingly our view of life in this relation, outside of fiction, has gained in sympathetic comprehension without degenerating into weak or foolish tolerances.

We have followed the course of the evolution of public opinion, as to the good and evil in human life, beyond the precise limits of the case presented by

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our correspondent, because it is interesting in itself and also as showing how literature keeps pace with life in that psychical consciousness of our time which has emerged, like a new species, in the larger evolution of human sensibility.

If we now return to the case presented, we shall see that our correspondent had in view only the ineffaceable effect of first impressions made by conduct upon both public and individual opinion. She goes on to say: "I was once talking to an old woman about a man whom she had known in his boyhood and I in his adult life. She characterized him as a reckless, good-for-nothing daredevil. 'Why,' said I, in astonishment, 'he is a splendid fellow, upright in business, the support of his sisters and of his widowed mother, and blessed with a charming, sunny disposition.' 'Well,' replied the old woman, arbitrarily, 'he was an awful bad little boy, and I don't believe he can amount to much as a man.' The world in its judgment of people is very like this old woman."

Here we note a peculiar psychological phenomenon—the strength and obstinate persistence of a first impression. It makes a great difference, however, whether the impression be made by a rumor, a published statement, or as a result of actual observation. In the former case there is a hesitance of judgment, the patient waiting not merely for confirmation, but for such detailed account of all the circumstances as may serve to explain character and motive, thus as far as possible furnishing a substitute, at least proximately, for personal observation. We demand realism. If a wealthy man has suddenly become a magnificent altruist, we desire, before we praise him in all seriousness and sincerity, to know what manner of man he is in the regard of those near enough to him to form a just estimate of his character; and we desire the same kind of information if, on the contrary, he is under a cloud by reason of some reported domestic or public unfaithfulness. The praise or condemnation of intimates sensibly affects our judgment.

The psychological effect of a first impression is most of all dominant when it is a matter of immediate personal contact and observation—which is simply saying that what a man is, as almost intuitively intimated by his personality, directly confronting us, affects us more profoundly than what he does. While it is true that definite manifestation in some particular action might destroy the deepest charm, indefinably mysterious in its potency, yet, setting aside so rude a disillusionment, and granting the permissive conditions of the psychical operation upon us, how willingly are we held in thrall by the divinely human, suddenly envisioned! Thus Dante first saw Beatrice.

> Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

All first visions, while they may not have the supreme domination as a singular disclosure of something so marvellously beautiful that it seems to the imagination its image of Beauty itself, have, in their several degrees, this peculiar psychological attribute—this power to determine and immutably fix our conception of a personality. The effect is not that of a moral perception of character, but of an intuition of native and essential qualities — an indefinable impression made upon us by those features which differentiate the one person from all others, and, to the extent of the difference, it is a surprise rather than a conscious estimate of individual peculiarities. Forever afterward the impression controls our personal reminiscences.

Our contemporary modern life, more than that of any former epoch, allows us this actual vision of our public men. We see their faces, their gestures, and hear their voices, and note other less definite characteristics, and the impression thus created enables us to interpret them, whether more or less favorably, certainly more surely than by our inferences derived impersonally from their published words and acts.

Few of our writers ever come face to face with their readers, or if they do, it is—as is so often the case also with our visiting statesmen—after the popular estimate of them has already been established. But the writer has this advantage—that it is possible for him to make, from the first, a fuller and more varied revelation of his personality than any one else who appeals to the general sensi-

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bility. Fortunately for our critical complaisance, our literature is a more truthful reflection of our life than our politics is, or our business. The writer in entering upon his career is not obliged to declare fealty to any party, and, if he is to contribute anything to real literature, cannot afford to prostitute his genius to greed or to fleeting fame. He gives the best of himself for what is best in the human world.

But he cannot give himself until he finds himself. He must therefore wait his time in patience, bearing in mind the inevitable fatality of the first impression he makes upon readers. This injunction is of little if of any use to the merely ambitious or mercenary scribbler who is satisfied if by any device he arrests attention or through cleverness makes a popular hit. These jugglers and acrobats have their day, and their season may be prolonged according to their resources for the amusement of lookers-on in the gay and smart Vienna of frivolous literature. The sensational romancer may have a succession of spectacular triumphs, and hold his own until he is surpassed in this kind of effect by another. The unabashed delineators of passion, as crude as they are frank, find large audience, which is soon wearied, if not disgusted, by the bold adventure. We are not thinking of such writers as these, further than to reflect upon the unhappy fate of some one of them who might by chance, in a maturer development, discover in himself the power to do better things, and, attempting to do them, fail of the audience once gained and find a more judicious one forever barred.

The writer who has genius and the highest aspirations may easily forestall himself by premature publication, and this is most likely to happen to him if he has yielded his deep and growing capacities to an eager appreciation of the great literature of the past. If he writes under this obsession, his assimilation of old masters wraps him in a mantle not quite his own, which is unconsciously betrayed in his style, however original the substance of his thought. Some older note enters into his strain, and the following of it seems almost a natural reverence.

It is not to the advantage of present literature that the retrospect should be overwhelmingly alluring. If the writer has been deeply rooted in the humanities, yet his face must be set toward the future and comprehend the present, letting the continuity of the culture which is with that which has been take care of itself. The scholar in literature, as in the case of Milton, does his best work after full maturity, which comes later to him because his arch is projected over a larger expanse. Keats's lack of Greek helped to bring his poetic cycle within the compass of his short life, and his early maturity, precipitated by physical decadence, gave more rounded completeness to his brief career than is generally attributed to it or than otherwise would have been possible. Neither Shakespeare nor Marlowe, with Ben Jonson's erudition, would so soon have achieved both greatness and completeness. The elaborate equipment, so useful to the critic and the historian, is often an entanglement from which creative genius must extricate its wings for free flight—wings which loiter long above the old fonts and are forever lured back to them. The poet hardly escapes, and it is given to his less learned brothers to sing the new songs.

In fiction, the young writer, with spontaneous imaginative creation, whose taste relishes the concrete world of nature and humanity about him—all the beauty, mirth, and pathos of it—more than the images of the world conveyed through literary tokens, has from the first an advantage, in that he makes upon his readers' minds a wholly native impression. He makes himself known directly by showing us the lineaments of his spiritual face, the charm of feature, mood, and temper which makes an impression, at our first reading, like that of first-seen faces in our real human contacts. Such writers are vital personalities in our literature. They do not need to wait. They may come to us as children come, as soon as they can speak, having only to break with infancy; in their books they grow up before us, giving us plain notice of their adolescence and maturity.

As for the children of Athene, they must wait their time for such first appearance as they crave, like that of the goddess herself, in full splendor of armor and raiment.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Leander

BY SEWELL FORD

I HAVE just run across Leander again—although, to be quite exact, it was Leander who ran across me—and once more I am forced to admit that it pays to be polite. Not that I ever really doubted it, you understand; nor must you conclude from this that I am naturally an impolite person. When I am fed properly and punctually, when my affairs are running smoothly, I can be as gracious as the next man, always provided that the next man be not Leander. Never could I be as polite as Leander. With him politeness is no mere acquired habit, no pendent attribute of character, no thin veneering. It is ingrained, an attitude rather than a mood. He has almost raised it to the dignity of an art.

Leander began being polite before he was three feet high. I know, because we were brought up in the same end of the same town. From whom he copied his manners was a problem. None of us boys served as his model. I was sure of that, for we were young savages, every one of us, and gloried in it. And neither of Leander's parents would have been likely to have supplied the inspiration.

It was not until I came to know Leander's uncle Winfield that I understood the source. Uncle Winfield visited at Leander's house about once a month. He sold sewing-machines on the instalment plan, and politeness sat on him as the fur on a muskrat. Whenever Leander wished to clinch an argument he quoted Uncle Winfield, as a lawyer would cite a paragraph from the Revised Statutes. Uncle Winfield spoke in smooth, gentle tones. Leander learned to modulate his voice to a wonderful softness. Uncle Winfield always raised his hat when asking for "the lady of the house." Leander doffed his cap to every wearer of skirts and to all men over forty. In our Sunday vocabulary we had such phrases as "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," and "Please, ma'am." Leander used these all through the week as well.

"Such a gentlemanly little fellow!" they said of Leander. At school he was always chosen monitor whenever the teacher was called out. At the annual Methodist church picnic he was helped first to the cold chicken and given the biggest plate of ice-cream. We boys failed to appreciate Leander's politeness in the way that we should. I am afraid we sometimes disliked him for it. But there was no fun in "lickin'" him, he was so infernally polite to us.

"Lee," we would say, with the charming directness and naïve frankness of youth, "you're a sneak and a coward; you dassent fight."

"I beg pardon, but I think you are mistaken," Leander would reply, and walk away. No satisfaction was to be gotten out of that, of course.

Even when he was caught in Sheriff Marlow's cherry-tree his politeness stood the test.

"Come down out of that, you young villain, and let me thrash you within an inch of your life!" roared the old Sheriff.

"Certainly, sir," assented Leander, and a moment later, his face like a piece of putty and his knees knocking under him, but with



THE SHERIFF LET HIM OFF SCOT FREE

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his cap in his hand, he stood before the outraged owner of the cherries, explaining that he had just climbed up to restore to its nest a young birdling that had fallen out. He did it so politely, too, that the old Sheriff not only let him off scot free, but gave him a silver dime as balm for his injured feelings.

In later years it was ever Leander's lot to be getting himself misunderstood in affairs of that kind, but generally his hasty accusers ended by recognizing that they had made a mistake. It was hardly possible that so polite a man could be otherwise than honest. Yet some of the circumstances were quite embarrassing, and Leander developed a tendency to make sudden changes of business.

For a time I attempted to keep track of him, just as a matter of curiosity. At one period he was a life-insurance agent. Next it was real estate. Once he called for the purpose of selling to me, as a personal favor, some stock in a wonderful zinc-mine; but a year or so afterwards, when I protested that the expected dividends had never been paid, I found him representing a patent windmill concern. The zinc-mine he had forgotten all about.

In various odd ways the maintenance of my acquaintance with Leander proved to be an expensive luxury. Still, it was interesting to note the beautiful evolution of his politeness. In its more expanded state he exuded it as a bunch of lilacs gives off perfume. Worthy or not, you got the benefit of it if you were anywhere in the neighborhood. Tall and dark was Leander. His long, slender fingers were very white, unmarred by toil. A perpetual smile framed his straight-cut mouth. He had a habit of blinking his dark eyes benevolently, and of looking at you through half-closed lids, like a highly contented house cat. His tone had, in fact, mellowed to a sort of soothing purr.



HE EXUDED POLITENESS AS LILACS DO PERFUME

Leander's suavity had ceased to be objective and had become subjective. He no longer had need to voice his politeness, his every movement suggested it. He flattered with a wave of his white hands, declared his submissiveness to your pleasure by a bending of the head. Had he made the attempt, I believe he could have sold me a windmill on the spot, although I am sure the landlord of our apartment-house would have objected to its erection on the roof. Subsequently, when I jokingly asked how windmills were going, he handed me a card which proclaimed him as manager of a collection agency.

"But don't you find debt-collecting rather—well, rather an uncongenial occupation?" I queried, wondering how he fitted his urbanity to such a necessarily ungentle pursuit.

"Politeness pays always," he said, impressively. "It pays as well in collecting bad debts as in other things, perhaps more so. Let me show you one of our new business envelopes—a little idea of my own."

In the corner was no harsh announcement, nothing to make the delinquent debtor squirm uneasily and thrust the unwelcome missive into an inner pocket. Instead, artistically printed in two colors, was a little spray of forget-me-nots.

"That's the way I like to do things," purred Leander.

For a long period after that our paths did not cross. Then at last I caught a glimpse of him one day. It was on the fifteenth floor of a new sky-scraper, and he was just opening a door labelled, "The Midas Investment Company." The name stuck in my memory, so I was shocked, a few months later, to read in the newspapers an account of the barefaced manner in which this concern had swindled thousands of perfectly innocent investors who had trustfully expected to get something for nothing. Could Leander have been among the victims? I feared so, and spent a moment or two in silent regret. Yet the next morning, when I went to take a train north, I had forgotten all about the affair.

Hurrying down the platform I saw a tall, strangely familiar figure in black, accompanied by a shorter man in blue. The tall man walked meekly, his hands crossed before him. As they reached the car steps the tall man halted, backed a little, and with graceful courtesy nodded precedence to the other. The man in blue hesitated, as if taken by surprise, then accepted the

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I HEARD HIM MURMUR, "I BEG YOUR PARDON"

leadership. There followed a flash of gripped fists, a glint of something shiny about the wrists, a crushed hat crown, and the tall man in black was bolting up the platform. In an effort to give him room I became so sadly mixed up with my suit-case and umbrella that I went sprawling. As he cleared me with a leap, I heard him murmur breathlessly, "I beg your pardon, sir," and I saw that it was Leander.

So, you observe, it was not I who ran across Leander, but Leander who ran across me. And, for all that surprised deputy sheriff knows about the one-time president of the Midas Investment Company, he may be running yet. I, however, am quite sure that he is not. Somewhere on this fair round earth, placid, unfettered, and blinking benignly on his fellows, moves one of whom it is said admiringly, perhaps enviously, "He is such a *polite* man!" And that would be Leander.

The Plaint of the Anonymous One

BY BURGES JOHNSON

I WANDER vainly o'er the land
To find one mortal with a chunk
Of fairness that will bid him stand
And hear the pleadings of—
I shrunk
E'en then from uttering a word
In drawing-rooms so seldom heard!

Ah, what avails me beauty, wit
Or craft, or marksmanship, or spunk,
If friendship fails and scorns to sit
In sweet communion with—
I've drunk
Some drug, I fear, for now I find
My very name has slipped my mind!

I never use my meanest gift
Unjustified, yet like a monk
Through shunnèd solitudes I drift,
Unloved, unsought, and named—
I've sunk
To such a depth I do not dare
To breathe the honest name I bear.

I never win a word of praise
For all my charms, yet I have thunk
And thunk and thunk of different ways
To cleanse the 'scutcheon of—
I funk
Each time I try! Would I could learn
To face a shame I did not earn!

If I were called a Bobolink,
A Rose, or Peewee, or Pohunk,
I'd gain a social place, I think,
That's now forbidden to—
I've slunk
So often from the world's neglect,
I'm losing fast my self-respect!

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A Bit of Un-natural History

IN the Park one summer's day I met one of the new nature-study classes, eight or ten bright little girls led by an enthusiastic, charming young teacher. They were busily engaged in listening to the "call of the wild," and resolutely tracking every bird, beast, and flower to its native lair.

Before the bear's cage the class paused. A tragedy had happened here recently. Cannibal greed had overcome paternal instinct, and father Bruin had unceremoniously eaten one of his offspring. The other twin, survivor of this unfortunate accident, now sat in a cage of his own, disconsolately sucking his baby paw. The class looked on in silent sympathy. After a few moments the following conversation was overheard:

Little nature-study maiden: "Did the bad old papa bear eat the poor little baby bear?"

Enthusiastic teacher: "He did, my child; it was very sad."

Little nature-study maiden: "Would the mamma bear eat the dear little baby bear?"

Enthusiastic teacher: "Oh, no, my child, not unless she ate it to save it from captivity."

The thought of mamma bear's generous self-sacrifice, and little baby bear's satisfaction at being "saved from captivity" in this manner, was too much for the spectator, who quietly withdrew, leaving the class to study nature, "not from dead books, but heart to heart," under the competent direction of the enthusiastic, charming young teacher.

Solving the Domestic Problem

"'DEED I am going to get married," said little Winnie, the bright little daughter of a tenant on a quiet farm in a quiet county in "The Northern Neck" of Virginia.

"I don't believe anybody will have you," said Miss Mabel, the landlord's daughter, teasingly.

"Yes, they will; I'll make 'em," said Winnie. "I'm going to get married and have *five* children—two of 'em colored," thoughtfully, "to do my work."

She kept her Promise

A LITTLE New York girl having reached the advanced age of eight years, her mother decided that it was high time for her to learn to dance, and, consequently, sent her to a private dancing-school. A few weeks later Mrs. Blank accompanied her daughter to one of the classes to see what progress she was making, and noticed that when a certain boy, belonging to a family with whom Mrs. Blank was more or less intimate, asked for a dance, he was promptly refused by her daughter. On their return home Mrs. Blank spoke of the matter, and said that as it might make trouble between the two families if her daughter's conduct continued, she wished her to promise not to refuse to dance with the youth in question should he again ask her.

Miss Blank promised, and on her next return from the dancing-school the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, did you dance with Harold to-day?"

"No, mamma."

"Didn't he ask you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you refused him after what you promised me?"

"No, mamma."

"Then how is it that he didn't dance with you? Are you sure you didn't refuse him?"

"Yes, mamma. When he came up and asked for a dance, I just looked him straight in the eye and said, 'You skunk!'"

And Mrs. Blank was obliged to acknowledge that her daughter had kept the letter of her promise, whatever might be said about the spirit.



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A Careful Horse-Doctor

THE late Chief-Justice John A. Peters, of the Maine Supreme Court, was presiding at Bangor, over a civil case, years ago, in which one of the important witnesses was a horse-doctor named Burns. The doctor was a small man with a weak little voice, and the counsel on both sides, as well as the court and jury, had great difficulty in hearing his testimony.

During cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated and began to prod and harry the little man.

"Dr. Burns," he shouted, "if we are ever going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up so the court will hear you. You can't expect the jury to understand signs. Speak up loud and strong, sir."

The small-sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability the sound would not come.

"Well, your honor," began counsel indignantly—when the chief justice stopped him with a gesture. Leaning over the bench he said:

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He cannot help it. Years spent in the sick-room have made speaking low a second nature with him."

No Place for Tunnels

A STORY is told of a negro living in a sparsely settled portion of a certain Southern State, who was informed by a fellow negro that it was rumored that their town was to be made the terminus of a branch railway system.

"I don't believe no sich repo't," observed the first darky, decisively; "I's travelled, and I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout. Them railroad people can't build no line in dis here flat country."

"What makes you think dat?" asked the second negro.

Whereupon the other, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter, replied:

"Can't yo' see dat dere ain't any place round here to run tunnels through?"



The Foolish Carrier-Pigeon

A Fable for the Discontented

A PIGEON who as messenger
Enjoyed a good position,
Conceived the notion he would strike
To better his condition.

And so his wings he folded tight—
A foolish thing, quite clearly!
For down he tumbled to the ground,
And hurt himself severely.

. . . . . .

So men may strike if satisfied
To suffer trials and losses;
For oftentimes they hurt themselves
More than they hurt their bosses.

A Wise Precaution

A COMMITTEE of vigilantes had captured an Irishman and a Swede, and were about to hang them by tying a rope about the neck of each and shoving them off a railroad bridge.

The first man up was the Swede; when he was pushed off the rope came untied and the man struck the water and swam ashore.

The Irishman was next, and when the men were preparing him he said:

"Boys, be dom careful about fixin' that rope. I can't swim a stroke."

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A Question of Color

PATTY had been informed that the stork had brought to her Uncle Will and Aunt Jean in Porto Rico a beautiful baby girl, but she received the news very coldly.

"Are you not glad, Patty, that you have a new little cousin?" asked her mother.

The child's face quivered: "I—I d—don't know. It de—depends on things."

"Perhaps she is jealous," suggested young Aunt Lucy, when Patty had left the room. "Will and Jean made so much of her."

Some time passed before Patty returned, laden with photographs and prints that showed only the colored population of the island. With a roar of grief she laid the collection of pictures on her mother's knees.

"Why, why," she wailed, "why couldn't they have had a wh—white baby while they were here? They didn't need to go to that far-away niggerful place to get a bl—bl—black one."



BOY. "*How much is them chocolate drops?*"
MAN. "*Six for five.*"
BOY. "*Let me see, six for five, five for four, four for three, three for two, two for one, one for nothin'. I guess I'll take one for nothin'.*"

Expedient

EDMUND, aged four, prided himself on his bravery. Suddenly meeting a strange dog in a vacant lot near his home, he unceremoniously fled to the house. Upon being questioned as to whether he was afraid, he said,

"No: I just thought it was a good time to see how fast I could run."

A Major Operation

A CHICAGO mistress had given her groceryman her daily order over the telephone. Later in the day she decided to change it a little, and countermanded an order she had given for some liver.

Calling up the grocer, she said:

"You remember that I gave you an order this morning for a pound of liver?"

"Yes," answered the groceryman.

"Well, I find that I can get along without it, and you need not send it."

Before she could put down the receiver she heard the groceryman say to some one in the store:

"Cut out Mrs. Blank's liver. She says she can get along without it."

He Said What He Meant

"FATHER TAYLOR was a famous sailor-preacher from Boston many years ago," said an old resident of that city. "On one occasion an opulent merchant of the Hub had honored the meeting with his presence, and made a speech extolling the kindness of Boston people in building Father Taylor's chapel and their consideration for the poor sailors.

"When he had finished, Father Taylor remarked quietly, 'Is there any other old sinner from up-town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?' No other old sinner responded.

"Another time, in the midst of an exciting State campaign, Father Taylor took politics into the pulpit in this wise. He prayed: 'O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, pure men who fear Thee, religious men, temperate men, who—pshew, Lord, what's the use of weering and hauling and boxing around the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor.'

"His prayer was answered."

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Minor's Economics

BY O. K. DAVIS

MINOR came from Seattle to New York to work for a newspaper, leaving his family in the western city until such time as he should be settled in his new employment and could select a home to which to bring them. That time arrived unexpectedly soon, before he had written Mrs. Minor the elaborately detailed instructions he considered necessary for her safe travel. There was much for her to do in the way of preparation, many things to be packed up, and other matters that demanded attention. He knew all this would take time, and he wanted her to start the very day she received the letter inclosing the railroad tickets. So he decided to telegraph her a warning. But that would cost a dollar, and Minor knew that Thornton had a telegraph frank.

"Why, certainly," said Thornton, when Minor explained. "Write out your message and I'll send it."

So Minor wrote:

"*Mrs. Thomas Minor, Seattle, Wash.:*

"Have mailed tickets and draft. Be ready to start Tuesday."

Thornton took the blank and pasted on a frank stamp. Then he hesitated.

"That ought to be signed," he said. "And going on my frank it must be signed with my name."

So he wrote "Thornton" in the place for the signature, called a boy and sent the message.

"That's a dollar saved, Minor," he commented.

That afternoon Thornton and Minor went about their work in the consciousness of a good deed well done. In due time they returned to the office and there was a telegram for Minor. He tore open the envelop and read:

"*Thomas Minor, Planet Office, New York City:*

"Wire received signed Thornton. Are you ill? KATE."

"Thunder and Mars!" cried Minor. "There's a dollar gone, anyway, and Kate scared to death thinking something's the matter with me! Now I've got to spend another dollar reassuring her over my own name."

"Hold on!" said Thornton. "I'll fix that. I'll wire her again."

He picked up a blank, stared at it thoughtfully for a minute, and then wrote:

"Certainly not. Minor all right. I sent message for him.

THORNTON."

"There," he said, "that ought to settle it."

The two men went to dinner satisfied that Mrs. Minor would understand, and that the episode was ended. But they misjudged the fertile resource of a startled woman's anxiety. The early evening brought to Minor's desk another message from Seattle.

"If not ill, why don't you answer my telegram?"

Minor heaved a regretful sigh and tossed the message over to Thornton. "Two dollars more gone," he said. "I must answer that myself."

"No, wait a bit," replied Thornton. "We can fix this yet. I'll send one more message."

A brief collaboration produced this:

"Minor perfectly well. Never better Was merely trying to be economical, that's all. He now says tell you to please stop wasting money on telegrams.

THORNTON."

They agreed that that surely ought to put an end to her anxiety, and Minor went at his work much relieved. It was a busy night and the time passed quickly. Just as he had cleared his desk for the first edition a telegram came.

"What is the matter with you? Shall I come at once? Answer. KATE."

Minor stared at the message a few moments in despair. Then he took a long press telegram form and wrote:

"*Mrs. Thomas Minor, Seattle, Wash.:*

"The next time I try to save a dollar by sending you a telegram on another man's frank, I will go out first and spend five explaining what is going to happen, so that when the franked message comes you will understand. I have been well, am well now, and expect to continue well. Nothing is the matter with me but your telegraphic hysteria. Stop it or we both go to the poorhouse. TOM."

It cost eight dollars, but Minor paid with a grin.

"Comes high," he said, "but you always have to blow up some buildings in the path of a conflagration."

He went out with Thornton and had supper, met some other fellows, and stopped to talk over the morning news. Then as he passed the office on his way home, he turned in to get a copy of the last edition. In the doorway he met a messenger boy with a telegram for him:

"I can't start Tuesday anyway. Have written. KATE."

"Thank Heaven!" he cried. "There's something she didn't telegraph."

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MRS. GOAT. "*This is a funny cook-book; no recipe for warming over tin cans.*"

Grandmas

BY JUDITH GIDDINGS

THE grandmas in the story-books
Are not a bit like mine,
They sit and knit, or else they read
The Bible all the time.

Their hair is white, they wear a cap,
And lean upon a cane,
And always talk about the days
That never come again.

When little girls lean on their knee
They lift a trembling hand,
And point the way for tiny feet
To reach the heavenly land.

Mine takes me to the matinée,
And walks along so fast
I hardly get a chance to see
The windows going past.

She doesn't read the Bible, *much*,
Nor through the Scriptures search,
And she likes a rainy Sunday
When you cannot go to church.

Then, *new* books from the library
Are what she reads all day,
And when I lean upon her knee
She says, "Now, run away!"

She never sits a-knitting
In the gloaming, as she ought,
And I know that Papa's stockings
At the store are always bought.

And she never wears an apron
With a pep'mint in the pocket,
Nor carries grandpa's picture
In a little round gold locket.

She never calls to me and says,
"Put on my bonnet, child,"
Nor lets me help her down the steps
A-smiling, meek and mild.

When Papa takes us for a spin
Upon the boulevard
She sits up straight and doesn't mind.
Although it jounces—*hard.*

We go so fast I hold on tight,
And hardly dare to stir,
But she just laughs and says, "Oh, no,"
It's not too fast for *her!*

What 's printed in a book is true.
Of course you mustn't doubt it,
And yet my grandma can't be wrong:
What shall I do about it?

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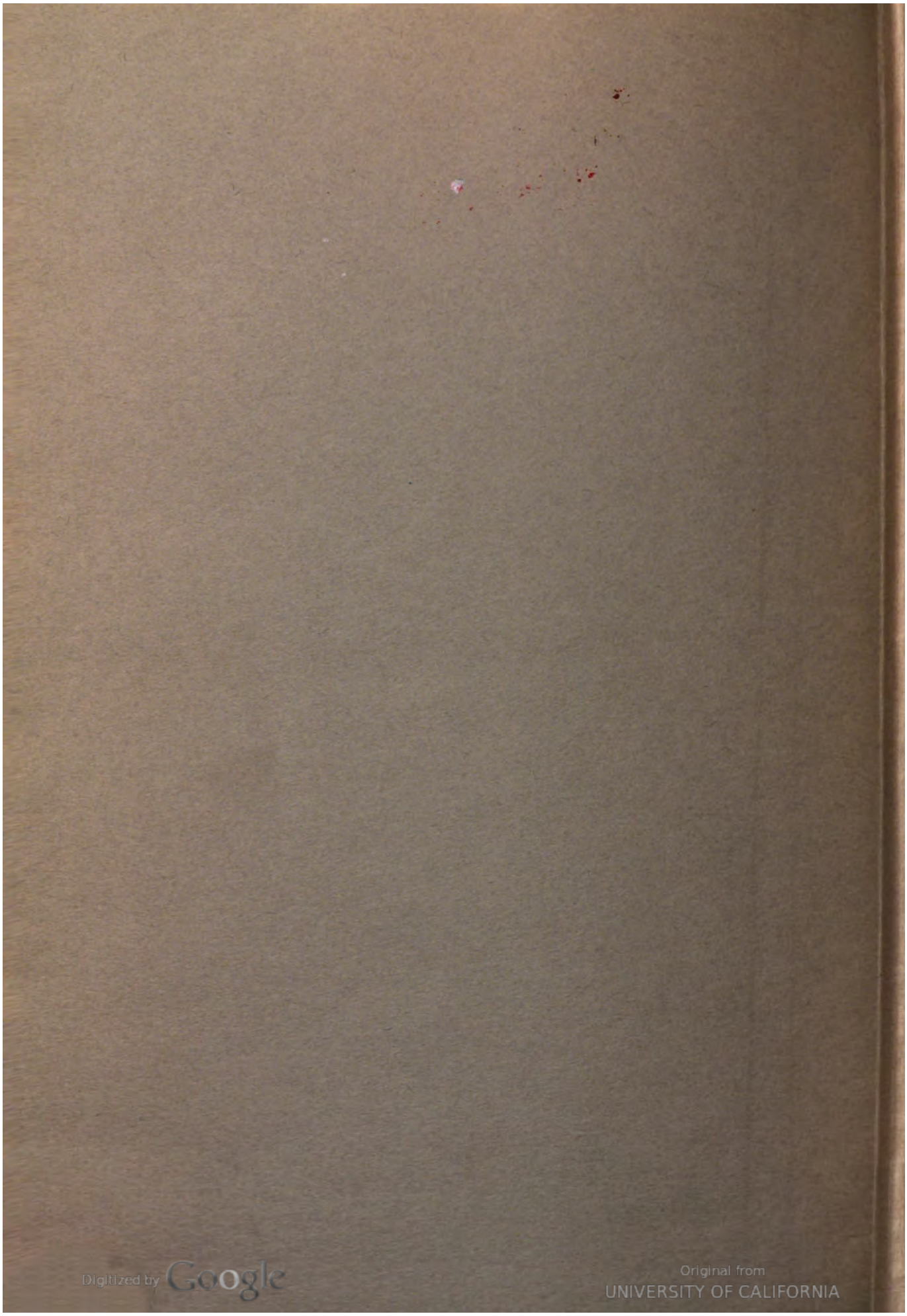
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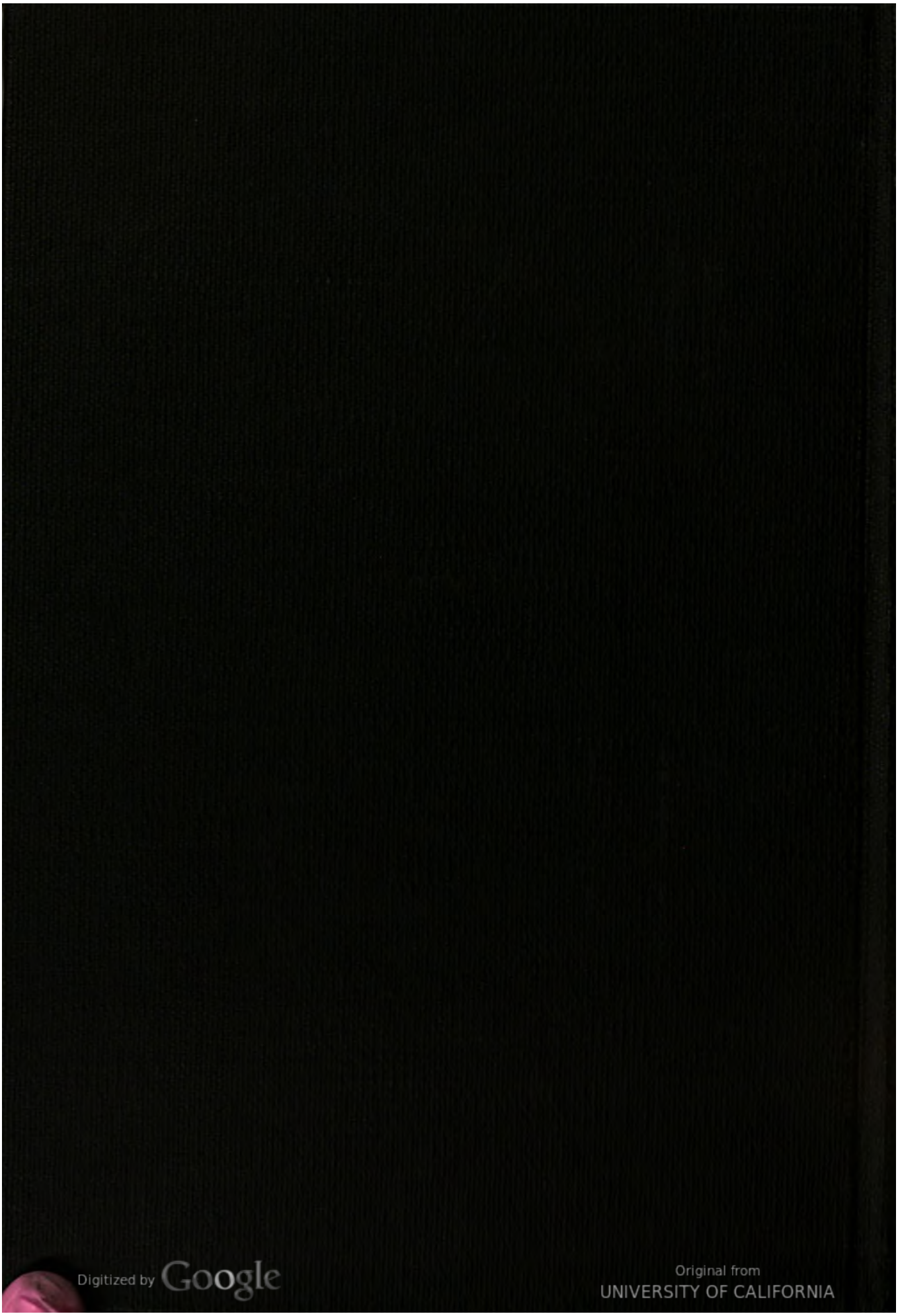
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